

Three Episodes and a Climax

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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A line of blue-shirted men came yelling over the entrenchments. The Spaniards swarmed out the other side in haste. Capt. Louis Olifaro of the Royal Twenty-ninth Infantry was the last to leave. Before he had retreated far he found himself engaged in a saber duel with an American who pursued.

The American wore the yellow cord of the cavalry, and his hat was pinned upon one side. He swung his huge saber with fierceness and skill. Captain Olifaro, a swordsman of note in old Madrid, was hard put to it to defend himself.

The Spaniard took heart of grace when he saw that the odds had turned. The other Americans had stopped at the trenches, a hundred yards in rear of the duel. One of the captain's own men paused long enough in his flight to fire point blank at the American.

The bullet merely gave the American's hat a more rakish tilt than before; but it also distracted his attention. Captain Olifaro struck quickly, and gave his adversary a gash across the right forearm. Then, with a cruel smile, he prepared to kill at his leisure.

But the American was not ready to die. The grazing bullet and the slash simply spurred him to renewed efforts. He leaped at the Spaniard like a mountain cat; his blade flickered bewilderingly in the hot Cuban sunlight. Olifaro, in doubt, gave ground.

"You-yow-yow, whe-e-eee!" the American's battlecry, a high-pitched yell of sheer delight in conflict, broke out.

It was more than the Spaniard could stand. He told of a strength of fiber, an unconquered determination, which he could not match.

He turned suddenly and ran. In blind panic he threw away his machete as he fled.

"Whe-e-eee!" roared the American again. "Run, you piker, run!"

"Doris," said Jack Burnham, third, as he sat on the stairs, "there's something I want to say. If it isn't said pretty soon, I'll be ashamed to open my mouth. Why, I'm a doddering old man!"

"You poor old thing!" scoffed pretty Doris Van Glider; "you're all of thirty-two."

"I know; but you're only about twenty."

"I'm nearly twenty-two!" flashed the indignant Doris.

"Well—"

But just then Tommy Buttersly claimed his dance.

The next day there was a furry on the street, and Jack Burnham lost all his money. After waiting two months for him to call and finish the conversation, Doris went away.

Senorita Isabella y Nogueles, fellow of Vassar college, and well versed in things American, from fourth dimension to college friendships and fudge, sat on the porch of her plantation home, province of Santa Clara, Cuba.

The planter whose tobacco fields joined her own vast estate on the south had reclined in a long chair. A third chair beside the senorita indicated that the party which was now two recently had been three.

A frown crossed the planter's face when he looked up to see a man confronting them—a man with tanned face, wide shoulders and slim hips. His khaki clothes were dust-covered. His light shirt rolled open at the neck.

The planter was an aristocrat, accustomed to crushing or ignoring those without money or position, and so, after an insolent glance, he finished what he was saying: "And I have decided to marry her. She is American, but handsome. And her father has much gold." He spoke in Spanish.

As for the senorita, she gave a little shrug of disapproval or doubt. "A moment, senor," she replied. "Then, in English, to the man on the palm-fringed walk: 'What is it?'"

"A drink of water, if you will be so kind."

The tap of a bell brought a black servant. While he was gone for the water, the senorita, who had imbibed democratic ideas at college, motioned the man to be seated. She studied him, at first casually, then with interest.

He was American; one could tell that by the set of the shoulders, the poise of the head, the firm, humorous mouth. She spoke with quick resolve. "Perhaps the senor desires work?"

"The man's face lighted as he answered: 'Yes.'"

"I have a place, as overseer. If you could speak Spanish—"

"What are you thinking of, senorita?" broke in the planter, harshly. "The man is an American—a tramp. He will rob you, or worse."

A rustle; they all turned. In the doorway stood a girl, an American girl, of the kind men love and cherish and die for.

The American stood up. "I speak the language, as you see," he said, in excellent Spanish. "I accept your offer, and thank you."

Harris, which was the name the American gave, fitted in. The negro workmen of the plantation knew him for a master. They saw him take the great machete left by the foreman, a giant of a man, and weigh it fondly. It was a blade as heavy as a broad-ax. They worshiped. He was an American, and a man!

He had a peculiarity. Very seldom was he in conversation with the senorita or her guest; but he watched over them.

When the two young women drove through the plantation the overseer, on his horse, was in front or behind. He was always hovering about, just out of sight.

As the days wore on, the planter whose estates adjoined came more frequently. Always he scowled when he saw the overseer.

One afternoon, following an interview with the senorita alone, he flung himself away in deadly rage. That evening she was very quiet and thoughtful.

The workmen noticed that the overseer seemed to redouble his watchfulness. They saw him slip away a few days later, melting into the jungle like a panther. They did not know that he was following one of the maids from the big house, and that he trailed her to a trying place with the planter.

It was bright moonlight, and two o'clock in the morning. The traitorous maid had left the front door unbarred. The overseer, his machete across his knees, a revolver in his hip, sat in the gloom of the old stone house.

The planter, for whom he was waiting, came. He swaggered up the palm walk, secure in the feeling that the American senorita was unguarded.

The plantation workmen were snoring in their kennels half a mile away; the overseer was also asleep in his quarters. And ten of the planter's own men waited by the road.

Twenty paces from the house, in the center of an open space where the white moon beat down, he stopped. A figure with a naked machete advanced to meet him.

The planter's own weapon leaped out as he hissed curses. He recognized the overseer.

At the clash of blade on blade the planter's bulges came running from the fringe of the palms. With a laugh the American pressed his attack until his adversary gave ground. He heard the patter of feet and saw the advancing wave of his enemies.

The cave man who overcame his enemies with a stone ax awoke in the morning. He shouted aloud in sheer delight of the conflict.

"You-yow-yow, whe-e-eee!" At the high-pitched yell the planter's thoughts fled back to the scene of twelve years before on San Juan hill. Again he was Capt. Luis Olifaro, of the Royal Twenty-ninth Infantry; again he was crossing blades beneath the fierce sunlight with an American.

No wonder he had hated the overseer instinctively—it was the same man.

In his fright and amazement he lowered his guard for the fraction of a second, and the American's machete laid open his cheek from nose to ear.

Blood streamed down his face. He wavered, retreated, turned. And then, in sudden mad panic, he threw away his machete and fled, his bulges about him.

"Whe-e-eee!" roared the victor. "Run, you piker; run!"

A hand was laid on his arm. He turned to look into the face of his fair countrywoman. "And now, Mr. John Harris Burnham, third," she said, calmly, albeit with a little tremble in her voice, "perhaps you will finish that little conversation we began on the stairs?"

"But, Doris," he remonstrated, "I'm thirty-three now, and broke, besides."

"I don't care if you were a hundred," she flashed; "and I have money enough for us both."

So he dropped his machete and took her in his arms.

How the Ostrich Travels. Ordinarily two feet is the stride of the ostrich, but when the bird is frightened it is known to have run 36 miles an hour. When it runs it takes both feet off the ground at every stride; its progress being made in a series of jumps so rapidly performed that it seems one foot is on the ground while the other is placed. Birds of lesser leg length usually cover four or five feet of ground at every normal step.

SWITZERLAND IS ECONOMICAL

Salary of the President is \$3,600 a Year—Some Officials Receive 30 Cents a Day.

The Swiss government as a political institution, is the most economical in Europe. The official salary of the president of the Swiss confederation is \$3,600. The federal councilors, or members of the cabinet, and the heads of the different departments, receive \$3,000 a year during office.

The state councilors of the cantons of Bale and Zurich are the best paid of their class, receiving \$2,000 and \$1,800 a year, respectively, while Lucerne and Schaffhausen come next, with \$1,000 per annum.

Then the salaries assume a rapid downward scale until small cantons, like Uri, Schwyz, Glaris, Zug, Nidwald and Appenzel, are reached, where the councilors are paid 40 cents a day during session.

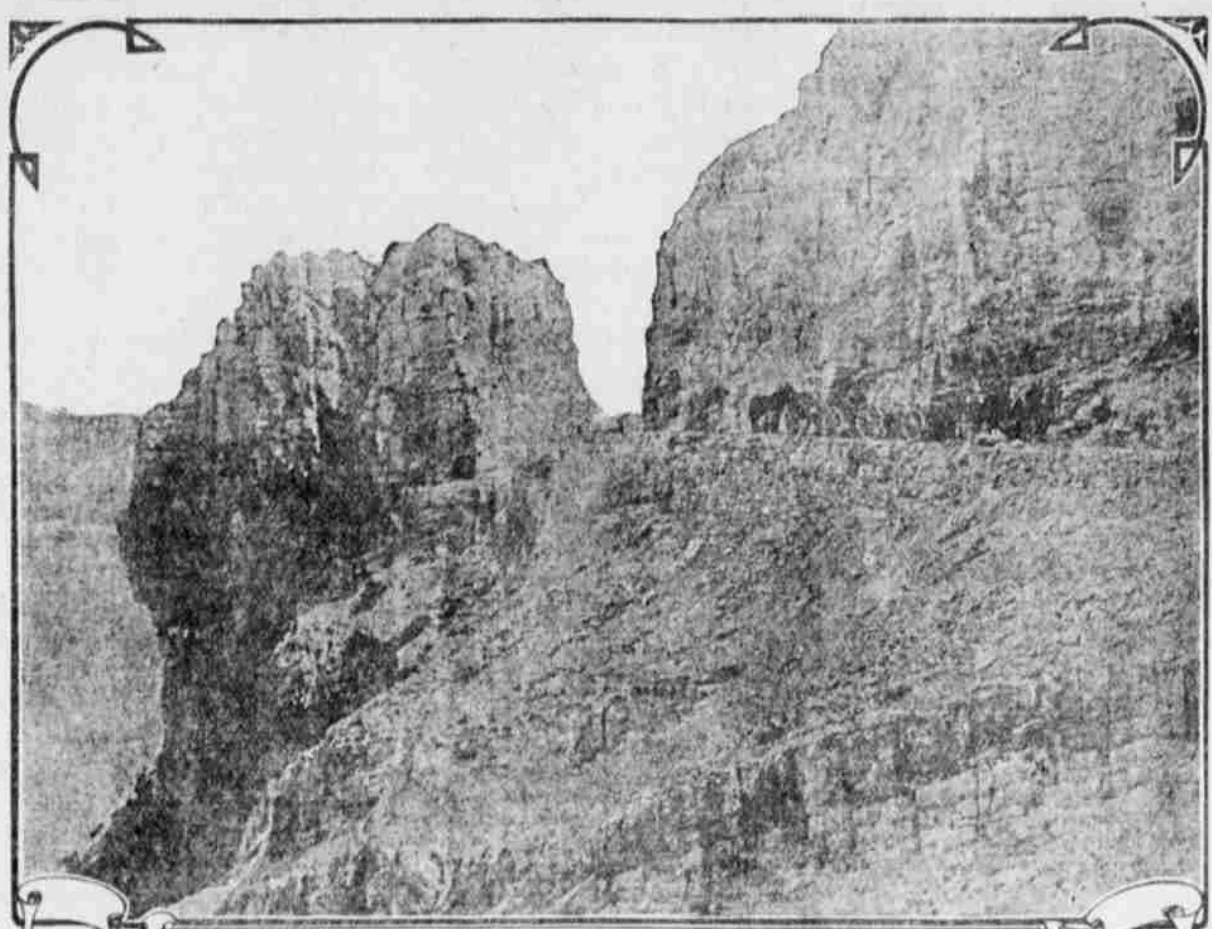
The half-canton of Obwald pays its landman (president) \$80 a year and its state councilors 30 cents a day during the session of parliament.—New York Tribune.

Italian Celebration. With the dedication of the eighth wonder of the world, a gigantic statue of Victor Emmanuel, which has been under course of construction for the past twelve years and cost \$12,000,000 Italy commenced on March 26 a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian chamber's proclamation of the country as an independent kingdom, which will last during an entire year and open to the world exhibitions of art, science, agriculture, and mechanics.

His One Experience. "Weren't you ever on a motor car?" "Yes, once."

"What make was it?" "I don't know. I was only on the front of it for a second or so, and I got away before I could pick myself up."—Catholic Standard.

HARD PROBLEMS IN RECLAMATION PROJECT



Scenes of the Wagon Road

THE Salt River reclamation project in Arizona, the greatest ever undertaken by the government, involved the solution of problems of stupendous magnitude. Some of these concerned the building of the Roosevelt dam, which was opened recently by the former president, for whom it was named. In order to render the dam site accessible and to convey to it the vast amount of material needed the engineers were compelled to build a remarkable wagon road, the construction of which involved 49 miles of rock blasting.

KANSAS FARM LANDS

Values Greatly Increased in Last Ten Years.

State Makes Very Favorable Showing in Agricultural Statistics Just Issued—Smaller Farms Have Diminished.

The total value of farm lands and buildings was given in 1910 as \$1,733,653,000, as against \$642,653,000 in 1900, an increase of \$1,090,999,000, or 169 per cent.

The average value per acre of farm land and buildings in 1910 is stated as \$49.07, as against \$15.45 in 1900, a rise of \$33.62, or 159 per cent.

The average value per acre of farm land alone in 1910, was reported as \$25.47, while in 1900 it was \$12.77, the amount of gain being \$12.70, or 178 per cent.

Of the whole number, 177,229, of farms reported in 1910, there were 175,618, or 99 per cent., operated by white farmers and 1,681, or 1 per cent., by negro and other nonwhite farmers, as compared with a total of 173,098 in 1900, of which 171,322, or 99 per cent., were conducted by white farmers, and 1,866, or 1 per cent., by negro and other nonwhite.

The increase in the number of farms of white farmers during the decade amounted to 4,356, and the decrease in the number of farms of negro and other nonwhite farmers to 155.

CUPID BUSY AT BRYN MAWR

Girls Deny New York Clergyman's Assertion They Are "Puffed Up"—Forty Per Cent. Marry.

Philadelphia.—The New York clergyman who recently declared that only an infinitesimal percentage of the graduates of the big women's colleges were able to find husbands is refuted by the statistics issued by Bryn Mawr college, it is asserted here.

Figures in the annual register of 5,000 and former students show that 28.4 per cent of the entire graduate body, numbering 2,724, have married, while of three classes graduating since 1889 more than 50 per cent are married, and of seven other classes, also since 1889, nearly 40 per cent have been wedded, a general average of about 40 per cent.

The New York clergyman declared that graduates of women's colleges were "incompetent in the domestic arts, puffed up with a little superficial knowledge and entirely too expensive a luxury for the average man to undertake to support." This assertion the Bryn Mawr girls indignantly deny and point to the statistics to bear them out.

DOG CATCHER USES AIRSHIP

Hopes With Aeroplane to Trap Stray Canines That Have Become Wary—Has Amassed Fortune.

Montclair, N. J.—David Steinfeld, who is official dog-catcher in ten towns in Essex, Union and Morris counties and who has amassed a small fortune from his work, announces that he has awarded a contract for a small aeroplane and a large net for use in his work. He adds that he will try it on the stray and unlicensed dogs in Montclair first.

Steinfeld has been hunting dogs so long in the three counties that the animals recognize him half a mile away and rush for shelter long before he gets within striking distance.

TRAMP RESCUES HUNGRY DOG

Thousands of Well-Dressed and Evidently Well-Fed Pedestrians Pass by Soulful-Eyed Canine.

Chicago.—Like "yon Cassius" he had a lean and hungry look, and until a playful wind blew him off his "pins," West Madison street pedestrians jocularly referred to him as "Romeo with 'he soulful eyes.'"

When he lay in the street, with his paws limply hanging over the curbing and his bony ribs advantageously displayed through his muddy white skin, a crowd gathered round him and "Romeo" with the soulful eyes" was given food in the form of ham and beef sandwiches bought at a nearby restaurant.

Whatever Romeo's thoughts were, he was too weak to utter them, even in everyday dog language, and the stumpy tail moved ineffectually back and forth and the cadaverous jaws dripped, while the ham and beef sandwiches remained untouched. Romeo was too far gone to eat. Romeo was too dirty and bedraggled to entitle him to the respect of any Godfearing or otherwise deserving pedestrian. Romeo was too weak to make use of his skinny legs. Romeo's eyes blinked as he looked up at the muddy sky and down at the muddy street, and there didn't appear to be much encouragement in either, for he closed his eyes.

No one ventured to soothe his poor feelings, and Romeo might have died a suffering martyr or hero or something, if a man whose appearance was not greatly different from the starving hound, had not come along and poked him up. As it was, Romeo let his head rest against the tattered coat of his unshaven benefactor, and in some manner gave vent to vibratory gladness by means of his tail. The man and the dog went away, while the crowd stood looking after them.

Greis, Take Notice! A wealthy Yonkers (N. Y.) man has just married his housekeeper because she made such capital of his eyes.

MOTIVES

By HENRY F. COPE

TEXT—Thou dost well that it was in blue heart.—I. Kings, 8:18.

By their motives men are both measured and made. These are the motors, the engines of our humanity. Fortune may offer many allurements and fate may seem to lay many a lash on our shoulders, but when and how we shall reach the goal and whether that goal be worth the race depends on the character and power of the ideals and desires within us.

Many a life lies by the wayside, on the junk heap that on superficial examination seems to be an admirable piece of mechanism. It lies there because it is just that and no more, only mechanism, intricate, adjusted, polished, but powerless, valueless for lack of a sufficient dynamic force, a power and motion of its own.

Efficiency is a splendid thing, wholly desirable and essential, but life demands also efficiency, motive as well as mechanism. Schools and daily experience give us the training in efficiency, but from within must arise the dynamic forces, the motives, passions, aspirations, and real powers of the personality.

The sun of our motives makes the purposes of our lives and this determines the course we go, the work we do, the character we have, and the destiny that is ours. The deepest need of every life is a passionate purpose in living, an end and goal that calls forth all the possibilities and enlists all the powers.

Life's purpose depends on its philosophy; that is your aim and goal will depend on your interpretation of the meaning of life, on the answer which you make to life's significance. What is the meaning of it all to you? Is it but accident or chance? Or is it a bloody fight? Then you will wage war for yourself and against all others. Are there yet higher purposes running through all? Then you will seek them.

In a most important sense this answer which a man makes to the enigmas of living constitutes his religion and religion becomes the dominating motive in life. For religion surely for us all, as for all people and in all time, is our conception of that which, for us, is highest and best, that which, because it seems to us to give meaning to existence, furnishes the motives for whatever we may be and do in the world.

This has been at the root of all high endeavor; this spirit accounts for all great and worthy work the world has seen. Because they have believed that existence has meaning only as it contributes to progress, only as it finds fruition in larger, nobler being, they have rejoiced to lay down life if need be that the race might find larger life.

Faith in the future, hope for our fellows, love of that which is highest and best fuse together and make a sufficient motive for living and toiling. And life is a tedious business, without such motives. A man becomes merely a part of the bread-winning machine, a slave bound to the wheel, unless he has some sense of his own life as being worth while for the contribution it makes to all life.

Youth abounds with high motives normally; the years often blast them with the curse of cynicism. We despoil our own hearts and steal our own happiness whenever we allow the embittering experiences of daily living to take from us the faith that it is possible to do good, to increase the world's store of joy and strength and hope, and to make our lives worth something to our times.

When all has been said and all other ways tried we find that the only motives that give perennial satisfaction and constantly strengthen the heart are the unselfish ones. One gets weary of gaining, but never of giving. Ambition falters on its wings. But the aspiration to serve, to help, to bless, to cheer, to love never dies down.

You may measure any man's religion by the extent to which it acts as a constant motive in his life, whether it gives him a vision of the life that awakens an enthusiasm for living, of a world that is worth living in and dying for and a race that has such promise in itself as to call for the investment of all that is worthy in us.

In Christ Our Hope.

Prayer is not the most effective thing in the Christian's life. Jesus Christ is better and more effective than the best prayer ever offered. In him, and not in prayer, lies our whole hope. One who dated the beginning of his richest Christian life and experience from a time of prayer when he had asked everything and received everything, was reminded of this as he prayed later, in gratitude for his new blessings: "Not because it was an effective prayer, but because thou art an effective Christ, was my prayer so gloriously answered." Those who are called "mighty in prayer" think least about prayer as such, and most about Christ. Yet the more we think about Christ and the better we come to know him, the greater will be the place that we give to prayer in our lives.

God's Plan For Us.

The great apostle, writing to the Ephesians says that we are "created in Christ unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." The works are ready, waiting for us, all we have to do is to be willing to be led into them. How many disappointments we should have been spared in life if we had always acted on this conviction! God knows what we are fitted for far better than we know ourselves. He who made us knows whereof we are made.

If we would be useful in Christ's service our wisdom is "to have no plan except to enter into his plan for us," and say with Paul, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"

KING UZZIAH HUMBLED

Sunday School Lesson for May 7, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—2 Chronicles 26. Memory Verses 18, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall"—Prov. 16:18.

TIME—Uzziah's reign extended (Beecher) from B. C. 800 to B. C. 755 (Hastings) B. C. 801 to 798. Uzziah may have become a leper about B. C. 780, Jotham being the next king from that time.

PLACE—The Temple in Jerusalem.

KINGS—in Israel, Jeroboam II. In Assyria, Sargon III.

PROPHETS—Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, the Zachariah of our lesson.

On the murder of King Joash he was succeeded by his eldest son, Amaziah, a man of piety and force, who slew the murderers of his father, sparing their sons, and then turned upon the enemies of his country, the Edomites south of the Dead Sea, who had been ravaging southern Judea.

He hired thousands of mercenaries from the Northern Kingdom, to aid him in the war. When a prophet rebuked him for thus involving himself with an idolatrous nation he dismissed the mercenaries, who, on their way home, plundered the cities of Judah. Amaziah fled on, however, and with his own troops conquered the Edomites in the Valley of Salt south of the Dead Sea, and thoroughly subdued the cruel nation.

He brought home with him some of the Edomite idols and worshipped them, thus dishonoring Jehovah, who had so signally helped him, in favor of gods who had proved their own powerlessness! A courageous prophet rebuked him, but we are told what the effect was.

In his pride of success, and perhaps to avenge the towns which the Israelitish mercenaries had plundered, he sent a boastful message to Joash king of Israel, challenging him to fight. Joash promptly accepted the challenge, completely worsted Amaziah, captured Jerusalem, and went away with all the treasure of the Temple and royal palace, and with many of the citizens as hostages. Amaziah continued to reign for fifteen years, but his subjects never were contented, and at last they rose in revolt and murdered him.

The son of Amaziah, Uzziah, a lad of sixteen, was chosen by the people. He continued his father's conquest of the Edomites by fortifying Elath, an important city at the head of the eastern branch of the Red Sea, thus putting Judah in a position to renew the rich commerce with India which Solomon had established.

Uzziah's was a religious life. He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. He followed Amaziah in the better part of his life, and not in his idolatry. "There is no better preparation for the eyes of the world than to be conscious ever of God's eyes upon us."

The period of Uzziah and Jeroboam was the golden age of Israel. As a result of conquest and of commercial enterprise the accumulation of wealth was greater than had ever been known before. The rich lived in palaces of ivory and of ivory. They reposed on couches with damask coverings. They lay upon beds of ivory, and stretched themselves upon sofas. They ate lambs selected out of the flock, and calves fattened in the stall. They sang to the accompaniment of harp songs that they thought as fine as those of David. They drank beakers of rare wine, and anointed themselves with precious ointments. This prosperity, however, was restricted to the upper classes. While the nobles flourished, the poor grew constantly poorer. The peasant proprietors were crowded out, and all the land came into the hands of a few great nobles. The tree-born Israelites sank to the position of serfs. Prosperity has more perils than adversity, and pride is one of them. Dressed, according to Josephus, in priestly attire, and perhaps on the celebration of some high national feast, Uzziah presumed to enter the Holy Place, which it was death for any but a priest to enter, and to offer incense upon the sacred altar. Uzziah appears to have desired to become supreme pontiff as well as king, and to exercise the same dual functions as the Egyptian Pharaohs were wont to do. He had to disregard the direct command of Jehovah that the priests alone should burn incense on his altar; he had to despise the history of his people, to defy the holy name by which he himself was called. Thus a reign of fifty-two years was spoiled in an hour.

What terrible punishment came to Uzziah? The infliction of that most loathsome, incurable disease, leprosy. Thus Miriam had been punished, and Gehazi. According to Josephus, it was at this very moment that the famous earthquake of Uzziah's reign occurred. For the rest of his life he lived in a separate house. It was perhaps some place in the country to which the king confined himself. We are not told whether he repented of the sin that he had committed; but we may perhaps assume that he did so.

The story of Ahaz reinforces the warning that comes to us from the story of Uzziah. The pride of Ahaz was pride of opinion; that of Uzziah was pride in accomplishment. Pride may spring from good looks, fine clothes, plenty of money, a keen intellect, distinguished social position. A boy may be vain of his ball-playing and a girl of her white hands. Whatever may be the source of it, pride is always a terrible danger.

It alienates from us the sympathy and affection of others. No one loves a proud person. It blinds our eyes to our real condition. We think we are stronger or brighter or better than we are. It shuts us away from the sources of wisdom and strength, because we do not feel that we need teacher or wisdom. The most learned teacher cannot teach a self-sufficient scholar, who thinks that he "knows it all." Worst of all, it shuts us away from God. Only those that will humble themselves and become like little children can enter his kingdom. The meek inherit the earth, and the poor in spirit inherit heaven.