

A SONG AT HOME-COMING.

As I rode north, as I rode north, My heart out of prison, I saw the hills go raking forth Like strong men newly risen.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Sun streamed in through the court-room window as if there were no such thing as crime on earth. It spun through the shadows, lighting the faces of those assembled, illumining the indifferent curiosity of some, the set stillness of others.

The prisoner, sitting with his counsel, turned a look of wonder toward that flare of light, as if already he had grown used to the lack of it. It fell upon the sharp profile with mouth set hard. All the glow of outdoors had disappeared. The look of the agile Arab was gone. So was hope.

But those in the court room were too absorbed in the testimony of witnesses to take note of a mere look on a man's face. All except two—two women who had stolen in each day and sat hidden at the back so that a certain penetrating gaze from the bench might not discover them.

Only these two caught the drift of that look into freedom that twisted Dean Cardigan's face. From both came a low moan of pain. Babs slowly brought her eyes to the twelve men sitting in judgment and one by one searched the iron-clad countenances for some sign. Across one, so plainly written that it could be read without effort, flashed contempt for the set of wasters this Cardigan fellow represented.

"Hush! Some one will hear you. Evans musn't know we are here." "All their evidence is only circumstantial. They couldn't convict him on that, could they?"

"If he tells where he was—it might help." "Bab's eyes fastened on the other woman's." "But he won't—"

"No. It—it's ghastly, isn't it?" The whispering stopped. "You know that Mr. Cardigan was not in his rooms all night?" the District Attorney pounded.

"How do you know it?" "I was running the elevator all night, sir. If he'd come in, I'd have taken him up."

"And you're sure he hadn't come in before you went on duty?" "Yes, sir."

"How?" "Because I took a package up and there was no one there to take it, so I took it downstairs again."

"Do you know what time he did come in?" The old man hesitated, glancing toward Dean's bowed head.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I can't be quite sure."

"What time do you go off duty?" "Seven in the morning, sir."

"Was it before that?" "Yes, sir."

Barbara van Buren, butterfly, swayed under the fusillade of that stare. Her eyes closed. Her lithe young body straightened to meet it as a soldier's might in the face of death.

"I've kept silent," a voice she did not know as her own went on, "because I thought he might be saved without me. I—I was afraid—" the voice broke in two.

Dean sprang up. Already Judge Grant was rapping with his gavel. But it was a movement altogether automatic. The Judge's face was the color of stone.

Through the courtroom surged the hum of expectancy that told of recovery from amazement, of moistened lips and eager predigestion of new scandal.

A gasp came from Connie and a murmured— "Babs!"

It was too late. The little head was up. Her voice found itself. "But I don't count now. I—I must not think of what this will mean to me. If Dean Cardigan won't tell, I must!"

Dean's outstretched arm to stop her, Dean's muttered alarm that rose finally to an outcry of protest and an appeal to his counsel, "She musn't! She musn't be allowed to!" were lost in the hubbub that followed the hurrying toward Babs of a court attendant.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked. He motioned to her. With head erect, with eyes straining through the dark circles surrounding them, with hands clenched in her muff, she made her way to the witness chair.

Some one at the reporters' table murmured: "By Jove, Judge Grant's sister-in-law!"

Like a wireless, the message hissed round the room. "It's the judge's own sister. Barbara van Buren. I'll say—some scandal!"

Judge Grant sat stonily silent, too stunned for action. Barbara passed him without a glance. She stumbled a bit as she mounted and stood waiting.

The army of eyes turned its battery full upon the girl. Her own fell, but after a moment they lifted and she addressed the astonished District Attorney.

"If—if you'll let me, I'd like to tell my story just as it happened. I—I—it won't take me long."

She was sworn in, took her place and with voice very low but unwavering she pinned her butterfly's soul to the wall of notoriety and crucified it for all to see.

"I had written letters to Dean Cardigan—compromising letters—and they were stolen from his locker at the club. He told me of their loss and tried to locate them, but it wasn't until Dickinson mentioned to Dean that he might buy them back that we knew he had stolen them. We knew he hadn't found them."

The District Attorney objected here and the Court, with face of granite, sustained the objection. The fact that Mr. Dickinson had stolen the letters was ruled out of the evidence. The girl watched them, a little perplexed.

"I'm telling the truth," she said simply. For an instant her voice faltered. But she managed to go on.

"I—I begged Dean to get them back—I didn't care how. Dean hadn't enough money to give Colby Dickinson his price, but he promised me—I made him take an oath—that I should have those letters in my own hands before Dickinson could do any harm with them. Dean tried to make him give them up and Dickinson just laughed. The night they met at the club for dinner, Dean had borrowed enough money to make up what he needed but tried first by threatening Dickinson, to make him hand them over. He refused and that was when Dean jumped into the taxi and drove with him to his rooms. He paid Colby Dickinson that money and left the house before ten-thirty because he was with me by twelve-thirty. He drove out into the country in his own roadster and he couldn't possibly have made it in less than two hours. It usually takes three. My sister and the servants had gone to bed and I let him in myself. He gave me the package of letters and told me that Dickinson had tried to hold out one but that he had gotten it, except for the envelope which had been torn in the fight for it. I gave him a suggestion of what my right arm could do and he handed it over," Dean said.

She paused, looked out at the throng. "That's all, I guess. I—I burned the letters early the next morning—after Dean had gone."

A long, humming silence followed, silence thick with suspense, silence with every eye in that room centered on the white-faced girl.

The Court leaned forward, looking over her head toward the counsel for the defense.

"I have nothing to say, Your Honor," Dean Cardigan's attorney announced, rising. "All this is new to me—absolutely new. I have been unable to persuade or coerce my client into giving me his alibi, although I knew he had one. It is evident now why he kept silent."

The District Attorney sprang to his feet and a cross-examination by the man whose success depended upon other people's misery was directed at the girl whose soul had already been stripped naked for the grilling gaze of the multitude.

She repeated her story in different words—but the story remained the same in every detail.

"Young woman," he snapped finally, "you realize, of course, that this tale of yours can readily be regarded as a parcel of lies. We have no proof that there's one word of truth in it."

"I can prove that Dean Cardigan was with me," she said with apparent calm. Then, without waiting for his question: "At two in the morning, our night watchman saw Dean's roadster outside the hedge at my side of the house. He looked up and there was a small light in my room, so he came into the house and rapped on my door. He asked if I was all right and I called out that I was. Then he explained that seeing a strange car in the road and my light, he had been a little worried and he apologized for disturbing me. That was why I kept Dean until I was sure the watchman had gone."

The cross-questioning stopped abruptly. The dogged fury with which he had sought to trip her up subsided. He straightened his coat. He shook down his cuffs. A look of the man who is about to play the trump card which he has saved for the end of the game caused his brows to lift and a smile of certainty to flicker at the corners of his mouth.

With a sharp forward movement, he seized a piece of paper and banged it down on the arm of the witness chair.

"Write Dean Cardigan's name," he commanded. She took the fountain pen he handed her and wrote "Dean Cardigan" with a hand that did not even tremble.

The District Attorney then asked for the torn envelope tabulated "Exhibit D." The writing, except for the difference in the ink, was identical.

And when the butterfly, with head bowed, was helped from the witness chair and made her way somehow from the courtroom, those assembled knew that, in spite of more cross-questioning, new witnesses, the calling of handwriting experts, and all the formalities still to be gone through, the Scales of Justice had swung swiftly the other way.

At last she got up and felt her way to the speaking tube. She wouldn't turn on the light. She wanted to hide even from herself. A moment she paused to gain control of her voice.

"There's no use—I won't see any one. I won't see any one at all. Please go away, all of you." Her voice shook then broke completely, and she hung to the little box on the wall, pleading with the desperation of utter helplessness. "Won't you go away—you're killing me. I've no statement to give out. I've said all I have to say. No—No! Let me alone—please—please—oh won't you go away? Won't you?"

Finally as she paused, there came back through the din: "I've given out a statement. I've sent those men away. See me, Babs, won't you? Babs, it's Dean!"

She went back, stumbling over furniture and let him in. When he was inside her door, he slammed it and stood with shoulders squared against it. And as it was always the case in big moments, both he and the girl were silent. He remained with eyes cutting through the dark to rest on the faint outlines of her, and presently after a long quiet moment, he spoke. All he said was: "Why did you do it, Babs?"

And she answered: "I had to." She moved over then, drew down the blinds and switched on one of the lamps. It was a French bisque figure with fluffed-out chiffon skirts, through which a pink light gleaming saucily, softening the lines of two harrowed faces.

She motioned Dean to a chair, but he threw down hat and coat, caught her and turned her about so that the light fell on her tired eyes.

"I've been trying to reach you all afternoon. From the minute I left that place. No one answered your phone."

"I took the receiver off the hook. I just couldn't stand it. They wouldn't let me alone and I thought that would keep them away. But it didn't. They have been like a pack of wolves. Do you think they're going to keep that up always?"

"Why did you do it?" he repeated. "You know those letters didn't belong to you. You knew I wasn't with you that night. Answer me!"

"Yes, I knew—she made a queer little gesture—but there was nothing else to do, was there? You see, I knew whom they did belong to and whom you were with—and she had so much more to lose than I had."

Dean put her into a chair and pulled another close and held her two hands in a tense grip for several minutes. "You risked everything—your reputation, life itself for Connie."

She looked down at the hands he was holding tight. "What made you do it? How did you know?" he pressed.

"I knew—because that night when your car drove up so late and stopped at the hedge below my window, I woke up and looked out and saw you climb over and hurry across the lawn. I was frightened at first and waited for the bell to ring, and when it didn't I went to ask Connie if anything was wrong. I heard voices, yours and hers, and knocked on her door, but the voices stopped and no one answered me."

She paused, for a second seemed to stop breathing. "So then I went back to my room and tried to read the lamp next my bed and turned on the light because I couldn't sleep. And then I told him everything was all right and to go on down stairs. But I turned out the light after that and went to the window and stayed there watching for you to go."

"Then you did know that I hadn't killed Dickinson?" "Yes."

"You knew, too, that those letters I went after were Connie's?" "No. Not until after the envelope was found. I recognized her handwriting in the reproductions published in the newspapers and I waited for her to come forward and acknowledge it. When she didn't, I was terrified for fear the judge would see and recognize it. But he didn't—not even in court. Isn't it queer how blind we are to the things that are closest to us?"

She looked up at him with a kind of wonder and Dean's lips opened. His muscular hands still clinging to hers, closed with a convulsive clasp that was somehow beseeching.

"Babs—" "I watched her during all the weeks before your arrest," she interrupted, "and waited and waited. She did everything to hide her agitation from when I passed it, I used to hear her walking back and forth, back and forth, back and forth like a machine that could not stop. When I spoke of you, or—the Dickinson murder, she would steady her voice and talk calmly, too calmly, and all the while, every time I turned from her, I felt her eyes on me, driving into me to see whether I knew—whether I suspected or even guessed. I could feel she was counting on something happening to change things—that they wouldn't arrest you, that you could be saved without her. But when they did, I felt sure she'd tell them finally that you had been helped by me. I didn't see how she could love you and not sacrifice anything in the world to stand by you at a time like that."

Dean spoke then, huskily. "She doesn't love me, Babs. She never did. I want you to believe that."

There was no answer. "Even, when, as a girl, she wrote those letters Dickinson got hold of!" Babs looked up then, swiftly, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," he continued, "they were written before her marriage, the result of a wild infatuation that lasted about as long as those things usually do. But they were undated, marked simply with the day of the week. There was no way of proving that

they hadn't been written yesterday. I had forgotten them completely, didn't even know I had them in my desk. Dickinson called one afternoon. While he was there I answered the phone in my hall. And a few days later Connie sent for me. She was in a frightful state. He had informed her that he had in his possession some letters of hers that would make interesting reading for Judge Grant. It was her intense love for her husband—and a bit of fear of him—that brought about this whole thing. I thought, of course, I could get back the letters. I didn't believe Dickinson could be rotten enough to hold up a woman. But that was just his little game. He played with her until I thought she would go insane. At last she sent me a note saying she depended upon me to get them for her. She hadn't enough money to give Dickinson his price but if I'd lay it out, she'd have it for me within a few weeks. Only I must not delay. She repeated that. Dickinson refused to let me have the letters at first. Then I showed him that demand from her. In the excitement I overlooked putting it back in the envelope. My one idea was to get to your sister and give her the damn things as soon as possible. That was why I didn't wait until the morning to drive out. I didn't stop to think or reason. The poor girl had got to the point of fearing her own shadow. When I arrived, she insisted upon going upstairs to avoid the possibility of being seen. It was her anxiety—nothing more."

He had not let go of her throughout his low-toned recital. Now he leaned down with more emotion than he had shown through all the weeks of the trial.

"Babs—you do believe what I'm telling you, don't you?" Babs did not give a direct answer. Her head remained bent for a long moment, a moment still as those in court. Then she gave a faint smile and it seemed to lift the haggard lines like a fairy touch.

"I have faith in Connie," she said softly. "And I guess if I hadn't had faith in you, I wouldn't have practiced her handwriting or planned so carefully the story I told on the stand."

"Babs, was it only faith—only for your sister that you made the supreme sacrifice?" Dean bent nearer. "Was it only to save her and her conscience? Babs—"

"Dean, I—"

"Answer me—was it for her—alone?" "Yes."

"Don't turn away! Are you telling the truth—or lying?" "I—I'm lying, Dean."

"His head came down to hers. "And we don't care, dear heart, if this thing is never explained to the world, do we?"

Her hands made as if to flutter away from the pair that gripped them. "Dean—please understand! Don't feel because I did—the only thing I could do, that duty or—Dean, don't ask me to marry you because—"

He did not wait for her to finish. "I'm not asking you to marry me. Tonight when I gave that statement to the press, I told them we were going to be married tomorrow. So we've got to make good, haven't we? There's nothing else to do."

And that is the story of a butterfly's soul.

It was brought to mind by the confession of a man dying in St. Quentin Prison, California. He stated that among other crimes, he with a companion had held up Colby Dickinson at 3 a. m. of the morning he was found, throttled and knocked him down when he resisted and then fled on the spoils to South America. The papers gave the man's story only a paragraph, the Cardigan case having long since gone down in history. And besides, being killed by footpads isn't a big news item at best.—By Rita Weiman, in Cosmopolitan.

RADIO BROADCASTING HALTED BY AN ORDER.

Orders for temporary suspension of radio broadcasting by amateurs, because of interference caused regular radio service, was announced at Washington last week by the Commerce Department. New regulations, however, will be issued covering amateur broadcasting as soon as some desirable plan can be formulated.

Radio broadcasting, the department explained, is a new wireless service, which was developed very rapidly during the past three months and now embraces the sending out of everything from market quotations and crop estimates, health talks, weather forecasts, high class entertainment to lectures, sermons, music and announcements as to stolen automobiles.

The result has been to fill the air with radio reports to the detriment of commercial and necessary service.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS VIGOROUS

Good Red Blood is the Only Sure Foundation of Permanent Health and Vigor.

Good color, bright eyes, solid flesh, erect bearing are dependent upon rich red blood. If your blood is not up to the mark your general health can not be late hours, eating the wrong foods, working indoors, fatigue, affect the blood. So many people eat well and take exercise, yet never seem to improve in health. Gude's Pepto-Mangan taken regularly for a while gives the blood that richness and redness that produces bounding health and vigor. It is a simple, natural way to get well and strong. Gude's Pepto-Mangan comes in liquid or tablets—at your druggists.—Adv. 67-9

The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has gone into a mighty poor business when it begins an agitation to annul a section of the constitution of the United States. The worst foe the workmen ever encountered is the liquor traffic.

JEWISH FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

Has Been Held for Centuries as a Memorial of the Dedication of the Altar.

Hanukkah, the Feast of Dedication, also called "Feast of the Maccabees," is a Jewish festival beginning on the twenty-fifth day of Kislev (December) and continuing for eight days, chiefly as a festival of lights. It was instituted by Judas Maccabeus, his brothers, and the elders of the congregation of Israel, in the year 165 B. C., to be celebrated annually with mirth and joy as a memorial of the dedication of the altar, or the purification of the sanctuary.

After having recovered the Holy city and the Temple from the Greeks, Judas ordered a new altar to be built in the place of the one which had been polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes, who had caused a pagan altar to be set up in the Temple of Jerusalem, and sacrifices to be offered to his idol. When the fire had been kindled anew upon the altar and the lamps of the candlestick lit, the dedication of the altar was celebrated for eight days amid sacrifices and songs.

In the Talmud the festival is principally known as the "Feast of Illumination," and it was usual either to display eight lamps on the first night of the festival, and reduce the number on each successive night, or to begin with one lamp the first night, increasing the number till the eighth night. The lights are supposed to be symbolical of the liberty obtained by the Jews on the day of which Hanukkah is the celebration.

FIND HEALTH IN SUN'S RAYS

Ancients Had Full Faith in Treatment Now Practiced in the Most Modern Sanitariums.

In a small village in the Adirondacks there is a sanitarium where patients take sun baths. And a high price is charged for the treatment.

Bathing in the sun's rays for health is an ancient ceremony, handed down from the earliest ages. Wiseacres in bygone times used to bathe in the sunshine, believing in the great value of light as a destroyer of disease. Light was the secret and universal medicine by which they cured many diseases.

Sunlight is the greatest factor in our planetary existence; if it failed all life would perish. One has only to look at nature for potent examples. In vegetable, animal and human life the influence of sunlight is strongly manifest. Compare the vegetation in the gardens of a back street away from the sunlight with similar growth in the open country. Compare the children of the country with those living down a narrow street of the city slums.

For creating good general health and happiness no medicine is so effective as the direct rays of the sun. A sun bath consists of letting the rays of the sun bathe the skin each day, preferably during the morning. The body is, of course, wholly or partially uncovered.

Marine Phenomenon.

Late one January the steamship Trafalgar, when within ten miles of Wolf rock, off the southeast coast of England, met with a remarkable accident.

A report like that of a cannon was heard, and a large fiery body with a tail 80 or 40 feet long struck the water 20 feet from the vessel. It was accompanied by a loud hissing, and a column of water rose where it struck the sea. Immediately afterward the ship seemed to be on fire, the engine room glowing with a violet light filled with multitudes of sparks.

The mate engaged at the wheel suffered a violent shock through the steel rod in his hand. The crew fled to the deck. It was found that all the compasses had been demagnetized, and the ship had much difficulty in making her way to Falmouth. It was probably a strong lightning flash which struck the water, and the subsequent electric phenomena were produced by the dispersal of the charge supplied to the surface of the sea.

"Gibraltar of Canada."

Quebec citadel, sometimes called the "Gibraltar of Canada," is a strong fortification covering 40 acres of ground, and in its present form it dates from 1828. The more modern fortifications were constructed in 1820-30, substantially on the lines of the French works of 1620.

The citadel has been garrisoned by Canadian soldiers since the withdrawal of British troops in 1871. It incloses a parade and drill ground, 42 acres in extent, surrounded by barracks and magazines under the walls. Heavy cannon are mounted on the ramparts. A large stone building forms the "Officers Quarters," with the "Governor General's Residence" (occasionally occupied by him) at the east end, overlooking the river.

A splendid vista can be seen from the king's bastion at the northeast angle of the ramparts. The west ramparts overlook the Plains of Abraham.

All the Symptoms.

"Was Mr. Grabocin in his office when you called?" "No, he must have been playing golf."

"Are you sure about this?" "Reasonably sure. The office force seemed to think he wouldn't be back soon. Most of the clerks had their feet up on their desks and three stenographers were glued to tele-phones."—Birmingham Age-Herald.