

MAFIA'S RULE IN SICILY.

Little Hope of Punishing Petrosino's Murderers.

Palermo.—Every once in a while a man is shot dead or stabbed in the streets of Palermo, sometimes at dusk and in a secluded corner, often in broad daylight and in a crowded square. The shot or the sharp cry of pain uttered by the victim bring a crowd to the spot and generally someone runs for the police, often the murderer himself, who thus gets away from the scene.

As a rule the victim is dead by the time help reaches him; but in no case does he ever betray the name of his assailant. This is regarded as so much of a matter of course that the police never ask it. They make an effort to discover the murderer, but hardly ever succeed.

The victim is generally identified from letters or papers found on his person. If there are friends of his among the crowd they are extremely reticent. When made to talk they will admit, willingly that they were acquainted with the murdered man, and may mention his name, and if hard pressed they may explain the motive of the crime: "He owed money and would not pay it"; "he had enemies among his family"; or, possibly: "It is a question of a woman, another man's wife."

The police collect evidence which is invariably and purposely misleading even when furnished by the dead man's friends and start on the hopeless task of discovering the murderer. The investigation generally takes a very long time. The police will follow uselessly one clue after another, arrest a score or two of persons who were seen in the company of the murdered man, ascertain which shot or stab was the cause of death, perhaps find a revolver or a knife which they suspect was used for the murder and in ninety cases out of a hundred they have finally to give up the investigation in despair.

Sometimes but very rarely a person is arrested on suspicion, and enough evidence is collected to justify a trial. This takes place a year or two after the murder has been committed and generally ends with an acquittal for lack or insufficiency of evidence, "per mancanza o insufficienza di prove."

It sometimes happens that while the trial of the

SUPPOSED MURDERER

is proceeding another murder is committed and the second victim is recognized as the real murderer in the first case. The police then realize that the first murder has been avenged by the friends or relatives of the victim and stop their investigation, trying to take up other cases equally difficult.

Such are the characteristic traits of Sicilian murders, which naturally enough are all more or less influenced by the Mafia. These murders are unfortunately very frequent, and their prevention is a hopeless task under present conditions, the more so as despite their frequency and the similarity of the circumstances under which they are committed the police insist on considering them in the light of ordinary crimes and adopt the methods used in other Italian provinces where the Mafia does not exist.

The recent murder of Lieut. Joseph Petrosino, of New York, is identical in every detail with many other crimes ascribed to the Mafia. The mode of death, the place where the murder was committed, the absence of any definite clue, the misleading evidence collected by the police and the negative result of their investigations more than a week after the murder, all point to the Mafia. Still, the police deny this, and Lieut. Petrosino was killed by one of his confidants or by some criminal who followed him from America. Had it been possible to deny the existence of the Mafia in Sicily, no doubt the Palermo police would have done so, just as they practically deny that there is any such thing as the Black Hand in America, which they intimated was merely an invention of the American police, and certainly not an Italian importation.

THAT THE MAFIA EXISTS

is positively certain and if any proof were needed it is furnished by the criminal statistics, which show that in Sicily a high percentage of the murders committed are left unpunished. Still the Mafia, unlike the Camorra, which it resembles in some respects and with which it is often confused, is strictly speaking not a crime, but a condition, regularly organized and having a sort of natural hierarchy and affiliation, but it is a characteristic condition of life in Sicily due to many causes and circumstances.

The Mafia is the natural result of the historical and social conditions of Sicily and of the bad government which for many centuries afflicted the island. The origin of the word Mafia is uncertain and various derivations have been suggested for it. Until comparatively recent times the word was believed to be a corruption of the Arab malice, meaning a braggart or a bully, but Prof. Pitre derives Mafia from a word in the Sicilian dialect meaning excellence or perfection, and quotes a passage from a sixteenth century Sicilian poem, where a girl is called mafiusella on account of her beauty.

The best though by no means the clearest definition of the Mafia has been given by a member of Parliament, Signor Franchetti, who in the year 1893 was sent by the Government to study the conditions of Sicily. He said that Mafia means "the union of persons of every rank, profession and condition, who without any apparent continuous or regular tie strive together to promote their interests despite law, justice or public order."

The definition is further explained by the statement that the Mafia is the result of the belief that a person can safeguard his life and property without the aid of any authority or law. In other terms the Mafia is founded on lawless principles and it arises from a tendency on the part of the Sicilians to do justice for themselves.

The Mafia very likely originated in the middle ages and developed under the Bourbons when the Sicilians were taught by experience how corrupt and useless the administration of justice was. Since then a profound contempt for the law has prevailed and differences have been settled, insults avenged and crimes punished without resort being made to the tribunals.

The tendency to set the law at defiance became in time one of the chief peculiarities of the Sicilians.

THE SICILIAN CHARACTER. Under foreign oppression and bad and corrupt Governments it was almost excused if not justified and very often it led to rebellion and open revolt, the Sicilian Vespers for instance, and six

centuries later the overthrow of the Bourbons, when the Mafia joined Garibaldi and Sicily became part of united Italy.

The Mafia is the inevitable result of many things, including national character, traditions and social conditions special to Sicily. It is not an association in the strict sense of the term, since it is not the result of any arrangement or organization and its members are not bound by any common ties to work together.

It has no elected officers or chiefs, no meeting place, no definite rules to follow and no special signs or words by means of which its members can recognize one another. Rather than an association it is a sect or a clan, and its followers are united by a word, a plain word of ancient origin and dubious meaning, Omerta.

Omerta is a purely Sicilian word which is as difficult to explain as the term Mafia itself. Generally speaking, it expresses that peculiar sense of honor with which the Sicilian character is deeply imbued. It is derived from omu, a man, in the highest sense of the term; that is a man who knows his duty and how to make himself feared and respected by using a knife to advantage. The Mafia is based on omerta, which practically constitutes, as it were, the force of cohesion which unites its followers.

Different crimes may be committed independently, their motives may differ widely, the persons who commit them may be unknown to each other or may be enemies. Still there may be an agreement of ideas, a common mode of thought and feeling among those who committed them, and this is due to the omerta.

PECULIAR SENSE OF HONOR

brands as a traitor, infame, infamous, a man who appeals to the police against his fellow man, or who helps instead of hampering and impeding the action of the law, or who does not avenge an insult or an injury with his own hands. It follows as a matter of course that whenever a man commits a crime it is understood that the code of the omerta has been followed and all his fellow countrymen are willing to help him. Kill a man in Sicily and if you are a Sicilian the Mafia are with you. You are sheltered from the police and supplied with the means to escape. Everybody is willing to give evidence in your favor, the witnesses against you are suborned and your conviction if you are tried is impossible, as you are under the protection of the powerful Mafia.

An institution like this, founded on a mistaken sense of honor and devoted practically to combating justice, law and encouraging criminality. In fact, in Sicily a man who has not committed at least one murder is not much thought of. The following recommendation was given to an engineer from Milan employed in the sulphur mines in Sicily:

"You need a servant, your excellency, and you must have a good one. I have a friend who killed two men and he is just the sort of person you want."

A murder often leads to promotion in the case of a common laborer, as an employer, knowing that he has killed his man and is therefore under the protection of the Mafia, feels himself bound, partly from fear and partly from omerta, to treat him better and if possible to increase his wages.

The omerta can be better understood from Sicilian proverbs which sum up the principles on which the Mafia is founded. Thus, the proverb "Take the life of him who takes your bread." "The gallows is for the poor man, justice for a fool." "With money and friends law is set at defiance." "Evidence is good so long as it does not hurt anybody," and a saying more common than the rest, which is used by every person who is stabbed: "If I die I shall be buried; if I live I shall kill you."

The followers of the Mafia are divided into two classes, the low and the high. The former are generally known as mafiosi in habitata, from the habit or bonnet worn by the lower classes or peasants. The others are called mafiosi in cappedu and include persons of rank, who wear the cappedu or hat.

Each class has several chiefs, or Capomafia, who are not elected but obtain their position by force.

BY PERSONAL INFLUENCE, mainly omerta, courage, prestige and force of circumstances, but by no means by interest and necessity. In fact, many of the mafiosi of to-day are not willingly so, but have been forced to belong to the Mafia since they cannot oppose it and they need its protection.

A member of Parliament needs the votes of the Mafia to be elected, and a land owner needs it to protect his crops, his property or his herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Nobody is strong enough in Sicily to be independent of the Mafia, and nobody dares to oppose it, as its bold enemies are annihilated. So the Mafia flourishes because it is tolerated, and it is tolerated because it cannot be crushed. The Mafia has no organized system of work, and each mafioso is free to act independently.

"Do not interfere for good or for evil in what does not concern you," is one of the rules among the mafiosi. It often happens that two chiefs through rivalry or other reasons have a dispute, but it is never settled by means of a duel. Blows may be exchanged and a slight

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TIMES PATTERNS.



A PRETTY SHIRTWAIST.

No. 8499.—This simple attractive model is particularly adapted to the lines of the new season, such as madras, lawn, cotton voile and taffeta. The fulness of the front may be distributed in narrow tucks or be simply gathered. The yoke extending over the shoulder seam may be omitted if desired. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern illustrated will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

Address "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get pattern.

stab or two as well, but if the two rivals are not reconciled then there one of them will say: "Excuse me, friend, but you are right."

This expression means that one of the two must die without mercy and generally without delay. A shot fired from behind a wall at dusk ends the dispute. In such cases the obligation of secrecy extends not only to the followers or friends of the murderer, but also to those of the victim. The mafiosi may not one another cordially, as is natural among people of different rank, who have nothing in common except a prejudice or a mistaken sense of honor; still, one mafioso never betrays another, and a man will endure

rather than reveal the name of his fellow mafioso guilty of the crime he is supposed to have committed, and this even when the mafioso is a common enemy. A man from Messina some time ago killed another, whose friends naturally prepared to avenge the murder. Meanwhile the murderer was arrested on suspicion and the evidence of the victim's friends would easily have secured his conviction, the more so as the accused was penniless and could not secure the services of a lawyer.

His enemies gave evidence in his favor, suborned witnesses, engaged good lawyers to defend him and naturally had him acquitted. Five days after he was released from prison they killed him and thus avenged the murder he had committed. It was a question of honor, they said, and the tribunal had nothing to do with it.

The Mafia originally was not based on criminal principles, but, as we have seen, it set it at defiance and redressed wrongs or injuries without the intervention of the law, but its object was not crime. It shielded criminals and protected them to impede the regular course of justice. Its formation was due to a bad corrupt Government, and it was used as a sort of defence against it.

Still indirectly it encourages crime and gradually it becomes an essentially criminal sect, as it is at present. It became closely allied to brigandage, it extended its sphere of action to the whole of Sicily and was transported to distant lands where Sicilians emigrated, and while it has not changed its fundamental principles, which are still solely based on omerta, nor its two divisions of high and low, it has degenerated into a criminal association akin to the Neapolitan Camorra. It still retains its characteristic traits, which render it even more powerful.

The Italian Government tried to combat the Mafia, but in vain. Some dissatisfied Sicilians, especially

LARGE LAND OWNERS and noblemen who unwillingly submit to the tyranny of the Mafia, even as the cowards did before them under the rule of the Bourbons, say that if the present Government were different from the past the Mafia would disappear from Sicily, as it would be useless.

No doubt this explanation is unjustified, and the administration of justice in Sicily is not perfect it is due to the Mafia. The Mafia to-day flourishes on the contributions levied on landholders, who are forced to pay in order to be protected. The Government tries to protect them, but fails. It cannot prevent their lands from being burned, their orchards and vineyards from being ruined or their cattle from being stolen or killed. Nor can it arrest and punish mafiosi who commit such outrages and crimes. There is nothing left for the landholders, the noblemen and the rich Sicilian merchants but to pay the blackmail levied, and thus the Mafia flourishes.

The same system of blackmail was transplanted to America, where it proved far more profitable than in Sicily, owing to the fact that money is more plentiful there. The success of the first attempts at blackmail in America gradually led to the institution of a sect shaped like the Mafia, namely the Black Hand.

The organization of the police in Sicily at present is vastly superior to what it was under the Bourbons, and even if their efforts to combat the Mafia are not very successful, still they do better than their predecessors. Therefore, many mafiosi have emigrated to America from

Sicily and swelled the ranks of the Black Hand in this country.

In fact emigration has proved of real benefit to the Mafia, since it has afforded

A SAFE REFUGE to many of its followers who found it profitable to transfer their criminal activity to a richer country. Formerly a mafioso who committed a crime in Sicily took to the country and became an outlaw and a brigand. Now he emigrates to America, takes a false passport and some money and all that he needs, and both are easily obtained.

The code of the omerta was necessarily also transported to America. Still Sicilians there are in a minority and hence a crime may not always go unpunished. Lieut. Petrosino, for instance, was not killed in America because there his murderer could not have set justice at defiance with the ease with which he could do so in Sicily.

It is immaterial whether the man or the men who murdered him were his confidants or mafiosi. The fact that he was murdered in Sicily is sufficient to insure the help and protection of the Mafia. It is merely a question of omerta.

The murder of Lieut. Petrosino may be followed by a trial, though even this is doubtful. The fact that the trial will not result in a conviction is pretty certain. It may also be said that should the unexpected happen and some one be convicted of this murder he will not be the man who committed it, but some innocent man who follows the obligation of silence for omerta.

Bloated Stomach Indigestion.

No Means of Instant Relief and Certain Cure to Compare With "NERVILINE."

It's not a difficult matter to diagnose a real case of indigestion, usually there is a feeling of weight in the chest, the throat seems full and tight, the stomach feels uncomfortable, head is apt to ache, breath is bad, appetite poor.

Nerviline is the cure, it's the only remedy that strengthens weak stomach, overcomes digestion disorders and keep you in fine form.

"For two years I suffered untold discomfort with indigestion," writes Mr. J. P. Huxley, of Great NERVILINE Barrington. "After CURES meals I experienced a feeling of DYSPEPSIA Nausea, my stomach was sour, I belched gas, food fermented. My head ached continually and I ran down in fresh, looked pale and sickly. I used Nerviline after meals and was helped at once. I wouldn't think of being without Nerviline now. It's useful for a hundred ailments. Not only will it cure the stomach of its ills, but for headache, biliousness, flatulence, cramps, etc., I have found it simply wonderful."

Every home should have Nerviline on hand, it's a health-saver and makes smaller doctor bills. Insist on Nerviline only and beware of the substitutor. Large 25c bottles at all dealers.

Razor Headquarters.

Wholesale and retail at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Agents for the Carbo Magnetic, \$2; King Shaver, \$1.50; Diamond Edge, \$1.25; Grifton, \$1.25; Wade & Butcher, \$1.25. In safety razors, the Gillette, Auto-Strip, Witec, Welcome, Ever Ready, etc. Complete stock safety razor blades.

Watch the Skin for Bad Blood

It Comes to the Surface in the Form of Pimples, Boils, Rashes and Humors.

Where the blood is weak and depraved the system lacks staying power and force. Pimples, blotches and unsightly blotches break out, the skin becomes yellow and muddy, the eyes lack lustre. Reader, does YOUR blood need attention? If so, get Dr. Hamilton's Pills at once; they filter out all poisons, eliminate disease-making germs, nourish and revitalize every drop of blood in the body.

No medicine exerts such a marvellous influence for good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they clear the complexion, make it exquisitely beautiful; they cure pimples, rashes and skin troubles of every kind. Read the following carefully: No Appetite—Bad Color—General Debility.

"I was run down," writes Mr. Albert E. Hanson, of Palmyra, Pa. "My color was dull and unbecoming, appetite was poor, and I constantly suffered from rheumatism. I found it hard to do my work, and I was tired all the time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills made an instant change. I grew stronger, my blood was restored, rheumatism vanished. Today I am vigorous, cheery and healthy in every respect."

You will never realize what good health means until you feel the quickening, vitalizing effect of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Every tired, overstrained, nervous man and woman should use this grand tonic regularly. Life will then be full of happiness and buoyant health. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1. By mail if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Vineland

Mr. Wm. Empson had the misfortune of being struck by an express train while crossing the Jordan bridge a few days ago.

Mr. W. Moyer spent Sunday at Mrs. S. Gayman's.

Miss A. E. Moyer spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kratz, of Jordan Station.

Miss Mabel Overholt is improving nicely after a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brewer, of Timberton, passed through the village on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayes spent Friday at Hamilton.

Mr. C. Fretz is making an addition to his cannery factory.

Mr. Frank Gayman, of Whitehall, called on friends at this place recently.

Mrs. S. Gayman is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Burkholder, of Mongolia.

Miss Ellen Moore, of Camden, spent Thursday at C. Overholt's.

A concert in the Church on Tuesday evening, May 18, which was well attended.

Rev. H. Monsinger, the pastor, gave an address, and some short sketches. The programme was as follows: Instrumental solo, Miss Sylvia Lounsbury; recitation, Miss Cora Bartlett; reading, Miss Aletha Lyburner; duet, Misses Frankie May, Elvitt and Grace Perkins; solo, Miss Ruby Lyburner; solo, Miss Frankie Merritt; recitation, Miss Gladys Merritt.

Mr. A. Merritt has purchased a fine driving horse.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Shields, of Caistorville, visited at R. H. Lyburner's on Monday.

Miss Ruby Lyburner spent a few days in Hamilton last week.

Miss Meda Hitchcock, from Niagara Falls, N. Y., is visiting her mother.

Basingstoke

The Bethel Epworth League gave a concert in the Church on Tuesday evening, May 18, which was well attended.

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Brant

The farmers are busy seeding again.

Miss M. A. Reeker spent a day last week with Mrs. T. Mulligan.

Miss Helen Tespen spent Wednesday afternoon with Miss B. Rispin.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Workman, Trinity, spent a couple of days last week with D. and Mrs. House.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Parker visited a couple of days recently in the neighborhood.

Mr. James Shaver sold his farm to F. Thompson. He intends having a sale in June.

Mrs. Wm. Rispin spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. D. House.

Malaria.

Malaria ever has been, and is yet, the great barrier against the invasion of the tropics by the white races, nor has its injurious influence been confined to the deaths that it causes, for these gaps in the fighting line might be filled by fresh levies drawn from the wilderness North. Its fearfully depressing and degenerating effects upon even those who recover from its attacks have been still more injurious. It has been held by careful students of tropical disease and conditions that no small part of that singular apathy and indifference which steal over the mind and body of the white colonist in the tropics, numbing even his moral sense and alternating with furious outbursts of what the French have termed "tropical wrath," characterized by unnatural cruelty and abnormal disregard for the rights of others, is the deadly work of malaria.

It is the most powerful cause, not merely of the extinction of the white colonist in the tropics, but of the peculiar degeneracy—physical, mental, and moral—which is apt to steal over even the survivors, and in retaining a foothold. Two particularly ingenious investigators have even advanced the theory that the importation of malaria into the islands of Greece and the Italian peninsula by soldiers returning from the African and Southern Asiatic conquests had much to do with the scattering, if not actually promoting, the classic decay of both of these superb civilizations.

To come nearer home, there can be little question that the baneful, persistent influence of malaria has had much to do with both the degeneracy of the Southern "cracker," or "mean white," and those wild outbursts of primitive ferocity in all classes which take the form of White Cap raids and lynching mobs.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in The Outlook Magazine for May.

Wigwag—My wife said to me this morning she would never speak to me again. Henpecked—Good boy! Tell me what you did.

The Interrupted Author

McWhannel, having laid down his pen, took up a page of the notes that lay on his desk, and read:

"The climax must be unexpected, and an unexpected event or action is much better than the presentation of an unexpected general idea—that is, something unexpected ought to happen. It must be something which will make the reader say, 'How strange! I did not think of that.'"

"Exactly," said McWhannel; "that's where I've stumbled, and, with an hour's peace to finish the writing of my last chapter, I reckon the stuff should be all right. Now for it!"

He lifted his pen, and, with lips compressed and brow knitted, set himself to work on his climax.

"Peter," shouted his wife from beyond in the hall, "could you change a shilling? That's the laundry, and the boy's got no coppers."

McWhannel, fumbling amid keys, knife, and odds and ends in a jacket pocket, found three pence, and, going to the door, proffered the amount.

"Oh, that's not enough, but it doesn't matter; I'll manage. He can get the money next week," said Mrs. McWhannel, whisking away from the door, leaving Peter to return to his desk.

"Now," said he, "I'll get ahead—"

"Peter, I'll take that threepence after all. I've found a penny I didn't know I had," Mrs. McWhannel was again waiting at the door.

Peter laid down his pen with a sigh. "My dear," he replied, "you took the threepence."

"Oh, so I did," said Mrs. McWhannel. "It was not thinking that I wanted it, made me think I hadn't got it. Of course you gave it me. I laid it on the lobby stand. Thanks, Peter."

"Let me see, now, where was I?" cogitated Peter.

The outer door slammed loudly.

"I wish they wouldn't slam the door in that fashion. What was it again. Ah, yes—"

"Peter, Peter, just a minute; can I come in?" It was Mrs. McWhannel's voice once more.

"Yes, yes, come in," growled McWhannel. "What is it?"

"Oh, do go to the window for a minute and see the Torrances' new perambulator."

"Pon my word, Mary, it's too bad of you. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said she. "I didn't know you had begun. I thought you were just sorting your papers."

"Well, I have begun, and I don't want to be interrupted, so go away, please."

Mrs. McWhannel's hands being wet, she used her apron to give her a grip of the door handle, and in doing so noticed a smudge on the finger plate.

"I never saw the like," she exclaimed; "I did this room myself yesterday, and this door is all a finger-marked already." She proceeded to "fub" a moist breath upon the handle and finger-plate, then started to remove the offending smudges by vigorous rubbing. The rattling of the door-handle got on Peter's nerves.

"Oh, leave the blessed thing alone!" he growled.

"It won't take me a minute," said Mrs. McWhannel; "I hate to see things smeary."

The rattling continued for a space, and McWhannel, shifting uneasily in his chair, chewed the end of his pen.

"There now," said his wife, "I'm sure that's better. Well, I'll leave you to your own devices."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Peter to himself as she closed the door on the outside.

He turned to his notes again, and read: "The climax must be unexpected."

A grim smile that hinted at consciousness of achievement quivered on the wrinkles care and thought had pencilled, and he wrote steadily on, pausing only to correct and refine as he concluded each series of pages. "I think that should fetch them," he exclaimed at the conclusion of a glance over what he had written. "The unexpected event or action is much better than the presentation of an unexpected general idea."

"Peter!"

"Ministers of grace defend us, what is it now?" he shouted in response to his wife's call.

"Have you got such a thing as a bit of stamp-edging in your desk, Jimmy's cut my finger?"

"No, I have not. Put a rag around it."

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me. I don't suppose he'll bleed to death. Besides, you shouldn't have let him play with a knife."

"May I come in?"

"Oh, by all means, if it's going to do you any good. I tell you I've got no stamp-edging."

"And precious little sympathy for your own child," said Mrs. McWhannel. "He could have been flouncing away from the door. He rose and turned the key in the lock. The waiting note in Jimmy's voice sounded sharp and clear for a moment. Then someone said 'Chocolate,' and the waiting ceased."

Peter settled to his task once more. He had got as far as his fifth page when someone knocked at the door. He paid no attention. They rattled the handle, and he rose from his seat and pushed his hand through his hair. "What is it, Mary?" he inquired, with vexation accentuated.

"It's not Mary," said a small voice; "it's me."

"Well, go away, Jimmy. Your father's very busy. He's no time to speak to you just now," said Peter.

"But I want to show you my sore finger