MC2035 POOR DOCUMENT

A PAGE OF SPECIAL FEATURES FOR SATURDAY TIMES READERS

WOODEN LEG HELD FORTUNE

From the Mines to Fifth Avenue With a Large Roll

TRAINING OF PARENTS

Prof. McKeever Would Have Examinations on Child Rearing Before Permission to Wed is Given—Loses Money But Protects Names of Her Clients—Emma Eames

(Times' Special Correspondence)

New York, Feb. 10—Scotty, the Arizona Croesus from Bloody Gulch, who blazed his way across the continent a few years ago with his "roll" bent on dimming the aurora of the "Gay White Way," is a piker when he basks in the shade of one Herbert O. Manley, of Dawson City, Alaska. Manley who used to be a trolley car conductor in Washington, D. C., many years ago trekked into town the other day from the gold fields near Nome with a bundle of yellowbacks stuck away in his wooden leg.

While exploring for the precious metal he lost his right leg and now wears a wooden one. Before leaving Dawson he sold out a claim he had for $200,000. Depositing $50,000 of this sum in a Seattle bank, he came east with the balance carefully hidden in a safe enclosed in the wooden leg. On reaching one of the fashionable hotels in Fifth Avenue he asked for permission to go into the office of the assistant manager so that he could get some change. While the staff of clerks gazed at him in amazement he raised the leg of his trousers, opened the combination lock on his odd treasure box, slipped out two $100 bills, locked the safe and leisurely sauntered out to the cashier.

"Anybody who pulls that leg will get something," he said, "but he'd have to know the combination to make it worth his while."

It was suggested to him that some one might steal the leg while he was asleep.

"Not on yer life, partner," the miner replied. "I go to bed with it. It's tucked under my pillow and I'd like to see the fellow that could get it away from me. I reckon he'd find it mighty uncomfortable going for him."

Matrimonial Limitations

Professor William A. McKeever, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, who has been here for some days attending the Child Welfare Exhibit sounded a clarion call which has started no end of discussion in sociological circles. The pedagogue is striving to interest Andrew Carnegie in his pet theories for the evolution of a stronger and better type of man; to that end would like the ironmaster to appropriate $10,000,000 for the elimination of physical and mental delinquency through scientific man-building.

"We study," said the Professor, "and experiment with the scientific breeding of horses, cows, dogs, even hens, and we leave to luck the propagation of the human animal. Yet the greatest opportunity in all human history knocks at the doors of this virile young nation. To us especially belong the duty of reconstructing the race-life, even if we have to check our mad race for making money, to go more directly into the business of making men.

"All prospective parents should be trained. The love of children is instinctive, but the ability to care for them properly is not. I think all applicants for a marriage license should be compelled to take a written examination in the elementary facts of child rearing.

"No one should be allowed to marry who—

"Suffers from any contagious disease.

"Is below the normal in mental development.

"Is a criminal by profession.

"Fails to pass an examination on the proper care of children.

"Cannot prove ability to support a family

"Is incompatible.

"It seems to me that the first two restrictions need no comment. Most educated people will agree to them. A law prohibiting the marriage of criminals should be framed and administered with caution. A man may commit a criminal act under great temptation, and yet normally be an excellent sort of a person. There is no reason why his children should not benefit the community. With the naturally criminal—the one who adopts law breaking as a profession—the case is different. His children would be handicapped not only by inheritance but by environment. He should not be allowed to marry."

Would Not Give Names

Rather than submit to an inquisition which would force her to reveal the names of society women who have paid for her "puffs" and the use of photographs in her weekly society journal, "The Widow," Mrs. Theresa Dean, who achieved an international reputation under the same nom de plume for many years with "Town Topics" has settled out of court a claim held against her by a former attorney.

The writer was asked to produce her books at a previous hearing in supplementary proceedings. She was prepared to do this until she observed a number of newspaper men at the office of the referee, when she suddenly concluded that it would be best to make it a substantial payment on account of the judgment upon which she was being examined.

It had been expected that the disclosure of the names of her financial contributors would be quite as sensational as the revelations in connection with the exposure of the manner in which some of society's most ornate figures were milked when "Fads and Fancies," a biography of the supposedly socially elect was exploited some years ago by Colonel W. D. Mann, of "Town Topics." It has been no secret that many of those who aspire to shine in the social limelight pay highly for favorable publicity and that many of them employ professional press agents to devise ways and means of bringing them

(Continued on page 8)

NEW PASTOR OF BRUSSELS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. Miles McCutcheon

Rev. Miles McCutcheon Comes With Name of Being Excellent Preacher

Rev. Miles McCutcheon, who has accepted the call of the congregation of Brussels street Baptist church to become their pastor, is a young man, who has attained success in his life work, although, as yet, he has not finished his course of study.

He is a son of Mrs. Catherine E. McCutcheon of Main street, and was born at the Narrows, Queens county, and spent his younger days there and at school at Lakeview. Later he went to Normal school, where he graduated with a first-class superior license, and was then appointed principal of Newman street school, which position he held with distinction until he entered Acadia College, Wolfville, where he secured his degree.

Mr. McCutcheon then entered Newton Theological Seminary and will complete his course there in June of the current year, having finished the regular course in two years.

He has filled the pulpits of many large churches and supplied the Brussels street pulpit last summer. He is recognized as a brilliant speaker, and a good church worker. Besides his offer from Brussels street, he had others from other churches both in Canada and in the United States, but decided to accept the local pastorate.

MEMORIAL TO THE AUTHOR OF "CUDDLE DOON"

Committee Formed in Montreal to Assist in the Erection of a Monument to Scottish Poet

(Montreal Star).

Alexander Anderson— "Surfaceman" — one of the finest of Scotland's later-day singers, whose beautiful poem of the nursery, "Cuddle Doon," is known all over the English-speaking world, is to have a monument erected to his memory, and his many admirers in Canada are to be given an opportunity toward it. A central committee, with headquarters in Edinburgh, has the project in hand, including among its members such prominent men as Sir William Turner, Principal of the University of Edinburgh; Sir George Douglas, Bart., the noted Scottish literatejur, and Dr. William Wallace, the noted authority on Burns. At the instance of the central committee, the matter has been taken up in Montreal and in Toronto, and committees have been formed in both places. The members of the Montreal committee, to whom subscriptions towards the memorial may be sent are Professor J. Clark Murray, W. D. Lighthall, K. C., Robert Reid, A. M. Edington, W. Ormiston Roy, William Drysdale, and John MacFarlane, secretary.

It is proposed that the memorial shall take the form of a granite cross to be erected in the poet's native place, Kirkconnell, in Dumfries-shire.

For many years before his death, in the summer of 1909, "Surfaceman," was Scotland's leading poet, standing out among other sweet singers by reason of the naturalness and heartfelt sympathy of his song, the outcome of a singularly amiable generous nature and guileless heart.

Alexander Anderson was born in April 30, 1845, a son of the people. His father was a quarrier, and he built with his own hands the house in which the poet was born. At an early age Anderson worked as a quarryman, being after wards employed for 17 years as a surfaceman (or sectionman, as we call it on this side), on the Glasgow and Southwestern Railway. His early years were strenuously devoted to self-culture. In his snatches of leisure from a life full of toil he mastered French, German, Spanish and Italian to an extent that enabled him to study the master-poets of literature in these languages.

At an early age he began to write, and his first piece to attract more than local attention was his famous sonnet on John Keats, which won high praise from literary critics. Another early poem which attracted attention was , "To One in Eternity," occasioned by the death of a much loved brother. In 1873 appeared his "Song of Labor, and Other Poems," which at once established the fame of "Surfaceman." Two years later appeared another volume, "The Two Angels, and Other Poems," which was followed in 1878 by a third volume," Songs of the Rail," and the year following appeared, "Ballads and Sonnets." Thus brought into notice Anderson's progress was rapid. He became secretary to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution and Librarian in Edinburgh University.

"Surfaceman" was not spoiled by success.

It is as the author of "Cuddle Doon," that he will be longest remembered, but many of his other Scottish pieces are just as good, though they have not obtained so great a vogue. A few of these are "Wauken Up," "Jennie wi the Airn Teeth," "Dingle Doozie," "A' His Lane," "The Bowgie Man," "Granny Grey, Pow," Jamie's Wee Chair," "May Middletons Tam," "Cockie-Roosie-Ride," "The San' Man," "Our First Wee Graves," and "Is Wee Jamie Wauken Yet?" After "Cuddle Doon," perhaps the best of the lot is "Jeany wi' the Airn Teeth," Anderson's own favorite. A remarkable fact is that the author of these beautiful and tender songs of child life lived and died a bachelor. Though "Cuddle Doon" is so widely known, it is worth quoting in full in its exact text. Here it is:

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
'Oh, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon.

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece,"
The rascal starts them a',

(Continued on page 10, fifth column.)

FAMILY OF FOUR DRIVEN TO SUICIDE BY POVERTY

New York, Feb. 10—A suicide compact entered into because of extreme poverty resulted in the wiping out of a family of four in Brooklyn this week. Frank Bernard, thirty-two, a trainer of athletes, his wife Mamie, thirty, and their children, George, four, and Daniel two, were found dead of asphyxiation in their three-room apartment at No. 780 Fulton street.

All four were lying in bed, the children between the father and mother. The family had been in dire distress for some time. The only means they had of heating their apartment was burning newspapers. The ashes of newspapers were found in the stove.

A bank book was found showing that Bernard last August had $600 on deposit with the People's Trust Company. The money had been drawn out in small amounts until there was only fifty cents left.

Bernard was formerly trainer and athletic instructor to the Twenty-third Regiment and the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. Later he was instructor for Hamilton College. He lost these positions and went to work as operator of a moving picture machine in Brooklyn at a small salary. He lost this latter position and was unable to get other work.

ARMCHAIR REFLECTIONS

(By H. L. Spencer)

I remember the incredulous smile with which my father and mother listened to the stories of my grandparents as they were seated around our blazing fireplace, of a winter evening, of "the good old times" when they were young.

"When I was young? Ah, woful When! Ah, for the change, twixt now and then."

They told of better crops, of brighter days, of days free from anxiety or discord, of kind neighbors, then dead and sleeping in the little churchyard, a mile or two away, and how they felt sure that it was well with them all for they were all good men and good women. I remember my maternal grandmother telling how one day afternoon she and my grandfather (she having her eldest and only son in her arms), went for a stroll through the fields near their home, and encountered a bear with two or thre cubs. My grandfather left her, with the baby, to watch the bear while he ran to the house for his gun. When he returned, she said to him, "James, have you forgotten that this is the Sabbath day?

In her excitement she had forgotten it herself. He shouldered his gun and mournfully went home, where they fell on their knees and thanked God that they had not yielded to the devil's temptation to desecrate the Sabbath.

I believe that people enjoyed a goodly share of worldly happiness in those old days. The farmer's farm — and nearly every man owned a farm—was his kingdom —and his log house—was his castle. He had no ambition, but to provide well for his family, to educate his children, to be able to gratify his charitable instincts in thought and deed, and to leave a good name behind him when his work was done. I remember among our neighbors but two men who had entered upon "the race for riches," when I was a boy; their homes were the most desolate and their families the most forlorn of any I had ever seen. But they succeeded in their purpose, and died unmourned, even by their widows and children.

I remember the first cooking stove that ever came into our neighborhood. It weighed about a ton, and the strength of six men was required to lift it into our kitchen. It looked about as much like a modern stove as it did like a church. Yet my mother with its aid baked bread, beans and pumpkin pies, and roasted turkeys and chickens to the entire satisfaction of the household, so I regret the days of my boyhood, just as my grandparents regretted the days of their youth. But nearly every one of us looks back upon his early days as the golden days of his life, and it may be that we are progressing in the arts of civilization instead of retrograding, as many an old fogy thinks.

RECIPROCITY

The Food Trust had an awful dream,
That made it writhe and moan and scream;
It saw the wall that stands between
The States and Canada serene
Start crumbling at one little place,
Yet fear o'erspread the Food Trust's face,
For through that tiny hole he spied
Far reaching on the other side,
Great fields of waving, growing wheat,
And heard the pound of cattle's feet,
And saw great flocks of clucking hens
And pigs by thousands in their pens,
All waiting, at a moment's call,
To rush right through the broken wall
And feed the millions in the States.

And as the Food Trust cursed the Fates
He also saw this side the wall
Our manufactures waiting all
The summons from the Land of Furs
To come in fair exchange for hers.

The Food Trust shivered in his bed
And groaned and wished that he were dead,
For next he saw those mammoth stores,
Great buildings packed from roofs to floors,
With foodstuffs, kept all tight in ice
Till he could calmly boost their price;
He saw them rotting all away,
And growing fouler day by day;
He saw the chickens, eggs and such
Becoming softer to the touch;
He saw the day when all the lot
Would worthless be because of rot,
Since purchasers would not appear.

He woke all trembling in his fear,
And cried: "Halt! Listen here to me!
We can't have Reciprocity!
Disaster on the scheme would fall;
'Twill be the ruin of us all!"

But near and far, when rose his cry,
The people looked with twinkling eye,
And said: "Well, if your tale be true
And it would ruin such as you,
The quicker that we have it, then,
The better for the rest of men,
And in it we our solace see—
Come on, you Reciprocity!"

—Paul West, in New York World.

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC AND AN EVENING WITH HYMNS

Rev. Mr. Porter's Eloquent Address in Germain Street Baptist Cuurch

At the special song service held in Germain street Baptist church last Sunday evening, and referred to before in the Times, the address by the paster, Rev. F. S. Porter, on the "Ministry of Music," was interestingly and clearly followed. In response to a genral request that the address be published, it is given herewith:—

It is for no vain or idle purpose that we devote this Sabbath evening to the consideration of great hymns. It is because we are firmly convinced that music, however debased it may have become in the hands of evil men—that music in its essence is of Divine origin, and that ever since "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," the sanction of Heaven has been placed upon an art so exquisite and so refined.

It is indeed inconceivable that a God who constructed the universe upon principles of beauty and harmony; who has endowed the whole animate creation with power to produce musical sounds at will; who gives the bird its song, the wave of the sea its deep diapason, the insect its sweet chanting, and the human voice its marvelous melody—it is impossible, I say, that He, the master musician, should be indifferent to the rhythmic responses of our hearts. The whole art of music is latent in the very constitution of the world. "See deep enough," said Carlyle, "and you will see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it." To this may be added a similar statement of Balzac: "I say that music is an art woven from the very bowels of Nature;" and Beethoven gives utterance to the same truth when he says: "Music is the manifestation of the inner essential nature of all that is."

Sacred Songs

If this can be said of music in general, what must be the place of Sacred Song! Who can estimate its value and influence? How it subdues the feelings, softens the heart, and awakens the holiest aspirations of the soul!

Music in this sense has ever been the hand-maid of religion. It is a Divinely appointed mode of adoring the great Creator and Redeemer of the world. In the book of Revelation the inhabitants of heaven are represented as worshipping the Lamb with song and psaltery: "The four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and they sang a new song saying, Thou art worthy for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands singing with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing! And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth heard I singing, Blessing and honor and glory be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." That is music; that is worship, that is true adoration.

If such swelling anthems of praise burst from yon celestial throng should not the redeemed myriads of earth re-echo their rapturous praises, and join in singing glad Hosannas unto the Lord!

Infidelity has no hymnology; because it has no God to worship, no crucified Saviour to adore. But Christianity has these priceless possessions; and in the hymnology of the church God has graciously provided His people with the appropriate means of expressing their deepest longings and aspirations. What would the service of the church be if all the long-loved hymns were suddenly expunged from its worship, and its precious hymnals sealed forever? The loss would be irreparable. No more could we say in reference to the church:

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."

Hyms of the Church

Assuredly, the hymns of the church have entered into the very fibre of our spiritual life. They have consoled the sorrowing; they have revived the languishing; they have brought penitence and conviction to the sinner when all other persuasions have failed. John Wesley on making a record in his diary of a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral says nothing of the elaborate ritual or the eloquent sermon, but testifies thus concerning the music: "I could taste the good word of the Lord in the anthem."

So St. Augustine, before his conversion, happening to be in the church of St. Ambrose in Milan, speaking of the influence

Rev. F. S. Porter

of the hymns said: "How did I weep oh Lord, when I heard the canticle and hymn; the voices sank into my ears and the truth distilled into my heart." Henry Drummond on his dying bed requested his friend Hugh Barbour to sing: "Oh God, our help in ages past," and when he had finished, Drummond asked him to sing, "I'm not Ashamed to Own My Lord." And the dying man exclaimed:—"Ah, Hugh, there is nothing like that!

Coleridge said that Martin Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by the translation of the Bible. And the monks, his enemies, said: "Luther has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons."

It is related that when blood-thirsty crowds could not be quelled by John Wesley's coal-black eye, nor by Whitefield's imperial voice, they were known to turn and slink away when the truth was sung to them in Charles Wesley's hymns. Their ring-leaders more than once broke down under them in tears and groans of remorse. Well may we say of the influence of such music:

"O strange, sweet power,
Ineffable, O gracious influence,
I know not whence thou art, but this
I know;
Thou holdest in thy hand the silver key
That can unlock the secret fount of
tears,
Which falling make life green, the hidden spring
Of purer fancies and high sympathies."

For this reason, a good hymn is a more valuable contribution to Christian literature than vast tomes of theology; for the hymn will sing to the ages long after the musty volumes have been consigned to oblivion.

Tonight we are to sing and study a few of our finest hymns. Each one is rich in sentiment and lofty in expression. After the origin and history of the hymn is given the congregation will rise and sing it with fervor and as unto the Lord. "Make the church full of praise and it will be full of God."

PRINCE OF WALES' GREAT CHUM IS PRINCESS LOUISE

London, Feb. 11—Princess Louise, duchess of Argyle, the Prince of Wales great aunt, is curiously enough his great chum, for they seem to have many interests in common. In his holidays he usualy spends some time with her, and she is of a particularly artistic nature and well up in pictures, statuary, the old masters, architecture, and other art industries, she has taken him about from time to time to all the famous picture galleries of London, as well as to many of the lesser known ones such as the Dulwich gallery, the Sloane museum and others which they have visited privately as ordinary sight-seers.

When the time comes for him to ascend the throne it is certain that Great Britain will have a clever, earnest and thoroughly qualified monarch, who will maintain all the best traditions of the crown. In the meantime it is safe to predict that as he, there is a plethora of the upper circles gravitating to London, whose presence somewhat embitters the jealous feeling of the classes who are sunk in poverty.

Enthusiastic Burns Celebration

This week has been loyally remembered as Burns' week in London Scottish circles—I never remember more enthusiastic appreciation of the Scottish poet among all classes in London. Lovers of pure song are celebrating one of the high priests of literature. The British democracy reveres Burns as the greatest pioneer of advanced radical ideas, and even imperialists rejoice in him as a powerful link of empire—the universality of whose genius is appreciated throughout the whole English speaking world.

The most remarkable tributes to Burns' power come from the Nonconformist pulpits. It has been quite remarkable the number of Presbyterian ministers who have spoken and written in praise of Burns—even Presbyterians who had they lived in Burns' time, would have been of the narrow, old-fashioned Calvanistic theology which was laughed to scorn by the inspired and very human poet, who is now recognised as a great political and religious reformer. Tonight the Burns' societies are capturing London, and even cockneys are flocking in thousands to the Albert Hall to applaud the most human of songs in the English tongue.

Nonconformists in the Midlands can ill afford to lose Dr. Jowett, who is leaving Birmingham to take the most famous of pulpits in New York. But England's loss should be America's gain, and middle-class Englishmen will be glad if a man of Dr. Jowett's calibre succeed in spreading in America something like the religious and social influence he has spread all over England.

It means much that a scholarly and eloquent and ambitious preacher should choose to go to the wealthiest congregation in New York for the same salary as he had in Carr's Lane. His best introduction to the worldlings of America is that their new preacher has not been influenced in his "call" by the attractions of American dollars.

Archdeacon of London

The Archdeacon of London has just resigned and so one of the most picturesque figures disappears from public life. For

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TOPICS OF A WEEK IN LONDON

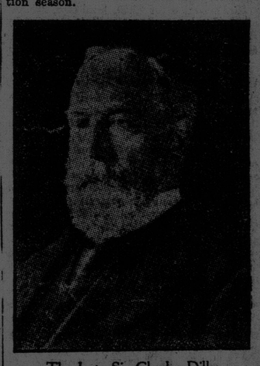
Interest in Models of Festival of Empire Colonial Buildings

MAY FOLLOW DUKE

Some of England's Aristocratic Families May Come to Canada—Enthusiastic Celebration of Burns Anniversary—Resignation of Archdeacon of London—The Late Sir Charles Dilke

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, Jan. 28—Londoners this week have been greatly interested in the exhibition prepared in the Strand, which shows the models that will be grouped on the terrace of the Crystal Palace to represent in miniature the colonial halls for the products and industries of the various sections of the British empire. It is stimulating public interest in the coming festival of empire, which is sure to be the world wide centre of attraction of the coronation season.



The Late Sir Charles Dilke

An all red line of electric railway will convey the visitors all around the tour of the empire—beginning with Newfoundland—thence to Canada—and the West Indies—then to the east and over the Pacific to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. In each of the great capitals the government buildings will be shown. The models of those in Ottawa and elsewhere in Canada are really very magnificent. The most striking features of each of the far off countries will be seen by visitors to London, and thus an intelligent acquaintance with the empire will be brought home, not only to the people of the old country but to visitors from all the world.

The Duke of Connaught

The idea of the late king's brother going to Canada is regarded as a well deserved honor to the duke, whilst it is no less a distinction to the most important of all our overseas dominions. So long as there are able and popular members of the royal family England might always spare one to act as viceroy in Canada, and it is expected the duke's residence at Ottawa will be a strong tie connecting the two countries.

It is said that the duke's going to Canada may be the signal for a movement westward of some aristocratic families who have an affection for the royal entourage. The spread of the best families and the distribution of blue blood might be a social advantage. However that may be, there is a plethora of the upper circles gravitating to London, whose presence somewhat embitters the jealous feeling of the classes who are sunk in poverty.

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WONDERFUL WORK OF DIGGING THE 50 MILE CANAL THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

The following interesting description of work on the Panama Canal is taken from a serial story, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," now running in Everybody's Magazine and written by Rex Beach.

Runnels, one of the men of the story, says:—

"Well, the ditch will be about fifty miles long, and roughly speaking, the work is in three parts—the dredging and harbor-building at sea-level on each end of the canal, the lock-work, and the excavations on the upper levels. That dam you saw building at Gatun will form a lake about thirty miles long—quite a fish-pond, eh? When a west-bound ship arrives, for instance, it will be raised through the Gatun locks, three of them, and then sail along eighty-five feet above the ocean, across the lake, and into a channel dug right through the hills, until it reaches the locks at Pedro Miguel. Then it will be lowered to a smaller lake five miles long, then down again to the level of the Pacific. An eastbound ship will reverse the process. Get the idea?"

"Sure. It sounds easy."

"Oh, it's simple enough. That's what makes it so big. We've been working at it five years, and it will take five years more to complete it. Before we began, the French had spent about twenty years on the job. Now a word, so you will have the general scheme of operation in your head. The whole thing is run by the Isthmian Canal Commission—six men, most of whom are at war with each other. There are really two railway systems—the I. C. C., built to haul dirt and rock and to handle materials in and out of the workings, and the Panama Railroad, which was built years ago during the California gold rush and bought by our government at the time of that terrible revolution I told you about. The latter is a regular system—hauls passengers and freight, but the two work together. You will start in with the P. R. R., Mr. Anthony, under my despotic sway."

"I know a little about railroading."

"So much the better. There's a big railroad man by your name in the States. Are you related?"

"I believe so." Kirk answered quietly. "Go ahead with the lesson."

Canal Zone Ten Miles Wide

"The Canal Zone is a strip of land ten miles wide running across the Isthmus—really an American colony, you know, for we govern it, police it, and all that. As for the work itself, well, the fellows at the two ends of the canal are dredging night and day to complete their part, the lock builders are laying concrete like mad to get their share done first, the chaps in the big cut are boring through the hills like moles and breaking steam-shovel records every week, while we railroad men take care of the whole shooting match. Of course there are other departments—sanitary, engineering, commissary and so forth—all doing their share; but that is the general scheme. Everybody is trying to break records. We don't think of anything except our own business. Each fellow believes the fate of the canal depends upon him. We've lost interest in everything except this ditch, and, while we realize that there is such a place as Home, it has become merely a spot where we spend our vacations. They have wars and politics and theatres and divorces out there somewhere, but we don't care. We've lost step with the world, we've dropped out. When the newspapers come, the first thing we look for is the Panama news. We're obsessed by this job. Even the women and children feel it—you'll feel it as soon as you become a cog in the machine. Polite conversation at dinner is limited to tons of rock and yards of concrete. Oh, but I'm tired of this concrete talk."

"Try the abstract for a change."

"It's interesting at first, then it gets tiresome. Lord! It's fierce."

"The work, too?"

Gets on the Nerves

"Everything! Every day you do the same thing; every day you see the same faces, hear the same talk; even the breeze blows from the same direction all the time, and the temperature stays at the same mark winter and summer. Every time you go out you see the same coach-drivers, the same Spiggoty policemen leaning against the same things; every time you come in you eat the same food, drink the same liquor, sit in the same chair, and talk about the same topics. Everything runs too smoothly. The weather is too damned nice. The thermometer lacks originality. We're too comfortable. Climate like that gets on a white man's nerves. he needs physical discomfort to make him contented. I'd give a forty-dollar dog to be good and cold and freeze my nose. Why, Dr. Gorgas has made us so sanitary that we can't even get sick. I'd hail an epidemic as a friend."

Runnells, later in the story, speaking of the position of Americans in Panama, says:—"You know we Americans occupy a peculiar position here, set down as we are in the midst of an alien people who hate us. Oh, they hate us all right—all except a few of the better class."

"Why?"

"There are a good many reasons. For one thing, there's a sort of racial antipathy. You don't like them, do you? Well, they don't like you either, and the same feeling exists from Mexico to Patagonia, although it is strongest in these regions. It is partly the resentment of an inferior race, I suppose. Then, too, when we stole Panama we made the Columbians sore and all Central America besides, for they realize that once we Yankees got a foothold here, we'd hang on and not only domnate this country but all the neighboring republics as well, That's just what we're beginning to do; that's why the Cortlandts are here. The stage is clearing for a big political drama, Mr. Anthony, which may mean the end of Latin Central America."

"I had gathered something of the sort—but I had no idea there was so much in it."

"The United States must protect its canal, and to that end it is building 'stone quarries' on Ancon Hill which are really fortifications. American capital is coming in here, too, and in order to protect the whole thing we must dominate Panama itself. Once that is done, all the countries between here and the Texas border will begin to feel our influence. Why, Costa Rica is already nothing but a fruit-farm owned by a Boston corporation. Of course nobody can forecast the final result, but the Mexicans, the Hondurans, the Guatemalans, and the others have begun to feel it, and that's why the Anti-American sentiment is constantly growing. You don't read much about it in the papers, but just live here for a while and you'll find out."

"Oh, I have," Kirk acknowledged dryly.

"But we don't want these jungle countries

"There's where you're wrong. By and by we'll need room to expand, and when that time comes we'll move south, not north or west. Tropical America is richer than all our great northwest, and we'll grab it sooner or later. Meanwhile, our far-sighted government is smoothing the way."