

James T. Mitchell, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

THE course of my life for the next ten years was now determined. The vicissitudes of existence, however, are very many and on event which happened September 3 nearly interrupted the current. In 1883 I bought for my mother, who had about \$100,000 inherited from her father, Moore Hall, a property of 105 acres, in Chester County, near Phoenixville. It is one of the famous colonial places of the State, having been owned by William Moore, a colonel in the French and Indian War and President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Chester County for forty years. He is buried under the front step of St. David's Church, at Radnor. I managed the property for my mother and each summer we spent three months there. After dark on the evening mentioned, I was driving toward home in an open wagon with two seats, on the rear of which sat James Sommers, a faithful and ugly old Irishman with a harelip. From Nutt's road another road runs, at right angles, to the house, As we approached this sharp corner a wagon came rapidly behind us, my horse made a sudden plunge around the corner and threw both James and myself out in the road. I lay with my feet caught and my head on the ground between the wheels of the wagon, but holding fast to the lines succeeded in stopping the horse with the hind wheel against my neck, while James, in distress, was crying

The Press said, editorially, April 15, 1889, that an eminent criminal lawyer announced "that he had heard at least twenty members of the bar declare that the quickness with which Judge Pennypacker grasped the points of a case and the clearness of his charges had not been excelled in the Philadelphia courts."

Quay, pleased with his venture, wrote to me October 25: "If I told you all the good things I heard said of you by Democrats and Republicans this week in Philadelphia you would blush to the point

George Tucker Bispham, whose book upon "Equity" is everywhere accepted as a text, said, in the nominating convention: "He is learned. He is patient. He is firm when firmness is required. He is lenient when justice can properly be tempered by mercy. He is always a gentleman."

During the month before the election the Clover Club gave a dinner at which I was one of the invited guests. As it happened a French fleet under the command of Admiral de Coulston was lying in the Delaware River, and the officers, including the Admiral, were present at the dinner. In the midst of the festivities Moses P. Handy, a newspaper editor, who was presiding, arose and said: "We have a member of the judiciary present who will now address you in his native vernacular, the Pennsylvania Dutch," and he called upon me. I could not have uttered ten words in Pennsylvania Dutch, with which I had not the slightest familiarity, but in French I presented greetings to the Admiral and told how Lafayette had come to us in the Revolutionary War, and how we had won our independence through the assistance of France. It was not much of a speech, but these roisterers were unable to guy it and it furnished a text for the campaign orators, who were able to say "So there

About the same time Mary Pennypacker Colket made me, together with John R. Read, who under Cleveland was the United States District Attorney, her executor. She was the widow of Coffin Colket, who had been president of the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad and had left an estate of about two millions of dollars. He was swarthy, homely to ugliness, plain in all of his ways and very much of a man. In his youth he and John O. Stearns were employed in some minor capacity in the construction of the Chester Valley Railroad and for a time boarded with William Walker-"Uncle Billy," as we called him, whose wife was a sister to my grandfather Pennypacker. Each of them married a daughter of the household. My grandfather, with the stability and associations of a prosperous Chester County farmer, commented: "I do not understand why William Walker permits his daughters to marry these wandering railroad men." They both became wealthy

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvanias Most Zealous

and Energetic Governor



t, 1917, by the Public Ledger Company and Stearns reached the presidency of the New Jersey Central Railroad. Colket once told me this tale of Franklin B. Gowen, the wonderfully able lawyer who prosecuted the "Molly Maguires" to conviction, who devised the policy as president of the corporation which has since made the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad so prosperous, and who afterward shot himself in Washington:

"He was the quickest man to make a bargain ever I knew. One day I went to see him at the office of the company about some business. After it had been transacted he accompanied me to my carriage which stood at the curb, and as I opened the door, he said: 'By the bye, Colket, what will you take for the ---- tract?' naming a tract of coal lands I owned. 'I want for it \$1,150,000,' was my reply. 'All right,' said Gowen, 'I will take it.' The quickest man to make a bargain ever I met," he concluded with an air which suggested that perhaps after all he might have secured more for

Judge F. Carroll Brewster gave a dinner to George S. Graham and myself, attended mainly by lawyers The Penn Club, in whose organization I had participated, gave me a reception, and the students from the office of Peter McCall, then at the bar, gave me a dinner of recognition, which was much appreciated.

After the lapse of a year John G. Johnson wrote in a published article: "The opinions he has delivered have been what those who knew him expected-learned, scholarly and logical. . . . As a nisi prius Judge, he has surprised his friends by a display of unusually quick comprehension, sound judgment and practical common

## Establishing a Precedent

The court held its sessions in Congress Hall, at the southeast corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, and the Judges sat upon the same platform on which Washington stood when inaugurated President of the United States. The old blue ornamentation of the ceiling, studded with stars, had recently, with the worst of judgment. been rained by the insertion of glass knobs for lights. Erclong I was called upon to preside over the Court of Quarter Sessions, which sat in the west room on the first floor, which for nearly ten years had been the meeting place of the House of Representatives of the United States. There Lyon and Griswold, two New England Congressmen in 1798, had spat in each other's faces and beaten each other with clubs and pokers, and later Probst had been tried for murder. After the court had been opened, upon my first day, the case of a man charged with larceny was called and he was convicted. I imposed an imprisonment of eight months in the County Prison and a fine of ten dollars. Then one of the court officers came up to me and quietly whispered:

"Judge, the other older Judges never impose fines in these

"Do they not?" I said. "Then they fail in their duty."

I had remembered that the statute made the sentence obligatory and gave no discretion to the Judges. All through my service as a Judge these fines were imposed for such crimes, although it very seldom happened that they could be collected, and the practice caused considerable trouble to the prison authorities. The plunge had been taken, the court officers never again ventured critical suggestions, and no serious trouble ever arose in the determination of the causes. The life of a Judge is a reversal of the Canterbury Pilgrimages. He sits still, while the world, with its burden of interests and hopes, woes and emotions, passes in review before him, and he sees the strifes of the mart, the scandals of the alleys and the skeletons of the closets in all their phases. It is not, however, as broad a field as it otherwise would be because both bench and bar, together with the growth of legal learning, have followed the bent of certain narrow developments of modern life. Its most complicated and involved processes of ratiocination and its most elaborately established principles concern the acquisition, ownership and transfer of property and they are, therefore, of comparatively minor importance. In the long run it is of little moment which of two men secures the moneys in dispute. He who wins may be the worse off because he has won, and he who loses has suffered no irreparable harm. The treasures of the earth are still within his reach. A man may exert as high an intellectuality and as much mental acumen in playing a game of chess as Napoleon did in planning the Battle of Austerlitz, but when it is over he has only played a game. The Knights Templar are well dressed, carry short swords and march with accuracy, but the swords never cut and the steps lead nowhere.

Decisions of questions involving the rights of property require much learning and skill and have their uses, but their effect upon humanity is neither very deep nor very permanent. I have known Judges who, sitting in the Quarter Sessions and regarding the work as of little consequence, would tell the District Attorney to proceed with the trials and they themselves retire into their chambers. I have known others who looked upon the betrayal of a woman as a mere peccadillo, and the stealing of money as the most heinous of offenses. All of these Judges were mistaken. The most important questions which arise in the courts are those which concern personal liberty. The worst of crimes are those which involve brutality to man and beast, and the abuse of women and children.

It is a satisfaction to me to remember that during the fourteen years I sat on the bench no man was ever tried for a crime before me, even the least serious, without my having analyzed the evidence on both sides, and no man was ever convicted and punished unless that evidence convinced me that he had committed the offense. The most difficult matters to determine with any assurance of accuracy were those which arose in the Desertion Court over the quarrels between husbands and wives, and the maintenance of wives and

children. The facts occurring in the privacy of home were always more or less obscure and difficult of proof. The history of the trials, imposition and failures which lead up to the catastrophe is often remote and seldom disclosed. In civil causes concerning the ownership of goods, the problems are carefully presented by counsel and the Court has the benefit of learning what other Judges have thought in like matters. But the desertion cases were hurried through on Friday afternoons, upon a list of perhaps a hundred, by Samuel E. Cavin, then counsel for the Guardians of the Poor, a man entirely capable and with a desire to do right, but deaf as a post and therefore, unable to grasp the tale told by the witnesses.

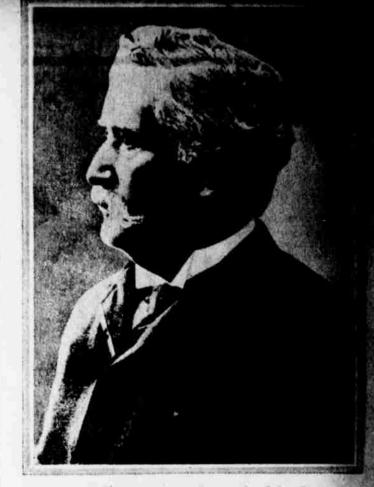
I reached certain conclusions with regard to the administration of justice. Some of them may appear to be radical, but being the outcome of experience it may be that their presentation here may lead to thought resulting at some future time in useful modification of present methods.

#### Conclusions About Justice

First. There are entirely too many technical crimes and too much creation of crime by legislation. Every man who has some ends to serve and has sufficient influence goes to the Assembly and gets the failure to do what he wants to have done enacted into a crime. To spit in a street car is an act of nastiness, to put catsup in a branded bottle is perhaps an infringement of right, to assist an ignorant man at the polls to perfect his ballot may affect the result of the election, the failure to pay customs duties to the Government may cause it inconvenience, but none of these constitutes a crime. To call them so only leads to confusion of thought and remissness of conduct. These examples represent a long category so extended that no citizen can ever be sure that in what he does he is not offending against some criminal statute.

Second. I very much doubt the efficacy of the effort to prevent wrongdoing or to elevate the standards of life by punishment. I have scrutinized the faces of men in the dock, observed their conduct and listened to their stories, endeavoring to see whether I could find any line with which to separate them from those outside, and always in vain. Men are as they are born and as the hammering of life leaves them. Most of the misconduct comes from the incapacity to think accurately and properly to foresee consequences. I am satisfied that most men do the best that they are able to do with their characters and the circumstances which confront them. Since the beginning of the historic period, some eight thousand years ago, the annals of mankind have been filled with the records of attempts to prevent, by the infliction of punishment, certain lines of conduct considered at the time objectionable, but often recognized, at later periods, to have been conducive to the advancement of the race. Experience has shown these attempts ever to have been futile. All kinds of punishment have been triedhanging, concading, burning, mutilating, disemboweling, quartering, gouging out the eyes, cutting out the tongue, cropping the ears, branding, standing in the stocks, drowning, using the rack and the thumbscrew, and many others which ingenuity in this direction could devise. Strange as it may seem, the effect always seems to be to increase the number of offenses. Violence begets violence. The burning of negroes in the South has immeasurably increased the cases of special crime it was intended to prevent. In Jamaica, where no such spectacles occur, this particular crime is almost unknown. In modern life old forms of punishment have been abandoned, except that of death for murder and incarceration for other offenses. The former is an anachronism and will soon have disappeared. It must be plain to any philosophical observer that the latter is slowly giving way. A prison is now conducted like a home. The food is plentiful and nutritious. The sentence is shortened for good behavior. I have frequently had convicts ask me to give them a longer term and transfer them from the county prison to the Eastern Penitentiary because in the latter institution they could get tobacco. "Tickets of leave" are now granted which permit prisoners to be out on parole. All of which shows that the old idea of hammering men and putting walls around them to make them better is being gradually ameliorated. In our days the punishment of wives and the whipping of children at home and in schools have been abandoned and I am quite sure that the day is not far distant when it will be recognized that the punishment of men serves no good purpose. This is, of course, a different proposition from the suggestion of the abandonment of the use of force to protect person or property or to prevent the commission of crime. If I shoot a burglar who insists upon coming into my room in the night I act upon an entirely different principle.

Third. The general opinion appears to be that since the social evil has always heretofore existed it is likely to continue for all future time. The same kind of reasoning might once have been applied to royalty, slavery, priestcraft and other institutions which have lost their hold upon the world, after being long retained. Personally, I look aghast upon the complacency with which we permit the destruction of women for the mere wanton gratification of the passions of men, and if we gave a tithe of the thought to the subject that we do to the acquisition of property, the evil would soon be eradicated. Its existence, of course, proves that there is some law of nature which society, as now constituted, violates habitually, just as surely as the corn on the foot which is an abnormal growth of the processes of life points to the pressure of the boot. If the cause can be found the results can be prevented. It is easily discovered. There is nothing inherently wrong in the sexual relation, and, on the contrary, it ought to be encouraged. It is accompanied, however, with certain important duties which concern society as well as the individuals themselves. The woman ought to suckle and care for the young and the man ought to provide for her necessities and those



F. Carroll Brewster, frequently mentioned by Governor Pennypacker in his autobiography.

of the children he begets. The cause of prostitution is the effort of the male to enjoy the intercourse and at the same time to except the responsibilities which accompany the relation. The male is the stronger in will and muscle, and it is he who persuades the female. Let him be made to understand that he may call the woman to him if he chooses, but that when he takes this step he accepts certain obligations from which he need not hope to escape. The thought of society and present legislation put the burden upon the female. It ought to be put upon the male. The sending of police to make raids upon what are designated as "haunts of vice" are spectacular absurdities which do much injustice and no good whatever. Let a law be passed to the effect that whenever an unmarried man and an unmarried woman, by mutual consent, have sexual intercourse they establish a permanent relation with mutual duties, one of which is the support thereafter of the woman and her offspring by the man. Let either of the parties have the right to enforce the continuance of the relation and the fulfillment of the duties by decree of court, as in other cases. It may be called marriage, morganatic marriage, legislative marriage or any other term regarded as appropriate. Under such legislation for a time many young men would be the prey of experienced women. They would be much more than offset, however, by the young women who are now made the prey of experienced men. The answer to such an objection is very simple. He will, himself, have chosen such a woman as his companion. Let him exert his strength and his will upon hims and be more careful. He surely will be more careful. Erelon there will be no experienced women to prey upon him and the mates of disorderly houses will be scattered more effectively than by raids of the police, when the way has been opened to young women who have yielded to emotion nevertheless to lead respectable lives.

Fourth. The most conspicuous and serious failures in the administration of justice in our courts occur not at all in the cases of defendants who possess wealth, as is often alleged, but through the irresponsible meddling of the press with those of a sensational character or those which concern people of prominence and the publication of which, therefore, has a salable value. It is not to be expected that the members of a jury will weigh in even balance the evidence presented to them in the case of a man charged with murder, when his face, brutalized by some artist employed for the purpose and the facts distorted to increase the horror, have been forced upon their attention for weeks before. In fact, the whole doctrine of the liberty of the press is a harmful anachronism. There ought to be no liberty of the press. There was a time when the interests of the people were served by it, a time when the liberties and even the lives of men were sacrificed by the arbitrary exercise of the authority of the State, but that time has long gone. The newspaper was then means of supplying information upon which men could depend in the guidance of their affairs, but the conditions have entirely changed and it too has changed with them. In our day a newspaper, generally owned by a corporation, is organized for the purpose of making money for the stockholders by the sale of news. The motive is commercial. Its forces are directed not toward the supplying of information because it is true, but toward the securing of that w can be sold on the market. Like all vendors, its wares ought to be subject to supervision and when, like bad meat and rotten eggs, are found to be unhealthful they ought to be confiscated and s pressed. When the Government inspects foods, examines doc and lawyers, and supervises factories, mines and railroads, why per mit filth, crime and falsehood to be published?

CONTINUED MONDAY)

Rosa, too, had vastly changed. She was clad in a charming little muslin dress, there were dimples in her cheeks, she wore a heavy Marechal Neil bud at her breast o'fteilly held her off and devoured her with his eyes.

"Sweetheart, you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour," said he.

# RAINBOW'S

\*

×

By REX BEACH

×

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

### Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros CHAPTER XXX—Concluded

R<sup>OSA</sup> did agree. When her husband put the question fairly to her she showed by the question fairly to her she showed by the pallor of her cheeks and by the rekindling light of terror in her eyes how desperately she feared remaining longer in this land of hate and persecution. "Don't turn back." she cried. "I'm not the girl I was. I've endured so much here that—I'm always in fear. Anything would be better than going back."

When morning came O'Reilly made a closer examination of the abandoned boat. The result was not encouraging, and when he told Leslie of his intention to make use of it the latter stared at him in open amazement.

"Why, we'll all be drowned!" Branch de-

clared.
"You can return to Cubitas if you wish."
"Yes, and fight some more! No, thank
you! I've got a hunch that I'll be killed by
the very next gun I see."
"Then you'd better risk the sharks."

Jacket, who was conducting an independent examination of the craft, made an encouraging report. "Ho! I'd go 'round the world in this boat," said he. "She's rotten, and you can stick your finser through her, but fish have no fingers. When the water comes in we'll dip it out."

"Do you want to go with us?" Johnnie eyed the newspaper man curiously.

"!—— Y-yes!" Branch gasped. "Til go, but it's a shame to lose all of Rosa's diamonds"

but it's a shame to lose all of Rosa's diamonds"

O'Reilly and one of the guides rode away to the farmhouse discovered on the previous afternoon, and returned in a few hours with all the tools they could find, together with a bucket of tar and a coil of galvanized wire. Then work began.

The wire, cut into short pieces, served as nails and staples with which to draw together the gaping seams. Old rags from the house and parts of the men's clothing supplied calking, upon which the tar was smeared. While one man shaped must and oars, another cut Esteban's shelter tent into a sail and fitted it. A stiff, sundried cowhide was wet, then stretched and nailed to the gunwaies at the bow, forming a sort of forward deck to shelter the sick man from the sun and rain. Jacket climbed the nearby cocos palms and threw down a plentiful upply of nuts for food and water on the With so many hands the work went fast,

and late that evening the crazy craft was launched. It was necessary to handle her singerly, and when she took the water she leaked abominably. But during the night she swelled and in the morning it was possible to ball her out.

O'Reilly had to acknowledge himself but poorly pleased with the boat. Branch called her a coffin and declared it was suicide to venture to see in her, an opinion shared by the Cubana but the girls were enchanted. To them this fragile bark looked stout and worthy; they were in a fever to be gone.

On the second afternoon the trade-wind died to a gentle zephyr, so the coccanuts and other food were quickly put aboard, a bed of bows was rigged beneath the rawhide forecastle and Esteban was laid upon it. Then adleux were said and a start was made.

From the point of leaving it was perhaps five miles across the sound to the fringe of keys which in this neighborhood bordered the old Bahama Channel with its unplumbed depths of blue water. Here it was calm, so the run was soon made. The boat hat died well enough, all things considered; nevertheless, to O'Reilly, her navigator, it was an anxious hour. Not only was he forced to keep a sharp lockcut for blockading gunboats, but he feared he was doing wrong in committing his precious freight to the uncertainties of the Atlantic. Even had he been alone, with a crew of able satiors under him, this voyage would have daunted him, for it was without doubt the wildest adventure in which he had ever participated. When he hinted at these fears and put the matter before his companions for a final test, Branch refused to speak, but Esteban and the girls were earnesily in favor of pushing on. Jacket, of course, loudly seconded them.

At sunset they entered a pass and ran between low mangrove banks. The tide was ebbing and it hurried them through and out into the open sea, where they felt the lift of the mighty ocean swell. Over these slow undulations the saliboat plowed, heading toward the smpty northern herizon, with the kindling Pole Star as a beacon. The sky was clear, the sea was gently roughened by the night breeze, the consicilations grew bright and appeared to hang low.

When the coast-line of Cuba had become a blur astern Rosa crept back and seated herself beside her husband.

"I breathe freely for the first time since that day when Don Mario came to offer me marriage," she told him. "The past is beginning to seem like a bad, bad dream and I feel a great hope, a great gladness. I am reborn, O'Rail-ye."

"A few hours more and we can all breathe casy." Ee smiled down at her. She laid From the point of leaving it was perhaps

her small paim over his fingers which grasped the steering oar, whereupon he cried with pretended sternness: "Avast there! Don't distract the attention of the skipper or he'll sail his beat in circles. Look out or he'll send you below."

Eosa persisted mutinously, so he punished her with a kiss planted fairly upon her pouting lips, whereupon she nestled closer to him. "How much I love you," she whispered. "But I never can tell you, for we are never alone. Was there ever such a courtship, such a marriage, and such a wedding journey as ours."

# The Night Voyage

"We're the owl and the pussy cut who went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat. With plenty of honey and lote of money, wrapped up in a ten-pound note.' Some day when we've settled down in our Harlem flat, and I'm working hard, we'll look back on this and consider it remantle, thrilling. Maybe we'll long for excitement."
"Not I." Rosa shivered. "To be safe, to have you all to myself where I can spoil you, that will be excitement enough."
"We'll rent that little apartment I locked

"We'll rent that little apartment I locked at, or one Just like it."

"But, O'Rail-ye, we're rich."
"I—I'd forgotten that. Then let's pretend to be poor. Think how our neighbors would talk about that pretty Mrs. O'Reilly on the fourth floor, and her magnificent jewels. They'd swear I was a smuggler."

As the exemine lengthend and the heat

on the fourth floor, and her magnificent jewels. They'd swear I was a smuggler."

As the evening lengthened and the boat forged steadily ahead the two sat murmuring happily. Forward, another bride and groom were similarly engaged. Branch and Jacket took turns bailing.

It proved to be a long, long night, for the boat, though roomy, was unounfortable. O'Reilly steered as straight a course as he could without compass, but toward morning he saw that the sky was growing overcast and his apprehensions stirred anew: Daylight brought an increased breeze which heeled the beat further. She made better speed, but she likewise took more water through her seams and it became necessary to lend Lesile and Jacket a hand with the halling. The deep channel was far behind now, and they were on the shallow Bahama Banks; benerth them they could glimpse beds of sponges, patches of corawhite bottom with occasional forests of brilliant-bued sea fans. The horizon still remained vacant and the tip of Andros lay far to the north.

Fortunately the haze was not thick enough to wholly obscure the sun and so

O'Reilly was enabled to hold his course. But he did not like the look of things.

By ten o'cl'ck the sea was tumbling and the worm-caten hulk was laboring. It became necessary to shorten sail. Soon the bottom of the boat was awash and Esteban lay in a pool of brine. Even when the girls helped to dip it out they could not lower its level. The wind freshened steadily; all hands worked desperately, wet to the skin.

In time there came a spiteful drizzle which completely hid the sun and left no indication of the course except the direction whence drove the rain.

No one spoke now. Even Esteban lay silent, shivering nilserably unon his sodden bed. In obedience to O'Reilly's command Jacket thing overboard all but a half-dozen of the remaining coconnits. Rosa finally straightered but aching back and smilled at her husband.

"Are we going down?" the caled.

"Are we going down?" she asked.

"Are we going down?" she asked.

"Oh, no! This is merely a squall." he told her, with an assumption of confidence he was far from feeling.

Johnnie tried to reason himself into a more hopeful frame of mind. He assured himself that he and his companions had survived too many perils to become the prey of an idle breeze like this; he argued that no fate could be so cruel as to cheat them when they were so close to safety. But this manful effort brought him little comfort in the face of the chilling rain and with the whitecaps curling higher.

Deliverance came suddenly, and from the least expected quarter. Out of the mist to starboard there materialized a shape, a schooner driving ahead of the wind. The refugees descried her simultaneously and stood ankle deep in the wash, waving their hats and their calabashes, and shouting crazily until she saw them and fetched up.

robbed O'Reilly of half his strength; his hands were shaking, his muscles weal; he could barely bring his craft alongside. He saw black faces staring down, he heard cries of amazement and surprised inquiries, then a heaving-line came aboard and the leaky tub was drawn close.

There was a babble of voices, shouted questions, hysterical answers. Rosa was weeping softly; Norine had lifted Esteban and how clutched him tight, white her tears fell upon his face.

The schooner was a sponger bound for Nassau; its blackbird crew spoke English and they willingly helped the strangers overside, laughing and shouting in a child-like display of excitement. How firm, how grateful was the feel of that stout deck! How safe the schooner's measured roll!

O'Reilly's knees gave way, he clutched with strained and aching fingers at the rigging to support himself, leaving Brinch and Jacket to tell the surprising story of their presence there. Soon there was hot food and coffee, dry beds and blankets for those who needed them.

Johnnie tucked his bride snugly into one of the hard berths, then stooped and kissed her. Rosa's teeth were chattering, but she smiled happly.

"God's hand directed us," she said. "One

"God's hand directed us," she said. "One only needs to pray long enough and strong enough and Ho will hear."

It was a month later. Quaint old Nassau lay doring under an afternoon sun. Its wide shell streets, its low houses, the beach against which it crowded, were dazzling white, as if the town had been washed clean, then spread out to bleach. Upon the horizon lay tumbled, foamy cloud masses, like froth blown thither from the scene of the cleansing. A breeze caused the surface of the harbor to dance and dimple merrily, the sound of laughter came from

"Long Live the King" Mary Roberts Rinehart

And a Canadian Officer's Experiences as a German Prisoner Told Under the Title

Begin on Preceding Pages of This Issue

the waterfront where barefoot spongers and fishermen were busy with their boats and gear. Robust negresses with deep bosons and rolling hips balanced baskets and trays upon their heads and stood gossiping with one another or exchanging shouts with their men across the water. There was noise here, but the town as a whole was sommolent, peaceful. It sprawled beside the sea like a lazy man lost in day dreams and luiled by the lapping surf and the hum of insects.

## The "Pot of Gold"

The "Pot of Gold"

Up from the beach came of Reilly and his youthful alter ego, Jacket. They were clad in clean white clothes; a mouth of rest had done them good. Jacket was no longer wisened; he was plumy and eleck and as full of mischief as a colt, while of Reilly's leanness had disappeared and he filled his garments as a man should. They had spent the day fishing on the reefs and now bore home the cholcest part of their catch.

They turned in through a picket gate and up a walk finnied by flower beds and outlined between rows of inverted glass bottles set side by side, the Bahama idea of neatness and beauty. At the end of the walk stood a cottage with wide porches hidden beneath Jasmine and honoysuckle and morning giory vines.

O'Rellly's eyes were shining with anticipation; he yodeled loudly. But there was no need for him to advertise his return, for at the first click of the gate-latch a figure had started from the fragrant bower and now came flying to meet him.

"Look, Rosa" Jacket lifted the heavy string of fish. "We had stupendous luck." But Rosa was in her husband's arms and neither she nor O'Reilly had eyes for anything but each other.

"Tou were gone for ages," pouted the bride.

"You were gone for ages," pouted the

"You missed me, ch?" "You missed me, ch?"

"See! I caught the biggest ones, as usua!" Jacket boasted. "Tm a skillful fisherman and I take to my hook, but o'Rellly sits dreaming about somebody while the little crabe eat all his bait. When this evoked no holice the boy shrugged in disgust and went on around the house, muttering "Caramba! You'd think they'd get sick of so much billing and cooing. But no! I have to steal him away and take him swimming or fishing if I want a word alone with him. And the others are just as had—another pair of pigeons. It's like living in a dove-cots."

with his eyes.

"Sweetheart, you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour," said he.

Rosa danced upon her toes and tugged at him. "But come quickly and see the surprise we have. I've been wild for your return, so hurry."

She led him swiftly up the steps, and there, standing beside a chair, was fatebant Varona. "He dressed himself and walked out here alone. He's well!"

"Estebant! Really—"

The brother nodded decisively. "It's true, I rebelled at last. Tomorrow I'll walk to the gate and the next day we'll go fishing." "Jove! How splendid!"

"Why, I'm as firm on my foet as a rook. Norine emerged through one of the French windows and explained: "He test advantage of me while I was gone for the mail and now he's quite out of control. Here's a letter from Lesile, by the my He's home and has a position and howe'll follow soon. There's one bit of new he says the talk of intervention increasand he may have to return to Cuba war correspondent. Fancy! He's test and he may have to return to Cuba war correspondent. Fancy! He's test and when Uncle Sam takes hold Guibe free."

Norine agreed: "I'm sure of it then—we'll follow soon. There's one bit of new he steban turned adoring eyes speaker; he took her hand in his found my rainbow's end," said he.

"And I've galned your father's in and more—I've found mine." O'Rellly ed. "I've galned your father's in and more—I've found mine." O'Rellly ed. "I've galned your father's in and more—I've found the prise of Indies." With his arm about he and norine rested herwell upon its amain and how was his daily custom, and was them in English:
"I't killed more'n e dozen from Pine Bravo. It was my day, should have been under a mould have though his daily custom, and was them in English:
"I't killed more'n e dozen from Pine Bravo. It was my day, should have been under a mould have though his daily custom, and was the mine of the pine Bravo. It was my day, should have been under a mould be pine be not under the pine Pine Bravo. It was my day, should have been under a mould be pine to the pi