"The remainder of your

our burros. The last day of your time

When he went out to the corral he

found his burros fat at the expense of

be leaving?" he asked.
"Soon as I can lead these scorpions."

"I would like to get away from this,"

"Out on the desert somewhere-any

Bill looked him over. "No." he said

Ramon sighed as he watched the sun

wish I could go with you—and get awas

"Come along," Bill said lifelessly, goad-

Ramon laughed. His dark eyes lighted

with the irresponsibility of a boy's.

"Come back when you get ready,

The next day, toward sundown, Ramo

"Better. Let's pull out tonight."

Bill mounted and they rode out of the

yard together, leading the pack animals.

side street and went in. Bill saw the

flutter of a white dress. He waited out-

side, sick at heart. Ramon joined him

and they went forward. When they dipped

his hat and lifted his hand wearily

would that I need never return."

who love the desert can.

shadows in the fire.

asked suddenly.

owerless."

his forehead. 'Dios," he murmured,

lown from the mesa into the cool night

They pitched camp at midnight, and

Ramon shouldered the heavy work, spar-

ing Bill's hands. In the months that

followed they became friends as only men

One night Bill brought in a mountain

"Grub's holdin' out fine." Bill lighted

his pipe and sat watching the dancing

"Si. How long have we travelled?"

Round about four month, I calculate, by the washin' we done." They fell

Ramon finally sat down by Bill and

Bill moved nearer the camp fire and

propped his head on one hand. "Nobody's happy. The best we can do is to forget,

for a little bit, the things we oughter

"But a man cannot stay out here for-

"We all do some things it ain't pleasant

"I knew it," Ramon said. "But I was

Bill guiltily remembered his plotting

'It's harder to be sinned against than to

sin," Bill said slowly, thereby unveiling

"That is hard-but it is the sinner who

has to pay for his crime. And he must

him. It ain't a pretty story," he said

vearily. "I like to forget it-that's why

I ain't looked for him. I'll run across him

some day-that's the way things happen.

An' I'm waitin'-just like I have been

found her gone. It's all happened lots o'

times, I reckon. I married her-an' I had

to go away once. When I come back all

too good-lookin" he said, brooding over

time he had used the Christian name.

him the picture.
"Madre Dios!" Ramon whispered, and

"Don't touch it!" Bill said. He kicked

t deeper into the coals. 'She don't want

to see this." He stood up, waiting. His

Ramon got up. "I am ready," he said

Bill looked at him, feeling a torrent of

"It has been hell-straight

put his head down on his arms.

were distended and blackened.

Ramon reached for it.

vearily.

the pictured face.

windows was shut down, an' every-

vaiting since that night I come home and

what had been sacred for five years.

to remember. But I didn't have nothin'

to do with that hair brandin'."

ever. Maybe you have nothing on your

rolled a cigarette. 'Are you happy?" he

They fell

found him at the corral
"Your hands?" asked Ramon.

"Bueno-at what hour?"

"When do we leave-when do we

drop down behind the distant levee.

Ramon joined him there

"Scoutin' around a bit."

ed to it by his obligation.

"No wife-no nino"

the county

where."

hortly.

turn?"

for a time."

Leave manana."

"Right away."

"Prospecting?"

We will mark off for good behavior." Bill accepted his freedom in silence

For a Summer Evening Our Saturday Short Story

THE RECKONING.

BY JANE ANDERSON.

(Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper Enter price Association.)

There are more pleasant daily occu pations than to sit behind bars and stare into the filthy patio of the county fail at Cochina, Arizona. Bill Cameron had done this for five months. When a man has lived in the saddle for the better part of thirty years and has come to understand the desert. this form of exquisite torture robs the nether regions of all terror. That Bill had com mitted no crime added piquancy to his position. Somebody had been guilty of hair-branding a hundred strays that rightfully belonged in the herd of a powerful cattle man; and somebody had to suffer. Bill, being a stranger in that section, and unable to prove a water-tight alibi, had been sent up for

six months.

Somewhere outside, with Bill's burros and prospecting outfit, were two sixshooters. It was his ambition to empty one of the these into Ramon, the sheriff. His hatred centered about Ramon for two reasons. Added to this, he hated him instinctively-which is stronger than any reasoning. In the first place, Bill classed him as a Cholo; secondly, Bill believed that he knew more about the matter of hair-branding than he chose to tell. He had no grounds for this save that Ramon had shown him every meager courtesy possible during his sen-In reality, Ramon was highcaste Castilian, which differs from Cholo like wine from pulque; and he was

Number Ten. Bill was the only prisoner sufficiently dangerous to be locked in a cell. This was singular, in that he was the only gringo, at present, under the heel of Cochino justice. The patio was overflowing with Cholos.

genuinely concerned over the prisoner in

Bill had never spoken to the mob in the patio, although in the first month he had longed for the appearance of a white man's face among them.

But when there were but two remaining days of his sentence, trivial incidents became momentous experiences. All morning he watched everything with the eager anticipation of a child. He waited at noon for the turn of the gate key; it was through that gate that he would enter again the mysterious outside When the visitors were gone the Cholos crowded back into the patio, One, a lean-faced Yuma, gabbling. separated himself from the others and threw himself down on the floor opposite Number Ten. He drew from his shirt a roll of cigarettes and a cluster of Mexican matches.

Bill looked at the straw and paper litter in the patio at the four flimsy walls inclosing it. "Want to bake us in here-like an ovenful of pigs?" he

cluster. He lighted the cigarette, in-The haling and exhaling luxuriously. others looked on with hungry eyes. They pressed around him entreatingly, babbling their jargon. He blew the smoke in their faces and watched their quivering nostrils.

Only a mestizo who lights one black cigarette with another during his waking hours and places a handful of them within reach of his blanket at night can understand the frenzy that descended upon the patio. The men fell on the Yuma, trampling him and his treasure under foot. They fought whatever their hands touched, enemy or friend, as if every man concealed under his shirt the treasure they sought. Bill watched them,

grinning. The lighted cigarette had been kicked into a heap of straw, which smoked and

the men disentangled himself and, seeing in the against his breast, his mouth hanging open. The smoke bellowed out into the

"Lumbre! Lumbre!" Bill saw two bands of fire creeping. snakelike, across the floor. The prisoners

scattered, wailing.
"Be on the gates and yell!" ordered, straining against his bars, But the Cholos ran about like chickens and twisted their serapes around their heads, mothering their cries.

Bill threw all of his strength against the bars. Two of them bent under his who stood beside the sheriff and sur hands. The place was filled with smoke so that Bill was cut off from the Cholos, save for their muffled crying. He clung said at last. to the bars. They did not yield, but new one now. I have tried to get

pried Bill's hands from the bars and he stepped into the patio. Ramon staggered and Bill propelled him toward the gate with his body, since his hands were Ramon gave him his papers of release his unopened wallet, and the two sixuseless. They fled through the passage. Bill could hear a sudden crashing in the

cells behind them. benches in the court room, which was at the end of the hall; and Bill was left to guard them. At twilight Ramon came into the court

room. He was blackened with grime and

smoke. "It is over," he said to Bill veyed the ruins. "It is a good thing," "They will build a



sobs were torn out of the very depth of his being-he was crying over down his face The Yuma ripped off a match from the but he did not know how to wipe them away. He had no need for tears.

> they burned his hands like branding He heard voices in the passage and running fast. Ramon was swearing over the lock. The gate clanged open, and Bill saw him dragging the Cholos across

> the floor. Other men helped him; and outside in the street was shouting. "That is all," Ramon gasped,

"Here!" Bill shouted. Then he heard the footsteps die out in the passageway. He waited. He watched the walls around him turn into flame, with brighter gaps for the doorways. He no longer struggled with the bars. He saw a man battling toward him

with a wet blanket that blazed on the corners. The five seconds it took to turn the key

them to before' Bill turned back toward the court-"Where you goin' to put us house. tonight? Number Ten looks like a hand-

ful of ashes." "The others will bunk, somehow, in the courthouse. Your time is out." "One more day," Bill said, filling his lungs with the smoke-laden air while there was time. He followed Ramon in-

keep on paying." o the sheriff's office.

"We got to pay, somehow, for every"Smoke?" Ramon put clears and a thin we get. I've thought a good deal to the sheriff's office. about what I'll have to pay for the thing handful of cigarettes on the table. 've got to do." He quietly placed a new Rill accepted a cigarette. He wanted log on the coals and waited for it to the pipe; but he would not have taken blaze. "I've got to kill him-when I find

sible to refuse tt He tried to strike a match. "Carambal" murmured Ramon.

insisted on bandaging Bill's hands. He

the cigarette if it had been humanly pos-

DOOM OF THE DREADNOUGHT AND APOTHEOSIS OF THE SUBMARINE

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has created a sensation, and given rise to the publication of endless columns in the newspapers, by the publication of a letter in which he declares that "just as the motor vehicle has driven the will not be safe for a fleet to put to the naval estimates. Some authorities as the motor vehicle has driven the horse from the road, so has the submarine driven the battleship from the sea." Submarines and aircraft have where submarines have been employed. between them already rendered battleships useless

A Practical Man. Admiral Sir Percy Scott knows much interfered with.

Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts "Submarines and aer as few naval officers do; he has helped tirely revolutionized naval warfare, no had a brilliant career. He was, until his retirement, one of the best scientific minds in the navy, and to him fore live either above the sea or under the navy owes its system of fire con- it. It will be a navy of youth, for we shall Ramon looked out over the dusty town the navy owes its system of fire con- it. It will be a navy of youth, for we shall that lay in the hollow below the jail, trol and a vast increase in shooting require nothing but boldness and dar-

efficiency.

Now here it this high authority declaring that the Dreadnought is doomed. Indeed, he brings the very doomed. Indeed, he brings the very scott says: "Not only is the doomed." serious charge against those in authority of wasting the nation's money on mune from attack even in a closed harships that will be unable to fight. It bor, for the so-called protecting boom at is for them, he suggests, to defend that colley be explaining what part the With a flotitla of submarines commanded battleship will play in war, how she can be made safe from destruction by the submarine at sea or in port, and how her situation is to be kept secret from aircraft. Instead of battleships, he would have the money voted for their construction spent on building more submarines and seaplanes.

The Prophets of the Admiralty. Only a few years have elapsed since he first Dreadnought was launched. At that time we were told, says the Daily Chronicle, that the Dreadnought was to be the battleship of the future, and many a paean of rejoicing went up because the British Navy had led the way with the all-big ship. Now we are told that the Dreadnought era is past and gone. And the Daily Mail reminds us that in 1886 it was suggested that the torpedo-boat had rendered the battleship worthless. Mr. Hibbert, who then represented the Ramon stopped before an adobe house on Admiralty in the House of Commons, leeclared that H. M. S. Nile and Trafalgar would be the last large ironclads sels, and other powers more than 200. shadows of the desert, Ramon took off

Why Dreadnoughts Are Doomed. The following are the main points in Sir Percy's letter, which was published

"The introduction of the vessels that swim under water has, in my opinion, entirely done away with the utility of the ships that swim on the top of the water.' Submarines, he points out, will make he sees t impossible for warships to attack other gether. ships that come to bombard our ports, So much for the indictment. It has, charges of disloyalty to ac to blockade us or to attack ships con- of course, been fully discussed and wide- theory or to the profession.'

A BRITISH ADMIRAL PROPHESIES A NEW ERA IN NAVAL WARFARE.

"If by submarines have been employed. for the reconsideration of the whole field of naval policy.

difficult to see how our commerce can be "Submarines and aeroplanes have ensignally to improve their fighting fleet can hide itself from the aeroplane efficiency. Affoat and ashore he has eye, and the submarine can deliver a

open sea unsate; a battleship is not im the entrance can be easily blown up. by dashing young officers, of whom we have plenty. I would undertake to get through any boom into any harbor and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor."

Pointing out that submarines are difficult to destroy, Sir Percy Scott says a Power that sends out ships to look for and destroy submarines will be courting disaster, for the submarines when in the water must be kept away from, not looked for. He adds: "What we require is an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes, and a few fast criusers, provided we can find a place to keep them in safety during war time." Will Naval War Be Abolished?

"If we go to war with a country with n striking distance of submarines, Sir Percy thinks: "The country will at once lock up their Dreadnoughts in some safe harbor; we shall do the same; their aeroplanes and airships will fly over our country; they will know exactly where our laid down in any country. Since then ships are, and their submarines will come Great Britain has built 98 of these ves- over and destroy anything and everything they can get at. We shall, of course, do disprove." the same, but an island with many harbors and much shipping is at a great disadvantage if the enemy has subma

> "Sir Percy Scott goes still further his forecast of the future, for, assuming that submarines cannot fight submarine, the end of sea warfare alto

out that "the assumptions that battleships can be attacked in harbor by submarines, or if not so attacked, would be unable to survive the assaults of submarines and seaplanes at sea, are yet unproved hypotheses. All sudden revoluions in naval policy are to be suspected. The business of the British Admiralty is to keep ahead of its neighbors in all branches of the service, to watch all scientific developments with a keen eye, to let no prejudice in favor of an existing type prevent it from evolving new ones, but at each step to remember that most developments are speculative, and that none can be absolutely relied upon as the sole specific for naval warfare."

The Golden Age of Stupidity. The "period of the Dreadnought," says the Daily News, "will be known in naval history as the golden age of stupidity. It is to be hoped, whether Sir Percy Scott's views are accepted or not, that at least they will break this ice of imbecility and set the stream of thought moving again. The plain and brutal truth is that in the last ten years the whole naval problem, both political and instrumental, has become utterly different from what it was before, and must be thought out afresh.'

"In the light of Sir Percy's able and suggestive letter." says the Chronicle, "it is plainly the duty of our Admiralty to go slow with its battleship construction. 'They are old before they are born,' such is the rapidity with which naval construction changes. And now we have the dictum of a high authority that they belong to a bygone age as much as the mastodon does. It may be that Sir Percy Scott is too sweeping in his deductions; it is quite likely that he is in advance of his time. But that there is a sound core in his reasoning we defy his critics to

America's Hope.

Sir Perccy Scott's letter has been tha ubject of widespread American commeta The New York Evening Post says: "It is devoutly to be hoped that naval experts will now come over to Sir Percy Scott's views. With this precedent before than tongues may be unlocked which up to now have been tied by the fear of So much for the indictment. It has, charges of disloyalty to accepted maval

Believes Agreement Will Be Easy Once Bill Is on the Statute Books.

OTHER SIDE OF QUESTION

Journalist Declares That Many Nationalists Want Things Left as at Present.

While the gun-runners are landing thousands or rifles on the Irish coast and the forces of the orange and the green are drilling for possible hostilities, we are informed by two writers who have been looking into the matter that neither side really cares anything about it. strangely enough each finds the indifference on the opposite side of the fence. The Unionist investigator discovers that the Nationalists are tired of all this home rule thin' was dusty. There was a letter—but talk; the Nationalist investigator is sure she didn't tell me the man's name. It's the Ulster Orangemen do not actually him I'm waitin' for." He fumbled in his want Ireland cut in two. And all this is vallet and brought out the photograph of revealed just as the home rule bill woman, "The Lord makes some women passes the Commons for the third time and is about to become law. The Nationalist writer is Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who "When was it, Bill?" Ramon asked. His declares in Reynolds's Newspaper (Lonroice was shaking, and it was the first don):

"At Palomas-five years ago." He gave will be changed when the bill is on the statute book, and agreement, I believe, will be much easier. I am not, of course, in the counsels of the Tary party The picture dropped into the fire, and but I gather from various incidents and utterances, in addition to those of Mr. Walter Long, that that is their view also its rejection by that body. We should speaks as follows then meet in a different temper, for, as I

E. Hands in the London Daily Mail. Mr. Hands is a war correspondent, and re-ported the Spanish-American War, the could hardly afford a donkey-cart in the or the Daily Mail. But he finds that in tered." Ireland all is peaceful. The settlement of the land question in Ireland by which the land and is no longer harassed by the censed by the obtrusion of the home rule agents of absentee property-owners seems question upon their notice. To quote to have allayed the political rancor which "Business people in the towns ex to have allayed the political rancor which "Business people in the towns express prevailed before the days of Parnell beviews which, however, have to be considtween the Irish and the English. Such is ered in relation to the curious fact that the impression which he derived from a throughout the south and west of Ireland conversation with some of the inhabitants the principal business people are for the of south and western Ireland. He tells most part Unionists.
us that the farmers are really too well off "If they had only let us alone for us that the farmers are really too well off to bother their heads about abstract polit- few years more, said a big businessman ical questions. They have really now no grievance to complain of Ireland is naturally a country of considerable fertility. The climate in the south is not not know it, the old animosities softened PHYSICIANS.

Calgary Girl Makes



Florence III. Hudson

the rate of over \$50,000 a month? Miss Florence M. Hudson, a Calgary girl, says are at work preparing mannestations in support of home rule, but I was told that the experience is decidedly pleasant. She it will be very difficult to work up any knows all about it, because a few weeks very effective demonstrations of farmers. ago she invested \$165 in oil leases at The National Volunteer movement is be-Calgary and a month later she sold her ing energetically pushed forward, but for holdings for \$54,000.

My recommendation, then, would be that severe. The crops are good. The Irishman as a danger to a home rule settlement. the bill should be passed rapidly and soon could now leave politics to the Parliament ace was white, and the pupils of his eyes through its remaining stages in the House at Westminster or at Dublin, and run the of Commons; that it should be immediate- even tenor of his own life contented with doubtless, but it does not obtrude itself ly sent up to the House of Lords; and his farm. The Irish clergy are equally as it used. But I found among Nationalshould be put on the statute book after well satisfied. On these points Mr. Hands ists of moderate views a new case for de-

have said, this would create a different thing, and told it both by Nationalists official said, before we are led into a wildand a friendlier atmosphere. Goodwill on and Unionists, and that is that the free- cat legislation that we do not want by the Tory side will be met by equal good- holder farmer, having now his desires the mad Parliament at Westminster." will on the Nationalist and Liberal side, satisfied, has lost most of his interest in subject, of course, to this essential con-dition, that no Irishman can accept any-me it is almost impossible to get a farm-Irieland is thing which is based on the permanent er who has obtained the freehold of his of 40 members or the indefinite exclusion of any part of farm to put his hand in his pocket for a of 164 members Ulster from Ireland's unity. To give them subscription to any political organization. their due, I do not think that now any They are Nationalists still, he said, in Orangeman looks forward to permanent theory and in name, but they will not or military force, foreign relations, trade or indefinite exclusion with any more put their names down on subscription outside of Ireland except certain defined avor than the Irish Nationalists. That lists, nor will many of them attend polithateful policy of cutting up Ireland into ical meetings. Even the priests are findtwo camps and thereby helping to stereo- ing,' he said, 'that they do not give the or indirectly, to establish or endow any type the hideous sectarianism which is same "show of milk" that they used to the curse of Ireland finds hostility as in the agrarian days. And why would thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or fierce in the inner hearts of thousands they trouble themselves now? he went on. advantage, or impose any disability or dis-Ulster Covenanters as in those They have got all they want and more advantage on account of religious belief of their Nationalist fellow countrymen. than they ever hopped for for themselves, or religious or ecclesiastical status, or When temper has cooled, I am tempted to so why would they trouble about anything make any religious belief or religious believe, that a plebiscite in even the else? They are doing well. There is four counties where the Unionists are in a more money in the country than ever majority might have unexpected results." there was. They want to be left alone to make the best of it all. Why, the hats The other side is stated by Mr. Charles their daughters wear would take the sight out of your eyes, and you will see men oer War, and the Russo-Japanese War old days. They do not want things al-

Incensed at Interruption. Businessmen in Ireland complain that farmer obtains a freehold piece of the Irish people are actually becoming in-

down and old opponents were getting along together on very friendly terms. If Big Profit In Oil they would only have let us alone for a time everything would have been easy. they would only have let us alone for a But they bring up this wretched home rule again to set us once more by the ears.

On this point he relates the following charming anecdote

"In County Wexford I met a delightful old parish priest, loved to the highest degree of a good man's ambition by the people of his agricultural parish. was a lifelong Nationalist, of course. He had two pet dogs in his house which were as friendly as himself. 'I am surprised that they should have anything to say to an Englishman,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'for they are Irish dogs and don't like Englishmen.' Then he put them through a little performance to show their political opinions. He placed two lumps of sugar on the floor, and, composing his benevolent face to as stern a look as he could force upon it and hardening with an effort his kindly voice to a forbidding tone, told his dogs it was English sugar. The intelligent creatures, of course, knew better than to touch it. They wagged their tails and looked up at him expectantly.

"He repeated once or twice that it was English sugar, and then, relaxing his voice and countenance into smiling encouragement, said, 'Irish sugar, Irish sugar,' and the dogs had the lumps in liffy. Then by way of showing that he pets were interested also in foreign politics, he told me how when a French priest visited him he translated the tricks into 'Sucre allemand' and 'Sucre francais,' and showed me how he did it. Then another priest came to visit him and the conversation turned on the uncertainty of the course of politics. 'I hope there will be peace,' he said; 'bloodshed would be too terrible.' 'There must be peace,' said the

The drillmasters find it hard to interest the prosperous and contented farmers in raising armed forces to fight for home rule, we are assured:

"There are signs that the organizera are at work preparing manifestations in the most part is meeting with indifferent success. Moderate Nationalists regard it "I encountered none at all of the old Separatist Nationalism. It is to be found, siring a Dublin Parliament. 'We want a "Everywhere I went I was told one Farliament of our own,' a southern county The home rule bill is thus summarized

Ireland is to have at Dublin a Senate of 40 members and a House of Commons

The Irish Parliament cannot legislate on peace or war, navy, army, or any naval taxation, coinage or legal tender.

It cannot make any law, either directly religion, or prohibit the free exercise ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage.

Temporary restrictions are placed on gislation on land purchases, old-age pensions, national insurance, labor exchanges, Royal Irish Constabulary, postoffice and other savings banks, and friendly societies.

The executive remains vested in the overeign or in his representative. Forty-two members still will be sent from Ireland to the House of Com The judicial committee of the Privy Council to give the final decision as to the constitutional validity of any act passed by the Irish Parliament.

The Irish exchequer to defray the cost of the Irish administration, except for reserved services mentioned above. The imperial exchequer to pay an an-

nual sum to the Irish exchequer, starting at \$2,500,000, and eventually, after six ears, becoming a permanent payment \$1,000,000 annually.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED' BY

gradually flickered into flame. One of A DISTINGUISHED TINKER

THE LIFE STORY OF A REMARKABLE MECHANICAL GENIUS

genius—one of the most versatile, in- make them. Twice in the last twenty ventive, and dexterous of men. His years he has been half around the name is E. A. Thompson, known locally of the telescope. as "Uncle Eddie." Uncle Eddie is the town tinker;

but so distinguished, not only as a Uncle Eddie went with him to set up tinker but as a man and a scientist, and care for the instruments. He has that last spring Amherst College, which with its scholastic traditions has preserved its imagination, conferred upon him the degree of Master of Science. Send it to "Uncle Eddie." Not long ago, says Ray Stannard

in the American Magazine, one of the sun of a sailor of the far seas, who younger instructors at the college had died when he was a young child. His the revered very highly. He revered poverty, and Uncle Eddie never the It particularly because it was made in a day of schooling after he was thir-Germany, and therefore seemed to perform its operations more scientifically. It got broken. He packed it tenderly in a box and sent it to the New York agents with the idea that it must be knowledge. returned to Germany for repairs. Not long afterward he went to Uncle Eddie's shop, and what was his direction-but there was no way for amazement and consternation to find his precious mechanism spread out on bench in Uncle Eddie's shop had to work. New York agents informed him that they had sent the work to E. A. volumes of reports of the United Thompson, of Amherst, because there States Patent Office. He seized upon was no other man in America who knew so well how to make the necessary repairs.

One of the professors of Amherst College had a fine microscope which he had used for years in his scientific work. It got out of order, and he took it to Uncle Eddie, well knowing that if Uncle Eddie could not fix it there was no one who could. Uncle Eddie finally returned it the professor found that it was not merely repaired; it was transformed. It was cessful hat - manufacturing establishclearer in its definition than ever be-

An Authority On Optics. "He had become deeply interested In the microscope, and soon found poverty, his passion for learning was that while the immediate difficulty was always the commanding interest of trivial the real defect was serious, being nothing less than a defective lens. Now, one of the most delicate operations known to mechanical practice is the grinding of lenses for telecopes and microscopes; but this is the many things that Uncle Eddie knows perfectly well how to do. So he reground the professor's lens. all in the day's work. He said

he enjoyed doing it. There are very few men in the country, perhaps, who knew more about optics on the mechanical side out optics on the mechanical side art, but mastered the science.
an this tinker in his alley shop at how He Got Work in the Mills.
The can set up a telescope mplete, and if any parts happen to hat factory involved Uncle Eddle's genuinely successful life."

When Professor Todd went to Japan in 1896, and again in 1905 to observe eclipses of the sun, also invented a number of cunning devices for telescope work, one a diaphragm for use in the stellar photography, which is as successful in op

eration as it is novel in construction. Early Struggles. "Uncle Eddie was born a Yankee of Baker, in a most fascinating article the Yankees, on the Maine coast, the

> teen years old. "And yet all his life long he has been ardently devoted, through every kind of obstacle, to the pursuit of "He wanted to be an artist, a

him to get instruction, no money to for it, no time to practice. He "Fortunately he got hold of several

these with thirsty eagerness, and, patiently copying the drawings and studying the descriptions, he acquired the foundation of his knowledge of the mechanical arts. He also began a practice which he continued all his life, of examining with studious care every sort of unfamiliar machinery that came under his eye.

A Passion for Learning. "Along in the 'seventies he came to Amherst as the manager of a suc-Here for a number of years ment. he made money and built a home on a hill for a wife he had married; but whether making money or in always the commanding interest of his life. He fitted up a small laboratory in his factory and began study mineralogy and geology. He got acquainted with the professors in Amberst College and in the Agricultural College. He would take an his skill as a modeller in clay here hour off to attend a lecture and work coming to useful fruition. I warrant, longer in the evening to make up for it, and the light in his study often burned late at night. From mineralogy he went on to chemistry. Chemistry and physics led him on to optics, which he attacked with great enthusi-

asm, and he not only acquired the

There lives in Amherst, U.S.A., a be missing he can go to his shop and resignation, and he went to Providence, Rhode Island, and finally applied for work in the mills of the American Screw Company. The man-

ager said: "There isn't anything open, if you care to go in on the floor as a learner at seventy-five cents a week,

we'll try it.'

'That's what I am - a learner,' said Uncle Eddie, and in he went. "The first day there didn't seem much to do, so he sat and watched a troubled workman who was trying to handle nine machines making small screws. They wouldn't work well, There were many skipps and misses; the whole operation was inefficient. Uncle Eddie watched them all day long and came early the next morning and took two of them out, set them on a bench, and began taking them

"At four o'clock the two machines were reassembled and adjusted, placed in position, and betwen four and six Uncle Eddie made more screws with his two machines than sculptor, and is really gifted in that the other workman did with the remaining seven. He turned the product over to the now delighted operator and readily got permission to overhaul the other machines. Two months later the manager came into the room, took him by the arm and led him to the large adjoining shop. "Everything here, said he, running at cross purposes. The machines are out of order and the men

discouraged. I am going to put you in charge of the whole shop, to do with it what you like. Back in the Alley Shop.
"Here Uncle Eddie continued with great success for nearly two years; out his home in Amherst, to which his family was greatly devoted, and the opportunities here for further study, brought him back again, and here he is today, quite contented, in the shop in the alley behind the Baptist Church, where you can have anything in the world

whistle to a telescope He is not fascinated with biology, and is reading Wilder's "History of the Human Body." And incidentally he is helping Professor Wilder, the author of the book, in making models of the heads of various primitive men, before he is through it, he is saving up botany until after he gets to be a hundred years old, and wants something easy to do.
"Uncle Eddie is not rich, but com

fortable; he is not famous beyond the limits of his own-town; but some-

how, it seems to me, he has lived a

age mounting steadily toward his head. (Continued on Page Twenty-one.) ACTOR LACKAYE WINS COLLEGE DEGREE



Wilton Lackaye [Staff Special.] Washington, D. C., July 8.-The degree of master of arts has been conferred upon Wilton Lackaye, the famous actor, by Georgetown University. Lackaye attended Georgetown several years ago, but illness compelled him to leave school before