# Ring the Curtain Down

By M. CARUTHERS

Ring up the curtain!

A little room on the top floor of a house-a tall, dirt-begrimed, manywindowed house-in a dingy street lying between Holborn and the Strand,

A bed, a table, two chairs, a fireplace and a battered-looking wardrobe. On the mantelpiece a secondhand revolver. Hy the bed, divesting himself of his overcoat, a young man of perhaps 20 years of age. So much for the scene.

The actor? the young man by the bed, Tempest-Richard Tempestone time "Dicky," though he had long since forgotten the fact.

"I think I'll clear up everything first," he muttered, standing irresolute in the middle of the room

"I wouldn't bring this final disgrace on my highly respectable relations," he laughed bitterly, "for the world! If I burn all my papers and things no one will know who I amor was; and no one will be 'downed' for my funeral 'X's.' Heaven knows shall be uncommon glad to be quit

He lit the fire, watched it achieve vigorous blaze, and then deliberatey, methodically and with no sort of compunction commenced throwing nto it letters photographs, the title onges of one or two books-everyhing, in fact, that might in any way ead to his identification after deathor to the fool who is not only a fool out a week fool there is but one esape from the fierce-biting trouble, tnd Richard Tempest had elected for

"That's done," said Richard, as he emptied the last drawer, "and I conider it uncommor thoughtful of me. Nothing more, I think."

He looked around. "May be something on top of that

upboard," he thought. He brought forward a chair, and, counting it, pushed his arm forward nto a pile of dusty newspapers.

"There is something," he said, and stepped down with a small tin case n his hands.

"Mother's dispatch box." he said coarsely. "It's mother's letter case!" There was a reverence, a softness n his tones, which had been foreign o them for years—since he had been urned out from his mother's home y a stepfather, aggravated to deseration by his continual shortcomags and failures since he had brok-

n her heart since she had died. Practically he had stolen the box. Vhen he was packing his few possesions on the night of the last wild cene with his stepfather he had noiced the box in his mother's room; it as full, he knew, of her children's etters, collected with all a mother's we; stored up and treasured with Il a mother's devotion to that time hen her little ones were her little nes-not yet grown to self-governent, and self-will, and distaste for It came to him, as he recalled ese things, that he would take her

Ten years had elapsed, and he had ocked about an over the world, and nd idled, and failed, and gambled: t, in some inexplicable way, the lit-'s case had accompanied him, and ere it was.

It fastened, he remembered, with a ring lock, a wonderful patent catch. e "sesame" of which mother always rgot or said she forgot, and so had ways to call the assistance of her our little boys and girls when she ished to open it.

Richard saw the picture again. Something fell with a little thud on

"A tear! 'Vaat on earth am I dog?" said Richard, and fumbled sav-

tely with the lock. "There! That You put your little finger ere and your thumb here-how diffialt it was to stretch the distance in ose days! Then you pressed sharp--there!" It was open. He had not The box was full of old letters, yel-

w, torn, barely legible. Some tied bundles with faded blue ribbon, hers scattered loose; he must burn

He ran his fingers through the heap. hat was this? Something soft, rapped in tissue paper. Curiosity ompted him to open it. A lock of iden hair, soft as down. He finred it wonderingly. Some writing? hat was it? Mother's hand, he uld see. He took it to the lamp and ered closely.

"Dicky's. Five years old." The tears came with a blinding sh. He puller himself together with effort, and hurled the little flaxen ndle to the flames.

This was terrible, he thought. He d never suffered like this before. must not read; if he valued his f-control, if he had any desire to tre himself, he must not readst not-must not.

verting his eyes, therefore, he oped and felt for a bundle, found and tossed it across to the fire. rough usage caused the ribbon The majority of the letters sched the greedy flames, a few fluted to the floor.

With an impatient exclamation chard stoopen to gather them. His es fell on a little piece of pink fantic paper, such as children love to . "Your little son, Dicky." be saw huge, sprawling letters. He felt he must read it through.

ere was a paucity of capital letand fine disregard for steps. Dear Mother (the letter ran) we do

pies kis joan with your shilling I boughted a gun and 3 buns and a top and 4 buns for jackey and marjorie I have broken the gun good-by mother your little son Dick; these crosses are kisses for you p. s. I have been a good boy to-day eliza says.

He remembered the occasions now, His mother had taken Joan to Scotland, leaving him and Jack and Marjorie in charge of Eliza, their old nurse. His father-his own fatherwas in India tuen.

Richard Tempest reached out for another letter and read it, and another, and yet another. Something impelled him thereto. Some were from himself, some from his brothers and sisters, and these often contained references to him.

For the moment Richard was Dicky once more-living in that joyous past -when he was a child. Every little sentence recalled some memory which was at once sweet and bitter-which soothed him, and which burned him like hot irons.

"Dicky choosed plum jam this week, we wish he wouldn't, we don't like it. Please may we have another pot, mother?"

He remembered that choice quite That was one of his mother's well. rules. Each child in turn might choose the jam for the coming week. Something semes to grip him by

the throat. He felt suffocated, choked; he must stop the perusal of those letters. They were torturing him, burning him. He must stop-one. One more one

"I have spent all my money, mother, but don't think me xtravagant cause I pade the man whot took your box this was a kindness from me mother so don't send me bak it." Another savage fit of passion swept

over him. "Hateful bog!" he cried wildly, and, leaping to his feet, he snatched the contents haphazard with both hands and thrust them on the fire. There was nothing left now; the box was empty. But, yes! There was one letter in a huge round fist from Joan to him.

Joan's sprawling hand occupied three sides of the sheet; on the fourth were some lines in another handhis mother's.

He read the words half aloud, oarsely, tremulously, with every nerve and emotion in his frame tense to breaking point. A kind of laugh escaped him-tender, broken laughter, at his mother's little idiosyncrasies then he sobbed aloud.

"I am vexed, Dicky, dear," the note ran, "to see that you are not writing on lines. I left a lot of paper, ready ruled for you, you know, and you must use it, for you are ruining your hand. Also, dear Dicky, you tell me you have been bathing a lot with the Vanes. You must never go into the water until two hours after a meal, at least, because it is very dangerous. Thank you so very much for the rose, You mustn't spend your pennies on me! It is such a pretty one. Mother will always keep it. Don't forget to

write on my lines." Richard Tempest leaned over the box, the letter pressed to his lips and his face buried in his hands.

"Mother! Mother! If I had only always kept on your lines," he groan-"Mother, I would to Heaven I had died when I was your little The flying machine opens human his-

He rose to his feet and staggered to where the revolver lay on the mantelshelf. But the man who stretched out his hand for the weapon was a different being to the man who had laid it there an hour before.

"I must," Richard cried. "I must. I can't go on. I can't go on any longer.

"And is this your sorrow?" whis pered Dicky. "Is this your love? This your repentance? There was that offer from your uncle to assist you to emigrate and to start fresh in a new land. Can you say there is no other

course open to you?" The voice stayed him. It would be hard, cruelly hard, to start afresh, burdened as he was by the past, but at that moment it was as if his mother stood in the room by his side; could he do this thing in her presence?

He drew his hand slowly from the weapon. Agair he presed the letter to his lips then he slipped it tenderly into his breast pocket.

"With this to help me," he said A fitting moment surely to ring the curtain down.

The Mysterious School.

"You describe your hero," commented the editor, "as being porphyrogene." "Well," demanded the poet, "what's

the matter with that?" "I must confess that I don't know

what porphyrogene means." "Nor will any one else," retorted the bard triumphantly, "without digging up a dictionary. I didn't expect this from you. I thought you understood the requirements of modern magazine

Not a Snake.

A letter carrier in Washington, D. C., had just opened a letter-box, when he started back in affright, screaming, "A snake! a snake!" A police man came to his aid, and after repeatedly prodding his club in the box. lifted out a string of sausages which had been reposing on the top of a collection of letters.

Good Cigars in Manita. Most of the cigarmakers in Manila are females. One factory there employs three thousand hands. Everybody smokes in the Philppines. The youngsters learn to puff cigarettes before they can walk. A good cigar there sells as low as a cent, and the best for five cents each.

# **AIR WAR'S HORRORS** PICTURED BY MAXIM

With Flying Machines No Home Will Be Secure, Women Nowhere Safe"

#### MANY AIR FLEETS NECESSARY

In Future God Will Fight on the Side of the Strongest Aerial Artillery-Will Obliterate Frontiers-Invalids and Cripples May Be Enlisted.

New York City,-"Napoleon's dictum that God fights on the side of the strongest artillery vill no longer hold true. In the very next war between civilized countries the world will see that God fights on the side that has the strongest flying machines and the most of them.

This was part of a striking wordpicture of what the next war will be like which Hudson Maxim, inventor and scientist, painted for his hearers at the Automobile Club of America's Aeronautic Evening."

He predicted among other things, that every village after awhile will have to have its brigade of batteries of field guns for the destruction of airships, just as it now has its volunteer fire department. War, he said, will become once again as horrible as it was in the days of hand-to-hand fight-

"In war, the frontier is the line of battle," Mr. Maxim said "An invading army carries its frontiers with it. The flying machine will obliterate all frontiers, and there will be no city or village that may not be a possible battlefield.

"Future wars will not be decided as heretofore by artillery thundering from hill to hill. Artillery, however, will not by any means be done away with. The field gun will still eat up shrapnel, and the big navy cannon will still shake the shores. But everything will no longer depend upon the conquering of positions with artillery

"Although flying machines will not be able to carry any artillery, yet an army of raiders with the raiders' outfit will be able to reconnoitre and alight in defenseless places, destroy bridges, rip up rallroads, cut communications, burn towns, blow up magazines, stores and powder mills.

"As in future wars these visitations may come any night to any inland town, no home will be safe. The flare of the torch and the glint of the sword may be the first visions of an awak ening. Death and rapine may any moment come thundering at the door

"No longer will war be confined to restricted areas whence women and children may be removed to places of safety. There will be no refuge whither they can fly from the Huns and Vandals of war. Gunpowder can no longer effectually bar the invader.

"The aeronaut can laugh at forts, coast fortifications and battleships tory again to the page when there were no forts along the frontiers and no quick-firing guns; when blood and brawn alone stood between home. loved ones and the fierce barbarian; when wolves of rapine, murder and slavery howled beyond the wall, when love and life were victory's reward and death, or worse, the forfeit for defeat.

"We must have our air fleets numcrous enough and strong enough to meet and repel any invasion of our sky; and in time of war, around our entire national horizon aerial scouts and aeroplane destroyers by night and day must stand ready perched to my to the attack.

"It may come that every country town must have its battery of field guns supplied with shrapnel and canister, as it now has its fire brigade, while possibly every able-bodied man invalid and cripple, will be provided with side arms and rifle, as in the old pioneer days they were armed to meet the menace of the red Indian devils.

"A bill calling for an appropriation of \$500,000 for aeronautical work has just failed to pass Congress. The bill ought to have been for \$5,000,000 and should have been passed by unanimous vote. Five million dollars is less than half the cost of the larg est battleship."

Mr. Maxim did not mention the new noiseless gun invented by his relative, Hiram Percy Maxim, which will also add to the terrors of modern warfare

# DAYSE MAYME'S MAN.

Family Boosted Him Mightily at First but Now Admit He is Human.

Atchison, Kan .- Miss Dayse Mayme Appleton will be married to-morrow to an out-of-town man. When the engagement was announced a year ago the Appletons said Dayse Mayme's man was a member of one of the most prominent Philadelphia families. He was immensely rich, and traveled, and handsome, and talented. We all became tired of hearing of Deyse Mayme's man from the Appletons. But as the day approached for the man to arrive, and thus give us all a chance to look at him and make comments. the Appletons backed up. Lysander John, the father, went so far as to say to-day that the Philadelphia man is "just human, like the rest of us." Still, it is safe to say Atchiso: people will pick that Philadelph's man to pieces good and groper.

Lawyer Puts Pieces Together and Proves Porker Was Stolen and Butchered By Bunglers.

Paterson, N. J.-Jersey justice has been confronted with many difficult legal problems, and it has solved them in its own peculiar way. Never before perhaps has it been called upon to decide whether a pig that has been killed, dressed, cut up and distributed is the identical pig that was stolen.

That was the puzzle, however, before Judge Scott in the Passaic County Court in the trial of Matthlas Adanski, who was accused of having stolen a pig from a Mrs. Fredericks of Passalc, and other miscellaneous knicknacks, such as several ducks and pieces of jewelry from different persons who live in that city. The defense admits that parts of a dismembered pig were found in the home of Adanski. Some of them were in the form of sausage. It devied, however, that the pork found there was from the pig that was tolen from the Fredericks pen. The lawyers for Adanski felt so sure of their ground that they challenged the prosecution to prove that the pork found in the home of their client ever formed part of the Fredericks plg. They also denied the allegation of the prosecution that the pieces of pork show that the pig was no' killed by a regular butcher, but slaughtered, dressed and cut up by bunglers at such work.

"The police traced half of the stolen pig to the home of this man and found it cut up in a pan," she said.

"Madam, do you positively identify these pieces of pork as having been cut from your pig?" the lawyer for the defense inquired. "Remember, now, you are under oath."

"I can't say positively, they are parts of my pig," she admitted, "but, in a general way, they look like them." The court was informed by the prosecution that the police are after

a man thought to have been implicated in stealing the pig and that it will be shown that he got, the other half of the Fredericks pork.

After several hours' deliberation the jury decided Adanski stole half the

# WINNER OF SUFFRA-GETTE'S CONTEST A MALE

Writes of "Potent Wisdom Uttered in the Ear of Struggling Man" and Wine \$100 Prize.

Chicago. - After considering more than 1,000 poems, sent from all parts of the United States, the judges selected to award the \$100 prize offered by Mrs. L. B. Bishop, of Chicago, for the best verses supporting woman suffrage awarded the prize to Louis J. Block, principal of a Chicago high school. The verses are entitled "The Marching Song," and are to be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The first reference to woman is in the third stanza, which follows:

Mother, prophetess, and holy, through the ages of the

clan, Uttering words of potent wisdom in the ear of struggling man.

Woman rose and strode beside him, 'mid the dangers of the van. Kindling hope that led him on.

This is the last stanza:

Forth they step and march together, forth the man and woman go.

To the plains of vast achievement where unfettered rivers flow.

And their work shall stand exalted and their eyes shall shine and glow

With the hope that led them on. 

# GREAT JANICULUM FINDS.

Image of the God Kronos in a Well Under an Altar.

Rome, Italy.-Signor Rava, Minister of Public Instruction, communicates the particulars of an archaeological discovery of the Janiculum, where excavations have been going on since last June. Several statutes, fragments of columns and bronze objects have been unearthed, and now a cell, evidently belonging to a temple, and a large altar of triangular shape have been discovered.

The apex is turned towards the east and it is built of bricks covered with some kind of concrete. In the middle of the altar a well is sunk. It was covered with tiles and it was opened in the presence of Signor Rava and Prof. Bernabel and it was found to contain a bronze statute of the god Kronos, with a serpent wound around the body, while around it were eggs in an excellent state of preservation

The discovery shows particularly that the site was a place of sacrifice. It is of extraordinary importance being unparalleled in archaeological

University Aeronautic Course.

Etutigart, Germany.-The Technical University has announced its intention of establishing a chair of aeronau tics. Count von Zeppelin has manifested a lively interest in the matter and he probably will deliver occasional lectures.

# PIG IDENTIFIED BY SAUSAGE STAKE THROUGH HIS **CHEST, HE SURVIVES**

Coth of Lanz's Lungs Transfixed and One Arm Pinioned to Body by "Edging"

# PHYSICIANS DREW IT ALL OUT

Victim was Well in Ten Weeks After Operation-Amazing Recovery from Terrible Injury Described by Dr. Highland.

Utien, N. Y .- If you ask George Lanz, "How are you?" he answers beerily, "Never felt better in my ife," And he speaks the truth. Rudly, muscular and perfectly healthy, anz, thirty-six years old, is doing tremendously hard work as a logger n the Adirondacks. He has survived n extraordinary accident. A shaft of wood twenty-three inches

ong, transfixed his chest, piercing a thorax through and through.

The stake on which Lanz was imsaled was the edging from a rough board, 1x3-4 of an inch at the small end-the end which entered his body on the left side-and 1x1 1-4 inch at the larger end, which was broken off at the point of entrance.

The stake entered Lanz's chest at his left nipple, breaking a rib. It penetrated his left lung then his right lung, and, finally, passed through his right upper arm behind the bone, pinning the arm to his body.

Dr. E. M. Hyland, a distinguished surgeon of this city, reported this extraordinary case at the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Society held in Albany the other day, in the paper which Dr. Hyland read, describing the accident and recovery. he said:

"I present to you the report of a case of thorax transfixion, which, I believe, to be unique in surgical records.

Dr. Hyland introduced Lanz to the assembled physicians, Lanz, "a strong man rejoicing in his strength," displayed the scars on his chest, but did not seem to understand why be was the object of such curiosity.

In his paper Dr. Hyland wrote: "The case is that of George Lanz, of Forestport, N. Y. On June 14, 1906. he was operating an edging machine in the lumber mills of Pullman Bros., at Fulton Chain, N. Y. The machinery became stuck or blocked in some way, and upon being released, in some manner unknown to Lanz, an edging was broken off and driven through his chest and arm. He was thrown to the floor unconscious, but quickly regained consciousness. When fellow workmen reached him the board was protruding from both sides of the

"The accident occurred at 6.30 in the morning. Dr. Nelson and Lindsey, of Old Forge, were called and rendered all possible assistance, placing him on a train and accompanying him to Utica, a distance of fifty miles. In the mean time I had been summon ed to meet the train, which I did, and by request of Mr. Pullman, who accompanied him, Lanz was conveyed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, where I proceeded at once, with the assistance of Drs. Wetmore and Groman, to remove the pieces of edging. I might add that up to the time of administering the anaeshetic Lanz was perfectly conscious.

"On two sides of the edging the grain of the wood ran in opposite directions, and believing that the loose slivers were already detached from the edging, and probably imbedded in the lungs, I deemed it advisable to remove the edging by carrying it through the direction in which it had started. I enlarged the openings and with a great deal of force drew it slowly through the body.

"The hemorrhage resulting was insignificant. The right lung collapsed below the seat of the injury. Upon inhalation and exhalation the air

passed freely through both openings." Is. Hyland further described the treatment to the physicians. Enough for laymen to know that, although Lanz's recovery was retarded by atacks of pleuritis and empyema, he returned to his home on Aug. 27, ten weeks after the accident, his wounds having nearly healed.

TOOK WHITE MAN'S "BOOZE" CURE.

Twenty Sisseton Indians Leave Institute for Reesrvation.

Minneapoils, Minn.-Twenty Sisse ton Indians left the "booze cure" in stitute here recently to return to their

reservation in South Dakota The white man taught these Indians to drink whiskey, so they came to the white man to cure them of the whiskey habit.

The Indians are the sons and grandsons of chiefs who used to fight the white man instead of fighting his firewater. All who are left of the Sisse ton tribe seem to have taken the bottle as their totem. For, lo, these many moons they have been coming, by twos or threes or fours, to Minneapoil, seeking the "medicine needle," entirely willing to be "jabbed" in the

These twenty were the only ones of the tribe's aristocracy who had not taken the treatment and, they say.

they hope they are cured. "Sichi (bad) Indian once; hope wahti (good) Indian now," said Sitting Bear earnestly.

### CACTUS LEATHER NEW PRODUCT

Giant Saguaro from Mexico Adapted to New Use.

The recent discovery of a new product, called cactus leather, was an accident, like a great many other useful discoveries.

There are almost a thousand species of cacti, a large number of which forest the deserts of Arizona and some of the states, and extend far into Mex-

The saguaro cactus, or Cereus giganteus, the largest growth of all, which towers sometimes to a height of 45 feet or more, heretofore has never been utilized for any purpose, except that the fruit is sometimes eaten by the Indians.

In Mexico the maguey plant is largely used in the manufacture of pulque, mescal, tequila and agua miet, and the fiber for rope and matting. From the pulp of the leaves paper is made.

Tuna, the fruit of the opuntia, is relished by many.

The ocotillo has served usefully in the construction of houses, or shacks, and fences for the Mexicans and In-

dians. From the niggerhead cactus echinocactus wislizenii-cactus candy is made by soft ning the fiber by boil-

ing and filling the pores with sugar. Other species of cacti have limited

In Tueson one day, while handling a piece of the echinocactus wislizenii, write: noticed, after the moisture was pressed from the fiber, the great strength and pliability it possessed. When dry, however, it became brittle and chalklike. Experiments, in an effort to obtain strength and pliability



The Giant Saguaro. in the fiber when dry, led to a success

after about a year of careful work. It was discovered that the giant ga guaro was particularly adapted to the manufacture of cactus leather prod-

ucts. The heart of the saguaro is peruliarly formed, being a series of rods or poles set in a circle, extending from top to bottom of the cactus, and into the earth in the form of roots. This heart of the cactus also proved of great value in the manufacture of many fancy articles, such as baskets, caneholders, boxes, picture frames. veneers and for numerous other pur-

poses too varied to mention. When used in this way sufficient of the fiber is left adhering to the rods to bind them together in the form desired. After tanning and drying this tiber makes a tough, leathery joint, which binds the sticks together in the most secure manner.

The Language of the Umbrella. There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will often indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger. To shut it quickly signifies that a

hat or two will probably be knocked

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When a man has the umbrella, and

the woman the drippings, it indicates To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies "I am making a

nuisance of myself." To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifes "Exchange

is no robbery." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am

To return an umbrella means-wall never mind what it means; nobody ever done that.

The Kitchen God.

The kitchen god of China is perhaps not rightly so called. He has place over the cooking .ange, but he is the "recording angel" of the Chinese house, and it is his duty to note the actions of each member of the family and report them to the gods at the end of every month. Once a year too he goes to heaven in person and makes his annual report. So once a year the family prostrate themselves before him, carry him in processios. and finally burn him, while crackers