

LOVE TIME AND DREAM TIME.

Love time and dream time—
Apple blossom blow—
Down among the daffodils,

WHERE THERE IS NO TURNING.

In all the ride from Legovia along the beach Hazlett met only three living things, three women, staring at him out of the folds of dingy alcove which shielded their faces from the glare of sun and sea.

Go on till you come to the mango which blew down in the typhoon of ten years ago," she said, "and the road is there. It is called the Trail that has no Turning.

Hidden in the green-shrouded willow-ness of the lower hills, the hacienda without a name lay under the sunset enhancing as a lost fragment of some old world where labor left the soil was the happiest thing in life.

Hazlett looked at her in mingled amusement and vexation. In all his wanderings of discovery this talkative, commonplace woman had been the sole jarring note. But Dona Ceferina, oblivious to his emotions, sat in the cool twilight of the big room and poised her cup, like some hybrid goddess of justice about to render a decision.

"You say my husband is a prince, Senor?" Dona Ceferina echoed doubtfully over her cup, and her soft forehead wrinkled in bewilderment. This strange young visitor had puzzling notions of what constitutes conversation—a diversion of which Dona Ceferina was extremely fond.

it's positively feudal, you know. That's the only word; it doesn't belong to our day at all. And yet they say there is no romance left in trade."

He stopped abruptly, for Dona Ceferina was gazing at him with round eyes. If one could picture the eyes of a ruminative oow watching with mild curiosity a serpent which snouts to charm her, one would have seen the eyes of Dona Ceferina just then. Do Raymundo smiled inordinately, and the pause grew awkward. Suddenly a soft voice came to Hazlett's relief.

"Dolores held in just come back from school, and she remembers all those things," she explained to Hazlett. "I learned them once, but one forgets out here. And so you think we're feudal? I don't know, I'm sure. Of course, there aren't any knights any more, or castles, but we do have the friars. Listen, Senor," and Dona Ceferina set her cup on a table to give freedom to her hands, and began the story of the latest exaction by the local representatives of the hierarchy of the Philippines.

No one minded her much. Her husband sat with half closed eyes and puffed at his cigarette, Senorita Dolores turned to her window and gazed down at her little world as it went to sleep, and Hazlett's eyes persisted in wandering to the girlish figure, glowing in a belated, ruddy shaft of light. Decidedly, the talkative woman on the beach had shown some discrimination in placing Senorita Dolores on the pinnacle of beauty. Suddenly he became aware that Dona Ceferina's tale was told, and that her talk had taken a more personal turn.

"It's so good to have one from our own world to talk to again," she said enthusiastically. "One gets lonely here, with only natives about. I tremble to think what existence would have been when I came back from school, if Don Raymundo had not been here to rescue me." She smiled radiantly at her black and white spouse, as if to include him in the conversation, but he only drew long at his cigarette and puffed the smoke very deliberately toward the ceiling. Hazlett's eyes wandered to the window once more, and Dona Ceferina followed them.

"Isn't Dolores beautiful?" she whispered. "She's like a Madonna," said Hazlett, half to himself, "a Madonna whom some great man dreamed of painting and gave up in despair." "Exactly," Dona Ceferina agreed hastily. "That's just it. She's beautiful as the Virgin herself—and good! Poor child, after three years of Paris and Madrid, to come back to this!" She swept an over-joyed hand at the great dignified, simple had first between her and all male things not of her blood, and retreated into herself. Her shyness was an attraction in itself, and Hazlett did not find the silence awkward as he stood beside her and looked down on the hacienda.

In the shabby village clustered about the squat stone chimney of the mill groups of girls and young men were laughing and splashing about the wells; from the little groves which embowered the houses the evening fires glowed red, and the light breeze carried even to that distance a hint of the pungent wood-smoke. As Hazlett watched the peaceful scene all the love of the open which had led him to a wandering through life rolled over him in one wave. "Love it's a good old world after all," he said.

The girl glanced up at him quickly. "After all?" she echoed plaintively. "Well, Senor. The Saters all way and that the world is sad, and we must be afraid of it. When you speak so I wonder if you also do not think it is sad. Why isn't it good, if we are happy in it?"

ly at that last thought. "What are you laughing at, Hazlett?" his opponent demanded.

"At the way I'm playing," said Hazlett. He had been thinking of the French woman who was famed for having such a marvelous gift for conversation, and none at all for dialogue. "You couldn't well play worse," said Dona Ceferina good-humoredly, taking toll of her bit of silver. "Lead again!"

Hazlett could play worse and promptly did it. Not at all a bad person to share a secret with, this simple, master-of-fact woman, Dona Ceferina, he believed they were sharing one. In Dona Ceferina's placidly romantic breast, he guessed, had grown a vision of a young prince come out of the West to rescue her imprisoned princess from this tropical Castle in Indolence. A vision had come to Hazlett which he had not forgotten and forgot his cards. Six months ago a beach-comber, gilded and respectable, of course, but still a beach-comber, an adventurer without a country, and now, perhaps, a man whom many a little prince might envy. Fanny ruling undisputed with Senorita Dolores, and Dona Ceferina, a hand stole down over Hazlett's, and pityingly pointed out the proper card, and Hazlett sternly repressed an impulse to fling away the cards and take the hand. The time was drawing near when he must put his fortune back and forget his cards.

The cards ran out, and Dona Ceferina glowed triumphantly. "Another game, Hazlett?" she asked. Hazlett laughingly turned his pocket out to show that the modest sum allotted for the stakes of the day was gone. "I don't think," he said, "of playing any more. You play worse than ever, I think," she said. "I may learn panguingui before I die," said Hazlett. A sudden impulse seized him. He leaned forward and fixed the mistress of the hacienda with his eyes. "I learned them once, but one forgets out here. And so you think we're feudal? I don't know, I'm sure. Of course, there aren't any knights any more, or castles, but we do have the friars. Listen, Senor," and Dona Ceferina set her cup on a table to give freedom to her hands, and began the story of the latest exaction by the local representatives of the hierarchy of the Philippines.

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mama and a sister and a name, all of them associated with a rambling stone house that perched on a suburban hill. He also had a somewhat lively and eager head and a fair education. All he lacked was an income. I hope I don't bore you more than usual?"

Hazlett moved restlessly, and Don Raymundo continued: "Observe the sequence. The wealth of dreams is Oriental, and the Philippines lie in the Orient. So the boy, lying there beneath the roof of the giant stone house, dreams of a journey over sunny seas to a land where Spaniards dwell in palaces and gain untold gold, living like little gods together on broad acres where the cane rustles, and the coffee-blossoms gleam, and the hemp sends up its towering stalk. Demonic!" said Don Raymundo, with a mocking lightning-bitter as he well could be, "if an falling into the mood of that boy who dreamed."

Don Raymundo's silence seemed expectant, and Hazlett asked: "And he came?" "He came," said Don Raymundo—"and he awoke. They say that he found the rambling stone house and the gleaming blossoms a his monotonous, even while he turned to his bed beneath his tent. In fact, his environment was rather like—" He motioned toward the window and the world that lay outside, the fields stretching away in the burning light to the dim edge of the forest, the sunset sweep of the jungle, and the distant glow of the sleeping sea, all the untamable world that pressed around the hacienda without a name.

"Like this," Don Raymundo agreed. "People say that he had that prophetic and perhaps a wife—but Dios mio, I grow stupid. His nearest neighbor who was half a native, was—blessed, let us call it—with a daughter. A most charming young woman, so they say, very gay, very gentle, very affectionate, most accomplished—she had spent many years on the Continent, I believe. In short, she was a beautiful and attractive young woman, very like—" "Like—" Hazlett began and stopped. "Like Dolores," Don Raymundo assented for him. "And this interesting young woman naturally fell ill at ease among her back-staying countrymen, and naturally had much in common—but I grow even more tiresome. They were married. And that," said Don Raymundo, with languid brutality, "seems to have been the ending of the second dream."

Hazlett felt a twinge of shame come over him at listening. After all, the law which establishes a neutral strip of silence between men is based on something deeper than mere convention. "Don't you think," Hazlett asked at last, "that this young man took himself too seriously? If he had given more to life, had gone about among people—" "I understand," Don Raymundo interrupted him. "That he soon declined to go out among his countrymen, where his wife was received only as a favor to himself and his family. He was a somewhat obnoxious young man, you see. And his Philippine friends, who were worthy people doubtless, were somewhat unattractive and dull to both the young man and his wife. They were jealous, too. So in the end he was restricted to the joys of home. And his wife, I understand, grew old more rapidly than he. There seemed to be something in her blood that made her grow old quickly."

For a moment Hazlett felt a gleam of pity for the lonely man beside him. Then his back stiffened. No matter what one suffers, self-pity makes him mean. "I do not know," said Hazlett, "and for his life would not keep the vibration of scorn from his voice, 'that I fear that. It isn't Dolores's beauty that I love. What I want is to make her happy. We can grow old together.'" Don Raymundo smiled, and for once his smile was patient instead of mocking. "What you are older you will judge less quickly," he said gently. "Aren't you overlooking something? Is it my happiness that counts, or yours, or even Dolores's—though it's hard that she should suffer for the mistake her father made." He drew up in his chair and looked at Hazlett with a new light in his eyes.

"What of your children?" he asked, most sternly. "And their children? Have we any right to hand our trouble down to them. The children a hundred years from now—will they be white? Or must they go on forever, enlanguing no more, despised and themselves despising the other half? Where will it end. Enlightenment burst on Hazlett in a flash. This was no lover's obstacle, to be surmounted by theatrical lies and bonds. He had come face to face with one of the truths of life. Nature's unchanging law of blood. He saw them coming, the slow generations, men of no race and country. "My God!" he said, and gripped the arms of his chair till the cane splintered.

A door opened at the other end of the room. Don Raymundo quietly rose and went.

"There will be a wedding at the hacienda next month," said the girl.

"Yes," said her mother, "the young American will marry Senorita Dolores. They say he is very rich—richer than Don Raymundo." "He is very big and handsome," said the girl wistfully. "And Senorita Dolores—she is very beautiful and kind." A flash of jealousy crossed the mother's broad, good-natured face. "Yes," she said, "she is beautiful. But after all, she is only a mestiza, almost a Filipina like the rest of us."

And then, having halted a moment, they tramped on along the beach.—By Rowland Thomas, in Collier's. —Do you know where to get the finest canned goods and dried fruits, Sechler & Co. Birds that are Sacrificed for Fashion. Ever since the first woman in the world took the tail feathers out of the bird which her husband killed for dinner, and stuck them in her hair and heard his exclamation: "How lovely that makes you look, my dear," the daughters of earth have been adorning their heads with plumes.

And no matter how tender hearted the women are, nor how much they exclaim, "O, the poor thing," at the sight of the dead birds, they are ready to follow the fashion. They are sorry for the slaughtered birds, but they must have plumes for their hats. These stately and interesting birds, the herons, have been among the worst sufferers, because their plumage is beautiful and easily made into commercial hat trimming. The egret is made from the feathers taken from the back of the white egret, which is one of the heron family. These feathers, common to both sexes, grow only at the time of year when the egret are nesting and breeding. To obtain them, therefore, the birds must be killed when they are breeding. The egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are taken from its back, and the youngsters are left without parental care. Since there are no orphan ayulms in herds, the little egret is inevitably perished of starvation.

Thus for each egret, many egrets are massacred, or left to perish miserably. One bird produces only one-sixth of an ounce of plume feathers. Mr. Job, an American ornithologist, deprecates a wish to the egret heronries of Florida, which is one of the few spots where the birds have survived. He finds that the traffic in millinery has almost exterminated the two plume-bearing species in America, and no doubt the hunters will soon invade the morasses of Florida to get the remnant of the species and their eggs. The people here are sometimes found in England, though the colors usually are either white, brown, or black, with slate colors predominating. The snowy egret of America is probably the most beautiful of the species. The Kingfisher is a prize to the plume hunter. Its brilliant blue and green feathers are most beautiful. It was the "halcyon" of old, and Socrates said of it: "The bird is not great, but it has received great honor from the gods because of its loveliness." It may be honored of the gods, yet it is slaughtered for woman-kind. The egret, the heron, the bullfinches, and even the little humming-birds are slaughtered by thousands to meet the demand of fashion. The smaller birds, sometimes even the larger ones like the gulls, are put on the hats entire.

Lately the milliners, especially in America, have been getting good effects from the feathers and plumes of the common domestic fowls. The feathers are worked over and dyed until they make a satisfactory imitation of the rarer plumes from song birds and wild fowl. All the efforts to have women substitute some other adornment for the plumes of birds in their hats have proved futile. And there is a reason for this on the woman's side of the case. The delicate pampas grass and other vegetable plumes are lovely, but perishable. The wind tears them to pieces and the water destroys them. On the other hand, a feather is one of the most durable things. It lasts for a long time and its beauty may be restored by cleaning and rearing.

Perhaps the best solution for the question is that offered by a prominent milliner. He proposes that egret, heron, and other birds of beautiful plumage be raised as ostriches now are raised. At the season of greatest beauty the feathers might be plucked, and the bird allowed to live for another season and a new crop of feathers. The wings and breasts of the brilliantly colored song birds, he thinks, might be abandoned, and suitable substitutes made from feathers of the barnyard fowls. At any rate the birds have plenty of champions, and now that a queen is endeavoring to woo women away from what is called a cruel fashion her example may be more effective than laws.

The Earth is Stopping. That the earth experiences undulations day for day, corresponding to the sea tides, was recently established. After working for six years in a chamber out inside a well eighty feet below the surface of the ground, Professor Hecker, the German astronomer, has estimated that the movement of the earth, in correspondence with the tides, is about one-third as great. It rises and falls with the elasticity that would be expected if it were of the consistency of steel.

Famous Educators Praise Film Shows.

No less an authority on education than Prof. Frederick Starr, of Chicago University, is quoted as endorsing the picture show mainly for its educational features. At the same time, he pays a warm compliment to the industry. The eminent educator is quoted as follows: "I have seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man; I have watched a Queensland river under the white light of an Australasian moon go swirling through strange islands lurking with bandicoots and kangaroo; I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, take its passengers and then chug away with its stubby little engine through the Yorkshire Dales, past old Norman abbey abbeys overlooked against the sky line, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, through which a yoked drove his flocks of Southdowns. I have been to the Orient and gazed at the waterwheels and beggars and dervishes; I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sewn in their royal nightshirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants; I saw a runaway horse play battle-axe and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus; I know how the Chinaman lives, and I have seen for all the vicissitudes of the Japanese; I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers; I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph; I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish life in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Chicago for a moment.

"No books have taught me all these wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving-picture theatre at various moments of leisure, and I have seen for all the vicissitudes of the Japanese; I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers; I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph; I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish life in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Chicago for a moment.

"The talking machine has canned the great voices and master melodies of our time, but the moving-picture machine has done more—it is making for us volumes of history and action; it is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment, but it is used to teach of the world's progress—in the age of incredulity come true. We fly through the air—chat with our friends in Paris by quipping a little spark from a pole on one side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our grandfathers would have deemed a miracle.

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—Do you know we have the old style sugar syrup, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co. A Gigantic Blast. One of the greatest blasts ever exploded in this country occurred recently near Stein's Pass, New Mexico, a few miles from the Arizona border. Seventy-eight thousand pounds of giant powder were used in this explosion, which completely wrecked one whole side of a mountain, dislodging and breaking into fragments sufficient rock to ballast one hundred miles of railroad track.

—Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, bananas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.