

A DENATURED AGE.

The horseless cart is everywhere And smokeless powder fills the air; And all the joyous world doth laugh Because we've wireless telegraph.

We've lots of cashless millionaires, And needless apples, dates and pears; And there be those who say that kings Once fruitful now are fruitless things.

A thornless cactus now is made, I've been of an unjaded jaded; Who'd talk all night and scold all day, Yet nothing in the end would say.

We've painless dentists by the score, And Bernard is a shoreless shore; We've needless needs, and needless ends, And sometimes find we've friendless friends.

There's much that's artless in the arts, And mads there be with heartless hearts— And we shall have not far anon A Theodoresque Washington.

Now in the blessed name of Peace When will these strange inventions cease? —Carlyle Smith.

THE BEWITCHING OF HENRY PICK.

Henry Pick arrived from Dubuque, Iowa, on the China to take the position of Surveyor of the Customs in Honolulu. He brought with him a letter of introduction from his uncle, the Senator, three trunks, and the orthodoxy of the college graduate who believes that life is a purely local affair which you can visit and enjoy or abstain from at will.

When Henry suddenly leans forward and sob—she does it at unexpected moments—she comes forward and takes his hand and murmurs, "Aloha ino o!" ("I am sorry for you!") This is the story of how Henry Pick, Surveyor of the Customs at Honolulu at one time, became the blind man under the palm.

When Henry had been installed at his desk in the Custom House and had dined with his chief, the Collector, he proceeded down School Street into the big green yard of a highly recommended boarding-house. "You'll find it pretty fair," said the Collector. "And if I were you, I'd keep clear of the natives."

"Sure," said Henry. "You don't suppose I'd be chasing around with a lot of niggers, do you?" "They are—Oh, well, I'd keep clear of them if I were you," the Collector said, with a faint smile.

For two weeks Henry was very busy. He learned that the office of surveyor is not a sinecure, and he gained some respect for the native clerks, who save him from utter disgrace twice. Then he shut up his desk one afternoon, went to his room, dressed, and drove to dinner at the house of a territorial official who lived out on Lunalilo Street.

Hotel Street. Ethel had been singing to him, and he was watching the play of her fingers across the strings. A rising moon threw sharp, powerful beams of light through the cylinders of the palms; the night wind was heavy with the scent of lemon and ginger.

Henry picked up the book and stepped on the lanai with an easy grace. He saw that she was a native. Ethel rose and presented him. "This is Henry Pick, Aunt Maria. Henry, this is my aunt, mother's sister."

Henry Pick went back to his own office, shut the door, and stared at the wall. His heart beat heavily in his breast. Du-buque, Iowa, rose before him. He got up and locked the door. Two hours later he came out, wiping the sweat from his face, and told the deputy that he would not be back that day.

As was discovered later, Henry turned to the society of Mabel Smith, unimpeachably white, religious, and proper, not because she had any special attractions for him; it was for the reason that she was white, exceedingly respectable, and quoted the opinions of the "folks back home."

It was a month since he had seen Ethel, and he was, he hoped, losing his first soreness of heart. But while he was so busy listening to the band in the President's Square one evening, standing haughtily apart from the moving, smiling, crowd of natives, he suddenly saw her and his soul poured out of his breast like water.

He drove out of the close room into the open, and half an hour later stopped in front of the little hedge that marked the Hitzrote place. Here he stared a bit and passed on. But at his third step Ethel stood before him. "Why have you been so rude," she asked, gently.

Henry couldn't analyze his emotions of the next few days. The outcome of sleepless, sweating nights was that he vanished from the Smiths' sitting-room and pleaded business at the office. Had Henry been wise, he would have resigned at this point and gone home. Instead he went round

town with young fellows and ended up with Jim Pierce of the Advertiser at a hula back of Kaimuki, where Kea, priestess, made a few dollars by allowing discreet haolees sometimes to witness a sacred rite.

The girls seemed to him modest and graceful beyond all rumor. He viewed the long pantomime and listened to the almost endless chants with a feeling that, after all, this was no exhibition unseemly and common to the eyes of the natives. He was quite flattered when the prettiest of the girls, the dance over, came to him where he sat and nestled close down by his side, her hand in his.

Pick looked at his companion with an odd expression, lost in the half light of the moon. She plucked silently on, occasionally glancing at the sea spreading in flowing darkness below them; again glancing at his companion, who walked rapidly and easily, dipping his chin into the odorous freshness of the wreath about his neck.

They were too late for the last car and set themselves to walk in to the city. The man with the wreath led a white dog, which means in English something to the effect that the mist is coming up, coming over you, or something like that.

Henry stepped back. "It's crossing the road," he said in a curiously dry tone. "It's waving blue arms very slowly at us."

How Pierce got Henry into the city he has never satisfactorily explained. "The man saw things awhile, and then he would hurry along like a man who jumps from a moving car and has to run to keep his balance. Then he would stop," he told him.

We didn't get much out of him apart from the statement, many times repeated, "Something is wrong with my eyes." The Collector pondered this awhile and then said: "The best thing to do is to go and see Merry. He's as good an oculist as there is anywhere. Good on nerves, too."

Henry leaped at the proposal and I agreed to go with him. At his own suggestion I tightly bandaged his eyes and led him to the doctor's office. Once in the examining room, Henry grew careful and voluble indeed when Merry took the bandage off and asked for symptoms.

"I've noticed this for nearly a month," he told us. "But it was only at night at first. I saw strange, floating, thin bodies like cloudy men. I didn't see them all the time, only sometimes. They didn't follow me; I just came on them by accident, you know. But gradually I've been getting to see a cloud before my eyes in the daylight, and now—Henry's voice rose desperately—"I see you all blue and misty, almost transparent. You are in the middle of a bluish-gray cloud with bright specks in it. Everything in the room is almost transparent. It's my eyes, doctor!"

He put up his hand and brushed the doctor's coat just below the left breast. "There was a moth fluttering on your coat," Henry said, and flipped his hand over the place once more. "Funny!" he said, half to himself. "It doesn't fly away!"

"When it flies away I'll fly too," Merry remarked, with sudden grimaces. "That's my heart beating that you see, man. Can't you make an effort of will and pull yourself together?"

We grew pitiful watching him. He brightened up, every muscle in his body tensed. Across his drawn face various expressions fitted, alternations of hope and despair. They dissolved into blank misery. Henry sank down in the chair and muttered: "I see only you inside of a blue cloud. The walls are blue and my hands are blue. The whole world is huddled inside a blue haze, doctor."

Merry stepped abruptly in front of him, holding out a book. "How's that? What do you see?" he demanded. "I see right through it dimly," he whispered.

Dr. Merry turned on me with frowning brows. "There is nothing I can do," he said. "Will you please take him away?" Protest was useless. Merry wouldn't touch Henry with a pole, and when I had got the poor devil into his room and come back still refused to explain. "I have just one thing to say," he remarked, brusquely. "Keep away from him! Why does the government persist in sending us fools who should never leave the States? Good day!"

I insisted on one more question. "You say to keep away from him? Is the man insane? Is he dangerous? Has he the plague?" Merry scowled at me. "He's as sane as you and I. He is perfectly healthy. Good day!"

That was all I could make of it. The Collector allowed Henry three months' leave of absence. I consulted Pierce about what was to be done to help Pick and I learned that that old newspaper man thought of it. "It's some kahuna," said he, with a sour smile.

"They are rimmed with bluish flame," he said, carefully. "The ends of the branches have little candles on them, but the wind doesn't blow them clear of the bush. You know Kea is proud and vengeful, and she hates whites. She mentioned at the time a girl's name: Ethel, I think it was. I wash my hands of Henry Pick. If you think it's your place to butt in, find Ethel. For my part, I've been long enough in the islands to keep clear of this. The man's angry. He's not a flatterer, nor I can tell the ins and outs of it. Henry has offended the great gods of Hawaii. One thing more, my dear fellow: don't go too close to Henry! Kea's magic reaches far sometimes!"

He came to wildly, but grew quiet. I ventured to ask him a question. "Who is Ethel?" "Ethel Hitzrote? Don't you know her?" "The old general's daughter?" "Yes, I fell in love with her. She nearly had me fooled. It was only by accident that I found out she had negro blood in her," he answered.

But she has no negro blood!" I retorted angrily. "She's half white and half blue Hawaiian!" "It's all the same," he responded, stubbornly. "She thought I would marry her, but she backed in Iowa we call black 'black.' The fatuity of the fellow! I knew Ethel Hitzrote slightly. No girl all Honolulu held a higher head. I took pains to tell Pick just what an incredible ass he was. He repelled my reproof wearily. 'I know how you fellows look on it down here,' he kept saying. 'But—it won't pass with me.'"

I ought to have let him alone, of course. But they say every man has one friend; two friends, if he's a fool. So I played the friend to this crassly ignorant, mulish-headed, bewitched lowan, who was dwelling in a cloudy hell because he had offended the gods of Hawaii in the person of the princess-born, priestess-cherished, angelic Ethel. I went and called on Miss Hitzrote that evening. When the chance showed itself I brought up the subject of Henry Pick. "The man is dying," I told her.

When I called his name she merely looked at me, calm princess that she was. When I burst out "dying" a faint pallor shone in her face. "Is he sick?" "I made a straight tale of it. It doesn't pay to lie to any woman who has the one-tenth-thousandth of a drop of Hawaiian blood in her heart. Kea, the hula, the pretty dancer, the blue clouds, the fatuity, all passed through my story. I even mentioned that Pick thought Hawaiians to be negroes. She listened, slim and fair in the dusk of the lanai. When I had finished she said, gently: "And Mabel Smith. Is she with him?" "She is not," I replied. Ethel breathed out a sigh and picked up her guitar and sang a Maui song full of little sobs and trills and caresses. When she had done I took all my boldness in two hands and said: "Will you save him?"

She shot me a bit of flame from her eyes through the shadow. "Has he offended all Hawaii, your government official," she said. "And Kea hates him for it. I am a princess, you know, and I don't to be scorned. Kea has done this and—that she whispered across to me—"I'm angry of Kea myself!" She suddenly wrung her hands maidenly. "He insulted me! And he told me he loved me!" "I stuck to my question: 'Will you save him?'" "She rose gracefully to her feet. 'I will try on one condition,' she said, quietly. 'Let him go to Mabel Smith and look shrewdly on her white beauty. Then let him come to me—if he will!'"

I saw nothing and said so. "He looks just like the rest—like you do," he pursued, "only his feet are faded away and there isn't anything in his breast. He must be dead." I involuntarily followed his glance. I was struck with horror. For an instant I did see a wavering, vague, misty form. It vanished. I recalled what Merry and Pierce had said about keeping away from Pick. Was it possible that I was becoming infected with this strange sight myself—this power of sight to see a ghostly form? Standing a little distance away, I told him what Ethel had said. "You evidently made love to her, a proud and sensitive woman," I told him. "Then you get into your wooden pate that she is a native, and therefore to be despised by such as you. You've offended Hawaii by your insult to her princess. Kea is avenging the gods in this way. Now I asked Ethel if she would save you and she said, 'Tell him to go and see Mabel Smith.'"

He turned his head and nodded. "I haven't been able to get up my nerve to call on Mabel. Tomorrow I will. Mabel is a nice girl." Under the starlight I saw the profound loneliness of the man appear like breath on a window-pane; I knew that his heart leaped to think that possibly Mabel could exorcise his demon. Then from the very depths of his rude nature a word burst up: "Why did I fall in love with Ethel? I wish to God she was white!"

For two weeks I saw no more of Henry. At the end of that period a small Portuguese youth knocked at my door and handed me a scrawled note which I read under the electric light in the hall. It was apparently written by an illiterate child and was simply an address—117 Kinau Lane.

"Who wants me?" I demanded. "Fika," the lad said, succinctly. He offered to guide me to the house, which, he said, stood in a little passage back of the palace grounds up Punchbowl.

By taking infinite pains I arrived at a small, low cottage under a clump of banana-palms and found Henry Pick sitting on the porch at the top of the steps. The light of the moon streamed down on him. One look at his haggard, unshaven face told me the story. He was blind. Hearing my footfall, he got slowly up and held out a shaking hand. "I hoped you would come," he said, clearly.

"What has happened?" I demanded, guiding him to his seat. "He sat down and ran his open palms down over his knees. 'I got some acid and put my eyes out,' he said, quietly. 'I am at peace—at last. I see nothing.' He sighed."

He told the truth, as one could plainly see. He had been rather awkward with acid. He went on calmly. "I got too bad toward the last. I couldn't get any solitude. Even when I was in my room I saw through the walls, just as though I were looking through a blue mist, and then things came through, blue misty things. So I stopped it!" He was triumphant.

Was there anything to say? I thought of nothing. Henry talked peacefully on. "I hired a room out here out of the way. I've been here a week, sleeping. It's great fun sleeping. . . . I've been mistaken about some things. . . . I'll stay here. . . . I've got rid of the kahuna. . . . I stopped it. . . . He smiled. "Did it never leave you, this cloud?" "Once, I saw Ethel," he said.

"Not another word was spoken for a while. But he presently continued. 'I had gone to see Mabel Smith. I merely looked at her and ran.' He shuddered. 'I saw—I saw her—her skull. Something fluttered in the cage of her breast. I ran away without speaking. Then I saw Ethel. I met her on the street. She looked just as she always did—the old living thing in a blue world. She wore a red gown and her hair was—' He gently pondered the vision. He went on: 'But she passed by and I saw the fog settle down again. So I stopped it. His eyes died in his throat and he strained forward intently. I myself heard the sweep of a skirt on the grass. The huge fronds of the banana-plants moved apart and a woman stepped out. I rose and lifted my hat to Ethel Hitzrote. Her eyes were wide with terror and she gazed at Henry, ignoring me. Suddenly a great sigh came from her breast and she cried, softly, 'Henry! Henry!'"

Pick stumbled to his feet. "Ethel!" he called. "Ethel!" For a long moment she stood there, her little hands clutched into the bosom of her light gown, poised like a bird for flight. All the queenliness of her blood shone out of her like a fire. I saw that she was drawn asunder by pride and love. Pity strove in her heart with sense of injury and insult. The sightless man on the precarious steps sought the darkness with scarce eyes. Suddenly his voice broke from him in a hoarse cry. "I'm blind, Ethel! I'll never see you again!" She threw out her arms and went to him sobbingly, calling out low names of love.

I went away. The next morning I met Merry and Pierce together. They stopped me and looked from one to the other. "Did you hear about Henry Pick?" Pierce inquired, awkwardly. "He destroyed his eyesight with acid," I said. "I left him and Ethel Hitzrote together last night. She came to see him." "Quite true," Pierce answered. "Miss Hitzrote came to see Dr. Merry this morning. She thought maybe she could fix up his eyes. They—"

Pierce halted and stared up the street at nothing. The oculist finished for him. "The sight is gone for good," he said, firmly. My wrath boiled over. "I suppose you think it's all his own fault," I said, with bitterness. "The poor fool comes to Honolulu, knowing nothing about anything, and you white men, who know the dark ways, let him go to hell without hindrance. I call it a cheap trick. What was the matter with his eyes, anyway? Why didn't you treat them!" Merry flushed. "I'll leave you," he said, crossly. "I've done what I can."

When he was gone Pierce stared at me and laughed. "After all, Henry's head over heels in love with the girl, and always was I imagine. Now she's with him. Says she'll never leave him and defied old Kea. I understand. They're to be married this afternoon." "But what was the matter with his eyes?" I insisted. "Pierce was very uncomfortable. 'It must have been some sort of sorcery, all right,' he stammered. 'Merry has seen it before. It's called the 'king's curse,' and Merry calls it 'involuntary etheric vision.' Says some doctors know it as 'superlaxation of physical sight'—same as X-ray vision, so to speak. A man not only sees solids and liquids, but gases and ethers as well. Sees through things in a dim sort of way.'"

"But how—" Pierce shook his head. "Ask Kea. All I know is Merry says it's due to a kind of hypnotism that changes the focus of the eyes. It's all been explained, in some book or other. It's—it is contagious, it seems."

"Was that why you wouldn't have anything to do with him? What do you mean?" I demanded. "Pierce shook his head gloomily. 'It seems, from what Merry says, that it's a low sort of clairvoyance dependent on the stimulation of certain finer physical elements of the body. If you get very close to one who has it you're likely to develop it yourself. Of course that old witch Kea was teaching the impudent white man a lesson in revenge for Henry's asinine insult to Ethel and her father and the natives generally. But—hang it all! I don't know anything about it! Henry Pick is blind. Isn't that enough?'"

But as I go by the house on Queen's Road and see Henry sitting under the traveler-palm and Ethel near him, her straw colored hair done in the latest style, her face blooms with love and—I see but a little way into the mystery. I know that he loves her; and I know that she loves him and grieves bitterly that she was too late to save him from the wrath of Kea. Yet the saddest fact is that once in a while Henry leans forward with a dry, choking sob—the dumb cry of the man who cannot see what he most desires to envision. At such times Ethel's face is dark with profound pain. She puts out her gentle hand and whispers, "Aloha ino o."

And from the look on her husband's face when he hears this soft murmur I don't believe Dubuque, Iowa, will see Henry again. For he is under a stronger spell than any ever woven by Kea the sorceress.—By John Fleming Wilson, in Harper's Weekly.

The House of Studebaker.

The sturdy, thrifty Hollanders have been the progenitors of many men foremost today in the ranks of American Captains of Industry. Thomas Dreier has a strong and compelling story in Human Life for September of the founders of a great industrial enterprise known in every hamlet in the land—the House of Studebaker.

Back in the eighteenth century it was that the first Studebaker set sail from the land of canals and windmills for the shores of America, and as far back as 1798 his descendants were wagon-builders. As the world moved, the Studebakers kept, if anything, a step or two in advance of the march of progress, and were proved their right to be considered Captains of Industry.

John Studebaker, the best wagon-builder and blacksmith in his community in the early part of the last century, may be considered the corner-stone of the present great house that bears his name. The heritage he left his sons was those bed-rock qualities of honesty, industry, courage and progressiveness—mighty levers in the hands of modern world-movers of invention and business.

The inventors of the telegraph, the telephone, the submarine cable, and the various machines that minister to the needs of mankind are as truly and as grandly missionaries to the race as those who give their lives to enlightening the nations that sit in darkness. The inventors, the manufacturer and the distributor of the commodities of the world, instruments of Destiny to bring mankind closer together, and the story of the rise of this great commercial House of Studebaker, and of its founders and builders, is full of romance and live human interest in anything the novelist's pen could dream up.—Human Life Publishing Co., Boston.

Given Away.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, author of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, offers this valuable work as a gift to those who wish to see the expert eye mailer. This great medical work contains 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, and is full of the common sense of a wide medical experience. It answers the unspoken questions of young men and maidens. It meets the emergencies of the family with plain practical directions. It is a book for every man and every woman to read and keep at hand for reference. Its medical information alone may save many a costly doctor's bill. This book will be sent to you free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps from the paper cover, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Horses as Meat.

According to information received at the State Department at Washington, D. C., Englishmen have put over a commercial trick over the inhabitants of the other countries of northern Europe. And it was done by using the American exporters as the best means of making the trick good.

Some time ago the reports were circulated in Europe that horse meat was being shipped to them from the United States, prejudicing American meat shipments. Upon instructions from the State Department the consuls at Hull and New Castle made a thorough investigation and reported that no horse meat was being received from the United States, but, on the contrary, exporters at Hull and New Castle were shipping live worn out English horses to several continental ports, principally Antwerp, where they had been sold for food under the strict regulations of the Belgium Government.

You must have a foundation before you can build a house. You must have a foundation before you can build up your health. The foundation of health is pure blood. To try to build up health by "doctoring" for symptoms of disease is like trying to build a house by beginning at the chimneys. Begin at the foundation. Make your blood pure and you will find that "heart trouble," "liver trouble" and kindred ailments disappear when the poisons are eliminated from the blood. The sovereign blood purifying remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has cured diseases pronounced incurable by physicians. It has restored health to those who have absolutely despaired of recovery.

Large sailor collars are applied to many of the new coats and these will be much in requisition for young girls' costumes, while the coat of the eighties, which was trimmed with a narrow band of fur down the front as well as all around the base, has returned to favor, and is very simple and pretty for a girl of 14 to 15, where a short-skirted coat and skirt are concerned.