LITTLE HOUSE O' DREAMS

Dittle house with windows wide A-looking toward the seal
How have you come—why have you come To mean so much to me?
Your walls within my heart are raised, And, oh, how strange it seems, My hopes but measure to yeur root, O little house of dreams!
My house to dreams!
My house of dreams!
Mither house of dreams

O little place where friends will corne, The tangied world to flee; Brave little nook where peace will bide, And hosnitality! I -- Claire Wallace Flynn, in Ainslee's Magazine.

******* The Beetle of the Mandarin By Vera L. Connolly.

John Harriman, American Consul at Shanghai, lay back in his chair and stretched his feet toward the blaze. Without, the snow fell ceaselesly.

Shanghai, lay back in its chain and stretched his feet toward the blaze. Without, the snow fell ceaselesly. Its large, whirling flakes settled on the sedan chairs, the wheels of the rickshas and the shoulders of the cool-

The tall buildings beyond the consulate grounds were outlined in soft, gleaming white. A large covered chair, held by three coolies, was carried up the path to the door of the consulate

Harriman aroused himself as one coolie entered with lights and another announced the presence of the great Lu Luang. The ceremony of greeting over with, the old mandarin seated himself and drew his chair to the fire. consul waited courteously for

him to explain his errand, but the old man remained silent, his eyes fixed on the leaping flames. His robe of gray silk, fur-lined and

His robe of gray silk, fur-lined and embroidered in gold and scarlet but-terflies, caught the light and shim-mered with each movement. It sur-passed anything the American had ever seen

er seen. 'We are having bad weather," ven-

tured the consul. "Yes. Shanghai is wrapped in snow while Canton is gay with butterflies and flowers. But what can we expect? Is this not China?" With an express-ive wave of the hand.

ive wave of the hand. The young consul, comprehending the Chinese character, and knowing the old mandarin well, waited for him to continue the conversation. At last the other turned slowly, and fixed his

"I have come to ask you a favor. I very seldom ask favors." Harriman bowed. "I place nyself at

your service," he replied.

The mandarin spoke quietly. "I have traced the jewels." "Ah! that is good news. And you have found the thief?" The Ameri-"There was no thief," I Lu Luang

spoke quietly. "What! No thief!"

"I say they were not stolen." The consul hid his surprise as best he could. Lu Luang looked languidly

around him. "We are alone?"

"Certainly."

"Then I shall explain. For my own reasons it was best to report them stolen. They were taken away -by the thieving hands of Lu Luang. Do you follow me? The consul bowed gravely. "You

have sold them?'

have sold them?" "Yes, I needed a great deal of money. Work is impossible for a Chinese nobleman. I therefore was forced to sell the jewels of my ances-tors to obtain this sum. I shall some day recover them. They are safe. They brought to me a vast sum." "Undoubtedly." At this juncture

"Undoubtedly." At this juncture the servant entered with liqueurs, and after he had departed the old man continued.

"By mistake our household token of Luang, was sold with the lot. "It is a small piece of feather jewelry, in itself almost valueless, but necessary to self almost valueless, but necessary to the welfare of our family. As I knew not that it was kept with the jewels, I did not miss it. The fury of the gods has descended upon us. My son is dy-ing. The beetle must be recovered." Harirman rose with an expression of sympathy, and crossing over to the old mandarin, stood before him. "Connoc the physicians help, your

The old Chinaman shock his head. "Medical help can do nothing for him. Thief-Stealer-Red-ha The token must be recovered. It was the consul's coolies were forced ods of farming. It may be put bac American man and woman. Recent events in England and France are a rethe green eyes! There he is. Yahai! American man and woman. Recent events in England and France are a re-proach to noble munhood and true womanhood on both sides of the sea. Some of these titled foreigners deserve and receive the contempt of all true American men and women. How can these women so far forget a worthy and religious American ancestry as to forswear the religion of their fathers and the country of their own birth? a gift of the gods to my forefathers. We have provoked their anger, and my son's life is dependent on their he consults cooles were infect to back into a neighboring shop in order that the others could pass. After twenty minutes of such travel, by means of manures and nitrate of He looked back. A terrifying sight soda, but this is very expensive, and, moreover, the nitrate of soda is being rapidly used up, just as guano was used up. Thus we are spidly and Around the corner behind him swung a Chinese mob, with faces dis-torted, howling as they ran, and pointgood pleasure the chair halted before a shop more The dignity and sincerity of the pretentious than most of them, and Thus we are rapidly aped up. presided over by a large Chinaman who hurried to the door as the consul proaching a precipice, and unless something happens it is only a ques-tion of time when we shall reach it.' , This limit was placed at twenty-five stately old man deeply impressed the ing at him. 'Yahai! Give us the green beetle. ealer!" At sight of his face the **************** 'Can't you recover the emblem from entered. Stealer!' the purchaser of your jewels?" "No, he has sold it. But wait. I do "I am honored. How can I serve cries broke out afresh. "Stealer. Kill him!" years by the chairman. George Pow vou? He bowed deeply before the years by the chairman, George Pow-ell, in introducing the speaker. But something has already happen-ed. This is the discovery of a microbe, which, acting on the roots of legumi-nous plants, has the power of taking An now where it is. He sold it to the mandarin, Gum Sag Lee. He, in turn, has placed it in the hands of Song American. Harriman glanced at the bare little He sank back, weak and sick. These men were accusing him of some imagi-nary theft that they might mob him A Friendly Deadlock shop in surprise. "I must have made a mistake. I am Wen, the auctioneer, in Canton, to be sold at auction in four days." and steal what more they could find in his clothes. Arguing with them were worse than useless. The desire to kill had made beasts of them. Most of them did not even know what searching for Song Wen, the tioneer." . Ey J. O. Fagan. nitrogen from the illimitable supply o the air. Plants grown from seeds in oculated with this microbe contain 100 "Can't you buy it back before the "I am he." auction takes place?" ~v Song Wen has been instructed "I wish to see the articles to be sold "No. HEN people are killed, when property is wrecked, we have nothing to say. It is for the management to figure out rea-sons and remedies. Of course, as individuals, we are in-terested and sorry when accidents happer, but personally do not bestir ourselves, nor do we call upon our organiza-tions to bestir themselves in the matter. We simply stand pat on our rights. If a prominent railroad man is ques-tioned on the subject of railroad accidents, he will shrug his shoulders and say, "Human nature." So far as he is con-cerned, railroad men are to be protected, not criticized. If you turn to the management your errand will be equally fruitless. The superintendent will have little to say. Generally speaking, he has no fault to find with the men a Wern os see the articles to be sold at Wednesday's auction." "Certainly, Follow me." Song drew aside a hanging at the back of the shop and they passed into a long room, dimly lighted by two brass not to sell the jewel to me. Gum Sag Lee will publicly buy it back at the auction. That will clear him of any underhand method of acquiring it." percent more nitrogen than those un they were running for. innoculated, and have the ground se If they searched him they would find upon it without a fertilizer. The United States government has that vast sum he had in his purse, and which he could never repay to Lu "Can't you over-bid him?" "No. My tael are few. His are many. I am an old man. He will suc-ceed me, if my son lives not. My son's life is lamps supended from above. It was crowded with furniture, brasses, cloi-sonne jars, ivories, fans, embroidered hangings and trays of jade and uncut een supplying these bacteria to the Luang. He must make the steamer farmers in a dormant state upon cot-ton, but their use has been attended with considerable uncertainty. They were often devoid of life, Dr. Thomas No. The chair was swaying back and forth, striking the shop signs on either side, and sending them spinning. He looked ahead. The steamer lay at the life is dependent on the recovery of the beetle. Don't you understand?" "Yes. He must be stopped. Why stones "Yes. He must be stopped. not appeal to the law?" The American paused in the midst and they required from one to four days' development under conditions to which the farmer could or would not Why of all this splendor, while the mer-chant lighted several lamps, which flared up brightly. dock, not two blocks away. Suddenly have little to say. Generally speaking, he has no fault to find with the men, and the men have little fault to find with him. This seems to be a tacit under-standing in the interests of harmony. It being impossible to move without treading on somebody's toes, by all means let us remain motionless. As for there came a blinding crash, and h was thrown forward on his face. Th "No, no. It must never be known that the jewels of the house of Luang "You have heard of the ivories? No? chair was motionless. He leaped out. His coolies were It would mean everlasting onform. They are very beautiful." He led the way to a large black cabinet, on which the gleaming pieces were srikingly The government is now beginning to disgrace the public interests, they must shift for themselves. Consequently, in place of earnest co-operation in the interests of efficiency and improved service, there is something in the nature of a friendly deadlock between men and management.—The Atlantic. running down the street. They had deserted him. Behind came the mob. A huge man holding a knife was alput them up in bottles, and in this way they can be sent all over the world "Is there no way?" I think there is one way: if "Yes you will recover it for me. At my approach all signs of it would be hidarranged. without injury to their usefulness .-most upon him. He picked up the carving of a tiny, New York Tribune.

and, seeing it, offer to purchase it. Will you do this for me?" The American stretched out his hand. "I am glad I can do something

for you. It will not inconvenience me in the least, as I had planned to run up to Canton on Monday. How much shall I offer for it?" The mandarin drew a purse from his

sleeve and handed it to the consul. "It is all I have. If necessary use the last tael." He rose as he spoke and walked to the door. His coolies were summoned, and soon his chair

was in readiness. He drew the consul back into the hall and embraced him. "My good friend," he said, "from to-

morrow morning the Chang Read is open to American merchants. Good-'Thank you, Luang. Good-bye

"Thank you, Luang. Good-bye." The consul stood watching the chair until it disappeared behind the trees. Then his care-worn face lighted up. "I am very glad. No more driving through the old cemetery. The fever will be greatly lessened this summer." He closed the door and went back to his study to arrange his affairs for the morning start. morning start.

Four days later, in the early morn-ing, a little steamer nosed her way up the Pearl River toward the city of Canton

The river was alive with boats and noisy with gabble of rival merchants as they poled their cumbersome junks through the throngs of houseboats, for which Canton is famous. These con-sisted of samrans roofed over in one place by a matting and indesrthably

place by a matting, and indescribably dirty. They were usually propelled by women and children, while their lords and masters smoked luxuriously in the

stern

stern. John Harriman stood on the steam-er's deck, watching them shove from under the boat's prow barely in time to escape being, swamped. They closed the steamer in on either side as a huge ice pack might. Scarce a square foot of water could be seen be-tween them

tween them. Occasional splotches of color marked

Occasional splotches of color marked the progress of a flower-boat, for these heathenish relics of former days are still to be seen on the Pearl River. The whole scene was full of life. Even the boats themselves, with their care-fully painted eyes, their graceful prows and flapping salls, resembled huge brown birds.

Soon the endless string of hous boats gave place to a long wharf, from which narrow, irregular streets ran back, lined on either side by shops, on through the old city of the dead to the reat Tartar Wall-this was Canton. As the steamer made fast to the pier amid a great clanging of bells and cries of chairmen, the coolies poured

from the lower deck, and soon the consul's chair was in readiness for him. He gave a few directions and the cool-ies trotted up the principal street, which was so narrow that the hang-

ngs of the chairs almost brushed the hops on either side. Overhead the roofs jutted out to withn a few inches of each other, making the street look like a narrow hallway. The shops were open to the street, and their owners could be seen within arranging their display, or seated be-side their counters, smoking. In the meat shops, rats, ducks and chou-dogs, dried and cured, were strung from the coulding

cient titles son Just then the cries from behind be-came clearer. That it is a matter of sale and purchase cannot be doubted. These abominable transactions bring the blush to the cheek of every honorable

half-open peach, in which a child nestled. Every feature of the infant's face was perfectly represented; the peach itself was without a flaw, and all of it was no larger than a marble. "Beautiful!" Harriman stepped to the light and examined it. Song Wen quietly named the auc-

"Sell it to me now?" "No. Nothing is to be sold until the

uction next Wednesday."

auction next Wednesday." "I will come then." The auctioneer smiled and led him from one fascinating heap to another. Finally he stopped at a black cabinet and, with a quick push, a secret drawer sprang out. On a silk pad glittered a half-dozen unout stones, blue and red. As the consul bent over the fox, the purpose of his visit eame back to him. "They are certainly beautiful. But,

"They are certainly beautiful. But, have you no feather ornaments? I am greatly interested in the feather

jewelry. The auctioneer jerked out a large drawer with a look of disgust at such plebeian taste, and leaving the Ameri-can to look them over, he turned back

to close the drawer of jewels. Harriman bent down over the orna-ments eagerly. The half light dis-Harriman bent down over the orna-ments eagerly. The half light dis-played a collection of pins, armlets and earrings. There were insects, flowers and birds, mounted in steel, and gleaming red, blue and purple. In the very front of the drawer lay a tiny green object. He bent closer. A sharp metallic click started him.

A sharp metallic click started him, and he straightened up. It was prob-ably the charms on his watch chain striking against the ornaments in the drawer.

"I'll have to take them closer to the light." He moved across to the lamp and examined the contents of the drawer minutely.

The red and purple bees and butter-flies stared back at him from their cushion of cotton. There was not one green ornament in the box. He uttered an exclamation of disappoint-

Going back to the cabinet he at tempted to replace the drawer. It stuck, and while he was jerking at it, Song Wen came over to him. "Never mind that. I'll replace it.

"Never mind that. I'll replace it. Have you found anything you admire particularly?" "No." Harriman moved to the door, carefully stepping past a pair of tall ox-blood jars, pased under the hanging and into the bare little shop, the auc-tioneer following. His cooles awaited him at the door. "You will come argin? On Wednes.

"You will come again? On Wednes-day, perhaps?" the auctioneer asked. "Yes. Good-day. "Good-day." Song Wen stood bow-

ing in the doorway until the chair had Ing in the dorway which the chair had turned a sharp corner and the last coolie disappeared. Then he entered the shop and passed under the hang-ing into the long, dark room. The tray lay as he had left it a moment before. He carried it to the light and began to arrange the articles on the cotton pad.

Suddenly he jumped back, his olive face paling. "The green bettle! It is not here! I am ruined! I am ruined!" He stood there a minute, mumbling to bimstif There cilliont

to himself. Then, calling to a coolie, he hurried into the shop and on down the street, calling excitedly as he ran. Meanwhile, John Harriman lay back

on his cushions, tired and disappoint ed. He had failed to obtain the on tiny object on which the health of all the American residents of Shanghai had rested. For he knew well that in case he did not reover the bette Lu Luang would again close the Chang Road to American merchants. Again they would be compelled to use the

old Cemetery Road, in which fever was always lurking for its prey. Suddenly a shrill cry came from be Studienty a shart civ can a home boom of voices; then the sound of a crowd of people running. "Fire," he thought. Leaning from the car he called to the coolies, "Hurry

up.

They began to run. It was a dangerous proceeding in Canton. As the heavy chair lumbered through the streets, the Chinese ran to their doors, scowling

shocked the civilized world. American parents have done more and worse than did these starving peasants. American girls have sold their woman-hood, their country, their language, and their religion for husbands who are peculiarly contemptible cads and altogether worthless, although having an-He leaned from the window and looked out. The wharf lay directly ahead. He breathed a sigh of relief. "Cannot the physicians help your ceiling. Everywhere the American's chair was followed by sulky, scowling glances. Once, meeting another chair, explained. The most important ele-ment of the soil is nitrogen, and this is rapidly used up by our present meth-

"Ctealer. Kill!" "Gtealer. Kill!" Turping, he ran down the street. Behind him he heard his pursuers, as their wooden shoes clattered on the rough cobbles. He heard their in-sane howling: "Kill. Yahai! Kill!" He shuddered and ran faster, his beed down and his arms swinging. head down and his arms swinging. Crashing suddenly into some one ap-proaching, he fell to the ground. He struggled to his feet and ran on down L'anna the narrow street, past open shops stumbling over the cobble stones.

stumbling over the cobble stones. Still the icries behind grew nearer and nearer. He looked up. There lay the steamer, beyond the next corner. It had not gone yet. He must make it! "Kill". Something struck him in the arm and glanced off. He stooped, picked up the knife, and plunged on accel again

His breath was coming in gasps. His limbs felt dull and heavy. As he passed the last corner, he staggered across the square to the line of chairs and rickshas. If only these men did not stop him he would be safe.

But the cries from behind had pre-ceded him. A couple of ricksha men sprang at him. He dodged them only sprang at him. He dodged them only to meet a third. Striking out right and left with his knife, he ran on.

The steamer rail was lined with anxious faces. "Be quick, man! For God's sake, be quick." He reeled across the wharf and stretched out his arms. They dragged him on board and the steamer put out into the

stream. Just in time. A rain of missiles caused the pasengers to flee in terror to the other side of the boat. The infuriaed mob, reaching the ves-sel a second too late, sprang into the

Leaping from one to the houseboats. other, they attempted to scale the sides of he steamer. Failing of this, they aimed knives a the windows, and the crashing of glass, mingled with their cries and curses, were the last sounds to be heard as the little steamer pur-

to be neard as the little steamer pur-sued its way up the river. After John Harriman had been taken to his cabin and made comfortable, the messengers left him to rest. He tossed back and forth restlessly, too

But that was a close shave 'My! That confounded bug has caused more

trouble than a nest of spiders. I won-der what time it is?" He reached over to where his clothes lay piled on a chair by the berth and drew out his watch with its dangling

charms "I say confound the thing." He dropped the watch on the bed with a cry of dismay. "Am I losing my senses over it?"

He sat up again, his eyes starting from his head. For there, stuck tight to a toy magnet suspended from his chain, and blinking at him with its round, heady eyes, was a tiny green beetle.

He stared at it a minute longer. Then, throwing himself back against the pillows, he burst into a roar of laughter:

"They had a right to chase me. am a red-haired stealer with g eyes, after all."-Good Literature. green

ENRICHING THE SOIL

Bacteria as a Wonderful Aid to the

Farmer—Using the Air. Under the prosaic title of "The Bac terial Life of the Soil" Dr. G. H. Ear Thomas of New Zealand, told the mos Thomas of New Zealand, told the most enchanting fairy story at the Ameri-can Institute, Nos. 19 and 21 West 44th street. He brought the fairies with him, too, and passed them round the room in bottles. They were not much to look at, it must be confessed. They had no wings nor wands nor any of the traditional appurtenances of the elfin tribe, but when it comes to working miracles the fairy godmother isn't in it. These bottled fairies bore a rather

n't in it. These bottled fairies bore a rathe ill omened name, one that is popular ly associated only with disease an and ly associated only with disease and death. They were in fact, bacteria. But there are facteria and bacteria it seems, just as there are good fairles and bad ones, and these are as be-neficent as the fairy godmother, and, like that personage, have come to our rescue in the hour of our direst need. "The situation is this," Dr. Thomas evaluated. The most important elec

From The Men Who many "Had Money but Lost It" By Orison Swett Marden.

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poverty and wretchedness today because they failed to put an understanding or an agreement in writing, or to do business in a business way. Families have been turned out of house and home, pennlies, because they trusted to a relative or a friend to "do what was right" by them, without making a hard and fast, practical business arrangement with him. It does not matter how honest people are, they forget, and it is so easy for misunderstandings to arise that it is never safe to leave anything of im-portance to a mere statement. Reduce it to writing. It costs but little, in time or money, and when all parties interested are agreed, that is the best time to formulate the agreement in exact terms. This will often save lawsuits, bitterness, and allenations. How many friendships have been broken by not putting understandings in writing. Thousands of cases are in the courts to-day because agreements were not put in writing. A large part of lawyers' in-comes is derived from the same source. es is derived from the same source

comes is derived from the same source. Business talent is as rare as a talent for mathematics. We find boys and girls turned out of school and college full of 'theories, and of all sorts of knowledge or smatterings of knowledge, but without ability to protect them-selves from human thieves who are trying to get something for nothing. No girl or boy should be allowed to graduate, especially from any of the higher institutions, without being well grounded in practical business methods. Parents who send their children out in life, without seeing that they are well versed in ordinary business principles, do them an incalculable injustice. ccess Magazine

...of...

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

ECENT newspaper reports of married troubles between

cial, and social gain at times in these international mar-riages. Some American women have exercised much political influence in Great Britain and in other countries beyond

They have carried American democratic ideas with them into ancient palaces; they have helped shape policies of political parties, and have done much toward the Americanization of Great Britain. They have really been, in a number of cases, the power behind the political thrones. At the great Durbar in India, an American woman, Lady Curzon, filled a place of power and honor second only to that filled by the Queen of Great Britain. She homored America and was a benediction to India and to the British Empire at large

Unfortunately, there are other types of women who have contracted

international matches. Mrs. Hammersley, at whose marriage I refused to officiate, was the first American woman to carry great wealth with her to England when she became the wife of the Duke of Marlborough. Several other women since have given their husbands much wealth in return for

the little they have received. Some American women have paid an enormously high price for their titles. There is a type of Americans fonder of titles than are the people of the old world. Boasting of their democratic ideas, they will do more to secure a foreign title than Europeans would do. What is the price these American women and their ambitious fathers and mothers are willing to pay for titles? Some time ago during a famine in Russia we read that many poor peasants sold their daughters with which to buy bread. This announcement becked the civilized world.

They have carried American democratic ideas with them into ancient

titled foreigners and American women who have become their wives fill the hearts of all true Americans with mingled pity and humiliation. That some of these marriages are most happy is quite certain; some of them, without the slightest doubt, are true love matches. There is also political, finan-

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the little they have received.

International Marriages

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Good and Bad Features