

EARLY MORNING IN SUMMER.

Hark, there comes the stir of waking  
Through the gloom of parting night,  
For in the distant eastern heaven  
Gleams a streak of purple light.  
In its bright increasing splendor  
Moon and stars are growing dim,  
But clearer seems the rugged outline  
Of yon distant mountain's rim.  
Wrapped in gloom are yet the hedges  
Round the fields of corn and rye,  
But nature breathes of hopeful wait-  
ing  
At the brightening eastern sky.  
There's a stir upon the treetop,  
And a bird begins his lay,  
His notes are clear and sweetly ring-  
ing  
For he greets the break of day.  
Now the hills are steeped in purple  
And the vales are bright awake,  
And rosy clouds are full reflected  
In the depths of pond and lake.  
Flowers open wide their petals,  
And the bees begin to hum,  
And the bird is sweeter singing,  
For he sees the rising sun.  
From the leaves and grass are pend-  
ing  
Countless drops of glittering dew  
That reflect the morning's sunlight  
In the rainbow's various hue.  
Life about is quickly stirring,  
Morning is the youth of day,  
There is beauty now and color,  
Where the night's deep shadows lay.  
Happy morning, softly glowing,  
More I love the rosy hue  
Than the light that shines at mid-day  
Though it be more clear and true.  
—Pacific Monthly

A Matter of Theory

Miss Bellingham had a queer little habit of lifting one eyebrow and drawing down the opposite corner of her mouth in a way that made her face look somewhat like a sprawling question mark. If you were wise, however, you did not attempt to answer the question.

Among men Mr. Higbee was accounted very wise. He had a sagacious faculty for investing money and an agile adroitness in getting out of legal difficulties. But though he had doubled her surplus income with un-falling success, he was not wise in the ways of Miss Bellingham. So he smiled indulgently.

"My dear Miss Bellingham, it's quite out of the question."

"My dear Mr. Higbee, there's no question about it."

The interrogation point grew more pronounced. Mr. Higbee surveyed it thoughtfully for a moment or two. Then he bowed. Miss Bellingham smoothed out her face into a most engaging smile.

"As far as you are concerned—certainly. If I can't prevail upon you to give up your — er — quixotic project, of course I have nothing more to say. Only I must decline to act as your agent in the matter. You can afford to be eccentric, Miss Bellingham. Much is smiled at when a rich and charming woman chooses to be original. But for me to help you to make yourself — well, ridiculous, Miss Bellingham! — would be to express my approval and—"

"And incidentally to bear a part of the ridicule. I understand, Mr. Higbee. You are afraid of what people will say."

"Only on your account, Miss Bellingham. Do me the justice to believe that."

"On my account? But — I — I — I shall have nothing to do with it!"

"Oh!" Mr. Higbee did not whistle, but he came as near it as his dignity and his surroundings would permit.

"Don't you see? I shall merely be the power that makes things happen. I set the machine in motion. Then I do nothing but fold my hands and watch the progress of the experiment. I have the most unconcerned manner in the world. I am surprised at the right time. I clasp my hands with the rest. Who's to suspect that I pull the string?"

"And the — the puppet?"

"He least of all. I hoped that you would know how to manage that. That is why I've asked your help and advice."

"I am deeply honored, Miss Bellingham. But since your plans are all made beyond my power to change, I really cannot see that either is of much use."

Miss Bellingham rested her chin on her hand and smiled up at him.

"Don't you know women any better than that, Mr. Higbee?"

"You convince me that I know them even less well than I thought," he replied, rather shortly.

Miss Bellingham still smiled. "The first thing that you ought to know is that when a woman is least sure of herself, she puts on the boldest front. Now, as a matter of fact, I rely utterly upon you in this matter. It may be quixotic, it may be ridiculous — though your second lesson should be to call a woman wicked before you call her ridiculous — but it is my dearest wish, Mr. Higbee — my dearest wish!"

She repeated the last words with her eyes on his face, irresistibly.

He looked distinctively uncomfortable. Clearing his throat, he

gazed on a picture of Miss Bellingham's Revolutionary grandfather on the opposite wall. Argument was easily disposed of, but this unexpected tone of appeal — he cleared his throat again.

"She was quick to see her advantage. 'It's very simple, really,' she said. 'I have \$100,000 that I wish to invest. Instead of asking you to put it into stocks or bonds or real estate or mortgages, I choose to invest it in — a man. It's a little daring, perhaps, but it has possibilities, Mr. Higbee.'"

"I — I'm not used to speculating in men," he ventured.

"Oh, you're so cold-blooded!" she cried. "I thought it would strike you at once, as a novel business proposition at least."

"Will you pardon me, Miss Bellingham, but that is what I don't exactly understand. Is it purely a business proposition?"

"If it were not, it would be unpardonable, Mr. Higbee."

"Then I understand still less."

"I should not have expected you would," returned Miss Bellingham, with some asperity. "I don't mean business proposition in the sense that I expect to get any money value out of my investment. But my money is usually spent in an effort to buy pleasure, and I see no reason why I should not get it in one way as well as another. I simply meant to put this money power to the test. All my life I've been hearing of the sale and barter in American politics. They say money can do anything, from making a man to making an office to fit him. And I want to see — I want to see how far it will go towards making a man! I happen to be able to afford the experiment, and I feel that it will be the best and most satisfactory investment I ever made. This, of course, so far as it concerns myself."

Mr. Higbee permitted himself to smile.

"Don't interrupt, please," said Miss Bellingham, raising her eyebrow.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Higbee, lowering his.

"I take the most unpromising man I know," she continued, frowning.

"He has no money, no appreciable brains, no friends, no magnetism. He has a most unprepossessing exterior and he can't talk. In short, he's altogether hopeless."

"Isn't that a bit unfair to the experiment?" Mr. Higbee suggested.

"Of course not! It merely makes the test consistent. If he goes into politics and succeeds at all, it will be entirely by the power of money. He has absolutely nothing else to make him succeed."

"You have no other interest?"

"Your good intentions would be impertinence in any other man, Mr. Higbee. And you do not flatter me. What possible interest, except as a psychological study in stupidity could I have in a man like Mr. Griggs? And Simon, too! Simon Griggs! The name is enough to make him impossible. He says 'ma'am,' and he stares, and he twirls his hands, such great red hands! Were ever such perfect conditions for such an experiment?"

"I suppose you haven't thought of his possible point of view? He might object to being played with for your amusement."

"He hasn't any point of view! Anyway, how should he ever know? You can think of a thousand ways to make it seem as a matter of course that he should get the money. Perhaps some quite unknown relative has died and left him a hundred thousand dollars, provided he goes into politics, does something for his country. His unknown uncle must have been a patriotic old person. Oh, I don't care how he gets the money; I'm simply trying the theory. You are at perfect liberty."

"To lie as much as I please? Thank you."

"How brutally you put things, Mr. Higbee! You give me no credit at all for my idea, and you put every possible obstacle in the way of working it out. It's a golden opportunity, and it isn't the fault of the opportunity if the man does not profit by it. It is not every man on whom a hundred thousand dollars descends mysteriously from heaven, only on condition that he go into politics."

"A heaven-sent legacy — h'm! Not with that condition, Miss Bellingham," observed Mr. Higbee.

"Mr. Griggs!"

Miss Bellingham started Mr. Higbee exclaimed under his breath. A young man shuffled awkwardly across the floor.

"Er — how'do, Miss Bellingham? I — I didn't know—"

Miss Bellingham smiled and extended her hand graciously. "I shall be glad to have you meet Mr. Higbee, Mr. Griggs," she said.

Mr. Higbee rose and bowed perfunctorily, his eyes making keen note of every detail of the figure before him, from the coarse black hair that fell over the thick-featured, expressionless face to the ungainly feet that moved uneasily in their ill-fitting boots.

Miss Bellingham ran her eyes from one to the other with a peculiar little smile. "We have been talking politics, Mr. Griggs," she said, "and political ambitions. We can't help agreeing

rather surprisingly, because Mr. Higbee and I don't often agree — that it's pretty safe to be politically ambitious. Any man, notwithstanding his deserts, is likely to draw a prize in the lottery I suppose you, along with the rest of us, have had your dreams of political glory?"

She turned to him as she asked the question, giving him a sudden straight look.

"Well — er — Miss Bellingham — I never thought about it."

The voice was a kind of nervous drawl, without a shade of modulation. It did not drop at the end of a sentence, but trailed off aimlessly into silence.

Miss Bellingham leaned back in her chair. Mr. Higbee glanced at her, glanced at the man opposite, and obediently took up the burden of conversation. He kept it up, almost in monologue, for half an hour. When he was appealed to, the newcomer answered with a surprised monosyllable, but he hazarded no remark on his own account. He simply pulled destructively at the alternate buttons of his coat, and stared at Miss Bellingham.

When he rose to go he made a jerky, inclusive bow and shuffled out into the hall without a word.

Miss Bellingham had risen as she murmured her adieu, and when she heard the street door close behind her visitor, she turned to her companion with a smile on her lips.

Mr. Higbee shrugged his shoulders. "Your friend certainly came to see," he remarked.

Miss Bellingham laughed out merrily.

"And to conquer!" she cried. "The means to fame and fortune are at his feet! And you going to help me. I see relenting in your eye."

"It's because of the hopelessness in my heart," was the answer. "When a woman like you takes sufficient interest in a man like that to endow him with a fair-sized fortune, I confess I'm disarmed. Do you really mean to do this preposterous thing?"

"I do," she said, with an unmistakable inflection. "I have my heart set on your helping me, but if you don't — you force me to seek some other means."

Mr. Higbee rose and walked toward the door. Half way across the room he turned.

"You wouldn't like me to do that?" added Miss Bellingham, demurely.

"I don't exactly relish having your peculiarities discussed," he returned, dryly.

"Yes, you will—"

"Yes, I suppose I will. I've never done a more foolish thing in my life, and I hope you'll appreciate how unwillingly I do this. I shan't be responsible for the consequences. At least I understand you will leave me quite free as to the means by which Mr. Simon Griggs is suddenly begilded and thrust into politics?"

She nodded her head.

"Then I shall let you know before the end of the week. Good afternoon, Miss Bellingham."

She came forward quickly.

"You are really very good," she said, holding out her hand. "Don't think I do not feel how hard it is for you to do an avowedly foolish thing."

He smiled at her inscrutably. "To be foolish for Miss Bellingham were surely the part of wisdom," he said.

"I might have known you would carry off the honors of the surrender," she laughed. "Good-bye."

One evening, two weeks later, as the gentlemen rejoined the ladies after a tedious diplomatic dinner, Miss Bellingham beckoned Mr. Higbee to where she stood near the door.

"I thought you would never come!" she complained. "Now, I'm just off to Mrs. Page's."

"Well?" he asked, smilingly.

"I wanted to tell you that you've done splendidly. He's given up the clerkship to Senator Hart and he's off for Indiana next week. First, State politics, he says, and then he'll try for Congress. Oh, it's delicious! He came to see me to-day, and he was positively — swagger! He struts — and he patronizes me delightfully. He takes the new turn of events — and himself — with the utmost seriousness. I assure you it is even more interesting than I anticipated."

"But how will you amuse yourself between the acts? I imagine the waits will be rather long and tiresome."

She was moving forward to make her adieu to her hostess, and she smiled over her shoulder.

"Well, I have always you, Mr. Higbee," she said.

II.

Senator Griggs entered the Senate Chamber from one of the committee-rooms, his hands full of papers. He glanced around the House and let his eyes rest for a brief period on the visitors' gallery. Then he gave his attention to his notes.

"The curtain rises on the last act," murmured Mr. Higbee to Miss Bellingham as they took their seats in a retired corner of the gallery.

Miss Bellingham did not attend. Her eyes were fixed upon Senator Griggs, and she unconsciously opened her ears

to a rather noisy conversation in front of her.

"Yes, that's the young man from Indiana," said a girl to an older woman who was with her. "Ugly but interesting. It's the day for his maiden speech in the Senate. That's the reason there are so many people in the gallery. You know, romsey, he was in Congress a couple of sessions, and we dined with him once last winter at the Harts. Don't you remember how he stepped on Mrs. Mason's train and asked her if she couldn't have it fixed?"

"Yes, I remember," assented the other. "Absent-minded, but a compelling sort of talker. Very young to be in the Senate."

"One of the youngest ever," said the girl, laconically. "Pops says he's sure to get on, though. Such an everlasting grind. Was hardly heard of two or three years ago. Say, romsey, there's Senator Graves! Isn't he a darling?"

Miss Bellingham turned rather suddenly to her companion.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hastily.

"I merely remarked some time ago that the play is getting on. Your hero does the part very well — too well to leave you anything but an exploded theorist, Miss Bellingham. It's pretty hard to pay so dearly for putting oneself in the wrong."

"It depends on the point of view, Mr. Higbee — and one's vanity. To accomplish anything is a satisfaction. It isn't so much the downfall of one's theory that is disappointing. It's the discovery that there isn't such a thing as the consistent working out of any theory."

"Then you are willing to admit that your own theory is wrong for the sake of believing that any theory is right?"

"Or that life is not built of theories?" she laughed. "And what is that but another theory? My dear Mr. Higbee, when a woman begins to generalize, she admits everything — and nothing."

Mr. Higbee sighed. "Generalizing or otherwise, I never heard one make a straight admission yet."

"You have a way of hearing only with your ears, Mr. Higbee."

"You forget that the drama is not quite so interesting to me as to you," he apologized. "The waits try a man's patience."

"You ought not to complain on that score," said Miss Bellingham. "Think of a man rising from a positive impossibility to a promising Senator in five years!"

She leaned forward slightly and looked down upon the floor. "I really don't see how he did it. Three years out in Indiana — law and municipal politics. Two years in Congress. Now, the Senate. I don't understand."

"But he — hasn't he ever explained?" asked Mr. Higbee, with intention.

She turned on him sharply.

"You know very well that I've never had ten minutes' personal conversation with him since the day he came to say good-bye to me, more than five years ago. Of course I've met him occasionally at dinners and receptions. But he goes out very little and he has never called."

Mr. Higbee smiled.

"Oh, I'm not pretending to get any intimate satisfaction out of the experiment, if that's what you mean!" she observed.

He smiled again. "Well, you can hardly expect to have an exclusive psychological exhibition — at any price, Miss Bellingham." She caught the expression of his face.

"Hush!" she said, unheeding. He's getting ready to begin."

Senator Griggs was rising leisurely from his seat. His long legs straightened out with a visible undulation and he shook back with his forehead the shock of thick black hair that had straggled beyond its bounds. His face was colorless and expressionless. He hitched his shoulders erect and stood for a moment in silence.

Some of the Senators glanced up curiously from their desks, then settled back in their seats and kept their eyes upon the face of the new speaker. A few wandered in from the lobby to see how the discussion on an interesting local subsidy bill was concluding. They glanced at the man on the floor and stayed.

Senator Griggs began in an indifferent drawl, low and without inflection. His voice was unmusical, lifeless, monotonous, yet perfectly distinct in all parts of the House. His eyes, not large at any time, were half closed, and he reviewed the measure and the previous discussion in a few slow sentences, without any show of interest. Except a small number locally concerned in the bill the Senators began, to look rather bored; but they did not resume their work and there was unusual quiet about the lobby doors.

At the end of a couple of minutes the speaker paused suddenly.

"That's the pith of it, gentlemen," he said, quietly. "Now, what does it all mean?"

He threw his head forward with a quick motion and opened his eyes wide. The drawl had gone out of his voice. It was sharp and telling.

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"What does it mean? Not a dozen members of the Senate have been sufficiently interested to listen to the reading of the bill. Not half a dozen will know why they voted for or against it. I admit it is a small thing to take before the consideration of this honorable body. Only a little matter which concerns the rights of a million or two of the citizens of these United States. We are just now taken up with weightier questions. We are merely waiting to shelve this measure before we discuss a knotty point in our foreign policy. We have not time for the consideration of domestic problems. The Senatorial mind is too big for trivialities. In the present complications it must look to the standing of the nation abroad. It cannot concern itself with the picturesque details of small business at home."

"Bill 628 may be in itself a small matter. That is not the question. Let me take it merely as the nearest outgrowth of a condition. Let it be this bill or any other bill that has come up before the Senate since the opening of the present session. The important matter is that it is not the only measure to meet with no interest and no consideration from the members of this body. The apathy of the Senate is the alarming thing, gentlemen; the indifference and ignorance with which we pass on measures for the well-being or the undoing of millions of our citizens with whose power we are invested, with whose rights we are intrusted. If its representatives are apathetic, well may the heart of the nation beat in apathy. And national apathy? There is no need to draw the lesson. Apathy is a sleep with a fearful spell, gentlemen. It is a sleep not unlike death."

The doorways of the Senate Chamber were filling quietly. There was a growing silence as the speaker went on. The people in the galleries leaned over eagerly. The older Senators smiled a little, but they listened with close attention. There was something compelling in the penetrating voice, neither raised nor lowered, in the suggestive pose of the ugly, powerful head, in the arraigning eyes. The sentences grew more terse as he continued, the significance more direct, the plea more powerfully personal. Whether or not his thoughts held anything of worth, there was no escape from it. The audience was held by the force of the man rather than by the force of the speech.

When, with abrupt unexpectedness, he slid his long frame back behind his desk there was a moment of silence. The Senators shook themselves free as from a physical grip, and then there was a murmur in the crowded gallery.

Miss Bellingham sat motionless. "Think of his daring to call the whole Senate to task in his first speech!" giggled the irresistible young lady in front of her. "Wasn't it rich? Did you notice the disgusted expression on Senator Hart's face? Griggs used to be his secretary, you know, and not an over brilliant one, either. He's certainly stirred 'em up a bit, anyway. I'm awfully glad we didn't go to the matinee!"

Miss Bellingham drew up her eyebrow. But the expression in her eyes when she turned to her companion was jubilant.

"My theory or not, we've made a man!" she whispered.

Mr. Higbee looked at her quizzically. "Oh, was it the money?"

Miss Bellingham's eyebrow went up higher.

"You're getting more impossible

every day, Mr. Higbee," she said.

"That's what I've been trying to explain to you for years, Miss Bellingham," he answered.

"But seriously," she went on, hastily, "I wish you would help me to some reasonable solution of this problem. What is it? The man isn't changed. Really, he has only strengthened the very characteristics that made him so impossible five years ago — and — and — they are rather attractive. I think he's going to be a power. And he's so sure of himself! He's not brilliant, but he's strenuous, he's unconventional, he's indomitable!"

"Yes?" put in Mr. Higbee, languidly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, tapping her foot angrily on the floor.

Mr. Higbee looked up at the ceiling and said nothing.

"Do make an effort to appear interested, Mr. Higbee."

"I'm trying — to make the effort," he said, humbly.

"Well, why can't you offer some explanation? I can understand that money will give a man friends, larger opportunities, self-confidence, perhaps. But it can't give him character and force."

Mr. Higbee paused before he answered.

"No," he said, slowly, "money can't make character. But it can give a man belief in himself and enough confidence to use his force where it will tell. However, that's not so much the question with Griggs. I think, Miss Bellingham, you were a bit mistaken in your marionette. The money may have been merely the touchstone."

"It's a tissue of 'maybes,'" she said, a little wearily. "Anyway, I should like to congratulate Senator Griggs! Can't you send word to have him come up here?"

He looked at her quickly, with a surprised question in his eyes.

She flushed under his look. "Don't be impertinent, Mr. Higbee!"

He bowed and left her, returning in a few minutes with the great form of the new Senator towering behind him.

Miss Bellingham held out her hand. "I feared I should not have another opportunity to congratulate you upon your heroic entrance among the great bears of the Senate. You have proved you can bite with the best of them."

"That's the first thing we learn, Miss Bellingham," drawled Senator Griggs, all animation gone out of his face. "To show our teeth is the beginning of wisdom."

"With some of you it's both the beginning and the end," she laughed. "Now, five years ago I should not have believed in you."

"The wisdom of the teeth?" he asked, indifferently, looking beyond her at a couple of disputatious Senators on the floor. "For both, Miss Bellingham, there's a great deal in having the edge sharpened."

"I'm sorry you've never given me a chance to have a hand in the sharpening," she complained, in the same tone of languid banter.

He did not answer, but looked into her face with an absent-minded directness that she felt was not absent-mindedness. She drew uncomfortable under the insistence of his glance and found herself, singularly, quite at a loss for something to say to break the spell.

After a moment he drew up his loose-hung shoulders. "Excuse me," he said, abruptly. "I see Senator Hammond looking around for me. I promised to go over some amendments