The Quarterbreed A Modern Indian Reservation Story by Robert Ames Bennet

N this serial you are given a picture of present-day Amerlean Indians on government reservations. The author depicts, too, the manner in which the original Americans have been exploited in the past by unscrupulous men with strong political influence. On the other hand, assuming that you have a taste for wholesome romance, you will enjoy the powerful love element "The Quarterbreed," And

Mr. Bennet's portrayal of the principal characters is as much a study as an entertainment. We feel sure our readers can look forward with pleasure to the perusal of each installment of the story.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Under Fire.

In its spring freshness the usual dreary brown of the Montana range was tempered with a pleasant green But the midday sun was blisteringly hot, and the rider turned his eyes to the snowy crests of the Little Paw pine-clad spurs were now only four or five miles away. He had almost reached the boundary. The rangy stride of his thoroughbred mare was as easy and unfaltering as when she had borne him away from the half-dozen shacks of the nearest "town" on the railroad, fifty miles back over the open range. But as they began to top the rise, he drew her down to her rapid walk, and took out his fieldglasses.

Hardly had he focused the powerful little binoculars when from across the coulee, a short distance downstream, came the crack of a high-power rifle. A moment later the shot was followed by three deeper reports from upstream. The first shot was smokeless. Not so the others. The bluish smoke puffs of their charges of black powder directed the gaze of the rider to the dozen or more swarthy, half-naked Indians crouching near the top of the coulee bank, across from the nearby butte. All were warily peering down

The road ran obliquely across the narrow valley to a side gulley that gashed the far bank a hundred yards or so downstream. Back in the shelter of this gulley four or five ponies stood grouped before a buckboard. Above them a man was crouched under the edge of the bank. Another man lay behind a small bush, just outside the entrance of the guiley. A woman in civilized dress was coming around from the rear of the buckboard. The erect figure of the rider tensed with quick decision. He wheeled his mare out of the road, to cut down the sharp slope directly towards the Indians. His voice rang across the coulee with the clearness of a bugle call; "Ho, there! Cense firing!"

At his command, the Indians twisted about to glare at him in a half panic. Three or four started to slink away. But one swung his rifle around and fired. The bullet grazed the rider's coat collar. He flung up his right hand, palm outward. The reply to the peace sign was a second bullet, that cut the crown of his campaign hat,

Two bullets were enough to change the tactics of the rider. At a word from him and a touch of the rein, his mare swerved and plunged obliquely



"Ho, There! Cease Firing!"

down the side of the coulee. The Indians burst into exultant yells, and several opened fire on the fugitive as the mare leaped down to the coulee and dashed across the bottom toward the gulley.

Urged on by voice and spurless heel the mare sprinted over the sandy level with the rush of a racehorse on the home stretch. Coming to the narrowed stream, she covered it in a single tremendous leap, and dashed on, unchecked, up into the gulley, safe out of reach of those whirring leaden hornets.

As they swept past the low bush at the entrance of the guiley, the rider looked down at the man behind it. He hew a blond, florid young fellow, whose blue eyes and small red-lipped mouth were ugly with hate. A glimpse, and river bottom. After several moments

he was past the outlier. The woman, crouched just beyond, ing sway toward the Indians with an mare had skimmed over the level and automatic revolver. An instant later he up into a guiley in the far bank before pulled up his mare alongside the buck- they could get the range. board and looked up with cool alertness at the third member of the party, coused firing and twisted his thickset the bush had not looked around. As his rifle to his shoulder, sighted it, the crows."

lown at the newcomer. His closecropped hair was grizzled, his face leathery and stolld. The cast of his features indicated French-Canadian blood.

The fusilinde of the Indians had eased the instant their view of the fugitive was cut off. Yet, after a single hard look, the man on the bank urned away to thrust his rifle up over the edge and shoot. The rider wheeled his mure and rode back past the skittish ponies. The woman had crept in from the entrance of the gulley to where she could stand upright without Indians

She came up the slope with an easy, pringing step that told of youthful uoyancy. From under the hem of her neat gingham dress peeped the toes of small, blue-bended mocensins. Having reloaded her pistol, she raised her hend to look up at the rider. He was f......... lifting his hand to touch his hat with perfunctory couriesy. Then he saw her face-calm, proud, vividly beauti-

He removed his hat, with a sudden change in his manner that brought a gleam into the girl's blue-black eyes. The giare of the midday sun exposed the lines in his strong, plain face and he pallor under its tropical tan. From mountains. The nearest of the rugged, the white hairs that silvered his thick ruddy locks at the temples, his age might have been put at thirty-five or the reservation. Wolf river marked forty. But this sign of middle age was contradicted by the clear hazel eyes. A trifle disconcerted by the girl's

cool scrutiny, he brusquely demanded: What is the trouble here?" She looked from his cavalry pattees

o his army saddle and the butt of his riffe. "I guess you needn't worry about your scalp," she assured him, her rich ontraito voice as soft as it was sweetly mocking. "You came near getting n hair brand, I see, But you're safe nough now if you keep close." The raillery brought a slight flash in-

to his sallow cheeks. Yet his gaze did not flinch before her look of distain He asked another question: "Have they taken the agency?"

"No. We saw this bunch up the bank. Reggie cut loose at them before Pere could stop him." "'Pere?' Ah-your father. The

ther man fired at them first, you say?" "Can you blame him? He was along then the agent was shot down, last veek. You may have heard of the murder."

"Yes. Still it was wrong for him to

"Oh, I'm only a quarterbreed, you know," replied the girl with fronical lightness. "Besides, Reggie thought I'm dry as a fish." tunted the remark.

The rider tooked over the coulee cern for him. ank across at the jagged crest of the

He looked at the girl, between coneern and swiftly growing admiration of her remarkable beauty. Her eyes were | beckened to her, like blue-black diamonds. An almost imperceptible film of old-gold enriched the cream and rose of her cheeks. Her jet-black hair was of French fineness. The curve of her rather large mouth was perfect.

But the red itps were again parting in a disdainful smile. She replied without seeking to conceal her scorn; "If make a break for the agency." you're afraid they'll take the butte, lenw their fire."

"You will?" he said. "Thank you for or suggestion. I believe I'll follow Kindly step aside."

She stood motionless, her eyes glib ering with cold contempt of his cowirdice. Unchecked by the look, he caned forward in the saddle. The mare leaped away like a startled deer. Once clear of the gulley she swerved sharply and raced away down the couee. The flight was so unexpected, so had been borne a good fifty yards down along the foot of the near slope before he Indians opened fire on him.

The girl had crept forward and pack of coyotes!" ouched in the entrance of the gulley o peer after him.

The coward !" she cried. "The cow rd! I hope they get him!"

But before one of the many bullets could find the leaping, receding mark, clump of willows. At once the firing censed.

The blond young man under the bush glanced around at the girl and called jeeringly: "I say, Marle, how's that for a bobtail visit? Took him for a gentleman."

"Gentleman? That's the word." she locked. "Conduct becoming an officer and gentleman."

"Officer?" he repented. "You don't mean to say-" "Yes," she asserted. "He's an army

officer. I could see it sticking out all over him." The man stared at her in blank amazement, but suddenly bethought himself to roll over and send a builet

pinging up the coulee. The girl continued to peer down the mare and rider dashed into view, racing directly across the coulee. Though under the edge of the bank, was blaz- the Indians at once opened fire, the

> enemy might expose themselves during the excitement, the young man behind the steep slope of a crag. He clapped them is in the guardhouse or feeding

How about the strategic retreat? Does | an astonished oath. General Fablus make his getaway without casualties?"

"Le bon Dieu be praised! He has scaped," the girl mocked in turn, "We are saved. In a week or ten days he will return to the rescue with three troops of cavalry."

"If those spenking coyotes have sent delegation around to climb the butte rom the upside, we'll get ours before Charile can come back with the poice," grumbled the young man.

"Yes. Our military expert saw that exposing herself to the fire of the at once. He said this position would come untenable." "So he ran, leaving a woman in the

irch-the skunk!" "Well, he has gone. You'd better be thinking how to get us out of the hole you've got us into," suggested the girl.



'The Coward, the Coward! I Hope They Get Him."

"All I did was to knock up the dust in front of them. The way they came back at me proves they really were scheming to get us."

"Much you know about it," scoffed the girl. "Just because some of the tribe are feeling ugly is no sign that-"How about the murder of Nogen?"

"Well, how? You and Charile both say there was only the one buck who dld the shooting. No; if this bunch had been planning to get us, they'd have been out of sight under the edge avire an attack, with a woman in his of the bank or over on the butte when we first came along."

> "Have it your own way-only toss me a bottle of beer, that's a good girl.

the party was trying to hend us off. Recklessly he sat up and looked at Don't worry. Charlle Redbear crawled her, his small mouth curving in a smile the neat mustachances are we can hold out until he whizzed close over his head. "There fetches the police." A rifle shot punc- They've spotted your position. Come away!" Her voice quavered with con-

The giri did not wait for him to reach butte, "If they slip over there," he her. Satisfied as to his safety, she said, "this position will become unten-" went up the gulley to the buckboard able. The butte is the key to the situ- and drew a canteen from the box under the seat. Her father glanced down and saw what she was doing. His face was powdered with dust. He spat and

> "Good! Bring it up. Bullet hit the edge of the bank."

The girl climbed nimbly up the gulley side with the canteen. Her father spat again, took a deep drink, and said; Better git the ponies round behind the buckboard. Unless Charlle gits back soon, we may have to leave the ore and

"All right, Pere," cheerfully respondyou might get away by bolting down ed the girl. "There haven't any of the coulee. We'll do what we can to them been hit so far, I guess. They may be willing to let us off with a big scare."

"I'll give them a scare and something more when the police come," declared the young man, who had taken a new position in the opening of the gulley.

"No, you won't," remonstrated the girl as she started down to him with the canteen. "When old Ti-owa-konza sent in word that he'd call it quits over the shooting of Nogen's killer, he meant ir. But this time you fired the first daring and so swift that the fugitive shot, and if you kill one of them, it will mean a blood feud, if not an uprising." The young man snapped his fingers.

> "I don't give that much for the whole "Don't forget the mine, Mr. Van,"

> protested the older man. "Yes, and how about me?" asked the girl as she held out the canteen.

"That settles it," he replied. "To please you, l'il-what do you say?nare and rider shot out of sight behind [11] call it quits." Shaking a gush of to his lins.

"Better hurry with them ponies, Marie," called her father,

She did not wait for the canteen, but walked swiftly up the gulley to the restive ponics. As she led the two saddle horses around to the rear of the buckboard, the young man called up to her: "Shorten my stirrups. That pinto is the best runner in the bunch." "Can you make it bareback?" she

anteed. "He can hold on to the harness," said her father. "Tie the tugs so they won't drag "

"Yes, I guess I can hold on. I'll try the callco mare."

"Any sign on the butte?" she inquired, her supple gloved fingers deftly freeing the harnessed ponies from the buckboard. "Nothing yet," answered the young

man. "I'm expecting a bullet soon," "This ain't no joke, Mr. Van," complained the other man. He glowered at Hopeful that one or more of the the butte. Suddenly his trained eyes reservation. What I say goes. I'll have

I body half about so that he could stare | the firing ceased, he called scoffingly: | paused-and lowered the weapon, with "Pere!" cried the girl.

> "Wait!" he replied. "If it is-by Gar, if it is! Git ready, Mr. Van. Only don't shoot unless they rush us."

> The report of a rifle came down from the butte crest. The young man lowered his rifle and peered over the edge of the gulley. At the same moment a whirl of yelling horsemen swept down the coulee bank opposite the ley in a wild race for the nearest grove of cottonwoods.

> From the butte several shots cracked in rapid succession. The fugitive Indians yelled at their ponies in a frenzy of urgency, and dug their heels into the flanks of the straining beasts at every jump. The rifleman on the butte

> he party in the gulley. "Hold on, Marie!" said her father, imping down the bank to her, "We'll itch up again, and cross over to meet

"Who?" asked the girl. She had been too intent on her task

see what was happening. "The man who ran away," he anwered. "The joke's on you Mr. Van."

Her father grinned as he bent to refasten a tug. "You took him for a quitter. He had the nerve to run their fire ag'in-and you thought he was heading

back for the railroad." The girl flushed. "He's not the man on the butte?" "Yep. Jumped the whole bunch, first shot. We better hustle, It'll look good

for us to cross over to meet him." "Marie says he's an army officer," added the young man. "It will be as well to get the ore off the reservation. There's no telling what he has come

CHAPTER II.

The Acting Agent. neared the top of the ridge. The thoroughbred mare came trotting up from the hollow on the other side. At sight of them her rider brought her to a stand. The older man spurred his

Gar, that wasn't no bad play you made, partner," he called. "Taking the butte is now going away, not to return until gave you the drop on 'em." The man whose strategy had routed

pony up the round of the summit. "By

not move. The expression of his harsh features was severe, but there was a flush under the tropical tan on his tered: "Well, mebbe so. You can't al-She hesitated, her rich color deepenng. Then her plque gave way to a know there's not the slightest danger

more generous impulse. She drew the to me. gauntlet glove from her right hand. Under his cold gaze her eyes again hardened with offended pride, and again they softened and glowed with frank apprebation. "Can you forgive me?" she asked.

He bowed formally. "If you think here is anything to be forgiven." "You know there is. I wish to apolo-

She stood up in the buckboard and held out her hand to him. It was very

white and shapely. He bowed over it with grave courtesy, as he took it in his nervous clasp. "You have no need to apologize,

"Dupont-Marie Dupont."

"None whatever, Miss Dupont," he vent on, "I should have explained my "Why didn't you make for the butte

first thing, instead of crossing the coulee?" broke in the blond young man. "I did not wish to shoot until I understood the cause of the trouble. There

was also the chance that they would cease firing when I rode towards them." "That was nervy of you," remarked

the girl's father-"that and making the second run when they'd come so near gitting you the first time," "You are Jacques Dupont, the Indian

trader?" "That's me -- only they make it 'Jake this side of Ottawa. Marie guessed you're an army officer."

Captain Floyd Hardy, United States cavalry," stated the newcomer as he raised his glasses.

The blond young man straightened out of his insolently careless pose, and spoke in the tone of a gentleman; "Pleased to meet you, Captain Hardy, You were in command of the Philip pine constabulary force that suppressed the recent insurrection in the Sulu islands. You received favorable water out over the spout, he lifted the mention from congress. I am Reginald canteen in gallant salute and carried it | Vandervyn of the Vandervyns of Staten Island. Senator Clemmer is my

uncle. The captain responded to the introduction with a curt bow.

"See anything of the p'leeca, Cap?" asked Dupont. "Yes. They should be here in a few minutes.

"I see them," said the girl. "They're coming down the slope this side of the Sioux Creek divide." "They're slow," growled Vandervyn.

Til ride back and head them 'cross country. They have good horses. They shall run out every buck in the bunch.' He span his pony about to sprint down the road into the coulee. Hardy uttered a stern order: "Halt!"

more at the impulse that compelled for superiority and intellect. him to obey it, Vandervyn twisted about in his saddle to face the officer with a challenging store.

"Keep that talk for your inferiors,"

replied Hardy, and he drew an official envelope from an inside pocket. "You are only the chief clerk on this reservation. I have been detailed to serve as acting agent."

"You?" cried Vandervyn. "Why. It was all fixed for me to be appointed agent. My uncle wired me that my name would go through for the promo tion without a hitch. So you pulled

the wires to cut me out?" "I pulled no wires, Mr. Vandervyn, butte, and went flying away up the val- Hardy coldly met the accusation. "On my return from the islands, last month, I asked for a detail to active service in the open, preferably here in the northwest, on account of my health." "Do you mean to say you did not

ask for this place in particular?" "No. The detail was given me because of the killing of the late agent was firing towards them, not towards and the reported restlessness of the tribe." "You'll find these ugly bucks differ-

ent from Moros." "Perhaps," said Hardy. He looked at the two big, lumpy sacks that were lashed on the buckboard. "You had

started for the railroad?" "Pere and Mr. Van wished to ship out the ore," explained the girl. "Ore?" inquired Hardy.

"Well, yes, it's a sort of ore," adnitted Dupont. "You see, me and-" "Til make it clear to Captain Hardy

in two words, Jake," broke in Vandervyn. He looked at the new agent with a frank, direct gaze. "You see, captain, some of the Indians have been getting ore, back in the mountains. Jake trades them goods for it. The barter has been a good thing for them, and so far, I believe, Jake has lost nothing."

Dupont narrowed his shrewd gray no lle, Cap. Take it in the long run, I agency." ain't lost nothing. It might figure out

I've broke even or mebbe some better." Vandervyn winked at Hardy, "When his handsome, boyish face. "What if I an Indian trader admits he may have do not choose to go back?" done some better than to have come Within a few minutes the party had out even, we can guess what that

means," "Nom d'un chien!" grumbled Dupont. 'Ain't the risk to count?"

"It has been an unnecessary risk for ervation after the killing of Mr. Nogen," reproved Hardy. "I presume she prehension? the trouble has passed."

"You are quite mistaken, Captain the Indians did not reply. The girl Hardy," said the girl. "I am going for looked up at him with confident ex- the drive and to send off a mail order. pectancy in her sparkling eyes. He did We can rely on the police. Anyway, none of the tribe would hurt me." Dupont scratched his head and mut-

ways tell what they'll do.' "Why, Pere," exclaimed Marie, "you

"Well, mebbe not-to you," he ac quiesced. "Yet it will be advisable for you to

remain away until I have the situation well in hand," said Hardy, The girl's eyes flashed at the slight

suggestion of dictation. "I'll do as I please, thank you," she rejoined. "In this instance you may," agreed Hardy, "since your father admits that you are in no danger. Otherwise I

would order you to remain away." "You'd dare to order me?" "Certainly, You should know the scope of the agent's authority. It includes the right to order off the reser

vation anyone not a member of the tribe." The girl smiled mockingly, "You for

get I told you I am a quarterbreed." "Marie!" remonstrated Vandervyn. "Mind your own business!" she flashed back at him. "I am not ashamed that I'm a member of the tribe, and I don't care how soon he knows it, even if he is an officer of

your little American army. She turned upon Hardy, flushed, deflant, haughty. "My mother was the granddaughter of Sitting Bull. What have you to say to that, Mr. West

Pointer?" "Nothing, Miss Dupont, unless-" he paused, smiled and continued-"unless it is to remark that I am glad the po-

lice are so near." The girl's eyes flashed with anger. With a swift movement she bent over and snatched her driving-whip from

The Average Man Naturally Flinches From the Reputation for In-

No one really wants to be considered a highbrow. The term itself, as Van Wyck Brooks says, is derogatory. Here and there a person may be so superior as to be flattered by the surrogates in Belgium is disclosing derision of the herd. Undergraduates some extraordinary frauds. The direclike to think they are. But a man tor general of the public health servhas to be far gone in superiority be- ice has found that some of the subfore he relishes the notion of being stitutes for oil, which is no longer obavoided for its sake.

You cannot imagine a man like that cost the manufacturers only a few-Nietzsche trying to prove that he had a heart any more than you can imagine him shooting the chutes at Coney Island. He is the kind of Olympian 99.25 per cent water, with the remainwhose dignity seems to have been inherent. You would just as soon drink beer out of porcelain as slap a Nietzsche on the back. But the ordinary Olympian, certainly in America, is more anxious to show he is gre-Angered at the command and still garious than to protect his reputation

You do not have to slap him on the back; he slaps you. If he is running for office, in particular, he wants it to be known that blood, not ice water, he said. "I am acting agent of this flows through his veins. He yearns covered by his interviewer sitting at Portland (Ore.) Telegram,

"You are mistaken, Mr. Vandervyn," | its socket on the dashboard and stood poised, the whip upraised to strike. Dupont's heavy jowl dropped. Vandervyn swung his rifle around, his large blue eyes glinting with eagerness. Hardy faced the girl with no change in his smile. Had his steady gaze wavered for an instant, she would have slashed him across the face.

"You-you!" she whispered, "Twit me with the trencherous killing of my great-grandfather, would you?"

"Trencherous? How is that?" he nsked. "He was murdered-by the police!"

she cried. "You know it." "I beg your pardon," he replied. "I had not the slightest idea of alluding to what to you must be a painful occurrence. But, since you have referred to it, I wish to say that you are misinformed. Sitting Bull was shot while resisting arrest. The police were acting under orders. The man who shot the chief had first been shot by one of the chief's men."

The scarlet that flamed in the girl's cheeks deepened to crimson. Her gaze wavered. Instead of striking Hardy, the whip lashed down across the backs of the tenm. The young broncos plunged and Jumped forward; they whirled the buckboard down the slope away from the river.

The girl's companions jerked their ponies about to gallop after her. Hardy spoke to them in peremptory command: "Wait! Dupont, I shall ask you to bring my baggage from the railroad. Here come the police. I shall detail four of their number to go with you as escort." "We don't need no escort," said Du-

"They will go in place of Mr. Vandervyn," explained Hardy. "I must eyes as if calculating, "Well, no, that's ask him to accompany me to the

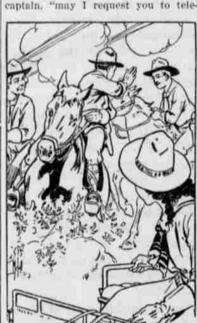
The young man looked the new agent

pont. "Do we, Mr. Van?"

up and down with an insolent smile on "It would put me to the necessity of

finding a new chief clerk," countered Hardy. The other evidently had expected an arbitrary order. He bit his lip. It was plain that he was puzzled over the you to keep your daughter on the res- adroitly worded reply. Was it a threat, or merely a statement due to misap-

"If you wish to resign," added the



graph for your successor to be imme diately appointed and ordered here?" "I'd resign quick enough if I could," ald Vandervyn. "You're the last man

Hardy turned to the stolid-faced trader. "Please remember my baggage. You

had better ride on after your daugh-

I'd let order me around if I could help

ter. The escort will soon follow." In the next installment Captain Hardy discovers conditions which lead him to believe there

is a conspiracy on foot. Can you guess the nature of it?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

in public life he must smile cheerily

when a bollermaker crushes his fingers

and bellows: "Tommy, put it there."

ANYTHING BUT A HIGHBROW! the organ singing, "Home, Sweet Home." A man may have the temperament of a hermit crab in private life;

-New Republic. Food Frauds in Belgium. Official analysis of some of the food tainable, are worthless concoctions

cents per liter, but are sold to a gullible public at fancy prices. One "oil sauce" was found to be ing .75 per cent an extract of gum. A "mayonnaise" in fancy packing and "highly recommended," was found to contain 86 per cent water, 1.30 per cent oil, 13.70 per cent starch and 2 per cent ush. An invalid's food advertised as "meat extract, extra quality," was made of 65 per cent water, 15 per cent burnt sugar and 20 per cent salt.

-Amsterdam Dispatch.

We read of "lively artillery battles" to indicate that he is a good fellow. In the war reports. Thus is the busicaught sight of an object moving up those bucks trailed till every one of He tells funny stories, has himself ness of wholesale killing dressed in photographed playing pinochle, is dis- the language of graceful felicity,-

RIVAL JUNGLE

ROAR OF ANDES MONKEYS LIKE THAT OF LIONS.

Veteran Traveler Declares Sound to Be the Most Trying on the Nerves That He Ever Had to

Experience.

The most striking sound in the American tropics is the roaring of the so-called howling monkeys. The sound is a deep-voiced, businesslike bellowing, at least a hundred times more thunderous and terrible than you would think it possible for a creature that is only a little larger than a big tomcat, to make.

I had heard the animals in the distance a number of times, but it was at Rio Frio on the Cauca river, where our little sternwheeler was taking wood, that I first got close to them "in action." As I left the boat for a short walk in the virgin bottom forest I heard howlers a little distance in. 1 knew that they were small animals (our biggest male weighed 17 pounds) and could do me no harm. Yet I confess that I had to exert a greater control of mind over matter than I have elsewhere ever been called upon to show, in order to overcome my instinctive desire to be somewhere else,

Although I was certain that I was perfectly safe, it took all my nerve that first time to move up under the tree whence came that courage-killing, menacing bellow. There were only four of them-an old male, a female and two half-grown young; probably a famlly. Yet the terrible noise that issued -principally from the bearded and swollen throat of the old male-seemed really to make the atmosphere quake. As I stood below he would rush down toward me, bellowing outrageously, and I thought it took some fortitude at first to stand by until he retreated again. The noise, as I analyzed it at the time, was a deep, throaty, bass roar, with something of the quality of grunting pigs, or the barking bellow of a bull alligator, or an ostrich. Accompanying that sound was a weird, crooning sort of wall, probably the contribution of the female or the young, or both.

The noise was fully as loud as the full-throated roaring of lions, and that it has marvelous carrying power was frequently attested when we heard it from the far side of some of the great Andcan valleys as we wound our tortuous way across the Central Cordillera.-Louis Agassiz Fuertes, in Bird Lore.

WAR WRECKS ARE MADE OVER

Remarkable Operations Being Performed on Wounded Soldiers of European Battlefields.

Operations by which important and even vital parts of the human body, shattered or completely shot away, have been rebuilt or replaced are now among the commonplace events of the military hospitals of Europe. In the hospitals in England the science of surgery has reached heights heretofore undreamed of, thanks largely to the efficient direction of Sir Alfred Keogh, director general of the British army medical service. From the beginning war Sir Alfred has Imp upon his subordinates the necessity of the saving of the limbs of wounded soldiers when it is at all possible, in order that the patients may remain useful members of the community and not be-

come public charges. Amputations are now avoided in thousands of cases where two years ago they would have been considered absolutely necessary. Marvels have also been accomplished in the new nerve surgery, which has been developed as a result of the vast multitude of cases in which the nerves have been severed.

Sir Alfred Keogh, the director of the army medical service of Great Britain, is in his sixtleth year, and is the son of a Roscommon barrister. He gained his first experience in war- me surgery during the South African conflict, when he was in charge of a general hospital. His work was so efficient that he was awarded several medals, and in-1904 became director general of the service. He retired in 1909, but returned to the hend of the medical service when he war broke out. Sir Alfred has been the recipient of many honors from medical

and scientific organizations,

Curious American Custom. I do not know that Viscount Kaneko can be reckoned among the great men of Japan, but he is certainly one of her most interesting sons. He has been prominent among governmental and legislative circles, but he is unpopular in some quarters because of his pro-Americanism. No one in Japan understands Amreica and Americans better, says the Christian Herald, and, as he says, he has given 17 years of his life to explaining American ways to the Japanese.

America, for he was educated in the Rice Grammar school of Boston, in the Boston Latin school and Harvard college and Mount Desert and Cape Ann are as familiar to him as to any New Englander. He was in college with Colonel Roosevelt and knows him well. "I have camped out with American

No wonder that he understands

boys," he said, "and lived with them in their homes. In every home they had family prayers, and at first when they kneeled down I didn't know what to do, but I soon learned."

Daylight Law Cuts Gasbills. The manager of the Glasgow gas

works in Scotland has issued a statement showing the effect of the new daylight bill upon the gas consumption of that city. Last year the consumption of gas from six o'clock until midnight for three weeks amounted to 124,680,000 cubic feet. It was 104,-127,000 this year for the same perioda saving of 20,000,000 cubic feet. This means an average saving of nearly a million feet each evening. There is an Increase of over 12,000,000 cubic feet during the remaining 18 hours of the day, due to the great demand for gas for industrial purposes-chiefly from the government-to meet the demands