

The Strength of the Mighty

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WITH flushed cheeks and eyes that looked wistfully at him over the table, the girl was speaking.

"I'm just a working girl, Bobby," she said, and there was a plaintiveness in her voice that hurt him. "That's what you call us. There are ten thousand others just like us in this town, and we don't amount to much—not very much, you know. We just drift in from nowhere, and when we drift out again—no matter how we go—why, we don't cause much of a stir. If we're hurt—hurt like you've almost hurt me—there aren't very many who know of it, because we're not important enough to take notice of. Men don't stop very often, like you—that is, a great many of them don't. It's rare sport for some of them to set us drifting off in other directions, especially if we happen to be pretty. They haven't much thought or mercy or respect—which they might have if we lived in the stone fronts up the street. But you've stopped in time, Bobby."

Her love for him, darkened by an intense pain, glowed in Nell Robinson's eyes even as she spoke, and Robert Fordney reached out to take her hands, his face white with the strain of the terrible confession which he had just made to her.

"Not any more, Bobby," she said, drawing her hands back from him. "You mustn't touch me again—like that. You mustn't. We're both hurt—terribly hurt. But we've got to fight it out in the right way. You mustn't touch me again. You mustn't kiss me any more. You—you know—" Her voice fluttered, her lips quivered for an instant, there came a twitching in her white throat; but in another moment she was herself again, her strong, beautiful young face looking at him steadily. "You know," she finished, "we can't afford to be weak—after this. And now—now you must tell me about—the little girl—you left at home."

Fordney dropped his chin in his hands, so that she saw only the top of his blond head.

"It began—when we were kids," he said, without raising his head. "We just grew up—chums—sweet hearts—in a country town. When I broke away to go to college, we were engaged. I hadn't seen anything of life then—nothing of men and women like I've seen since then—and it wasn't fair to me or to her. You understand? I was like a dynamo, scarcely sleeping nights because of my desire to become a living part of that big, hustling life ahead of me; and she—she was back in that little country town, ignorant of all the things I dreamed of, a slow, true, plodding girl, who thought of nothing but a little home, who didn't care for newspapers, who dressed—"

"I know," said the girl softly, as he hesitated. "I understand."

"I should have broken it off then," he continued, still with bowed head; "but I didn't. Somehow, I thought it wasn't right. I thought that my own ambitions and great energy would make her different. But they didn't—after we were married. She seemed a—sort of blank to me. I'm pretty low for saying these things, Nell. But, you see, my life went black—years of it. Then—you know what happened. I met you, and the instant I saw you I knew. I loved you from that moment. I tried to fight against that love, but it was too strong. I came to this city and secured employment with the firm for which you worked—to be near you. I didn't tell you I was married. God forgive me, I won your love, and I—I

and on crutches all your life—she'd love you still, wouldn't she, Bobby?"

Fordney bowed his head. "Yes," he said, "she would."

"And not only that," resumed the girl, her voice fluttering a little, "but she would love you more than ever. That's the difference between a man's love and a woman's. Rage or broadcloth doesn't make a bit of difference in a woman's love; and a man's feelings, the blows he gets, his first gray hairs just seem to make a woman love him more. But with you, Bobby, and most other men, love is largely a matter of high-heeled shoes and the right sort of corset. You're not to blame for it, because it's in your make-up. And it—it—doesn't help you any—now—"

She rose and brought him his hat and cane. Her hands trembled, but she still spoke to him calmly, quietly.

"You mustn't come to see me any more," she said. "I'm going to ask you to go away—leave the city—for a long time. You're a big, strong man, Bobby, and it's no more than right that you should do this. You can get yourself detailed to road work in the West. If you don't go, I must. Do you understand? I must go and find work somewhere else, in another city—"

A red flush leaped into his cheeks.

"You don't think I'd force you to do that!" he exclaimed. "I'll get the road work, Nell. I'll go."

He went down on the street, like a man dazed by a terrible grief, and yet strangely calm, because of the very depths of hopelessness into which he had been plunged. Yesterday—the day before—the world had lived for him once more. Now it was dead. And yet, strangely enough, he did not regret what he had done. He went directly to the office and called up the manager over the telephone. When he hung up the receiver, it was settled. He would start West the following day. Then he wrote to his wife in the little country village a couple of hundred miles distant. He wrote several typewritten pages, explaining what he was going to do and that he would probably be away for several months. He told her where she could write to him, and ended his letter, as he had always ended them, with the words, "Lovingly yours, Robert."

Two weeks later he was in Denver, where he received his first letters from home. There were six of them, one written every other day, all bearing the postmark of the little country village. He knew, before he opened them, what they would contain, that one would be but a repetition of the others—dull, listless, flat, filled with the same endearing terms, the same school-girlish monotony, the same tiresome faith in him. He opened the first and read it through with a cynical smile. For "news" there was her father's rheumatic knee again, her mother's lame back, a newly painted barn, the sale of a neighboring farm. He opened the second letter, with its "My precious husband" at the head, and found that her father's rheumatic knee was worse and that her mother's back was better. There was the same boring monotony through all four that he read. The last two he tore into bits and tossed away unread.

That same day he received a note from Nell—a dozen short lines—and in those lines he found more life, more animation, more things to cheer and urge him on than in his wife's six letters. He was almost

him that she was devoting two hours a day to music, he was so pleased that he telegraphed her his congratulations and sent her a six months' supply of music by the next mail. It was in a Los Angeles letter, three months after he had started West, that she broke with startling unexpectedness into a discussion of the two latest plays, one of which was taking the country by storm. For two hours after reading this letter Robert Fordney smoked cigars and thought. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Ruth, his wife, was writing him these letters?

At the end of the fifth month he was in San Francisco. He heard rarely from Miss Robinson now, and when he did her notes were restricted to a dozen or so lines. Once or twice when his mail failed him he was conscious of a new and curious feeling of disappointment. He was conscious, too, of a slow change taking place within him.

As yet he had reached no explanation of the change in his wife. Several times he had asked her questions which might have led to a solution of the mystery, and he saw that she shrewdly evaded making the explanations which he wanted. This evasion in itself was a delight to him, while clouding him still more deeply in the inexplicableness of the situation. He was actually disappointed when he found that business demanded his return to the city in which his firm was situated before he could go home.

A few days later Fordney got off his train and streamed out with the other passengers through the depot gate of what he had come to call his "home city." It was late in the afternoon and he had expected no one to meet him. Scarcely had he passed through the gate, however, when he heard a familiar voice speak his name, and in another moment he was shaking hands with Nell Robinson.

"I've been to three trains this afternoon," she cried, her face flushing a little under his delighted gaze, "and I thought surely I would be disappointed this time! How fine you look, Bobby!"

"It's mighty good of you!" he exclaimed. "I didn't expect you to meet me—after sending me away."

"I know that I shouldn't have come, Bobby," said the girl, her blue eyes looking at him frankly; "but I couldn't resist the temptation, just this once. It's been lonely—awfully lonely—and I wanted you all to myself for the first few hours, just to talk to and to have you talk to me. You needn't let them know at the office that you're in—and we'll have supper together, then you can take me to the theater, and then—"

"And then—" he repeated.

"And then we'll say good-by again," she finished, trying to laugh in her old way. "I'm leaving tomorrow. I'm going to a branch office which the firm is establishing in St. Louis."

In the moment's silence between them he understood a great deal which she had not spoken. They walked slowly up the street, turned on Jefferson, and then went down to Grand Circus Park. In spite of the fact that there was an autumn chill in the evening air, the girl suggested that they seat themselves on one of the park benches.

"And now tell me everything—everything that has happened, Bobby," she demanded.

"Nothing much—happened," he said. "In a business way I couldn't have done better. Outside

Our Most

Why Secretary K

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By ROB

FOR THE first time in the history of the States a Secretary of State has been named as a special ambassador. Power. When Mr. Taft conferred Secretary Knox the unique and distinguished representing the President at the funeral of Emperor Mutsuhito, there was paid the highest possible mark of respect to a nation, a peculiar and well-deserved to an American statesman who has served with distinction in the Cabinets of three Presidents of the United States Senate.

Secretary Knox, whose notable to America has been so productive of good, now entrusted with a mission which is of the same importance as was the memorable Commodore Perry to Japan fifty years ago. William was quick to follow the unusual set by President Taft. The Kaiser set his personage to Japan than Prince Henry's brother. Not less interesting is the fact that Taft expressly requested that Mr. Knox accompany her husband half around the globe, a solemn, ceremonial journey.

Much has appeared in public print regarding Secretary Knox, but less regarding Mrs. Knox. She has been due not to her lack of accomplishments, but to her one of the most charming and accomplished hostesses who has ever graced the White House. There is not a more interesting woman in public life than Mrs. Knox, and so it is not surprising that it is hard to know what she is doing.

Women with social prestige are often different, but this could not be said of the present Secretary of State. Above all, she has a kindly heart and is courteous and unassuming. At one of the great New Year parties, when any one may call at the White House, thousands of persons file through to shake hands with the President, a forlorn and rather shabby woman lost her place in the line. The President was playing a quickstep and the scene was somewhat confused. She became somewhat confused and knew which way to turn. Tears were in her eyes when Mrs. Knox, who was standing in line, saw her plight. Without a word, she left her station at the side of the line and went to where the stranger was standing. The woman was instantly put at her ease and how to proceed. Mrs. Knox's position was so unostentatious in the matter that more than one or two persons noticed and transpired.

President Taft personally requested Secretary Knox to accompany the Secretary of State on his tour of the Central American republics. The request was the greatest benefit to the mission of the American friendship to our neighbors. If Mr. Knox had gone alone, only men would have been privileged to attend many of the functions. With Mrs. Knox in the party, it became an event in which all might participate. It was a delicate tribute to the woman and to America.

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He lifted his face, white and haggard. It was no whiter than the girl's. She questioned him tenderly, steadily, while her heart was breaking.

"Bobby—this little girl, your wife, was born in that country village?"

"Yes."

"And she has lived there all her life?"

"Yes."

"Tell me—is she pretty at all?"

"She has pretty hair," he said, "a big brown braid; but—"

"I know," she smiled understandingly. "She doesn't do it up nicely. And her eyes?"

"Brown—and, yes, they're pretty; only—"

"She doesn't know how to use them," put in the girl. "And her form, Bobby?"

"She is slender and quite tall," he said.

"And—and does she ever flirt with you?"

His eyes opened in astonishment.

"Because it is too bad if she doesn't," said the girl. "A wife should flirt with her husband, over the breakfast table, the dinner table, in the evening when she dresses for him, plays for him—"

"I understand you!" he cried breathlessly. "That is what I have dreamed of—longed for—just that!"

"It's too bad, Bobby!" said the girl again, and there was a distant look in her eyes. "I know how you feel. I've heard men talk. And I've seen. It jars most of them—most men—when they see a woman on the street who is prettier than their own wives, or when they meet one who is more clever. If all girls only knew that, Bobby! But they don't. Their love is different than a man's. Now that little wife of yours—if you met with an accident to-morrow, if you lost your eyes, your limbs, had to walk blind

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That same day he received a note from Nell—a dozen short lines—and in those lines he found more life, more animation, more things to cheer and urge him on than in his wife's six letters. He was almost sorry when he received these letters from home. For hours afterward they left him in a cloud of gloom, an oppression which he could not shake off. Their monotony, their lack of idea—of a thought that never reached beyond the rural village—began to have a curious effect upon him. Eagerly he looked forward to a few lines from Nell at Salt Lake City. But he found no word from her there. There were, however, seven letters from his wife. He read the first three—or, rather, glanced through them—tore up the three that followed, and opened the seventh. He read this more carefully, because he was going to write to her that night. And as he read, a low whistle came from his lips.

In some way—he could not quite explain how—it was different from any other letter that he had ever received from her. There was not a single mention of the village or of the people in the village. She told him of a magazine she had subscribed for, and asked him half a dozen questions about life in a big city. She had never questioned him before, except about himself. At the end she fairly startled him by saying that she had read three books in the last week, and she asked him if he would not send her one good book each week. For the first time in two years Robert Fordney did not tear up his wife's letter. He read it through twice. Then he folded it and placed it in his breast pocket.

At Portland there was the usual bunch of mail waiting for him, but this time his wife had written him once each day. From the first letter to the last he saw a change—a change that grew greater with each letter that he read. He was more than surprised. He was bewildered, and he taxed his brain to find some solution to the growing mystery. The postmarks were the same, yet they began to breathe of another and bigger world outside the little village. They called for a different kind of letter from himself, and when, at Los Angeles, his wife wrote

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"And now tell me everything—everything that has happened, Bobby," she demanded.

"Nothing much—happened," he said. "In a business way I couldn't have done better. Outside of that—"

"Aren't you a bit anxious to go home?" she interrupted.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Without knowing it, he had longed for this opportunity to unburden himself, and briefly he told of the strange change that had come into his wife's letters and of his curiosity to learn what it meant.

"Don't say you're 'curious,' Bobby," reproved the girl. "It's more than that."

"I don't know that it is—" he began, when she interrupted him again and sprang suddenly to her feet.

"I'm as hungry as a bear, Bobby! You must take me to supper." As he rose from the seat, she caught him by his arm. "You admire pretty girls. Look at her!"

A couple had passed behind them an elderly gentleman, with a young and stylish woman at his side. Fordney's eyes followed listlessly in the direction, indicated by Miss Robinson's nod. At a glance he took in the young woman's back, from the immaculate trimness of her slender waist to the jauntily flowing plume on her wide-brimmed hat.

"I don't look at pretty girls very often any more," he said. "I guess I'm cured, Nell, or I'm growing old. Which is it?"

"Neither," she said, hurrying him along the walk. "You'll wake up again, Bobby. I'll bet you a cookie they're going to the Pontchartrain for supper. Let's follow."

"If it's any fun for you, we will," he agreed.

He looked again at the couple as they passed under a light ahead of them. The elderly man's companion was undeniably pretty, if one could judge at all without seeing her face. He could see the glister of her brown hair, coiled low on her neck. As Nell had guessed, they entered the Pontchartrain.

(Continued on page 206.)

Much has appeared in public prints regarding Mrs. Knox, but less regarding Mrs. Knox's own due not to her lack of accomplishment is one of the most charming and accomplished hostesses who has ever graced an official set. There is not a more interesting public life than Mrs. Knox, and so much told about her that it is hard to know what

Women with social prestige are often different, but this could not be said of the present Secretary of State. Above all has a kindly heart and is courteous and unlike. At one of the great New Year's parties, when any one may call at the White thousands of persons file through to shake the President, a forlorn and rather shabby woman lost her place in the line. She was playing a quickstep and the scene was so amusing that she became somewhat confused and did not know which way to turn. Tears were in the woman, when Mrs. Knox, who was sitting in the line, saw her plight. Without a second's hesitation, she left her station at the side of the President and went to where the stranger was standing. The woman was instantly put at her ease and how to proceed. Mrs. Knox, the person was so unostentatious in the matter that more than one or two persons noticed the transpired.

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Delightful

SWIMMING pools on inland country are becoming justly popular, and it is not that in this age of luxury every one has a summer home which is near a river, sea nor lake, and does not boast a brook or tiny pond, should not at once be content with an artificial pool.

One of the handsomest swimming pools in the country is on the John Jacob Astor estate, Rock, N. Y., on the Hudson. It was designed by Stanford White, it cost \$200,000, and the splendor of the baths of the ancient Greeks is built of costly marble, of a dazzling white, surrounded by mirrors and inclosed by a great dome, like an iridescent soap bubble. Palms and blooming plants decorate the pool, and an exquisite fountain plays in the center of the marble basin.

A gentleman who has a place not far from New York has chosen an ideal background for his swimming pool, in a low Greek building of white marble, which serves as a luxurious bathhouse. The pool is for the man of the family and his shower-bath apparatus. Both this and the ladies' dressing-room on the other side of the pool, with a draining place in the center, a comfortable bench extends around the pool. Rows of large hooks and a wash table, holding every requirement for a bath, pins to talcum powder, occupy the other side of the pool, and there are racks for wet bathing suits and soft bath towels.

...a meeting. The object of this conference was to discuss the fate of a subordinate division chief. They decided that he must be summarily dismissed. Before departing, officials agreed that Mr. Symington shall call him for purposes of convenience, the man slated to go, would be informed of his dismissal until the next day. Then the men bade each other good-night. The outsider is careful not to be seen leaving the office, and he traversed a circuitous route to his own home, arriving there the first signs of dawn were showing the east.

Mr. Symington, of course quite unaware that he had been the subject of an all-night confab, was later than usual getting to his desk the following morning. The negro messenger bowed lower than was customary as he opened the door for his chief to enter. "Pretty warm this morning, Andy," he said to the dandy pleasantly, and he added, "but I guess you folks don't mind the heat so much."

Symington was in a happy frame of mind and whistled softly as he asserted the important letters from the stack in front of him. He noticed, contrary to the custom, his messenger had followed him in and apparently was dusting off the handsome Logans desk. Symington reached out to push a buzzer to call his stenographer, when the negro straightened up suddenly with, "Just a minute, colonel!" Symington was plainly surprised at the action and seriousness of the veteran servant and exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter, Andy?"

"I guess you don't know what's happened," Andy was visibly nervous by this time. "I imagine no one ain't told you the news."

"The news?" Symington repeated gently. "No, I guess not, Andy. Not news?"

Here the negro started to reply, but stopped abruptly.

"Out with it!" commanded Symington petulantly, who had a mass of work piled on him and wanted to get at it. "No time for fooling."

"It sure ain't no time for fooling, ef," Andy went to it now. "You are to be discharged at twelve o'clock to-day." Symington started.

"Yes, chief; the high bosses has it fixed to swing you"—the negro was talking freely—"and I guess poor old Andy has got to go with you."

At first the division chief questioned the negro sharply, but he quickly calmed down when the messenger related to him almost the exact details of what happened the night before. Symington hastened to the office of his superiors and the untimely visit threw him into a state of consternation.

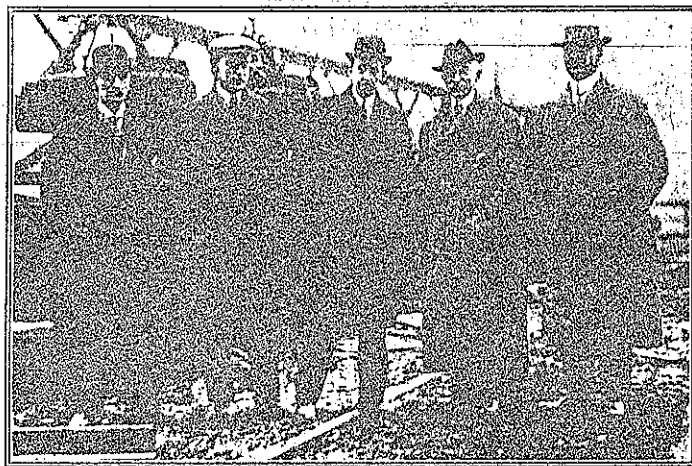
Armed with the information as to what had been going on, Symington cleared the hands of his enemies. He ordered the whole move a "frame-up." Finally there was a complete buck-up on their part, and to this day that government official holds his job.

Then you inquire how did the old rky find out about the secret conference. His slenching was only a true sample of the marvellous workings of the most mysterious word-passing

in the way of things going on. The Cabinet officer has not time to personally go to the files. What is more natural than for him to send for a messenger to come into the room, and then have him go for the papers? This man is probably in the room for but a few minutes, but often it is long enough for him to get the drift of the conversation. The principals do not cease conversing when the messenger comes in, because he is a fixture. They forget that he has ears, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were a piece of furniture. Of course the servant listens. He is a human being and he has to. And every now and then some guarded secret leaks out and there is an eight-day sensation which fairly rocks the continent. Nobody is able to figure out how it became public. It will be remembered that the McNamara confession came as a bombshell and a complete surprise to all concerned, although it had been determined the night before that the men were to confess.

An astute observer remarked that such a secret as that would have been impossible to keep in official Washington, with its infinite number of ears and "rubbering" departmental telephone operators. This man declared that there was no city in the United States so small or quite as sensitive when it came to guarding confidential matters. He was undoubtedly correct in his assertions, especially when he later mentioned the "Black Herald." It cannot be denied that for listening qualities this agency has the dictagraph beaten a mile and could prove itself a thousand times as dangerous.

Corporations Which Have Souls



DEVISERS OF SAFEGUARDS FOR THE WORKERS.

Members of the Pennsylvania Industrial Commission which has drafted laws to protect workmen in mills, factories and mines from injury, to render easier the lot of workwomen, and to compensate those injured while at work. Left to right: F. B. Colahan, Jr., a Philadelphia corporation attorney; F. H. Bohlen, a Philadelphia attorney; D. A. Reed, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation; George C. Hetzel, a woolen manufacturer of Chester, Pa., and John J. Cushing, a mill man of Monaca, Pa. The commission has spent months looking through mills and mines and will report to the Legislature.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature will, at its next session, be asked to pass laws to protect the workmen of the mills, mines and factories from injury; to render easier the lot

of the workmen; to reduce from a maximum of sixty in a week and twelve in a day to fifty-four in a week and ten in a day. The laws governing factories and factory inspection are to be more stringent

and each day goes to this place in an electric. There also mounts her horse for a canter in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Sutton approached the President's daughter and asked if she would be good enough to pose for a photograph on horseback. He explained that he had the wrong kind of a camera for a snapshot and that he might have to ask her to stand still for a time. "I will grant your request on the condition that you do not take me while I am mounting my horse," said Miss Taft. An army sergeant in charge of the horses had a hard time keeping them quiet. Miss Taft again cautioned Mr. Sutton not to take her photograph while she was mounting. He respected her request. After she was seated, Miss Taft patiently posed for a series of interesting photographs.

The Strength of the Mighty.

(Continued from page 204.)

"I don't believe I want to go in, after all," she said, hesitating outside the door. "I don't want you to admire any one but me to-night, Bobsy."

Fordney laughed as they entered the cafe. Five minutes later he was giving their orders. When he looked up from the menu card, he caught Miss Robinson's eyes staring over his shoulders. "Look!" she whispered. "I can't help it! Look—and tell me if she is not beautiful!"

Puzzled, he looked about. For a full half minute he stared at the young woman seated half a dozen tables away, with her profile to him. When he turned to Miss Robinson, his face was white.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "She's my wife!"

His companion's face was as white as his own.

"Nonsense!" she said, looking straight into his eyes. "Your wife! A girl like that!"

He laughed uneasily.

"Pardon me, Nell," he said. "There's a resemblance—a remarkable resemblance—and it startled me."

"Then—then you lied to me, Bobsy! You said your wife was—"

"I know, I know," he expostulated pleadingly.

"Bobsy"—the girl's eyes were like blue diamonds now—"Bobsy, I'm going to say something to you. You say there is a resemblance there—a likeness that startled you. Then—then—there must have been a chance for her. I'm going to tell you where you've been wrong—where you haven't been fair to that little wife back in the country village. If she looks like—like that girl does, and she isn't here with you now, it's a proof you haven't given her a fair chance. Where would you have been, Bobsy, and what would you have been if you had remained all your life in that same village, if you had never gone to college, if you had never gone out into the big, hustling world you talk so much about? Bobsy, listen—"

Her hands were gripping his across the table.

"What if you had brought that little wife to this city with you? What if you had found her a place down there in the office with you, let her work with you, mingle with life—that hustling business life that makes men and women? What if—"

"Nell—Nell—I'm going to—I swear it!"

"It's too late, Bobsy!"

"Too late!"

She was smiling at him now.

"Yes, too late. I'll tell you why. The day after you left for the West, I started for that country village—to see your wife. I brought her back with me. She has been with me ever since. She has worked as my assistant and has roomed with me. Every other night for six months we have been at a theater, a lecture, an art museum or somewhere,

and each day goes to this place in an electric. There also mounts her horse for a canter in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Sutton approached the President's daughter and asked if she would be good enough to pose for a photograph on horseback. He explained that he had the wrong kind of a camera for a snapshot and that he might have to ask her to stand still for a time. "I will grant your request on the condition that you do not take me while I am mounting my horse," said Miss Taft. An army sergeant in charge of the horses had a hard time keeping them quiet. Miss Taft again cautioned Mr. Sutton not to take her photograph while she was mounting. He respected her request. After she was seated, Miss Taft patiently posed for a series of interesting photographs.

Politics makes extremely curious photographic bed-fellows. During the meeting of the Democratic National Committee at the capital, after considerable work, the photographer lined up Colonel Bryan, Norman E. Mack and numerous other Democratic leaders for a night picture on one of the upper floors of the Shoreham Hotel. In fact, the Democrats were backed against a door by the camera. There was a terrific explosion as the flashlight went off. Suddenly the door opened and out stepped a somewhat alarmed guest, to see if the place had been blown up by dynamites. To the amusement of the assembled Democrats, the stranger proved to be none other than Collector William Loeb, Jr., of New York, one of the most influential Republican leaders and probably closer than any other man in the country to both Taft and Roosevelt. When Colonel Bryan was leaving the White House the first time he had been there during President Taft's term, Sutton photographed him. "At last we have proof that I have been in the White House," the colonel said.

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on his robes again.

At the time the war was at its height, Sutton him out to secure photographer Wood, chief of the States army. "Get life," were the instructions; "Them look like the real thing," went to the home of the. There was a group of officers there who insisted that deliver the goods for he don't like that baggage," said Mr. Sutton. "Let's wilder. I've got to get which looks like Mexico is liable to be." (A photographer always was participation tense.) The tremendously pleased and they insisted that G outside into an adjacent. "Your expression is not Draw your sword and assuming position. You troops like that." "But sword to draw!" protested. He had only a riding sword," said Sutton, "point that the sword and look who had troops behind you and them on to battle and say boys!" Wood did. The corker.

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said to the darkly gleaming, and added, "but I guess you folks don't at the heat so much."

Symington was in a happy frame of mind and whistled softly as he assorted the important letters from the stack of mail in front of him. He noticed, contrary to the custom, his messenger had followed him in and apparently was dusting off the handsome loggery desk. Symington reached out to push a buzzer to call his stenographer, when the negro straightened up suddenly with, "Just a minute, colonel!" Symington was plainly surprised at the action and seriousness of the veteran and exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter, Andy?"

"I guess you don't know what's happened," Andy was visibly nervous by his time. "I imagine no one ain't told of the news."

"The news?" Symington repeated dubly. "No, I guess not, Andy, not news?"

Here the negro started to reply, but quipped abruptly.

"Out with it!" commanded Symington pettuously, who had a mass of work piled of him and wanted to get at it. "It's time for fooling."

"It sure ain't no time for fooling, ef," Andy went to it now. "You are to be discharged at twelve o'clock to-day," Symington started.

"Yes, chief; the high bosses has it fixed to swing you"—the negro was saying freely—"and I guess poor old Andy has got to go with you."

At first the division chief questioned the negro sharply, but he quickly calmed down when the messenger related to him almost the exact details of what had happened the night before. Symington hastened to the office of his superior and the untimely visit threw him into a state of consternation.

Armed with the information as to what had been going on, Symington laid the hands of his enemies. He started the whole move a "frame-up," and finally there was a complete back-swing on their part, and to this day that movement of a ball holds his job.

When you inquire how did the old Andy find out about the secret conference. His slanting was only a true sample of the marvelous workings of the most mysterious word-passing agency in the offices of high officials at the national capital, commonly known as the "Black Herald."

Ask any one who knows his Washington who the group is to know the latest gossip from whom it is often impossible to get the most guarded secrets of state, and he will tell you that it is the same "Black Herald," made up from the negro messengers, personal attendants, and have access to the innermost and sacred precincts of the highest offices.

It might be explained that each chief division or higher official has assigned him a messenger, usually an old and steady negro. His duties are to bring the mail, announce visitors, make

one of the messengers has disclosed guarded information to his personal gain. These men are usually as honest as the day is long, but they have the most unusual opportunities for personal observation and they wouldn't be human if they didn't listen to what was going on. Imagine yourself in the presence of a couple of Cabinet officers or a member of the President's official family and one of the most distinguished men of affairs in the country, about whom you had probably read columns—and suppose these men were conferring upon a subject in which the whole nation was on tiptoe and holding its breath, at the time of a great panic or war crisis, say.

Corporations Which Have Souls



DEVISERS OF SAFEGUARDS FOR THE WORKERS.

Members of the Pennsylvania Industrial Commission which has drafted laws to protect workmen in mills, factories and mines from injury, to render easier the lot of workwomen, and to compensate those injured while at work. Left to right: J. B. Cochran, Jr., a Philadelphia corporation attorney; F. H. Buhlen, a Philadelphia attorney; D. A. Reed, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation; George C. Hertz, a woolen manufacturer of Chester, Pa., and John J. Goshog, a mill man of Monaca, Pa. The commission has spent months looking through mills and mines and will report to the Legislature.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature will, at its next session, be asked to pass laws to protect the workmen of the mills, mines and factories from injury; to render easier the lot of the workwomen, and to compensate those injured while at work. Drafts of several laws have been prepared, embodying all these reforms. The power behind these reforms is the employers themselves. The corporations of the State fathered a law creating an industrial commission to investigate and report to the Legislature, with recommendations for laws benefiting the workman and providing compensation for death and injury.

Two drafts of the proposed laws have been made and the last one will be submitted to the Legislature after final hearings are held in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Women's working hours

are to be reduced from a maximum of sixty in a week and twelve in a day to fifty-four in a week and ten in a day. The laws governing factories and factory inspection are to be more stringent and clearly defined. The Legislature is to be given more latitude in providing compensation for injuries received while at work and compensation to victims of occupational diseases. Under the new laws receipt of benefits from a relief organization to which the company subscribes shall not bar an injured employe from recovering compensation from that company. Relatives in foreign countries of workmen injured in Pennsylvania may recover, according to the new code.

Foremost in the commission which has drafted this liberal code is D. A. Reed, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation, who fought

turned to Miss Robinson, his face was white.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "She's my wife!"

His companion's face was as white as his own.

"Nonsense!" she said, looking straight into his eyes. "Your wife! A girl like that!"

He laughed uneasily. "Pardon me, Nell," he said. "There's a resemblance—a remarkable resemblance—and it startled me."

"Then—then you fled to me, Bobsy! You said your wife was—"

"I know, I know," he expostulated pleadingly.

"Bobsy"—the girl's eyes were like blue diamonds now—"Bobsy, I'm going to say something to you. You say there is a resemblance there—a likeness that startled you. Then—then—there must have been a chance for her. I'm going to tell you where you've been wrong—where you haven't been fair to that little wife back in the country village. If she looks like—like that girl does, and she isn't here with you now, it's a proof you haven't given her a fair chance. Where would you have been, Bobsy, and what would you have been if you had remained all your life in that same village, if you had never gone to college, if you had never gone out into the big, hustling world you talk so much about? Bobsy, listen—"

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"Nell—"

"Yes, you're right, Bobsy. She doesn't know you are here. Go to her—for that little girl over there, who is ten times prettier and sweeter than I am, is your wife!"

committee at the capital, after considerable work, the photographer lined up Colonel Bryan, Norman E. Muck and numerous other Democratic leaders for a night picture on one of the upper floors of the Shoreham Hotel. In fact, the Democrats were backed against a door by the camera. There was a terrific explosion as the flashlight went off. Suddenly the door opened and out stepped a somewhat alarmed guest, to see if the place had been blown up by dynamite. To the amusement of the assembled Democrats, the stranger proved to be none other than Collector William Loeb, Jr., of New York, one of the most influential Republican leaders and probably closer than any other man in the country to both Taft and Roosevelt. When Colonel Bryan was leaving the White House the first time he had been there during President Taft's term; Sutton photographed him. "At last we have proof that I have been in the White House," the colonel said.

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One of the most sought women in America by photographers is Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She is extremely well liked and there is a tremendous amount of public interest in what she does not only in Washington, but everywhere else. While Sutton was waiting to photograph the President on horseback, Representative and Mrs. Longworth came along, and Sutton ran across the street and said, "Mrs. Longworth, won't you and Mr. Longworth stand for a picture?" She said, "Do you really want another photograph of me? You have taken my picture so many, many times!" Cardinal Gibbons had been

troops like that." "The sword to draw!" protest. He had only a riding sword said Sutton, "point that the sword and look who had troops behind you on them on to battle and say boys!" Wood did. The corker.

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The Pessimist

"A stenographer," "seems to be the only man can dictate now."

in answer