

WHEN ROSWELL GOT SHAVED

By GEORGE C. GARDNER

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THE Hon. Rutland P. Roswell was in a bad humor, and he had reason to be ruffled. To begin with, even for a man whose worldly circumstances are such that his vacations are purely a matter of personal inclination, it is exasperating to have them cut short. The Hon. Mr. Roswell was such a man, but he took his vacations none the less sparingly on that account. He valued them highly, for they cost him in lost time at least eight hundred dollars a day. So he cursed outwardly and inwardly at the cipher telegram which had reached him at his camp in the woods the night before, calling him imperatively to his office. To save time he had driven thirty miles that morning over a mountain road, made chiefly of mud and rocks, instead of journeying in ease and comfort down the lake by his accustomed route. The driver and owner of the team which carried him demanded twenty dollars, and got it—for his was the only team within five miles of the camp—and now that Mr. Roswell had reached the railroad at the hamlet of Ashton, the train was two hours late. He had wired down the line for an engine. There was none to be had. He would lose his day connection at Wall's River, and that meant an all-night ride in a sleeper and barely time to get from the train to his office by eleven next day. He disliked a sleeper in August, and worse than that, his costume and his beard, on which he rather prided himself in camp, he had never worn in New York, and he realized that his appearance at the meeting there next morning would be commented upon. On the whole, it was not surprising that Mr. Roswell was in a bad humor.

The station agent, who had sent his dispatches, locked up his office and came around to the shady side of the platform where Mr. Roswell stood.

"Muggy, ain't it?" said he.

"Yes," said Mr. Roswell.

"Found a good deal of mud drivin' yer feet—d'n know's you said from where you come?"

"No," said Mr. Roswell, "I didn't."

"Feller that drove you was a stranger round here, wa'n't he?"

"I don't know."

"You ain't related to the Bardoe Roswells?"

"No."

"Want me to lock your grip up in the ticket office so's you won't have to lug it round?"

"I can take care of it myself."

"Wall, I'm goin' up the rd a little way. See you later. You'll have an hour 'nd a half. She won't make up more'n fifteen minutes," and the station agent slouched across the gravel patch behind the station and up the straggling village street.

Left alone, the Honorable Rutland sat on the shady side of the platform and busied himself with various papers and clippings in his bag. It was hot, insufferably hot, and the flies were abominable. It was one of the days when they stuck.

After three-quarters of an hour of it, he became, if possible, more ill-humored than ever. He decided to walk up into the village. He knew no one there, and he didn't care to know anyone, but the street from the station looked cool, so he picked up his bag and started.

The first person he met was the station agent on his way back to the station. He had evidently been shaved, and looked as cool and comfortable as a man could look in such weather.

"The Quebec freight's due in about fifteen minutes," he explained; "goin' for a stroll?"

"Yes," said Mr. Roswell.

"Just as well leave your grip with me in the office's not?"

"No, I'll carry it." An idea came to Mr. Roswell, and he asked: "Is there a decent barber shop here?"

The agent looked at him narrowly.

"I never heard nothin' against Lije Barrus, 'nd he's been shaving folks for thirty years. Right up the rd, where you see the sign; he runs the drug store, too."

Mr. Roswell went on. He had still half an hour, and if he could get shaved decently here it would add greatly to his peace of mind next morning. Clean linen he had in his bag, the porter would make his clothes and shoes presentable that night on the train, and with his beard gone he would be able to appear at his office in his normal condition.

He followed the agent's direction and entered the barber shop. The windows were screened, it was dark and cool, and the odor of bay rum, camphor and ether was refreshing.

The barber put the worn Police Gazette which he was reading on the table, and his feet on the floor.

"Can't you get me shaved before the train goes south?" said the Honorable Rutland.

"Train's gone, ain't it?" said the barber.

"No, it's late. You've got half an hour."

"Did you mean shave or a trim?"

"I said shave."

The barber hesitated a moment.

"Why, yes, I can. Yes, they's plenty of time."

The Honorable Rutland settled himself in the chair. "Take care of my neck," said he; "it is tender."

"Ain't had a beard long?" remarked

the barber as he lathered copiously. His customer grunted for response and closed his eyes.

"Make a considerable change in a man's face, takin' off his beard," volunteered the barber as he began shaving. "Generally a man looks younger that way; sometimes it ages 'em, though. Take a man of your age, now, take out his false teeth, 'nd he'll look ten years older without a beard than he does with."

"I'm paying you to shave me before my train comes," remarked Mr. Roswell. "Suppose you stop talking and do it."

The barber had just finished one side of his customer's face. He smiled at Mr. Roswell, a smile shrewd and cunning, which seemed to imply a deep knowledge of human nature. "Speakin' of payin'," said he, "maybe I forgot to say that shavin' beards is extry."

"Well, I'm willing to pay you a quarter," said Mr. Roswell; "go ahead, man, you haven't got any time to spare."

The barber stopped relathering the other cheek, picked up his razor and leaning over Mr. Roswell said, with a wise smile, "It'll take about three hundred dollars to finish this side. Gee whiz! Lay still; I 'most cut you."

After the convulsive jump which the barber's remark brought forth, the Honorable Rutland lay back weakly in the chair, the shaven cheek whiter than the lather on the unshaven one. For a moment he thought the man crazy, but only for a moment. The barber went on. "You needn't be worried. I kinder suspected you might be one of them kinder fellers when Abel Jenks spoke about you—Abel's the depot master—but I ain't pryin'; I don't want you to tell me nothin'; jest hand me the money now, 'nd I'll finish you right up. If you was to tell me too much I might feel 'sif I was compoundin' a felony. Three years ago they was a feller come here from across Moose range, 'nd he gives me two hundred of his own accord. He was goin' north to Canada. I read about him in the papers some time after. He was a bank president, 'nd—"

"Will you stop your infernal nonsense and finish shaving me? My name is Rutland P. Roswell. I'm president of the Consolidated Mine trust. Haven't you ever heard of my camp over on Tanguonoc lake?"

"You lay still," responded the barber; "you'll git cut. I don't want to know who you be, or what you done. They was a mine president up here some nine years back—a gold mine he had—'nd he sold Deacon Collins up the street heré a forty-pound sample of it, solid gold, for eighty-five dollars. The deacon's got it now for a door striker to his best parlor, but that ain't the p'int. I don't want to know who you be. I'm constable here, and if you should say anything to make me suspicious, it would be my duty to take you up, you and your grip. You can pay me three hundred dollars for shavin' 'em—you've got more'n than that, Abel see it when you paid him to the depot—'nd I'll finish ye right up and ask no questions 'nd you'll get your train. Or you can get 'right out of my place as you be now, and I'll arrest you as a suspicious person if I find you here two hours later. No." In answer to a tentative offer of fifteen dollars; "they ain't no time to dicker; three hundred dollars or go as you be."

The Honorable Rutland thought rapidly. His great success as a financier was largely due to his ability to think rapidly. He couldn't take the train as he was. He couldn't prove his identity to this idiot. If he lost his train he would lose—certainly more than three hundred dollars, perhaps a thousand times more. He was cornered, and he respected the man who could corner him. He unwrapped six fifty-dollar bills from a fat roll and fifteen minutes later, smooth-faced and redolent of bay rum, boarded the south-bound train.

"Abel," said the barber that evening as they sat together in the little office behind the drug counter, "the thought came to me that that money he had might not have been come by honestly. Thinks I, he may have wrung it from widders and orphans and I'd be takin' it from them, but I didn't think they'd suffer for fifteen dollars, Abel—that's what he offered me—and I promised to give you half," and he counted out seven dollars and a half from the well-worn cash drawer.

Strength of Steel Shown by Spark Rays

It has been shown that the spark rays made by the incandescent particles thrown off from iron and steel when put upon an emery wheel afford a means of testing the composition of the metals. Carbon steels, manganese steels and steels containing tungsten and nickel each give a characteristic spark of different forms and colors easily distinguishable.

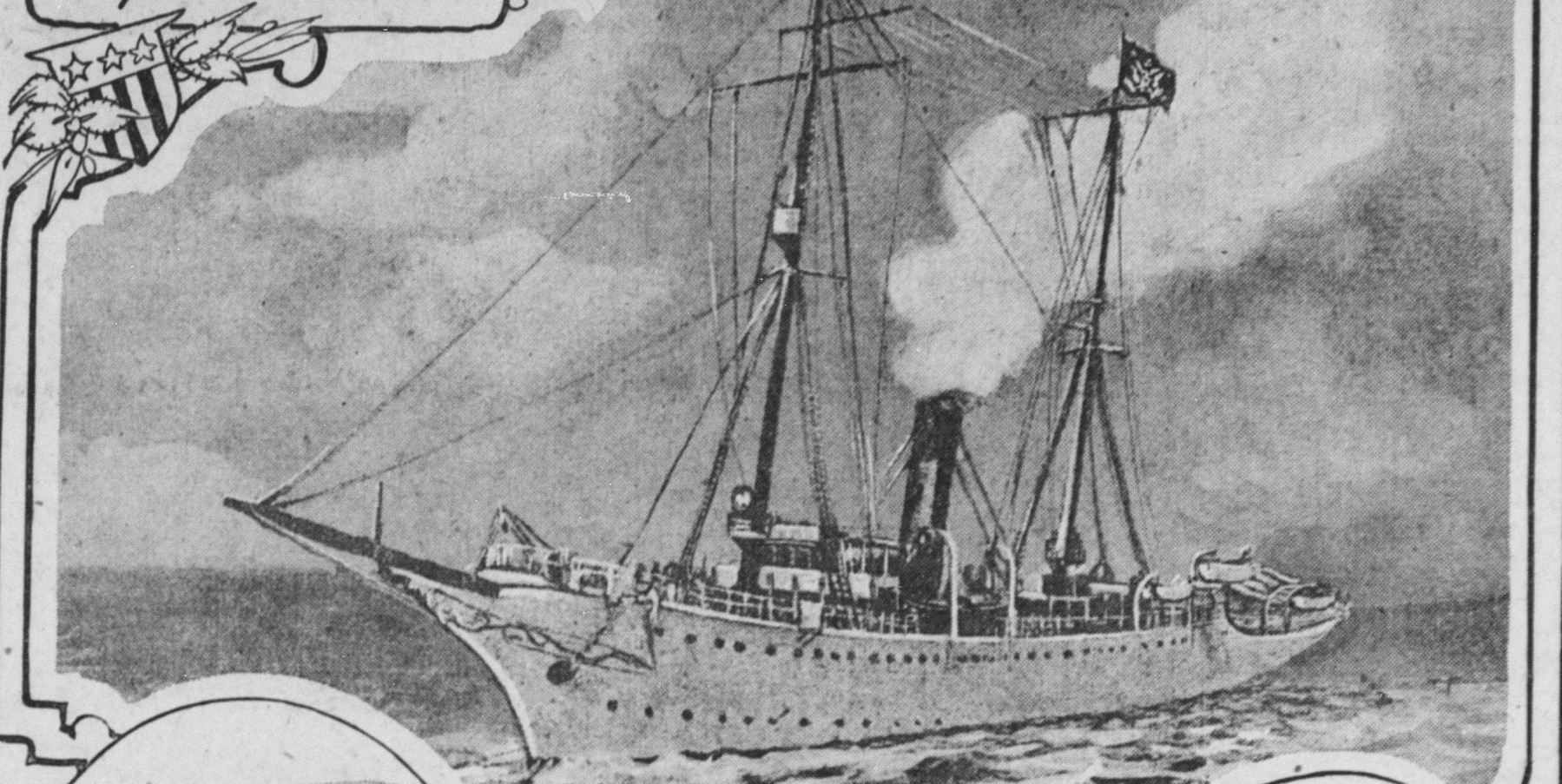
The form of the spark picture changes with the quantity of carbon. Even so slight a difference as .01 per cent of carbon can be detected in this manner. Pointed, branching lines denote carbon steel, tool steel shows the appearance of "blossoms" on the branches, tungsten steel gives red-streaked rays and shining points, with little balls thrown out of the formation, and an explosion appearance in the articulation denotes the presence of molybdenum, vanadium or titanium.

Argentine Hide Production

A total of 268,038 packer hides was produced in Argentina during May, while the production for the first five months of 1925 amounted to 1,611,856 hides, compared with 1,739,085 hides in the corresponding period of the preceding year. Figures on the output of abattoirs are not available. Stocks are reduced and prices are a little firmer.—Commerce Reports.

The MAYFLOWER:

Presidential Yacht—An Up-to-Date Craft



ABOARD THE MAYFLOWER

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

WHEN you read about President Coolidge on the "Presidential yacht" Mayflower—and she is much in the press nowadays—what impression do you get of the vessel—provided, of course, you have never seen a picture of her and have not read a detailed description of her and do not know her history? Your impression probably is pretty vague. You doubtless visualize a craft big enough to be safe and to make the President and his guests comfortable. And you, as a good American, hope it is good-looking enough to be in keeping with the dignity of the office.

Well, the Mayflower is quite satisfactory in all respects as the Presidential yacht. She is not only slightly, fast, safe and commodious, but she is up to date in all respects. And this is as it should be, since the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States of America—the richest and most powerful nation of earth—should go in proper style when he puts out to sea. "Jeffersonian simplicity" was doubtless all very well in its day, but times have changed and we change with them—or should.

We get the word "yacht" from the Dutch "jacht"—pleasure boat. The Mayflower, to be sure, was designed and built for a pleasure boat, but she is considerably more than that. She is one of the "miscellaneous craft" belonging to the United States navy. She was bought in wartime for war purposes, has done service of many kinds and has a history. She is the Presidential yacht because she is assigned by the Navy department to the use of the man who occupies the Presidential office.

It was President Roosevelt who had the original inspiration and put it into effect with the consent of congress. In the officers' wardroom on the Mayflower hang the autographed portraits of the five Presidents who have used and enjoyed the yacht—Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge.

President Coolidge appears to have a special liking for the Mayflower. President Roosevelt was devoted to the "strenuous life"; he was a hunter and explorer and in the White House was fond of boxing and tennis. President Harding thoroughly enjoyed golf. President Coolidge apparently has a dash of salt water in his blood. There's nothing odd about that. It's doubtless inherited from some old-time Yankee forbear of the days when all New England was sea-going. And he need not feel lonesome on that account. The United States is full of such. For the Revolution—with all due respect to Gen. George Washington—was largely won on the sea by the American privateer. In the War of 1812 it was the Constitution—designed and built by Americans—white boat the Mistress of the Seas at her own game and revolutionized naval warfare. It was the American clipper ship of a later period that astonished the world. It was the America that won "The Cup" and it is the American yachtman who has since defended that cup against all the world. Every little harbor on our coast has its yacht club—and every freshwater lake bigger than a mill pond; even Grand lake, 9,000 feet up in the Colorado Rockies, has its annual race for a Lipton cup. There is no smarter sailor than the American on all the Seven Seas, Mass., the "Summer White House" of the President's vacation, have shown that the Mayflower was quite as much in use as was the mansion itself. Of course, the President had to take his office with him and from all accounts the May-



CAPT. ADOLPHUS ANDREWS

flower much of the time was the real summer White House.

When the President is in the White House at Washington the Mayflower is in such frequent use that it is quite generally known as "White House No. 2," or the "Mayflower White House." Saturdays are rare in any sort of decent weather when the Mayflower isn't flying the President's flag and starting out for an over-Sunday trip. A roster of the President's guests would be a pretty comprehensive list of people of the hour in American political and official life. The Mayflower has been the setting of many important conferences of the Coolidge administration.

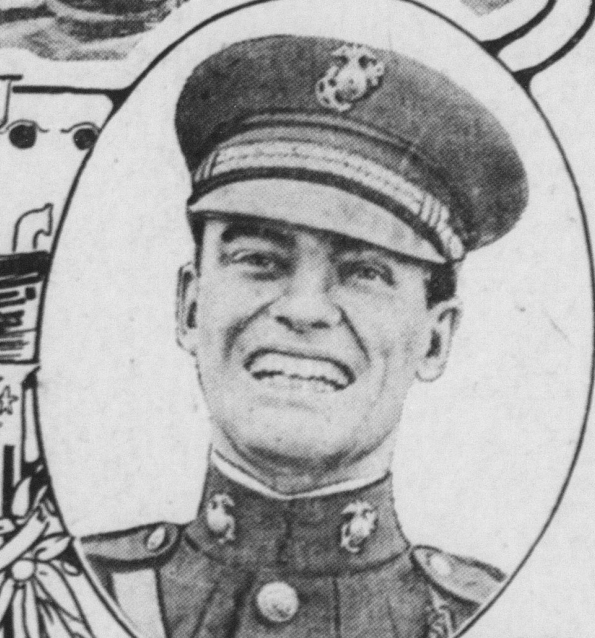
There is another side to these week-end trips on the Mayflower. The President may take his office with him, but he does not leave his home behind. Mrs. Coolidge goes with him always—and seems to take equal enjoyment in the yacht and her voyages. She usually takes along friends who give the political conferences a wide berth. And when President and Mrs. Coolidge go aboard they leave behind them none of the comforts of the Executive Mansion. When they invite guests they are assured of their comfort. It would convey the wrong impression to say that the Mayflower is a dream of luxury. Nevertheless, her appointment is first-class in every way. The principal rooms on the Mayflower include these: reception room, dining room, library, smoking room. There are bed chambers for the President and his wife and fourteen guests.

In fact, there are all the comforts of home, transferred to a different setting. Musicians from the Navy band are frequently taken. That means a concert as often as desired. The Mayflower has powerful radio equipment—which means that the best studios have to offer is at one's command. There is often a picture play at night. The Mayflower sees many a film before Broadway does.

Every Sunday morning Chaplain R. W. Shrum conducts services—on deck if the weather is fine; in the state dining saloon if the weather is bad. So at least once a week this 1925 Mayflower is reminiscent of the Mayflower of 1620. And in another way, too, is the Mayflower of 1925 suggestive of the Mayflower of 1620. You will recall that the Pilgrims before landing drew up and signed the "Mayflower Compact"—establishing a body politic to be governed by the will of the majority. Quite an experiment in democracy! Well, in many ways there is the same atmosphere of democracy on the Mayflower of 1925. Everybody on board takes part in these religious services—President and guests, officers and crew. And when there is a concert or a moving picture—why, that is for "all hands" too.

The Mayflower is twenty-nine years old, but she was well built in the first place, has received good care and has been brought up to date. So she's as good as she ever was—and better.

George L. Watson designed her. He's the fa-



LIEUT. EDGAR AIFEN POE, U.S.N.C.



SUMMER WHITE HOUSE

mons British yacht designer who brought out the Thistle in 1887 for the America's cup. She was defeated by the Volunteer in two races in September of that year. Watson's design produced in the Mayflower an appearance of grace and speed rarely found in vessels of her size. For the Mayflower is of quite considerable size. She is 273 feet long and 36 feet beam and her displacement is 2,600 tons. During the Harding regime the Navy department converted her from a coal-burner to an oil-burner, gave her a new teak deck and made her modern in every respect. Her valuation today including appointments is about \$1,300,000.

The Mayflower is in command of Capt. Adolphus Andrews, U. S. N., who is also senior naval aide to the President. She carries a crew of 165 men, including a detachment of Marines under command of Lieut. Edgar Aifen Poe. All are picked men, from engineers to sailors, from carpenters to Filipino mess-stewards—the United States navy gives the Mayflower the best it can supply.

Ogden Goette, American millionaire yachtman, bought the Mayflower in 1896 upon completion at a famous Scotch shipyard. March 17, 1898, the Navy department bought her for \$430,000 from his estate; she was needed in the Spanish-American war and the king of the Belgians was negotiating for her. The Mayflower's first assignment was that of a despatch boat in the blockade off Cuba. In 1900 she was on duty at San Juan, Porto Rico, relieving hurricane victims. In 1902 she was, for a time, the flagship of Admiral George Dewey with the North Atlantic fleet. The year 1903 saw our recognition of the independence of Panama and the diplomatic beginnings of the Panama canal; the Mayflower was on the scene with a naval contingent under Rear Admiral Coghlan.

In July of 1905 the Mayflower returned from a European cruise and took to Portsmouth, N. H., the special envoys of Russia and Japan, who there drew up the peace terms terminating the Russo-Japanese war, through the mediation of President Roosevelt. In 1907 she went on permanent duty as the Presidential yacht and was especially in evidence in 1908 when President Roosevelt reviewed the "Great White Fleet" upon its return from its memorable cruise around the world.

This suggests that it is the duty of the President, as commander-in-chief of the navy, personally to inspect the United States fleet during his tenure of office. It is an inspiring occasion when the Mayflower, flying the President's flag, stands by as the long line of fighting craft steams by, each in turn firing the Presidential salute. Yes; there is considerable pomp and ceremony about it all. But there is a good big patriotic thrill in it for all good Americans. And it's a fair guess that everyone of them is pleased that the Mayflower worthily fits into the occasion.