trayed, so sympathetic, so tense was this recital that it seemed to the listeners that the speaker must be a preacher rather than a legislator. Now and again, from the packed visitors' galleries, was heard a muffled sob, possibly from a survivor or relative of a loved one who never returned from the ill-fated voyage.

It was a remarkable effort and the culmination of weeks of ceaseless work on the part of Senator Smith, nights without sleep and sometimes a day without food. His effort to speedily profit by the stupendous disaster and what he accomplished almost single-handed as an investigator are achievements for which he has won the gratitude of at least this and many other nations. Hardly had the news of the newest sea horror been confirmed than Senator Smith was alive to the crisis. Not losing a second, he gathered his able committee together and was among the very first to board the survivors' ship as it sorrowfully and slowly made its way through the darkness of New York harbor.

Senator Smith at no time played to the galleries, and he made a sincere effort to gather the facts relating to the disaster while they were still vivid realities. It seemed that, after all his weeks of investigation and study of the subject, he must be unusually equipped to discuss the lessons of the tragedy, and it prompted my visit and the leading question—as a result of the lessons learned from the *Titanic* equal to ten times the total number of her crew plus the total number of her passengers. Such lifeboats should in all cases have sufficient room, freeboard and stability to safely carry one person for each ten cubic feet of its capacity, which fact should be determined by actual experiment *in the water* at the time of the first inspection of the boats. Such lifeboats should be equipped with a properly secured life line running the entire length of the boat and on both sides."

Senator Smith here enumerated many specific details relating to the construction, equipment and stocking of the lifeboats. There should, of course, be provided the proper amount of fresh water and rations. In addition to this, every lifeboat should carry six night distress signals in a metal case, one lantern filled with oil, one gallon of illuminating oil, one box of friction illuminating matches wrapped in a waterproof package, and one lugsail, with sheet, tack and reef earrings attached. Such lifeboats should be provided with suitable disengaging apparatus, so arranged as to allow them to be safely launched while the vessels are under full speed or otherwise, and so as to allow such disengaging apparatus to be operated by one person.

Senator Smith declared that at least four members of the crew skilled in handling the lifeboats should be assigned to each lifeboat, that each lifeboat manned with its crew should be lowered into the water at least twice in each month and the crew mitting and receiving messages over a distance of at least one hundred miles, day or night, under all conditions, except where atmospheric disturbance makes it unsafe for the operator to work the set. An auxiliary power supply, independent of the vessel's main electric power plant, should be provided, which would enable the sending of messages over a distance of at least one hundred miles, day or night, under all atmospheric conditions safe for an operator to work, until the wireless room is submerged or destroyed.

"The radio equipment should be in charge of two or more persons skilled in the use of such apparatus, one or the other of whom shall be on duty at all times while the vessel is being navigated. Such equipment, operators, the regulation of their watches and the transmission and receipt of messages, except as may be regulated by law or international agreement, should be under the control of the master, in the case of a vessel of the United States; and every willful failure on the part of the master to enforce at sea these provisions as to equipment, operators and watches should subject him to a heavy penalty."

Senator Smith, in his plea for night and day wireless watchfulness, advocated better wages for the men who serve as operators, and added, "The new profession must rid itself of the spirit of venality, to which, in my opinion, the world was indebted for a systematic reign of silence concerning the details of the *Titanic* disaster."

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Never has there been so great a demand for men of energy and efficiency as there is at present. There will, therefore, always be timeliness in Walter Dill Scott's book, "Increasing Human Efficiency in Business." Mr. Scott is professor of psychology at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. His work is a contribution to the psychology of business, and the subjects of which he treats sufficiently indicate the exceeding value of the book. Among these are imitation, competition, loyalty, concentration, pleasure and relaxation as means of increasing human efficiency;

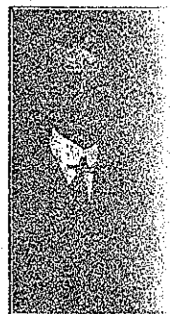
People Tal

A FEAST FOR OLD S

Congressman A. W. Rucker of Colorado giving federate Army. Seated around table from left Representative Lamb of Virginia, Justice Shepa Justice Lurton of the United States Supreme Co of Louisiana, Senator Bacon of Georgia, Repr tive E. W. Saun

EUGENE ALLEN NOBLE.

A prominent educator, lately inaugurated as president of Dickinson College (Methodist) at Carlisle, Pa.



TEACHERS O

Dean Walter Williams head of the School of J versity of Missouri director of the Pu Columbia Univer

The Rhododendron Girl

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WELLMAN had paid no attention to the first sound of voices near him. He had hidden himself completely and purposely behind a thick clump of bushes that his thoughts might not be interrupted by passers-by. The high park fence, screened with shrubbery, made it impossible for him to withdraw from what he now assured himself was an unpleasant position—for him. He hated eavesdropping. He was seated on a park bench, with his back to the bushes; and so near that he might have reached through the foliage with his cane and touched them were the man and the woman who had unwittingly cornered him. At first he had not moved because he was engrossed with the problem in his own mind. Then he had heard enough to hold him from revealing his presence. The two were lovers. A low, sweet voice, with a strangely tremulous note in it, said,

"We will sit here just a minute, dear."

"In the sun," said a man's voice. "You always pick out the sunny places for me, wife. It's because you know I love to see the gold in your hair, isn't it? And the blue in your eyes? Your eyes were always like your hair—glorious in the sunlight. Remember when I used to pick the little wild rhododendrons in the hills and fill your hair with them? And then some of the little yellow beauties would get lost—they were so near the color of your curls."

"And the autumn leaves—" trembled the small, sweet voice of the woman.

"Yes, the autumn leaves—to match the loveliness of your cheeks, my Rhododendron Girl! But there was one day—one, mind you!—when even the rarest tints in those leaves failed to match your own, and when the sky above was never so blue as your eyes! Remember?"

"That was when——"

The man laughed almost boyishly.

"That was the day we had the race up over the hill into the big apple orchard, all red and pink and white with bloom. And when I came up you stood there more beautiful than the flowers, your hair fallen and shining like a golden cloud about you, and your eyes— You know—then. It was a funny ending to a race, wasn't it? It surprised you——"

"And made me glad, dear."

"I didn't give you a second's notice. I just caught you in my arms and made you promise to marry me—and it was then that your glowing cheeks and your beautiful eyes——"

"Hush, hush, dear!"

Wellman heard their low, happy laughter.

"You've been beautiful every day since then, wife—but never quite so beautiful!"

"Not even now?"

"Well—er—I beg My Lady's pardon and kiss her hand. Yes, there's the same glow in your hair and the same look in your eyes—now—here—in the sunshine. Why, my dear, if we weren't in public I swear that I would kiss those eyes, as I've just kissed your hand."

"Hush, hush, you silly boy! Come, let us go."

Wellman heard them rise. They passed slowly down the path. Curiosity mastered him and he peered out from behind his screen of bushes. For a moment he did not believe his eyes. He saw a little old white-haired woman dressed in black, and she walked with her hand in the arm of a little old white-haired man, as erect and military as in the days of long ago when, in the prime of youth, he wore his captain's uniform.

Without reasoning his action, he followed them. At the park gate a carriage was waiting, and the white-haired old soldier, who wore dark-colored glasses over his eyes, entered it alone. Wellman heard him say,

"Don't be long, Girl. We'll drive back for you in half an hour."

The carriage rolled away, and suddenly, as the little old lady turned toward him, she dropped a quaint-looking bag that she carried in her hand. As it struck the walk it flew open and half a dozen small articles rolled out at Wellman's feet. In an instant he was picking them up. The last thing that he recovered was a large gold locket. This, too, had sprung open, and he found between his fingers a silken tress of a girl's hair, gleaming a wonderful gold in the afternoon sun. He began to understand a little now, and his face flushed as he gave the articles to their owner.

"Thank you," she said, and there was the tremble of years in her voice and still girlhood sweetness in her smile. "This locket seems to be unfortunate. I was just going to the jeweler's with it, and I—I forgot to take this out."

He had taken off his hat and he saw a little tremble about her lips as she tucked the tress back into the locket. And then the tremble broke into a whimsical smile.

"You wouldn't think that my hair—was once—like that?"

"Yes, I know that it was," he said. "I want to apologize to you. I was sitting just behind you in the park, and I—I heard—him. I thought you were—young people—and I didn't want to show myself. You see——"

"I understand," she smiled gently.

She had opened the other side of the locket and held it out to him. He saw a miniature, a little faded, of a beautiful girl.

"He saw me last—like that—forty-five years ago this month," she said, in a low, wonderful voice. "I was young and beautiful then, and my hair was like that, and my eyes were blue. He has never known me different. He has never seen my white hair, my faded cheeks, or the wrinkles in my hands and face. I have always been beautiful to him—as on that terrible day when he went to war. It has been a beautiful dream for him—and for me. He was blinded on the field of Gettysburg."