

The Borthwick Theory

By E. C. DAWSON.

Professor John Borthwick closed his front door at 9.14 a. m., one moment ahead of scheduled time. This enabled him to collect a scrap of paper from his lawn and enter it decently in a bed of variegated leaves fallen from the maples bordering the roadway. The sharp October breeze exhumed it almost before his back was turned, and his housekeeper, watching from an upper window, observed that men with a vast amount of brain showed an extraordinary want of common sense.

Professor Borthwick—with the alphabet transposed after his name—walked to the end of the block and turned the corner that brought the buildings of the Canadian Geological Survey into view. For a generation past he had been one of the department's shining lights; over and above all, he was the Borthwick Theory.

It was impossible, in scientific circles, to discuss the pre-glacial period in Polar regions without reference to the Borthwick Theory. It permeated the calculations of two decades of geologists as inevitably as the knowledge that certain fossils were characteristic of certain horizons. The world over the Theory was discussed and quoted, argued and dissented from. Of course, there was dissension—the very magnitude of the theme courted criticism from its bearing upon vast economic possibilities in the Northwest provinces, as yet but partially explored. Not that Professor Borthwick concerned himself intimately with economic questions; his interests were centred in the course of events before Man was.

His critics, also the possessors of comely alphabetical tails, were the members of other surveys; they disputed the Borthwick Theory in the academic journals, and fended Professor Borthwick at international congresses.

Meanwhile, the scientific world, approving and dissenting, waited contentedly; men to whom a thousand years were as a day, geologically speaking, expected to wait; even the optimists scarcely supposed that Professor Borthwick would have the luck to personally establish his claim to posterity.

The Theory had its origin in a handful of obscure fossils collected by the professor in early manhood, when field instructions had taken him, one of a band of pioneers, into unexplored regions bordering upon the Arctic.

Years passed, and each season found him pursuing his investigations with patient, unswerving energy; those untrodden lands became divisions, the divisions districts; wide-wake prospectors began to follow in the Geological's Survey's footsteps; Professor Borthwick continued to collect fossils in summer and determine them in winter, and slowly but surely his researches strengthened his convictions.

Borthwick on Northwestern geology attained importance in the eyes of the department, his views passed, in process of time, to wider acceptance as Dr. Borthwick's Theories, and finally attained impressive, singular and international significance as the Borthwick Theory.

The Professor aged with the Theory; younger men went into the field, able—where he was now unable—to withstand the hardships entailed; he remained in his laboratory, and on the evidences of their researches continued to deduce and establish the Theory, link by link. Year by year he hoped for the conclusive results that would blazon it on time's records as incontrovertible fact.

Thus, the autumn was a season of paramount importance to him, since it heralded the return of the field staff and the possibility that the Northwest had yielded the clues he needed.

A sharp gust of wind swirled his coat tails; the Professor folded the garment closer without annoyance; a touch of frost in the air, and clear sunshine induced a physical sense of wellbeing that demanded analysis, together with the opposite deduction that it was possible to feel otherwise. He paused on the steps of the survey with a dawning sense of misgiving. Suppose that, in place of confirmatory evidence, the season's work served to weaken the foundations of the Theory, or in any way suggested the possibility of his critics being right and he wrong. Even in the home survey there were men who doubted—youths of thirty-five and forty who based their arguments on experience that, compared with Professor Borthwick's, was insignificant.

Some of them had theories of their own, and toward these he exercised the courtesy and tolerance becoming in a man who had forgotten more than they ever knew. For the Theory, so far as it went, was circumstantially proved—even as theory it was a laurel that had creditably adorned his lifetime and would undoubtedly be utilized on his bust.

A side door into the building opened to exude a couple of empty crates, indicating, therefore, that the fossils and mineral specimens collected in the past season were unpacked and awaiting identification.

The Professor's autumnal elation reasserted itself, his forebodings vanished; entering the Survey, he said good-morning to the janitor in a tone

that caused the official to note thoughtfully that he mounted the stairs to the next floor taking two at a time.

He remembered that same buoyancy in the Professor when the patriarchal beard had been brown, and, coupled with baldness and comparative youth, sufficiently incongruous to suggest the possibility of hair restorer applied absent-mindedly to the wrong place.

A spirit of bustle and rejuvenation pervaded the Survey; the field parties were assembling day by day from all quarters, and exchanging specimens and experiences.

In a corridor Professor Borthwick happened upon a man fresh from the centre—to him—of vital interest. They paused for an interchange of greetings. The Professor was popular with the younger generation following his footsteps in the Northwest; its solitudes bore everlasting witness of him and of their esteem, even though the Theory should pass, in a Borthwick mountain, a Borthwick river, and lakes to match.

"A successful season, I hope, Tillman?" said the Professor punctiliously, but with an undernote of eagerness in his voice that was unmistakable.

"That's for you to decide, Professor," the younger man replied. "There's a crateful of specimens waiting for you, some of them new, I think. We followed up the west fork of the Borthwick and explored one of the unknown tributaries. A wonderful country, but the difficulties—"

"No doubt, no doubt," interrupted the Professor gently; transport problems were mere details, and he anticipated facts. "Come to my room when you have a moment to spare, and I will be glad to note everything likely to be of service in my researches."

He proceeded down the corridor and reached the door labelled with his name.

His stenographer, Miss Dickson, was seated at her desk, studying the stock and share column of the morning paper.

"Good morning," said the Professor, with the same jubilation he had evinced toward the janitor. "What a delightful day!"

"Good morning," said Miss Dickson, without looking up. She never encouraged the Professor to be enthusiastic at 9.30 a. m.; it involved working through the luncheon hour without a break, which was bad for both of them.

"A delightful morning," pursued the Professor, unchilled. When not conversing academically he tried to be conventional, and became commonplace. "I believe the market is going up," he added, after a pause and a flash of inspiration.

"Down," replied Miss Dickson, pursuing the damping process. She dabbled mildly in shares, and the Professor heard of her ventures with the puzzled interest that a man with a banking account and no use for money would naturally evince toward a woman with gambling propensities—and a salary.

Next to the Theory, Miss Dickson was an indispensable adjunct to the Professor's welfare. Every New Year's Eve a check, for the purchase of additional shares, lay on her desk, presented "with the gratitude and esteem of J. Borthwick."

She was a little, energetic woman, agreeable, well educated, well read; ten years as the Professor's secretary had grounded her so effectually in the Theory and all pertaining to it that she had become a source of reference on the subject, consulted by the Professor and the geological staff, indiscriminately. A kindly nature enhanced her mental attainments, coupled with an assured manner. She was self-sacrificing and self-assertive as occasion demanded, championed her chief in public, and bullied him in private as one who knew his weaknesses and corrected his spelling.

He turned to his desk and the morning's correspondence. Miss Dickson laid aside her paper.

"The new batch of fossils came in this morning," she said. "I had them arranged in the sampling room."

"I met Tillman as I came in," the Professor replied; "from what he said it's just possible they have happened upon something new."

He reverted to his letters. "Nothing of importance—ah, yes, unfortunately—a reminder from the Editor of 'The Scientific Journal' about the contribution I promised. He shall have that note on a Fossil Fish Tooth from the Devonian—when it's finished, only"—he referred again to the letter and glanced toward the sampling room door regretfully—"he wants it at once."

"And you want to get to the fossils, so 'The Journal' must wait," suggested Miss Dickson, conniving with the Professor's inclination against his conscience.

"A promise," began the Professor pedantically, drifting toward a bureau.

From a drawer containing manuscript he extracted the Fossil Fish Tooth sheets. Miss Dickson took them from him compassionately.

"I'll look through it and see what alteration is needed—your attention would be so divided," she said.

The Professor bore the imputation with meekness and made a bee line for the sampling room.

"Be sure you come to me if there is anything unnecessary or unintelligible, in your opinion," he paused to add from the threshold—to propitiate Miss Dickson and palliate the sense of wrongdoing.

Miss Dickson nodded and smiled; the Professor, artful and conscience-stricken, was genuinely humorous.

Left in solitude, she commenced work on the Note; it covered several pages, closely typewritten, and even to her scientifically adjusted mind became a trifle tedious. She turned, for diversion, to the Professor's correspondence and prepared the replies for his signature.

Middy struck; the janitor knocked at the door with a telephonic dinner invitation for the Professor.

"Ask for the number and say the Professor will ring up later," replied Miss Dickson. "He is busy with some fossils, and I can't disturb him."

It was her custom to waive matters of minor importance without reference to him, an authority the Professor never resented.

In the next hour various individuals dropped in for conversation with the Professor, and stayed to enjoy it with Miss Dickson. It was past the luncheon hour when the last departed, and the Professor was still closeted in the sampling room. Miss Dickson decided to give him another half hour, and reverted, hungry but patient, to the Fossil Fish Tooth. At the end of the period she knocked at the door and entered.

"Time you went to lunch, Professor," she said.

He was seated with his back toward her, before a table littered with rock specimens, his head sunk between his shoulders, his elbows resting on the table.

It struck her, for the first time, that he looked very old and shrivelled and fragile; the reaction, possible, from his earlier elation. She approached softly, to avoid startling him.

He seemed unconscious of her presence; his eyes were glued to a magnifying glass beneath which lay a fragment of limestone containing fossils.

"It is past 2 o'clock—time you went to luncheon, Professor," she repeated.

He made no reply, nor even the slightest movement. She waited a moment longer, and with a woman's intuition divined that something was wrong.

"What is it, Professor?" she exclaimed.

He turned his head slowly and stared at her with a sort of mute defiance.

"Professor, there's something wrong! Tell me what it is," she said sharply.

He pointed at the specimens before him and tried to speak, and with the several languages at his command could find no word to express himself.

He raised his eyes to hers, shamefacedly; a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her—he read it in her eyes—and flung the magnifier from him with a gesture of despair.

"All—dis—proved," he said, faltering from syllable to syllable, and sank back in the chair, a withered, decrepit, old, old man.

"Nonsense! Not the Theory?" she retorted, struggling with overwhelming conviction of the truth and the utter futility of fighting against it.

A knock came at the outer door. It galvanized the poor, broken old man into active misery.

"A laughing stock! A doddering old idiot. Good God!" he said.

Miss Dickson answered the knock instantaneously, stepped into the passage and closed the door behind her.

"The Professor is busy, extremely busy; for goodness' sake leave him in peace," she said with irritation to the intruder. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Tillman; I beg your pardon—will you come back presently—I mean to-morrow? Professor Borthwick promised an article for the next number of 'The Scientific Journal,' and we must get it off to-day, somehow."

Tillman departed, after a chaffing reference to the business methods of academic cranks. In his wake followed the janitor with another message.

"Look here, Symes," said Miss Dickson decisively, "tell every one who wants the professor—in or out of the building—that he's too busy to be interrupted to-day—on any account. I'm sick of repeating the same thing."

The janitor shuffled away; Miss Dickson re-entered the study and paused for a moment's reflection. Before returning to the Professor she slipped on her hat and coat.

He sighed with relief at her entry; his misery became a shade less acute in her presence; she seemed, temporarily, to stand between him and exposure. Then he noted with deeper despair that she had donned walking attire.

She came to the table and scrutinized the specimens lying before him. Next she turned to a cabinet filled with rock sections labelled "Borthwick River Series," and picked out several fragments from a miscellaneous heap, resembling in shape and size those that lay on the table.

The Professor watched her with pathetic curiosity; she came beside him and picked up the tall-tale limestone near the magnifier, and dropped the pieces one by one into the capacious pockets of her coat.

"The river," she said quietly, and arranged the specimens from the cabinet in the space beside the glass.

"No, no!" he exclaimed.

She drew on her gloves with determination.

"They will never be missed," she said.

He remembered with terrible joy that she had always had her own way. She was having it now, and he sat there—unprotesting.

"Now, I'm going to lock you in for a few minutes, Professor," she resumed. "You've overdone things to-day, and you're too busy to see people."

The door handle clicked, and the key turned on the outside. Inevitable reaction succeeded the tension of the last few moments; a shiver ran through the distraught old man—his head swam, a tightness at his throat and chest turned him sick and clammy, his head dropped limply on his hands.

"I'm dying for luncheon and a mouthful of fresh air," said Miss Dickson to the janitor, in passing. "I won't be gone long, but don't forget my instructions about the Professor."

She took the air from the bridge spanning the river, pitching stones into the stream with vigorous accuracy.

Thus the Borthwick Theory remained unrefuted for a season, at all events, and possibly for an indefinite period. But she saw in perspective a vista of weary days—she and the Professor enacting the pretence, and the Professor enacting the pretence of the Theory; she could do it, but he, with his abstruse intellect and elemental simplicity, was like a child—there was childish, helpless abandonment in his grief, but where the child's misery is short lived, his would endure—till the sods in the Northwest had been opened to receive Professor Borthwick, as provided for in his will.

He was old, and it was a terrible shock. Miss Dickson found herself wondering, conscience-stricken, how long it would be.

She hastened back to the Survey and the Professor. He had not stirred from his seat, and made no sign when she laid her hand on the arm of the chair.

"Professor!" she said, softly.

He did not reply; she scarcely expected that he would, and stood for a moment irresolute, reluctant to rouse him. His watch lying on the table ticked out the seconds; she counted them mechanically. No other sound broke the stillness, not even the Professor's breathing—she held her own to listen.

Another moment passed, and she dropped on her knees beside the chair.

"Professor!" she cried, and her fingers closed on his wrist. "Oh, Professor!"

She dragged his hands from his face and his head dropped sideways, limp and unrightly. She shrank away horror-struck and reached to the bell.

A rumor rushed through the building that old Borthwick was in a stupor; later, the news spread that he was dead.

Miss Dickson was blamed for the folly of letting an old man remain for so many hours without interruption and without food.

"Heart, I'll be bound," said the janitor. "It's what you'd expect when a man of his age tries to climb the stairs two at a time."

"Heart, I am sure," said Miss Dickson, with nervous conviction.—The Sketch.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He is not eloquent whose words do not change acts.

Complacency is often complacently mistaken for consecration.

A little laughter lengthens all our lives and shortens every day.

There is no outer radiance from the life that has no inner light.

Deep in the dark alley we often find the foot of the golden ladder.

The worst of all liars may be able to make the best analysis of truth.

The honorable man will always honor the things that are honorable.

The emergent tide will do a lot to solve the problem of the submerged tenth.

Many women forget that it takes more than a perfect house to make a home.

The social for revenue only does not promote the righteousness of the church.

Every weed that comes to fruition is to remind us that good seed is not barren.

The religion that can be confined to place and season is never in place or in season.

The virtues with which we are oppressed are not impressing others in the same way.

You cannot eliminate selfishness by legislation, but you can sometimes check its speed.

This world is being saved by the love that could die, and not by any theory about it.

Some men think they save the leaping ship by hauling a new flag to the masthead.

He who has walked life's way in truth always sees the promise through the gates of death.

They become blind to the spiritual who will not blind themselves to some of the things of sense.

The Love that is ever within us gives us greater comfort than even the hope of the life beyond.

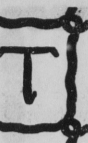
A rubber-tired vice is likely to take just as straight a course and make even better time to the pit than the old rattle-rim kind.—Ram's Horn.

More than 5000 Russian Jews emigrated to Palestine in one month.

Life Philosophy of a Gilded Youth

By Wilson Mizner.

(He married the middle-aged, millionaire widow of Charles T. Yerkes.)



TIME belongs to no union. He never goes on a strike. While we sleep our enemy is ever at work. Sooner or later he gets us all. Life is always a disappointment. It is a big practical joke.

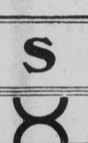
Work! Don't speak of it. It is the poorest excuse of an occupation I know of. No one ever got a snapshot at me doing manual labor. I hate work like the Lord hates St. Louis. But why should I work? I never committed any crime. Ugh! I wouldn't mind getting up at 7 in the morning. But if I had to I couldn't. I'd lie awake all night long thinking about it. Work is a curse. I can't understand people making such work out of pleasure.

There's this skating rink fad in New York. It's too much effort. And I never could understand a man's going to a dance with four collars in his hat extracting pleasure hopping around and perspiring. I'd get operated on for anything that would make me energetic. The ideal state of existence is rest. Sleep and food; then food and sleep, and then reverse the process. Be sure it's light, then go to bed. The sun just lulls me to sleep.

People take me for a clothes-rack; a namby-pamby jackass; a peaceful baboon who wouldn't raise his hand to help a fellow, capable of only the most elementary knowledge, two ideas being an unlawful assemblage. Dress is a secondary consideration with me. I'm a perfect slob. I only go around so the health commissioners won't complain. As for money, I don't care for that either. I have always made a lot, but I never can keep it. If I had \$8 at the end of a year I'd break out in a rash.

Japan's Trade Invasion of Europe

By Major-Gen. Sir Alexander Tulloch.



SOME fifteen years ago, when there was a possibility of the manufacturers of warlike stores being too busy in England to supply what we might require in Australia, I got our minister of defense in Victoria to try what Japan could do in making rifles to special patterns. We sent a cadet of the rifle (Francott) and a Wilkinson officer's sword. In a wonderfully short time we got a dozen perfectly made rifles at the same price we had hitherto given, and a dozen swords quite equal to the Wilkinson for £1 each—just one-third of our contract price for the same article from England.

In articles of ordinary use, such things as cricket bats and tennis racquets made in Japan are in Australia cutting out similar articles made in England. Last summer, when in the Highlands, I was informed that a consignment of Japanese-made nail-brushes similar to English ones had actually found its way to a town in the east of Scotland.

I found Japanese boots made to measure when I was in Yokohama so good that I now get my boots from Japan by parcel post. The material—American leather—and the make are both excellent; the price, including carriage, just one-half of what I have hitherto paid for similar boots in London.

How to Limit Big Fortunes

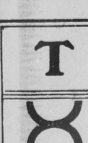
By Professor James Walter Crook, of Amherst College.

FORTUNES may be considered as swollen beyond healthy limits which yield from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year. The methods of relief sometimes proposed are an arbitrary limit to the amount an individual may accumulate; progressive taxation of incomes, and progressive inheritance taxes. Where should the limit be drawn? The limitation is repressive and is meant to be so. It would put a premium upon relative inefficiency and deprive society of the advantage of beneficial enterprises. A progressive tax on incomes high enough to accomplish the purpose aimed at has the same disadvantages. There is left the progressive tax on inheritance. As a measure aiming at revenue, I approve of it. It is easily collected. As a measure to limit fortunes, however, it seems to me more doubtful. To accomplish the purpose the rate must be very high. A tax heavy enough would involve a problem of administration. Even so low a rate as 30 percent would mean a tax of \$15,000,000 for every estate of \$50,000,000, and there are now many fortunes of that size.

There are said to be fifty men in Pittsburgh alone whose fortunes exceed that amount, and in the case of some well known fortunes the tax would amount to upward of \$43,000,000. The greatest objection is the encouragement which the heavy taxation of the wealthy will give to extravagant public expenditures.

Demoralizing Effect of Money

By Walter Beverley Crane.



THE first and most conspicuous of the moral influences of money, as they are developing themselves in our actual society, is a consequence of the undeniable but prodigious fact that most rich people are radically convinced that to be rich is in itself a merit.

It is amazing, but it is so. There are persons of this description who positively scorn other people because they are not rich, too; who look upon dollars as the one test of merit, and who regard poverty as a condition of low inferiority, if not, indeed, of absolute degradation and disgrace.

It is deplorable, but it is so.

To ask such persons, men or women, to believe that their money is nothing but a mere accident, a simple hazard of the game of life, would be like telling them that two and two make five; they could not comprehend it—the allegation would surpass their understanding. Of course, your plutocratic readers will laugh and quote Voltaire: "It is more easy to write about money than to have it; and those who have it laugh at those who can only write about it."

Yes, it is laughable, and it is so.