A HALLOWEEN GHOST

BY ELEANOR JAMES, IN WASHINGTON STAR.

"Is that a dare?" inquired Dorothy Millard, flashing a challenging glance at her father's secretary.

"It would be, were it not for the silver."

McCausland's voice betrayed a note of seriousness quite foreign to the frivolity of the preceding conversation. The girl was quick to detect the change.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything," replied the man laconically, and somehow he could not refrain from glancing backward at the long library windows. The solid shutters were already closed, and the new padlock gleamed on the iron bar as the rays of a keen fall moon shot through the leafless vines. Last night there had been neither padlock nor bar on that window, and this morning—

"Don't you become morbid over that wretched old silver. What if it did come from Sheffield? There's more in the antique shops. Father has gone to bed with a headache from worrying, and there is no one left but you." She gave him a fleeting glance of appeal. "It is a lonely Hallowe'en for a girl who had planned on a house party that failed."

"I'm sorry," he said simply. But he stood resolutely upon the top step of the veranda.

"You're not," she cried vehemently. "You suggest that we have some old-fashioned Hallowe'en fun—that I look into the well for the face of my future lord and master and—and then you back out!"

Her very attitude was a challenge, and her eyes sparkled in the moonlight.

"It is too bad," began McCausland in his easy-going way, "but I had forgotten, for the moment. Why should I permit you to court danger?"

"Most appropriate, coming from the lips of one who is evidently averse to courting anything!"

Just for an instant he caught the flash of her hazel eyes, with the sudden glint of a golden light in their depths. Then the long lashes fell. The man's heart throbbed oddly for more than the single instant, but he was quick to pull himself together. Only her love of playing with words had prompted the remark. Her father had the same trick. And he was her father's secretary. His voice was quite grave when he spoke again.

"Your father has given orders that you are not even to drive about during the day, unattended. What would he say to your wandering over the grounds at night?"

"I thought you might count yourself as an attendant, at least."

McCausland flushed, then shrugged his shoulder and spoke more lightly.

"I would break the spell. The fairies would work no charm for you, nor show the face in the well, if you were accompanied by a real live man."

The spoiled daughter of the house of Millard flung up her head defiantly. Quite clearly this young man, who had come out of the west with his strong, rugged features, his calm, gray eyes, needed a lesson. He was treating her as if she were a child, instead of the belle of the Tenbrook Park hunting set for two seasons past.

"I do not believe in fairies, but just to show you that neither am I afraid of burglars, I shall go to that well."

She was coming back towards him now, mounting the steps with imperious carriage.

"Miss Millard—"

She flung him a mocking smile.

"I'm going to my room for my revolver. It's a little dream that I've used only for target practice. Perhaps it will see real service tonight."

Instinctively McCausland's hand slipped round to his hip pocket. The girl's eyes danced.

"And you were armed all the while." She flashed through the wide doorway into the fire-lit hall. McCausland heard the patter of her high-heeled slippers on the broad, polished stairs, and then he turned to pace the porch.

For weeks he had been trying to reach the decision which he felt was inevitable—to leave Ar-y-hen. He had known it was not the place for him ever since Dorothy Millard had greeted him that first night in the drawing-room. There had been company to dinner, but Mr. Millard had evidently determined to make his new secretary's place in the family circle quite clear. McCausland had taken the daughter of the house out to dinner.

Senator Millard had known McCausland's father way back in their college days. The one had developed into a master of finance, a dilettante in politics. The other had put a struggling western college on its feet and named it for the man whose thousands he had cajoled into the college treasury, but not into his own pocket. The man of thousands had had the decency to educate the son of the dead college president. Senator Millard had loved the father. He accepted the son as the legacy of his strongest college friendship. Young McCausland's title of secretary was misleading. He had really become the confidential adviser of the busy financier and politician. Confidential? Yes, until this morning. For over an hour Senator Millard had shut every one from the library while he wrote and rewrote a letter, which was sent by a footman to the Tenbrook Park postoffice, and not by McCausland, who happened to be riding that way.

The young fellow, quivering under the leash of his love for Dorothy Millard and his sense of honor towards his employer, had become supersensitive. That letter had something to do with him. Perhaps the ambitious senator had formulated certain plans for his daughter—perhaps he had suspected the invisible but potent tie which was drawing the daughter of millions to the son of a penniless college professor. Perhaps——

McCausland stopped short in his nervous walk, and clutched a balustrade for support. Perhaps it was the silver! God! could the man who had known his father suspect the son? And yet, he and Senator Millard alone had known the combination to the vault in the library. And both had been ready to take oath that the rare old Sheffield loving cup had been placed in that vault the night before.

When the first piece of silver had disappeared, the loss had been laid directly at the heels of a departing second man. The city police had been trying to trace him for ten days. But there had been a second burglary and a third, with no departing servants as scapegoats. Senator Millard had kept the matter quiet. He had no wish to draw public attention to the fact that he possessed one of the finest collections of old Sheffield plate in the country. He had insisted that he would act as his own detective, but none of the family had really rested properly for many nights. And this very morning another piece had disappeared, the burglar leaving no trace. Doors, windows and vault were undisturbed. But the loving cup had followed the comport, the creamer and the salver. It had apparently vanished in thin air, and for the first time Senator Millard had turned absent-minded and yet secretive.

McCausland stared dully into the firelit hall, at the stairs down which she would soon come—the daughter of the man who thought him a thief—who had undoubtedly written that day to summon detectives from town, perhaps to lay the case before the most noted sleuth of two continents—the woman he loved, the woman who loved—he dared not harbor the thought—and yet there had been moments when——

Yes, he should have gone weeks before. Now it was too late. To leave before the mysterious burglaries had been explained was not to be considered for a moment.

Dorothy Millard swept lightly down the staircase. Something cold and bright gleamed amid the rare old lace which fell from the sleeve of her dinner gown.

"Wish me luck with the fairies," she said as she passed him. He sprang forward from the shadows and followed her down the steps.

"No, no," she said quickly; "you shall not break the charm."

She was a child for all her 20 years, a wilful but most winsome child. Now that she was in a fair way to accomplish her purpose, the imperious carriage bearing disappeared. She was all archness and mischief.

Frank McCausland laid his hand firmly over hers—the one that held the dangerous plaything of iron and steel.

"Miss Millard, you cannot go to the well alone. Just beyond is a clump of trees which would make an ideal lurking place for burglars."

"I don't think there are any burglars. If there were, why do they not take it all at one fell swoop? Why, this thievery, long drawn out? And just to show you that I have the courage of my convictions, I shall let you hide in that very clump of trees and mount guard over me, while I find my fate in the well."

McCausland gave a deep sigh of relief. Anything, so he could be at hand to protect her.

"I shall be far enough to appease the fairies and to escape temptation."

"Of what?" asked Dorothy, with a wicked twinkle in her eyes.

"Of looking over your shoulder. I should hate to have you disappointed."

"Oh, really! Fancy now, Teddy Burrows and Jack Freeman——"

"And a score of others," interrupted Frank McCausland, soberly. "That's just the trouble! There are so many of them that I fear your feelings are not strong enough to summon up a single, clearly-defined face."

His tone was no longer bantering. Instinctively the girl drew closer to him. It was true she had led a butterfly life, distributing her favors and her smiles with unthinking prodigality. No one had seemed worth while until——

He stopped by the screen of undergrowth and trees which stood close to the lodge entrance, and a few rods from the well, with its quaint, low hood and its vine-clad base. The chill autumn wind made the leafless branches sough uncannily. The grounds were very still. Then suddenly, in the long distance, rose the wail of a dog, long-drawn and doleful. The girl shivered slightly. McCausland drew forth his watch and held it up in the clear moonlight.

"Two minutes of twelve. The fateful hour approaches. Are you—game?"

She laughed—the natural, musical laugh which was one of the links in the chain that bound his love.

"Farewell, Mr. McCausland," she exclaimed, bowing ceremoniously. "When I return my future will be as an open book."

Daintily she picked her way across the well-kept lawn. The old well house stood on the edge of the last farm which Senator Millard had annexed to his fine estate, and Dorothy had insisted that it be left undisturbed. She was a creature of impulse and sentiment, despite her worldly training.

McCausland, watching her from his vantage-point, forgot the mysterious letter of the morning, the more mysterious disappearance of the silver—everything except that he would give worlds to have been at this moment in the depths of the well—to see her face when her eyes met his. Would there be love and trust, mixed with sweet wonder, or would her eyes grow cold and her head be turned from his look of entreaty?

"Frank! Oh, Frank!"

It came to him—a terrified, quivering cry. He sprang forward, revolver in hand. How long had he been mooning, he asked himself roughly, as he sped across the lawn. It seemed but a moment before that she had been leaning over the well. Now she was stumbling toward him, both hands outstretched. He had heard no sound. There was nothing in sight. He flung one last look over his shoulder and then reached her side. His arms closed about her. With a sob, she buried her face in his shoulder.

"Dorothy—dearest—what is it?"

He had forgotten that danger might be lurking around them. The one thought surging through his brain was this—she had called him Frank, she turned to him in alarm. What matter the cause?

Suddenly she raised her head and glanced fearfully over her shoulder.

"Where is it?"

"What—a fairy?"

Again she shivered.

"No; something dreadful—something in white. Oh, there!"

Before the bewildered McCausland had time to glance in the direction indicated—a path which led from the rear of the house to the well—Dorothy had slipped, a huddled, unconscious figure at his feet. As he bent over her, he glanced toward the well, and suddenly all things became unreal—even the woman he loved. For down the winding pathway came a figure robed in white, with head downcast and arms crossed upon the breast. Closer and closer it came, and still McCausland stood, staring dully, his revolver held limply in a nerveless hand, the girl lying in a pitiful heap at his feet, and the hands that had been apparently crossed upon the breast were unclasped to reveal something round and squat and silver-sheened. One long thin arm drew up the old well bucket and eager fingers detached it from the rope. Next the sheen of silver shone at the end of the rope, the tall, gaunt figure seemed to turn from side to side, as if the eyes of this ghostly nocturnal visitor were looking furtively about him.

There was a dull, thick sound, as if the waters in the depths of the well parted to admit a heavy body. This was real, human. McCausland leaned forward—and then he laughed. The girl, over whom he was bending, stirred in returning consciousness. The other figure, the tall, gaunt white thing, still hovered over the well. Now, its long, lean fingers were rubbed together as if in satisfaction.

"Look, Dorothy, dear, but don't scream. It's not a ghost."

Shudderingly the girl raised her head, and, still clinging to McCausland's arm, glanced back at the well.

"It's your father in a bathrobe—he's been hiding his silver in his sleep—down there in the well."

"Dad——"

McCausland's firm hand closed her lips.

"Don't waken him." The figure in white had turned and was slowly retracting its steps toward the house. "It's dangerous to wake a somnambulist suddenly. He will make his way back safely to the house, and to his room. Besides—I don't think I care to see him just now."

They had forgotten the silent, white figure, stalking across the well-kept lawns. McCausland lifted her gently to her feet and then drew back. The girl swayed a trifle uncertainly.

"How silly of me—but somehow I can't—can't quite pull myself together!"

McCausland bowed gravely and offered his arm. She drew away, the color, which had been creeping back into her face, now quickly receding and leaving her deathly pale.

"Thank you, I can walk very well now. But you were right, quite right, when you said that I should not come. No twentieth century girl should tempt the fairies or fate. She is used only to balance a ledger."

McCausland stood before her, straight and stern.

"You must understand——"

"Exactly—I do understand. And now, as there is nothing more to be said, we'll return to the house."

She bent over to gather up her fluffy train. Her shoulders drooped wearilydy. And a moment later she had held her in his arms. Her hair had brushed his cheek. He remembered—and the memory was sweet and overpowering. Then the words came thick and fast, the story of love and doubt and duty strangely commingling and warring. The girl listened, her head bent that he might not see too soon the glad light of surrender in her eyes.

"And now that I've told you the miserable truth, I have only to add that I'll leave in the morning. It's the only decent thing to do, after all you father's kindness to me."

Suddenly she flung back her head. The mocking laugh he loved rang out clear and sweet.

"Let me warn you, sir, that it is not wise to go against the will of the fairies."

Then her mood changed. "Do you think you are quite fair to Daddy? He's ambitious, but he's never put me up for sale yet. I'm to be had—for the asking."

The man leaned forward, took both of her hands in his, and looked straight into her eyes. The fairies had him in their clutches now.

"Now, quick—I'm going to ask him—now."

Dorothy's eyes danced.

"Not until you've told him about the silver in the well, heaven bless him!"

TRAVELERS ARE GREAT SUFFERERS

From Indigestion and Dyspepsia But Are Finding Sure Relief In Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—What Mr. H Sutherland Says.

Probably no class of people are so much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia as traveling men. The constant change of diet, and the different styles of cooking keep their stomachs constantly at work, and as a consequence always in need of rest. Those travelers are now finding the rest their stomachs require in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Mr. H. Hutchinson, of Chatham, buyer for one of Canada's big mercantile houses, who crosses the ocean several times each year, says:

"I must confess one of the greatest blessings I ever received comes from using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suffered for a long time from Dyspepsia till some time ago a friend bought me a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and from the very first box I got relief. I keep them by me and if at any time I feel that my food is likely to disagree with me I just take one or two Tablets and feel no more effects of Indigestion."

Cremation in War.

Burning the dead has been a feature of the war in Manchuria about which little has been said, but by which much is suggested. We get the picture of a great heap of bodies piled close and then touched off. What aids are employed to insure swift incineration are not mentioned, but presumably some are employed. The object is not only to dispose of the bodies swiftly, but thoroughly. The flames are invoked where there is not time for burial, and the work in the one case, as in the other, must be as well done as possible in the interests of the living. Otherwise a plague might start which would prove more destructive than bullets and shells. How trying this thing must be on the men who are detailed to perform it is not difficult to imagine. It requires nerve greater than that which takes a man hot-foot into conflict. Then he is sustained by what is called the joy of battle. Everybody around is alive, to his finger tips. The enemy is in sight, and is either approaching or awaiting approach. Carnage is contagious. It runs up and down the line, and while the fight rages nothing terrifies. The bloodiest scenes but inspire men to greater exertion. They advance to death and meet it with a shout. Imagine, then, the draft upon the emotions of even seasoned soldiers, smeared with the stains of war, gathering bodies by the hundreds and disposing of them in this fashion; lighting the fires and keeping them going until the last body has been consumed. And there is present the reflection that the quick of today may be the dead of tomorrow, and that the stokers of today's pyres may be the fuel of tomorrow's. This aspect of war is something like hell, indeed.—Washington Star.

Maxim Gorki attended the performance of one of his plays at Helsingfors recently, and was accorded a tumultuous reception, showing that one Russian is popular in Finland.

SUN DIALS IN FASHION AGAIN

OLD RELIABLE TIME-KEEPERS THAT WERE ONCE FAMOUS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Costly Sun Dial Set Up By Charles II—The Clock at Skibo Castle—Modern Makers' Methods.

Sun dials have come again into fashion. They are to be seen everywhere, says Chambers' Journal, and very often wrongly placed. Elegant designs, too, are the modern ones, and a large place of business in London is kept almost wholly occupied in making new models to attract the eye and appeal to the imagination. A large quantity of the stones of Christ's Hospital and old Kew Bridge were bought and have been carved into nice pedestals with a historic flavor.

In the old days no church was without its sun dial. Old St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh, for example, has a dial on the original tower to which the new building was added.

In many old country towns the dial has for centuries occupied a prominent place on the church or in the kirkyard. It was the standard timekeeper. But one farmer's wife in Yorkshire has a series of grooves on the stone flag of her house door, and has always the correct time under her eye—when the sun shines.

A pretty new dial decorates Inverleith Park, Edinburgh; and this is a very useful addition to public places and gardens. Lord Haddington has a very handsome sun dial of massive design in his gardens at Tyringhame. Lord Ilchester has a variety of dials so placed that he can tell the time on the glass of his bedroom window without getting out of bed.

At Sandringham there is a very fine dial engraved on a slab of slate and built into the walls of the house. The mottoes chosen by the King and Queen are: "My time is in Thy hand" and "Let others tell of storms and showers, I'll only count your sunny hours." A huge stone dial, six feet square, is on the wall of the Old Tile House in Buckinghamshire.

"Begone about your business" was inscribed on the dial of the old brick house which stood in Inner Temple Terrace, London; and the present old sun clock in Pump Court has marked the disappearing hours for over three centuries. While various cathedrals, such as Ripon Minster, have very old dials, singular to say St. Paul's, London, has none; but as clocks were just appearing when Wren designed his masterpiece, it is probable that the old time had to give place to the new.

That unsavory locality known as Seven Dials derived its name from a large stone dial which stood in the center of the square with streets branching off. A splendid example of Inigo Jones' architecture stood for years in the middle of the new square at Lincoln's Inn, with the proud motto, "Let your light so shine before men," and the irony of fate was exemplified when it was removed to make room for a large flaring gas lamp.

Glamis Castle has an elaborate dial, a tall pillar with four lions erect and back to back, bearing the plate. A coronet surmounts all. Doubtless when Macbeth was thane of Glamis he would eye some sun clock when he wanted to know how the time passed. Lord Glasgow has an ancient time piatest anding 10 feet 4 inches high and bearing date of 1707, and Lord Rosebery has a pleasing dial at Dalmeny.

What is said to be the most costly sun dial ever erected was one in pyramidal form, set up in the year 1669 by order of Charles II., facing the banquettingh ouse at Whitehall. Its inventor was a Jesuit and professor of mathematics at Liege.

This tall pyramid contained no fewer than 271 different dials. Some showed the hours according to the Jewish, Babylonian, Italian and astronomical ways of counting, while others displayed tables pertaining to astronomy, geography, astrology, etc. There were portraits on glass of the King and Queen, the Duke of York and Prince Rupert. The cost of this royal toy was enormous, and for repairing it on one occasion the bill came to £500.

Sikbo Castle has a very ancient sun clock, although Mr. Carnegie personally prefers his household to be regulated by Greenwich time.

The Duke of Sutherland had a very expensive dial erected quite recently in the gardens at Chorley Wood, Surrey. Quite unique has been the idea of the Duke of Newcastle. In his house at Clumber he has a pedestal on which are two iron hoops about a yard in diameter placed transversely, one inside the other, with a rod across the middle. In the center is a knob which, when the sun shines, throws its shadow on the figures that are marked in gold on the hoops, so that a very attractive time clock is produced.

Another departure from the conventional stone pedestal is on the lonely island of St. Marys, one of the Scilly group. An old cannon is stuck upward with a dial plate fixed across its mouth.

An obelisk at Rome, which was brought from Egypt by the Emperor Augustus, has been set up as a gnomon. On the pavement around it are lines marked in bronze, and for over a century Romans have glanced at the "hour o'clock" as they proceeded on their way.

There was ingenuity on the part of the French gunner at Paris who had charge of the gun for proclaiming the hour of noon. He so arranged the dial that the hour of noon concentrated the rays of the sun through a burning glass on the powder at the cannon's touch hole and the time gun was thus fired.

Perhaps the present method of firing by electricity at Edinburgh Castle is the more reliable, for on some days the sun is obscured by clouds.

Holyrood Palace has a beautiful dial due to the unhappy Charles I. It is called Queen Mary's, but the Mary referred to was Henrietta Maria. For hewing the stone alone an Edinburgh mason was paid £408.

In the beautiful cemetery at Maryle-bone is an unfinished dial whose shaft was from a design by Mr. Gilbert, R. A. It is dedicated to the wife of Joseph Hatton. One well-known man has gone so far as to have a beautifully carved sun clock erected on the marble stone which covers his family burying place—a constant reminder, truly, of the passage of days.

To get a pretty sun dial is not a costly thing today. A brass horizontal plate with carefully adjusted gnomon, but without equation table or pedestal, can be had, eight inches in diameter, for £2 5s.

A vertical dial 3 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, with bright gun metal gnomon, and with all lines and figures cut and gilt in, would probably cost £30. This is of Portland stone, with mottoes, and similar to that at Sandringham. Between these prices there is wide choice.

Each purchaser has his own ideas as to a pedestal should he not wish to fix his clock to the house or garden wall. The multipartite dial is much too elaborate an article for the ordinary man. It bears on its brass face divisions showing the difference of time between the place where it is erected and other places on the globe, such as Jerusalem, Moscow, Cairo, Yokohama.

In setting up a dial care has to be taken that it is correct as regards latitude. That is to say, a plate and gnomon set for London or Glasgow would only be good for places 20 to 30 miles in a radium from these cities.

If the shadow is noted against the time given on a good watch it will be found that that is the easiest way to get a sun clock fixed. When the incorporation of clockmakers was instituted by charter in 1631, they had jurisdiction not only over clocks, but also over sun dials, and had authority to search for and break all bad and unreliable dials.

There must have been many an error in the years that have elapsed since it was first known how to calculate the flight of time by the sun, for we read that King Ahaz had a sun clock, and it was in 742 B. C. that he reigned over Judah.

QUEER ANIMAL FIGHTS; FOX KILLED BY COCK

KANGAROO MET AND BESTED A BUFFALO BULL.

When once an animal's temper has become aroused, it is strange how utterly regardless it becomes of the strength and ability of the object of his anger.

At Compton Pauncefote, in Somersetshire, a fox was killed in a poultry yard by an infuriated cock. It appears that the fox made a raid on the young chicks, and after killing several belonging to certain hens, turned his attention to the brood of another. This conduct, however, the plucky cock would not permit without a struggle and rushing at the fox it was fortunate to pierce it in the eye with its spur with such force that the spur penetrated right into the fox's brain, becoming so securely fixed that the victim could not remove it without the assistance of a farm laborer, who had been an interested spectator of the contest between the ill-assorted pair.

Another curious contest, between a kangaroo and a buffalo, took place in a large zoological park in the north of England. The two animals, after breaking loose from their inclosure, met face to face in an open space in the park. Without any preliminary quarrel the bull made a furious onslaught on the kangaroo, which at first contented itself with an endeavor to avoid a charge.

After a few moments, however, the bull's attention became altogether too personal to pass unrebuked, and, using its hoofs as battering rams, the kangaroo belabored the bull in the most effective manner. Roaring and bellowing, the irate buffalo made repeated attempts to gore his antagonist to death, but with scant success, the kangaroo proving a most slippery foe. The fray waxed furious for over an hour, at the end of which time the buffalo retired, not before, however, its carcass bore unmistakable signs of the kangaroo's attention.

Gillies in Scotland relate many stories of fierce contests between stags. It is believed that these fights are invariably brought on through jealousy, caused by one stag challenging another's right to be at the head of the herd.

Using their antlers as weapons of war, the two stags thrust and gore at each other, until one animal is done to death. It is by no means an uncommon thing for their massive antlers to become entangled and locked together, in which case the animal's horns are frequently pulled right off its head; while on several occasions pairs of antlers have been found on the moors, unmistakable witnesses of the ferocity of a contest between these animals.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A furious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield Park. A bulldog, barking and snarling, chased a horse turned loose, around and around the meadow—not with angry intent, but purely from an excess of high spirits. After galloping around the field several times, the horse stonped dead, and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog with a fatal result, for its skull was cloven.

The gorilla is a most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla. A python has been known to encircle its coils around the gorilla's body only, however, to have its body torn open by its adversary's hands.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle. It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swelling with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other, until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.—London Answers.

The Margin of Safety.

Mr. E. E. R. Tratman, associate editor of the Engineer's News, and an authority of high standing upon the principles and methods of track maintenance, read a paper at the annual meeting of the Road Masters' and Maintenance of Ways Association at St. Louis, which is pregnant with suggestions. He gives ample credit for the better track and stronger bridges which railroads have built in the last ten years, but he finds much criticism in the badly worn rails, loose and worn joints, spikes loose, joints and ties worn out and loose in the ballast, ballast deficient in quality and quantity, and frogs and switches not up to the proper standard of safety. He finds the margin of safety is often undesirably small.

The accident record of the last few years has been growing to undue proportions. Congestion of track, inadequacy of facilities, and tendency to demoralization of forces in recent years of great prosperity are contributing causes. But this has been a period when railroads have rapidly advanced from light rolling stock to the heavier standards of today. The demands upon the track have been tremendously increased, both by the weight of the rolling stock and the tendency to increase the speed of heavy trains. Track engineers have made large reductions of their standards to meet these new requirements, but Mr. Tratman feels warranted in the belief that they have gone but half way. The weak point is in the method by which the track is put together, the spikes bearing upon the tie, the tie itself and the bed of ballast in which the tie is placed. In these respects American railway practice is very far behind European railway practice, although the requirements of American railways are much greater. He notes the fact that while at the transportation exhibit at St. Louis the rolling stock department is well represented and the rail is of good standard, that there is yet no satisfactory American exhibit of track. In contrast with this the Prussian state railways have sent over an elaborate exhibit of specimen track. This track certainly challenges comparison with American track.

When the bills for the big engines are all cashed in from every department of the railway service, the total will probably be a surprise to many managers, who have an eye single to the ton per train mile. It is not to say that the tons per train mile are unimportant or that less zeal is called for in this direction, but only more discretion. If the railway has definitely committed itself to the large road, then it must see that every ounce of added power and every cubic foot of added tonnage capacity of cars is put to maximum efficiency, but it must also at the same time see that the conditions of track are so maintained and that the type of track maintenance is sufficiently pushed beyond of the former practice to leave an ample margin of safety. We are fortunate in having presented to us so clearly by an engineer of unquestionable authority the factor of large importance in our present railroad situation.

It is a serious charge when such a man feels justified in saying "that taking the main line as a whole, it may be said that American railway track is below the standard that should be obtained and entirely out of proportion to the weight of the rolling stock and extent of traffic which it carries."

Japanese Artillery Fire.

Shortly before 9 o'clock occasional impact shells began to fall upon the Russian center, and the Russian batteries sent back a few in reply. This was merely a preliminary exchange of courtesies, for the purpose of getting the range. The Russian gunners in the redoubts were given the range at 3,800 yards, which shows approximately the distance between the lines. About 9:20 the Japanese batteries began to fire salvos, also of impact shell. This was for the purpose of finally correcting the ranges, but they needed little correction, for it was remarked that nearly all these salvos, which were fired at short intervals, burst almost directly upon the Russian redoubts. At 9:30 the Japanese artillery opened all along the line, and at the same time the counterflanking movement started.

Eye-witnesses of this fire agree that it exceeded in intensity, accuracy, and execution anything of the kind they had ever seen, and many of those expressing this opinion were officers of experience in former wars. A perfect rain of shells (this well-worn simile is literally true) fell upon the positions occupied by the Russian batteries, killing and wounding hundreds of the artillerists and dismounting quite a number of the guns. Fifteen minutes after the Japanese fire opened not a single Russian guns fired another shot. Within that brief time from 10,000 to 15,000 shells fell upon the Russian positions, making it absolutely impossible to work the guns. The Japanese used both shrapnel and impact shells, and both were terribly effective. The Russian redoubts, which were of the old-fashioned kind, offered scarcely any protection from the shrapnel, while the new high explosive first used in this war by the Japanese caused fearful havoc, ripping up the entire top of the ridge like a plowed field.—Thomas F. Millard, in Scribner's.

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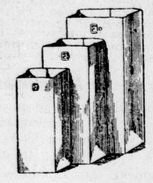

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