

SIX

Whalen's Ethics.

By DONALD H. HAINES.

Drummond, managing editor of the "Star," threw down his shears with a clatter, and pushed the mass of work out of his way, as Bragg, his city editor, came into the office. Bragg, who enjoyed privileges from long association, threw open the window to let out the clouds of rank smoke which filled the room, glancing as he did so at the blackened corner pipe in Drummond's teeth. He reached over and drew a new meerschaum pipe from a piece-hole in his office desk.

"Informally added in gratitude," he complimented himself, extending the new pipe toward Drummond. "I buy a new pipe for the sake of the office, and you stick to that old villain. Would you shoot if I destroyed that ancient smoulderer?"

"Devilish," said Drummond, laughing. "I'm positively afraid to smoke that costly thing."

Bragg waited his keys idly for a moment, waiting for Drummond to speak. The latter, however, pulled his work back in front of him, and opened the paste-pot. Bragg waited patiently until the older man whirled about in his swivel-chair.

"You probably think I don't know what you're in here for," he boomed out in his deep voice.

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Bragg quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I suppose?" Drummond inquired gruffly.

Bragg settled himself for argument. During the five years of his work on the "Lantern," he had been forced to contend with Drummond's one weakness; a tendency to give every applicant for work a trial—and a long one. Bragg had to admit that Drummond usually judged his men right; but there were times when he judged them wrong. He found them found their way into the office worse upon him sorely, and Whalen was his present affliction.

"It is Whalen," he admitted, "and of all the queer ones you've sent me, he is the worst."

"What's the trouble?" Drummond demanded.

Bragg shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I wish I knew," he said. "If I did, I'd have it out of you, or you would, but it's elusive."

"Each name?" suggested Drummond.

Bragg smiled. "Hardly," he replied. "Deceived the chief of police in his den the other day, and fairly bewildered him into giving out a story."

Drummond grunted his appreciation. "And then," continued Bragg, "he failed utterly to get hold of a divorce story that lay wide open in the circuit court."

"H'm," commented Drummond, "particular, isn't he?"

"In the month he's been with us," Bragg went on, "he's turned in some of the best work we've had—unsurpassed most of it on his own hook, too. He has also fallen down harder on more simple things than any other man we ever had in the office."

"Possibly," hazarded Drummond, "he's a selective type?" And further the old editor did not seem inclined to talk of the matter.

Bragg shook his head and walked out to his desk in the main office. Half a dozen reporters, grinding out early copy for the compositions, in a distant corner of the room, a tall, fair-haired man with a serious face and a pair of eyeglasses was clicking his typewriter with more than usual speed. Bragg glanced in his direction and called to him:

"Come over to the desk before you go out, Whalen."

The tall man nodded without looking up. At the end of five minutes he walked to Bragg's desk, the sheets of his copy dangling from his long fingers.

Bragg looked over the typewritten pages as Whalen stood filing his pipe. "That's good stuff, Whalen," he said, looking up. "Where did you get it?"

"Been wheeling it out of the chief for a week," Whalen answered quietly. Bragg implied the story on his spindle and began whirling his keys as he consulted his assignment book.

Presently returned to the reporter. "Send me on to Twelfth street," he said, "where?"

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MAN SWINGS HAMMER FOR TWELVE HOURS

Extraordinary Feat That Marks New World Record

In the Course of the Exhibition the Hammer Must Have Travelled 150 Miles.

LONDON, July 27.—Arthur Lancaster, at the Crystal Palace, on Thursday accomplished something that had never been attempted before since the world began. He swung an eight-pound hammer for twelve hours without a moment's rest.

Lancaster was to have competed in a test of endurance against a Frenchman, but the latter did not keep his engagement, so the Englishman began his task alone.

Never, surely, has a feat of endurance been carried out under such depressing conditions. On a small stage, in a darkened room, lighted only by footlights, a pale-faced man, of 25, stripped to the waist and wearing flannel trousers and white boots, stood resting easily on the handle of a sledge-hammer.

Two other men were present as witnesses, and when at 5 p. m. precisely the word to start was given Lancaster swung his hammer round his head, and for twelve hours, lighted only by footlights, a pale-faced man, of 25, stripped to the waist and wearing flannel trousers and white boots, stood resting easily on the handle of a sledge-hammer.

No cheering strains from an orchestra, assisted Lancaster, not even the thud of a piano helped to relieve the dreary monotony. People dropped in by threes and threes, but the insufferable sameness soon drove them out again.

MILK DEER.

Occasionally Lancaster's attendant would cause a welcome break by supplying him with a glass of milk—he drank eight during the twelve hours; or an inch-square egg sandwich—he consumed a dozen in all; or a few cold boiled green peas—he ate a handful during the day; or an oatmeal blanchet—he munched altogether twelve of these. But directly these intermissions were over, Lancaster—who had continued swinging the hammer with one hand, would resume his double-handed swinging. Round and round, backward and forward, one—two—three!

Lancaster told an express representative the strongest foreman and writ of any living man. He must also possess the of the strongest brains of any. His performance was much a triumph mentally as physically.

As his arms revolved on his immovable body, were of interest. One in the spokes of the wheel, formed by the quick revolution of the hammer, he caught each other, irritated the eye. Later on found one's self bored of all valuations. While this act of robbery was going on the vessel was then on the high sea—another was being approached. It was a large and stately steamer, the Chantock.

With great skill the pirates steered the Finnam alongside the Chantock, until the ships touched, and then with wonderful pluck and audacity, they leaped upon the other vessel. Capture of the Chantock was comparatively easy under the circumstances.

The ship was surprised and that was all there was to it. Later the pirates abandoned the Finnam and before they sailed to the Chantock, which they afterwards ran ashore. In one day's work these robbers secured about £10,000. There was no redress; they vanished amid the hills as soon as they reached shore.

While the Chinese government might have been honest in trying to trace them nothing ever came of the pursuit.

HAPPY CRUISE GROUND.

The habit of piracy has become ingrained in the Chinese character, and in spite of repressive measures the trader flourishes by what it feeds on.

Time was when all the ships of the Pacific were the happy grounds of pirates, and a merchant vessel was as good as a prey to the pirate.

A hundred years ago the bloodiest pirate reign in history was maintained by a Chinaman, who assumed the romantic title of "Scourge of Eastern Seas."

At times thousands of junks were under the command of this man. About this time, too, one of the most adventurous and daring woman pirates of all time sprang into the limelight.

The chief outlaw of all the Chinese coast perished in a violent gale. His widow then took command of the pirate fleet, and in more than a hundred

years showed that her teeth were those of the barbarian.

A BRITISH THREAT.

Men feared her and obeyed, even the most uncontrollable and bloodthirsty. Rigid discipline and exact submission were demanded by her and readily given. She paid for what supplies she demanded ashore, but was merciless in her exactions from prizes aboard.

Although such outrages on the high seas have not been so common within recent years the old pirate system is still working at full blast in scores of secluded harbors in China, and on the rivers and canals of the interior. They are now organizing a series of piratical outrages on the Grand Canal was reported.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

These aroused both local and foreign governments to activity. War of extermination was declared on the pirates, and the Chinese coast was now fighting for life and the hope of civilization is that they may soon be removed from their unlawful if romantic activity.

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PIRATES ARE THE SCOURGE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

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