













# AMONG AMAZONS of the AMAZON



SCENE ON THE AMAZON

A full-of-thrills-as-any-story-of-polar-exploration-is-the-narrative-of-Dr.-Hamilton-Rice, the medical scientific explorer who has just got back from 17 months' of travel in the jungles about the headwaters of the Amazon. It was the explorer's second trip to South America. The party reached Bogota the latter part of January, 1912, where preparations for the inland expedition were completed. In telling of his experiences Doctor Rice said: "In February, 1912, I sent 11 mules with 2,000 pounds of freight over to San Martin, in the Andes, which I made my first base. Then, early in May, I followed with 15 more mules, using the same route that I had employed in my journey of 1907 to the Uaupes. At Villavieja, the first town east from Bogota on the Hancoc, or plains, I made a stop, got good latitudes and longitudes, and laid out the groundwork for a map. Then I continued on to San Martin.

"Having spent two weeks taking observations to finish my work of five years ago, I found that Doctor Jaramillo, the Commandante, was about undertaking a government expedition south in an attempt to reach the Mesaya river, and I accompanied him as topographer and surgeon. He had 26 men, consisting of caucheros, or rubber gatherers, and Indians. Early in September a camp was made on the Rio Illia, a branch of the Uaupes. It was necessary to cut a path through jungle, swamp and forest.

**River Full of Fish.**  
"We found the Mesaya river teeming with all kinds of fish. I saw a man in one hour catch with a hook and line 150 of ten different varieties, ranging from seven inches to two feet in length.

"I had opportunity here to study the Huitoto Indians. They are very docile and never intermarry. Naturally intelligent, they learn very rapidly. The Carijona Indians, on the other hand, are much more fierce and warlike, and continually intermarry. This nation has been isolated from time to time by the Peruvians to make war upon the peaceful Huitotos.

"South of the Mesaya, we discovered a chain of rugged, high hills, and spent more than a week in forcing a passage over them. Three weeks more were consumed in working south from there. Sometimes these mountains were as high as we could cover in a day. The men were worn down by hardships, tropical ulcers, and fever. Early in November things began to assume such a critical aspect that Jaramillo, at my suggestion, reduced his working force one-half and established caches after the manner of polar explorers. With six Indians and six whites we advanced a few days more, when the white men refused to go further.

"We were in a dense forest, filled with canoes, or small streams, and swamps. We had to continually fell trees to get them out of the way. The waters were filled with rays, which inflict terrible stings, causing ulcers. The food got scarce. The Indians refused to proceed, and two had to be chastised. The party was reduced to six. We had left behind everything but our instruments and hammocks and the cutlasses, which were absolutely necessary to cut a way through the jungle. The rain poured down heavily all the time. Finally, on November 12, we reached the Ajaju river at its source. This was our definite goal. We made observations for latitude and longitudes, christened the place Puerto Mercedes, left records under trees, and started back.

"We were now without food, and depended upon meeting supplies which we had ordered to be sent from our base. Sometimes we found a scrawny monkey, sometimes a bird, which furnished the whole food supply for a day. Once I found a huge land turtle, on which we feasted for two days. Gradually we threw away everything except our instruments. We grew

**Thoughtful.**  
Mrs. Bacon: "This paper says that geologists have found near Casper, Wyo., a skeleton of a pterodactyl."  
Mr. Bacon: "I wonder if it can be possible if any of our neighbors lost one of them?"

**Not Always a Two-Step.**  
One should play the music of different moods—the serious, the tender, the gay, the sorrowful, the tragic. Music is the artistic expression of life, and life is not always a two-step.

**Legend of Buckingham Palace.**  
"If William IV. had gained his way, Buckingham palace now to be repaired, would be serving as our parliament house. Two days after the old houses of parliament were burned, Lord Broughton, who was then first commissioner of works, records in his diary: 'Went to St. James and saw his majesty. I cannot say he was much affected by the calamity—rather the reverse. He seemed delighted at having an opportunity of getting rid of Buckingham palace—said he meant it as a permanent gift for parliament, and that it would be the finest thing in Europe. At three o'clock the king and queen went over the ruins. The king looked gruffed as if at a show. Just before getting into his carriage he called the speaker and me to him, and said: 'Mind! I mean Buckingham palace as a permanent gift! Mind that!'"—London Chronicle.

**First Riddle.**  
The first riddle on record is that propounded by Samson to the thirty companions who came to the mar-

# CAMP FIRE STORIES

## HIS FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE

Rather Hot Initiation of a New York Boy at Batchelder's Creek—Carried Supplies to Front.

On February 1, 1864, I did my first duty as a soldier, the detail being a corporal and three men of the 12th N. Y. Cavalry in a swampy pine forest bordering the Trent and Neuse rivers in North Carolina. The duties of the cavalry at that point—Batchelder's Creek, about nine miles from Newbern—were of the easiest kind, writes Frank Salter of Oak Hill, Kan., in the National Tribune. At night we were withdrawn to the east side of the creek, leaving a corporal and three infantrymen on the west side of the bridge—the planks of which were all removed—save one to give the alarm should the enemy make his appearance.

The squad consisted of about 30 men of the 123d N. Y. and the detail of cavalry already mentioned. About 3 o'clock in the morning the rebels came in a hurry, and their ear-splitting yell brought every man to his post—30 men to 10,000, and only a narrow strip of water between.

True the creek was deep, the banks steep and the night dark. I have always felt surprised that the rebels did not know of some point along the creek that would afford easy passage. However, these few men, strengthened by two or three companies, held these thousands at bay till the sun was many hours high.

Soon after daylight our captain arrived, and for a time we were kept waiting for orders about half a mile in the rear of the fighting, but the hot work they were engaged in soon exhausted their ammunition, and the enemy were falling trees to effect a passage it was not deemed wise to drive an ammunition wagon nearer the scene of action, so about half a dozen of us were detailed to carry supplies to the front. As each box contained about 1,000 cartridges, and the sand was ankle-deep, it was no light task, and my comrades fell behind, some dropping their loads and sitting on them as if the occasion was not urgent.

I pushed ahead and soon came to a bend in the road about 50 yards from the bridge. As I turned into the bend—my load was getting heavy—I could see men on my right clinging very close to the ground and facing west, and on my left the branches dropped from a grove of saplings. Strange sounds—"zip," "zip"—struck my ear, for it was my first time under fire.

I approached the breastworks of the 123d and the 122d walked from behind them and came to ward me, and when about three yards separated us he was struck in the head, not moving a muscle after he fell. My load was soon in possession of the gallant infantrymen, and having no further orders, I joined the string of men who were trying to discover the "other fellows" on the opposite side of the creek.

But we were not allowed to stay there long. Fifteen minutes afterwards a rebel yell told us that they had succeeded in falling trees to form a path through the forest. In spite of the fierce resistance, and that it was time for us to be moving. The obstinate defense of the gallant New York boys gave the authorities time to get reinforcements from Morehead City and Beaufort, but the numerous little mounds in a small space opposite the temporary bridge bore mute testimony at what cost it was done.

**On Crossing a River.**  
Lincoln's reply to a Springfield clergyman, who asked him what was to be his policy on the slavery question, was most apt:  
"You know the old Methodist preacher out home?" said Lincoln. "Well, once a young Methodist was worrying about Fox river, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river."  
"Young man," said the old preacher, "I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox river till I got to it."  
"And," said the president, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it."

**Cheers for the Ladies.**  
One Sunday three ladies called upon a certain general at the Union camp at Savannah. He stuck his head out of the flap of his tent, and whispered to his orderly:  
"Three chairs for the ladies."  
The orderly got up on a box and shouted to the boys in camp:  
"Three cheers for the ladies." The boys took it up with a will.

**Diplomacy.**  
One day a huge Irish batteryman, stood in the crowd at the sutler's at Nashville. Presently a little Irishman rushed up, fanning his coat on the ground, threw his hat beside it, and jumping on them, yelled in a high voice, quivering with rage:  
"O'ud loike to kin' th' mon that b'ate up poor Tim Murphy."  
The big Irishman tapped his chest. "O'm th' mon," he bellowed hoarsely. "The little Irishman whirled around. "Gee," he piped. "Ye did him up foin'."  
"Don't stop for me."  
In the fight at Great Bethel, Orderly Sergeant Goodfellow of Colonel Allen's regiment, was mortally wounded. He handed his musket to a comrade. "Oh," said he, "I guess I've got to go."  
"Oh, don't mind me, boys," he continued, "go on with the fight; don't stop for me!" and pressing away those who attempted to support him, he sank down upon the ground. Just at that instant his colonel passed, and looking up to him he gasped: "Good-bye, Colonel!" Colonel Allen turned ghastly white as he observed it.

# The KITCHEN CABINET

## A WORD ON CAKES.

Most expert housewives have some all-round good cake which they use as a foundation for any number of kinds. For example, a simple cake with vanilla flavoring may have a chocolate frosting if baked in a square loaf or if baked in layers—the filling may be varied indefinitely. Spice may be added or chocolate, making a spice cake or one layer may be spiced with fruit and the other plain with any desired filling. A slight depression in the center of the cake when filling the pans will always result in a level cake.

Just a word to those who are yet unexperienced in the art of cake making: First of all, have your materials and utensils all ready before you begin, or in the midst you will find that you are just lacking some important ingredient. A circle of paper, even in deep layer pans, will help to remove them in shape, and in a square tin the papers are indispensable. Grease the paper well, and line the tin smoothly.

The time was when much creaming of butter and stirring of the sugar and butter together was thought the only way to make a good cake; but times have changed, and with the rush of other things, cake making must keep pace. All the ingredients, if well blended and given a good beating to make a fine grained cake, answers all purposes for every day occasions. A fair cake, good enough for any one if a frosting or filling is added, is made of three level tablespoons of butter, a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk or water, two eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder and a cup and three-quarters of sifted flour. The flour may vary as the thickening power of flour is often slightly variable, but a cup and a half to three-quarters is usually sufficient. Add flavoring and bake in a hot oven. A cake to be tender and light must be well beaten before putting into the tins.

Another thing worth remembering in cake making is that the thinner the consistency, if baked without falling, the more delicate it is.

Test a cake with a fresh wooden toothpick. It seems neater than using a broom straw. If you notice that the cake ticks or crackles when taken from the oven, do not remove it, but let it bake a little longer.

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he hath grown so great.—Shakespeare.

Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run.

Who has no inward beauty, none perceives, though all around is beautiful.—Dana.

**LATE PRESERVES AND PICKLES.**  
After all the fall canning is done one finds a few of the late fruits and vegetables—just coming into market. Malaga grapes, for example, a pound extracted, then the pulp and seeds are pressed for variety. Wash the grapes and seed them by cutting an incision with scissors, and remove the seeds with a bodkin or darning needle. Fill cans with the grapes and pour boiling hot pineapple syrup over them. The next morning drain and boil down the syrup until thick. Pour again over the fruit and let stand again overnight. In the morning drain again, boil up the syrup, add the grapes, and when boiling hot seal. This is delicious used in fruit salads, gelatines, desserts and punches.

**Red Pepper Jelly.**—Crush and mash ripe red peppers and place them in a double boiler set in cold water. Put a cup of water to each cup of water. Put comes hot, the juice will gradually be extracted. Let it cook until no more juice can be squeezed out. Measure the juice and add equal measures of sugar. Mix and boil until it threads. Turn into glasses and cover with paraffine. This jelly may be used as one does fresh peppers in salads and made dishes.

**Cranberry Catsup.**—Press four quarts of stewed cranberries through a sieve; add to three quarts three pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and pepper. Boil twenty minutes and seal.

**Spiced Beets.**—To seven pounds of sliced boiled beets take four pounds of brown sugar, a pint of vinegar.

**Dog Adopts Rabbits.**  
Unwanted affection between animals of different species is evidenced near Gorthon county, Tyrone, Ireland. A local farmer named Fleming, has a female fox terrier which was deprived of her two pups when they were four weeks old. Two weeks ago she was out hunting and came on a rabbit burrow in which were bunnies two or three days old. Three of these the dog carried carefully to her kennel, and since then she has been rearing them.

**Lobbyist Made a "Touch."**  
"Did you ever meet a lobbyist?" "Yes," replied Senator Borghum. "Did he offer you money?" "No, I was already convinced of the merits of his proposition. He borrowed ten dollars."—Washington Star.

**Parental Effort.**  
"What are you working so hard for?" "I want to provide for my boy's future," replied Farmer Courtsoot. "I want to buy by enough wealth so that I can leave Josh this farm for a self course."

# Advertising Talks

## HUMOR IS FOUND IN ADVERTISING

Desire to Draw Trade Crops Out in Unexpected Places and at Odd Times.

Undoubtedly a real genius is responsible for the pronouncement that it takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a mustard plaster to draw the skin, a toper to draw a cork, a free lunch to draw a crowd, and an advertisement to draw trade.

It is along this latter time, for the purpose of drawing trade, that a newspaper exclusively for beggars is published in Paris. Its columns are filled with notices of funerals, baptisms, weddings and other social and public events calculated to guarantee generous responses to pathetic appeals from the beggars who, thus apprised, flock to the scene of the functions, night or day.

A choice sample of humor in advertising is furnished by the notice of dissolution of a disastrous business venture between two gentlemen of color in the south. The following bon mot for insertion in the local paper was penned by the survivor of the wreck.

"De copartnership heretofore existing twixt Mose Skinner en me am dis day resolved. Dem what owes de firm will settle wid me, en dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

About the last place in which one would look for advertising is the churchyard, but it has been demonstrated that even there all is fish that comes to the net of the far-reaching advertiser. It is recorded of a certain shopkeeper possessing a grim sense of humor that he had his grave dug some years before his death. On the marble he caused to be inscribed: "Here lies John Emerson, the Best Hatter in Ohio."

A Canadian firm went this one better. The senior partner having passed to his reward, his business associates erected a monument to his memory. The tombstone bore these words: "Here lies Abram Stokes, founder of the firm of Stokes, Stokes & Co., who for many years have manufactured pickles and bottled fruits. Best of all and without a rival."

For her late husband a grief-stricken widow across the ocean put up a stone with this touching inscription upon it: "Here lies my dear departed husband of my life, who now carries on his business of general outfitter, and always gives good value; terms cash."

Bill Nye, the lamented provoker of smiles, once had a cow to sell, or professed to have, and he advertised the animal in this manner:  
"Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence in the township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plump raspberry cow, giving milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-fourths byena. I will also throw a double-barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell to a non-resident."

In the want columns of an English newspaper not long since appeared the following notice: "Widower, living retired, without encumbrance, would like to correspond with lady about forty, with small means, with one leg preferred, with a view to an early marriage." It is to be regretted that the advertiser did not explain why he preferred a one-legged helpmate.

Another Englishman in his home paper boldly declared his want of a wife, "who must be quite dumb and deaf, at least fifty years of age, and who hates musty children, pet dogs and strong drink."

**City Will Advertise.**  
Pasadena, Cal., will be well advertised, both in the north and south, in the fall and winter months. At a recent meeting of the board of trade directors it was decided to send sets of the latest Pasadena stereopticon views to the California development board, for exhibition at the board's lectures in the Ferry building, San Francisco. Similar sets will also be sent the Radnor World's Fair tour at San Antonio, Texas, the lectures being under the supervision of A. L. Eshman, the president, and for the purpose of attracting large numbers of people to visit the Pacific coast during the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

**Difference Between Advertisers.**  
The tyro waits until conditions are right for advertising before he begins. The man who has made his success, and is still making it, used advertising as a force to make conditions right. Therein lies a big difference in men which will explain many successes and many failures.

**Life Saving Extraordinary.**  
An Irishman, meeting a friend, asked what had become of their old chum, Sandy. "Ah, poor old Sandy. Didn't you hear? Why, he was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by committing suicide in jail."

**Had Heart of True Lover.**  
A water-pipe Romeo was arrested at Calcutta, India, recently. The person, a youth named Abdul Latif, was locked up for having climbed up a water-pipe 120 feet long in order to hold conversation with his sweetheart.

# Some Pertinent Points.

Your advertising should be your least expensive and most efficient salesman; unless it measures up to this standard there is something wrong—investigate.

Every merchant or manufacturer should remember that the people who buy the goods have acquired the habit of looking in the papers for information concerning them.

The time to stop advertising is when you want to stop doing business.

Information is a good ingredient of an advertisement.

An advertisement that would otherwise be excellent is lacking N. G. whatever because it lacks a follow-up.

Desire to possess comes only after the awakening of interest. There have been few failures that could justly be charged to advertising.

Publicity is a sales aid—nothing more, nothing less.

# DOCTOR WOULD ADVERTISE

But Couldn't Get Business If He Did, Because of Existing Prejudice, Says Taft's Physician.

"If I thought I could do more business by advertising, I would begin tomorrow," was the startling assertion of Dr. Charles E. Barker, four years' physician to President Taft, of the Denver Advertising club.

The White House physician had all the best of an argument which had been started by the advertising men to demonstrate that the time-honored antipathy of medical men to advertising is a hoax and should meet with reform.

"But I wouldn't get the business if I did advertise," was the next new idea promulgated by Barker. "I believe that most people would say, 'That fellow likes to blow about himself, and they'd go to some other physician.' Advertising might get the business for a dry goods store, but it would never do for a doctor."

"You're the first doctor I ever heard tell the truth as to why he did not advertise," declared Ben B. Laska, attorney for medical advertisers in several cases brought against them in the courts of this city and county. "They all pretend that it's because they're ultra-pure, but I've known for a long time that it was really because it wouldn't do them any good if they did."

These interesting statements formed part of an open discussion conducted by the club on the old question, "Should a Physician Advertise?" It was the general opinion of those present that the old idea of professional ethics preventing a physician from advertising his practice will be overcome in time if the organized advertising clubs of the country continue their present agitation for honest advertising as a means of upholding their own profession. Not many years ago banks did not advertise. Now, however, some of the best advertising in the country is done by banking houses.

P. D. Whitaker took the stand that physicians should not be urged to advertise until the advertising men had cleaned house to rid the columns of publications from the objectionable advertising now running.

**One Price To All.**  
In spite of everything a merchant can do there is still this patent who believes that they can get reductions in price if they go after them hard enough.

Every time a price is cut for one of these gentlemen an injury is done the merchant, his store and his other customers. The merchant's moral nature is weakened, so that he is an easier victim next time; the reputation of the store for fair dealing is impaired, because these favored customers will talk and if one man gets a better price than his neighbors, they have been injured by just that difference in price, for one man's dollar is just as good as another's.

A reputation of having one price to all is worth a great deal to any retail merchant, not only in profits but also in being free from the nuisance of having to go through a long "bargain" every time a considerable sale is made.

Whenever you refuse to cut a price you make the customer less likely to ask for a concession thereafter and you increase the respect in which he holds you. That respect is worth dollars and cents.

**Business Started by "Want Ad."**  
The "want ad" pages have forced many men into business for themselves. One man determined to sell the family horse. He put a sign on the front gate and told all his friends, but still no sale. As a last resort he put an ad in the paper and sold the horse at his own price. The man was so surprised at this result and attracted by the plan that he bought another horse and sold it and is today an extensive horse dealer.

**Scrubbing Machine.**  
There has been perfected a scrubbing machine which looks much like the ordinary carpet sweeper. The hooded part is a small tank which can be filled with scalding water, and uses automatically the inside mop, so that when the device is pushed across the floor it actually scrubs and wipes up the kitchen. For rough floors, porches and cement surfaces, it is said to be excellent.

**It Chooched.**  
A little five-year-old, being afraid of turkey gobblers, was at play in the yard one day last summer when an old gobbler began gobbling at her. She became frightened and ran to her grandmother, who asked her why she didn't show the old turkey away. She said the old turkey was "chooched" and she laughed at her.

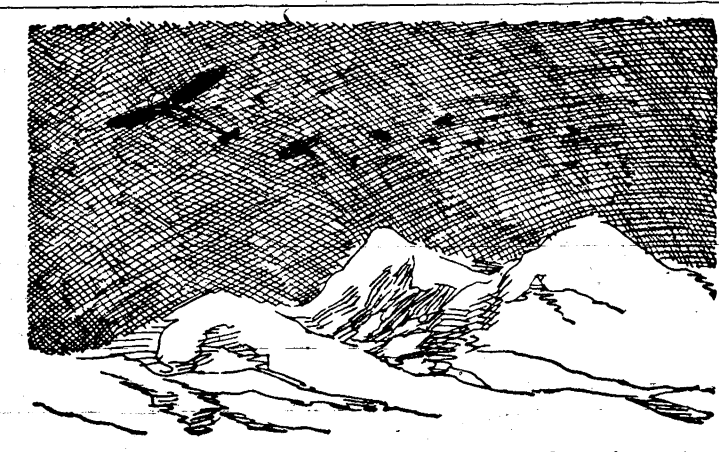
**Can't Adulterate.**  
Electricity cannot be adulterated. The meter measures the energy exactly.





# The Flying Man

by Harry Irving Greene  
Author of "The Lash of Circumstance" and "Barbara of the Snow"



## TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

### AN ILLINOIS CASE

Charles Easter, 38, Walnut St., Waterloo, Ill., says: "I had stic rheumatism and kidney trouble for years. I was laid up for months and spent hundreds of dollars unsuccessfully for doctors' treatment. After hope had fled, Doan's Kidney Pills came to my aid. They cured the awful misery and I have never suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

And many a good husband hasn't the nerve to be otherwise.  
**RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE**

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

### He'd Called Seventeen.

Jim was a new porter in the hotel, and he was putting in his first night at his new and responsible position. It was five in the morning, and so Jim had done all he was told, and was getting on splendidly.

### Proving the Contrary.

"A man can't do two opposite things at the same time."  
"Can't he run for office and stand for his party, too?"

### Breakfast Sunshine Post Toasties and Cream

There's a delicious smack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

Toasties are untouched by hand in making; and come in tightly sealed packages—clean and sweet—ready to eat with cream and sugar.

### Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

Sold by grocers everywhere.

### SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak Observatory causes a sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"No, Miss Fulton, nothing more than I have already announced." Silence had fallen at his appearance, abrupt and almost breathless, a silence that came so suddenly that it left mouths open and half uttered words lingering upon lips, but already the spell was rapidly dissipating and a dozen tongues trembling in their eagerness. Then the storm of questions broke. From every side and at once came exclamations, greetings and swift inquiries as the guests came pressing eagerly forward upon him, but Doris imperiously waving them back presented them until she had formally presented them to those present whom he had not heretofore met.

"That over, however, the vocal outburst came again in questions thick and fast, some serious and filled with thought, some frivolous, some nonsensical, yet each tinged with the peculiar intonation of highly strung nerves, for despite their doubts restlessness was strong upon them. For a moment he tried to answer them serially.

"And in there really no hope for us, Professor—no hope at all of escaping your sky dragon?"

"Yes, madam. Always where there is life there should be hope."

"I understand that you have stated that this strange wanderer is about the diameter of this state, and appears to be a body complete in itself rather than a giant fragment torn from some mass. Now how do you explain—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I make no attempt to explain."

"You said it was apparently coming from out of the center of space. I had always thought that we were in the exact center of space."

"And so we are, madam. So, also, is everywhere else."

"And you have no consolation whatever to offer us?"

"Yes, if one must die I think it preferable to perish in a collision of worlds rather than by a microbe."

"And you are certain it will annihilate us—destroy us this very evening?"

"I can only hope that my fears are wrong and that you will perish by the microbe after all." He raised his hand appealingly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please grant me mercy. At present I have nothing to say that you have not already heard. And if you will only be patient a few hours! For if I am correct and we are standing upon the verge of eternity, what matters an attempted explanation at this time? And if I am wrong—and we escape, tomorrow will certainly have its tale to unfold. He stepped backward a pace, bowing, and Judge Fulton taking him by the arm turned upon his guests.

"If you will pardon the professor and myself for a few moments while I show him about the place. It is his first visit here, you know." Despite their protests that Desmond belonged to them the older pair wandered away together among the trees, leaving the others in little clusters to resume their speculations or once more take up their lighter talk and restless wanderings.

For the second time that evening Alan found himself temporarily alone with his hostess. She was dressed in pure white—March's favorite color—upon her—a quaint heirloom of uncertain history upon her bosom. Her eyes were full of seriousness, her fair skin even a trifle fairer than usual as he thought, and her mouth, sweetly grave. For while Doris was beyond all question worried and anxious there

was no fear in her voice, look or manner.

"And what do you say about it all—this marvelous forecast?" she smiled as they paused. March loved her, she knew it and sometimes took a woman's advantage of a lover's devotion. "You have always pretended to me the subtle change he was struck by over them in the last quarter of an hour of their companionship alone with Doris. Their voices had grown subdued, anxious, strained, with now and then an unnatural laugh that arose unexpectedly as some feeblest nerve gave

away beneath the suspense. Also he noticed that almost constantly their eyes furtively swept the darkness above. To March it seemed as though the atmosphere of the night was charged with a mysterious oppressiveness. The stillness was that of a cave. Clouds had flung themselves across the sky in a thick curtain and the darkness above was so dense as to seem a solid. Anglo-Saxon of blood, temperament and training, he could walk without a quiver—a six-inch steel girder that spanned a canyon hundreds of feet deep and where a loss of nerve or a giddiness meant a plunge to certain death, but now for the first time in his life he was conscious of a strange nervousness and suppressed excitement. The palms of his hands tingled, and once he even caught himself laughing idiotically at a comment which he had not even caught the meaning of. Strange sensations ran up and down his back—an irritating pricking as from a light electric current applied to his spine, and when he changed to turn and see Doris faintly outlined beneath the trees and in close converse with Tolliver his whole being became set on edge at once and his hands tightened spasmodically. He drew himself together.

"Pool!" he muttered in self anger. He always had been rather proud of his fine possession during times when that fine quality was at a premium. "Are you, too, going to lose your nerve, and even before the first symptoms of danger at that? You are becoming as hysterical as Mrs. Emmonds yonder." A sound from the one whose name he had just mentioned sent him quickly towards her—a middle aged lady who was crossing the lawn with peals of senseless laughter, her highly strung nervous system breaking beneath the suspense of an impending cataclysm so vast that the very mountains themselves would be but mole hills beneath it. He took her firmly by the arm.

"Mrs. Emmonds!" he exclaimed lightly. "Tell me about it also. It seems to be too good a joke to keep to one's self." She turned a rather vacuous face up at him and laughed again more shrilly than before.

"I am laughing to think how silly I was to be frightened an hour ago over such a ridiculous boggy thing as everybody has been chattering about all the evening. As if this earth for which the sun and moon and stars were made could be destroyed by one of those little twinkling things. Look at them!" She threw her hand upward and Alan followed the movement with his eyes. A ragged rift had been torn in the clouds and through the gap he could see the myriads of the Milky Way, infinitesimal in size, faint in their light as far distant glow worms. Once more her senseless laugh arose.

"And as if the Lord who created this great world out of darkness and then built the rest of creation that we might be able to see by night as well as by day would set two worlds battling at each other like senseless sheep! And besides does not the Bible say that the earth shall be destroyed next time by fire? How silly I was to be afraid of such nonsense. I am as bad as a child who fears that there is a goblin beneath his bed." Her convulsive peals of merriment had turned all eyes in her direction and a dozen men were now upon their way towards her. Alan was still clinging at her arm.

"Of course, Mrs. Emmonds, quite true—undoubtedly so. I fully agree with you that there can be no danger." He stopped speaking abruptly, the cold goose flesh breaking out all over him, for beneath his feet he seemed to feel the earth shudder like an overdriven engine. Or was it his own nerves after all? He turned his face towards his companions beyond. One glance told him that they had felt it also, for in their eyes was a wildness such as he had never before seen in human beings, a fear that no savage horde bearing down upon them with naked weapons could have inspired. Rather it was the grisly terror of those who have wandered far into the evil haunts of the nightmare; the sweating horror of humanity who believes themselves to be at the mercy of the supernatural. Then the earth shudder ceased and they stood staring at each other with faces that were dazed and blanched. Alan suddenly realized that he was supporting the dead weight of a fainting woman and lowered her gently to the grass.

"The first slight convulsion," said a quiet voice, and all eyes turned upon the speaker. It was Professor Desmond, and though his face was pale as well as theirs he was by far the most composed one of those present—necessarily by virtue of superior courage although he was a brave man.

"And what will come next?" asked a hollow voice. The scientist shrugged his shoulders.

"No person upon earth can tell. But you had best be prepared for more convulsions, perhaps terrific earthquakes that may topple over the very mountains, perhaps violent electrical disturbances, likely enough winds of unheard-of velocity—no man can do more than guess, for no man in the world's history ever went through a thing like this. Also it is possible that the approaching body may strike us almost without further physical warning, and that we will have but a few seconds of actual atmospheric or ground disturbances before we are buried beneath a mountain of organic matter."

"And what will happen to the earth itself?"

"Again none can tell. The impact may crush its crust and release vast floods of molten matter. Or the crust may remain intact and the smaller and less dense body—if such be the case—be smashed to powder upon our surface. It even may knock the world from its course, itself to become a lost projectile whirling through space and a menace to other worlds. Or our planet may continue upon its way undisturbed save for the inevitable destruction which must be caused for a great distance around the region actually smitten." It is all but a matter of guess work.

Beneath their feet there ran once more the tremor of the earth as it vibrated like the deck of a racing steamship. To their ears, at first almost indistinguishable but ever increasing in volume until it sounded like the drone of a great hive of bees, came a throbbing as of a powerful steam pump. From several blocks distant where lay the region from which Desmond had fled came faint yells of terror and in a nearby stable a horse screamed horribly. Alan dropping upon his knees beside the prostrate woman saw some of his companions throw themselves upon their faces with their arms wrapped about their heads, while others quietly sank to a kneeling position with hands clasped and faces lifted. A number of the men remained erect, but these stood staring upward in a dazed manner or walked uncertainly about with hands clenched and faces twitching. Desmond alone of all of them stood like a statue, his arms folded upon his breast, his face raised, his whole poise calm and dignified. A score of yards away Doris stood upright beside Alan with her hand tightly clutching his sleeve. Of all the women she was by far the most composed, neither crying aloud nor weeping silently, while Tolliver was as rigid as the tree against which he leaned and half encircled with his arm to steady himself.

For a moment the professor stared at the one who had come to him from out of the darkness as though trying to recall a familiar face for the moment forgotten, then he spoke in a low, strange voice like one who talks in his sleep. "Oh yes, I know you now. You are my old friend March. I congratulate you upon your escape. Come with me. There must be other lanterns scattered about and we will need all the light and help we can get in order to search for the missing ones. I have hopes of finding most of them alive." Rapidly they searched the grounds, coming across the forms of their fellow guests at every few steps. Some still remained inert, some were sitting up in a dazed way, while others were already upon their feet directing their way to the will-o'-the-wisp lantern light which flitted about the lawn. In the course of the next few minutes they had also found a dozen of the lanterns which had not been torn to pieces or blown from their fastenings upon the trees, and these they lit and distributed to the ever-increasing searching party. It had been a case of suffocation into insensibility in a partial vacuum which had followed the departure of the great weight, a condition which had only prevailed for a very few minutes, and with the return of the normal quantity of air the victims had quickly recovered with the exception of Mrs. Emmonds. She had been in a faint and breathing but feebly when the crucial moment arrived, and Doctor Raymond, who was among them now, pronounced her dead. Silently they bore her within the house, found the telephone to be unresponsive to their appeals, and leaving two of the women beside her they returned to the lawn. They were still partially dazed and wholly awe-stricken and moved about half automatically as though just recovering from an anesthetic.

The electric lights which for some reason had gone out in the early stages of the disturbances were now burning as brightly as ever again, and from all sides came the sounds of a city temporarily stricken returning to bewildered life, the shouts of men, the cries of women, the barking of dogs, the cackle of fowl. Some suggested that inasmuch as there must have been considerable loss of life in the tumultuous winds when many of the flimsy buildings must have gone down, it was clearly their duty to try and assist those less fortunate than themselves. Professor Desmond answered him.

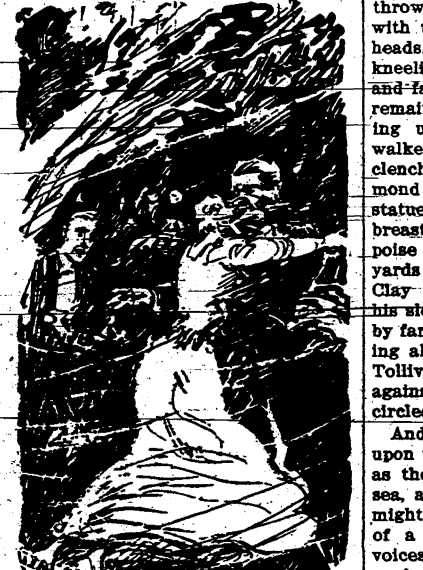
"What you have said is undoubtedly true, yet at the same time there may be serious riots as the result of a happening like this. Gangs of vandals are apt to form after great panics while the people are still dazed, and taking advantage of conditions commit all sorts of depredations—as for instance in times of armed attacks upon cities or after great fires or floods."

"Therefore at such times it is a man's first duty to look out for those nearest and dearest to him. We have quite a number of women here, wives, daughters and perhaps a sweetheart or two, and most of us should remain with them until we know that it is safe to leave them alone. Let me count. I find that there are sixteen ladies and fourteen gentlemen present. The latter I should imagine that half might be spared for a scouting party while the rest remained here for the time being as an emergency guard. As soon as the scouts report that it is safe for the ladies to go upon the streets—we can send for carriages, cars or vehicles of some sort and escort them to their homes. Meanwhile I beg of you to restrain your natural anxiety for a brief half hour for the benefit of all concerned. We will now cast the ballot to determine who shall go forth and who shall stay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Alan Glanced Aside.



She Was Blown Bodily Into His Arms.



Rapidly They Searched the Grounds.

Ah, he had it now. The collision. It had evidently taken place and he was still alive—Doris! His heart leaped to his throat and he went fumbling over the ground on his hands and knees in blind search for her. His touch fell upon her still lying prostrate, and placing his arm under her he raised her to a sitting position, feeling of her face as he did so. Thank all things she was alive and now even able to move a bit. He drew her gently to him until her head rested against his shoulder where he held her with his arm clasped about her waist. He could feel the deep and rapid pulsing of her bosom and knew that she was breathing spasmodically as though greatly exhausted, realizing for the first time that he, also, was panting as after a severe race. He spoke to her with an effort and after a few fruitless trials succeeded in making himself heard. He asked her if she was much hurt or in pain and she shook her head against his shoulder in a negative.

He became conscious that something to which it seemed he had always been accustomed had suddenly absented itself and for a moment pondered vaguely as to what it could be. Oh yes, the roar! It was gone now, the earth was steady beneath them and the wind almost dead. What had become of the others of the party? He must see at once. He found that Doris was now able to sit upright without assistance, told her to remain where she was until he returned, and got upon his feet. As he did so he saw a light flicker a short distance away and a moment later the flame of a Japanese lantern revealed the set face of Desmond. Alan went hurrying up to him.

### Ordered on Lavish Scale

The Late John Pierpont Morgan Objected to Wasting Time Looking for His Eyeglasses.

A story of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, illustrative of the scale of his domestic affairs, reaches me. My correspondent was in a London optician's shop when another customer entered, and, striding up to the counter, brusquely inquired, "Can you make me another pair like that?" presenting spectacles of the "goggles" type in tortoise shell rims and gold frames. "Yes," said the optician. "I can." "Send them up to my place as soon as they're ready. You know who I am," were the laconic instructions given as the customer strode out of the shop as quickly as he had entered. The optician explained that that was Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The spectacles were delivered, and my friend, making inquiries in the matter, heard the end of the affair from the optician. Pierpont Morgan returned to the shop, and, speaking more effusively than on the first occasion, said: "Those spectacles were very good—very satisfactory indeed. I shall want some more of them. I'm always missing my 'specs' after a change of clothes. Let me see (pausing and looking down on his waistcoat as if to inter-



