

## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

OUT on the road the lashing dust came stinging him like a thousand nettles. It smothered him and beat him so that he covered his face with his sleeve and fought into the storm shoulder foremost, dimly glad of its uproar, yet almost unconscious of it, keeping westward on his way to nowhere. West or east, north or south, it was all one to him. The few heavy drops that fell boiling into the dust ceased to come; the rain withheld while the wind kings rode on earth. On he went in spite of them. On and on, running blindly when he could run at all. At least the wind kings were company. He had been so long alone. There was no one who belonged to him or to whom he belonged. For a day his dreams had found in a girl's eyes the precious thing that is called home. Oh, the wild fancy! He laughed aloud.

There was a startling answer—a lance of fire hurled from the sky, riving the fields before his eyes, while crash on crash numbed his ears. With that



A man was leaning over the top rail and looking at him.

his common sense awoke, and he looked about him. He was two miles from town. The nearest house was the Briscoes', far down the road. He knew the rain would come now. There was a big oak near him at the roadside, and he stepped under its sheltering branches and leaned against the great trunk, wiping the perspiration and dust from his face. A moment of stunned quiet had succeeded the peal of thunder. It was followed by several moments of incessant lightning that played along the road and the fields. From that intolerable brightness he turned his head and saw, standing against the fence, five feet away, a man, leaning over the top rail and looking at him.

The same flash swept brilliantly before Helen's eyes as she crouched against the back steps of the brick house. It revealed a picture like a marine of big waves, the tossing tops of the orchard trees, for in that second the full fury of the storm was loosed, wind and rain and hail. It drove her against the kitchen door with cruel force. The latch lifted, the door blew open violently, and she struggled to close it in vain. The house seemed to rock. A candle flickered toward her from the inner doorway and was blown out.

"Helen! Helen!" came Minnie's voice anxiously. "Is that you? We were coming to look for you. Did you get wet?"

Mr. Willetts threw his weight against the door and managed to close it. Then Minnie found her friend's hand and led her through the dark hall to the parlor, where the judge sat placidly reading by a student lamp.

Lige chuckled as she left the kitchen. "I guess you didn't try too hard to shut that door, Harkless," he said, and then when they came into the lighted room, "Why, where is Harkless?" he asked. "Didn't he come with us from the kitchen?"

"No," answered Helen faintly. "He's gone." She sank upon the sofa and put her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from too sudden light.

"Gone!" The judge dropped his book and sat staring across the table at the girl. "Gone! When?"

"Ten minutes—five—half an hour—I don't know. Before the storm commenced."

"Oh!" The old gentleman appeared to be reassured. "Probably he had work to do and wanted to get in before the rain."

But Lige Willetts was turning pale. "Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke."

"He went by the orchard gate. When he got to the road he turned that way." She pointed to the west.

"He must have been crazy!" exclaimed the judge. "What possessed the fellow?"

"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know how." She looked at her three companions, slowly and with growing terror, from one face to another. Minnie's eyes were wide, and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm. The young man was staring straight before him. The judge got up and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her bosom.

"Ah," she cried out. "I had forgotten that! You don't think they—you don't think he—"

"I know what I think," Lige broke in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's all right. Maybe he turned and started right back for town—and got there. But I had no business to leave him, and if I can't catch up with him yet." He went to the front door and opening it, let in a tornado of wind and sheets of water that beat him back. Sheets of rain blew in horizontally in spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a fool, Lige," he said. "You hardly expect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The young man leaned his back against it and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left him."

"Don't scare the girls," whispered the other; then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid of is that he'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They wouldn't try it again so soon after last night. I'm not bothering about that; not at all. That needn't worry anybody."

"But this morning!"

"Fshaw! He's likely home and dry by this time. All foolishness. Don't be an old woman."

The two men re-entered the room and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly.

"Do you think—do you—what do you?"

Her voice shook so that she could not go on.

The judge pinched her cheek and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear. He's a good hand at taking care of himself. Sit down, Lige. You can't go for awhile." Nor could he. It was a long, long while before he could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement. It was Carlows' worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the great limbs crack and break outside, while the thunder pealed and boomed, and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Meanwhile the judge, after some apology, lit his pipe and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the picture of repose, and blew rings above his head, but Helen saw that one of his big slippers beat an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willetts became more restless. He assured the ladies he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkless. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the judge's stories and constantly rose to peer out of the window into the wreck and turmoil, and once or twice he struck his hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and as soon as it was perceptible he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at work in the Herald office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, he agreed with the judge, but he better see about it. He would return early in the morning and bid Miss Sherwood goodby. Hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night, and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good nights and laughing messages to Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the road.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the pike and across the fields. "Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said when they had gone upstairs. "I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was flitting about the room hunting for matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a kind, large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on her shoulder and sat beside her on the bed.

"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't come on a night like this."

But Helen drew away and went to the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against her arm. She had let him go; she had let him go alone. She had forgotten the danger that always beset him. She had been so crazy; she had seen nothing, thought of nothing. She had let him go into that and into the storm alone. Who knew better than she how cruel they were. She had seen the fire leap from the white blossom and heard the ball whistle, the ball they had meant for his heart—that good, great heart. She had run to him the night before. Why had she let him go into the unknown and the storm tonight? How could she have stopped him? How could she have kept him after what he

had said? He had put it out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorted tears.

The wind had gone down a little, but only a little, and the electrical flashes danced all round the horizon in magnificent display, sometimes far away, sometimes dazlingly near, the darkness doubly deep between the intervals when the long sweep of flat lands lay in dazzling clearness, clean cut in the washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland.

A staggering flame clove earth and sky, and sheets of light echoed it, as if a frightful uproar shook the house and rattled the casements, but over the crash of thunder Minnie heard her friend's loud scream and saw her spring back from the window with both hands, palms outward, pressed to her face. She leaped to her and threw her arms about her.

"What is it?"

"Look!" Helen dragged her to the window. "At the next flash! The fence beyond the meadow."

"What was it? What was it like?" The lightning flashed incessantly. Helen tried to point. Her hand only jerked from side to side.

"Look!" she cried.

"I see nothing but the lightning," Minnie answered breathlessly.

"Oh, the fence! The fence! And in the field!"

"Helen! What was it like?"

"Ah, ah!" she panted. "A long line of white looking things—horrible white!"

"What like?" Minnie turned from the window and caught the other's wrist in a strong clasp.

"Minnie, Minnie! Like long white gowns and cows crossing the fence!" Helen released her wrist from her companion's grasp and put both hands on Minnie's cheeks, forcing her around to face the flickering pane. "You must look! You must look!" she cried.

"They wouldn't do it! They wouldn't—it isn't!" Minnie shuddered. "They couldn't come in the storm. They wouldn't do it in the pouring rain."

"Yes! Such things would mind the rain!" She burst into hysterical laughter, and Minnie seized her round the waist, almost as unnerved as Helen, yet trying to soothe her. "They would mind the rain," Helen whispered. "They would fear a storm. Yes, yes! And I let him go; I let him go!"

Pressing close together, clasping each other's waist, the two girls peered out at the landscape.

"Look!"

Up from the distant fence that bordered the northern side of Jones' field a pale, pelted, flapping thing reared itself, poised and seemed, just as the blackness came again, to drop to the ground.

"Did you see?"

But Minnie had thrown herself into a deep chair with a laugh of wild relief. "My darling girl!" she cried. "Not a line of white things—just one—Mr. Jones' scarecrow! And we saw it blow down!"

"No, no, no! I saw the others. They were in the field beyond. I saw them. When I looked the first time they were nearly all on the fence. This time we saw the last man crossing. Ah, I let him go alone!"

Minnie sprang up and unfolded her. "No, you dear, imagining child, you're upset and nervous, that's all the matter in the world. Don't worry; don't, child; it's all right. Mr. Harkless is home and safe in bed long ago. I know that old scarecrow on the fence like a book, and you're so unstrung you fancied the rest. He's all right. Don't you bother, dear."

The big, motherly girl took her companion in her arms and rocked her back and forth soothingly and patted and reassured her and then cried a little with her, as a good hearted girl always will with a friend. Then she left her for the night, and tenderly said, "Get to sleep, my dear," she called through the door when she had closed it behind her. "You must if you have to go in the morning. It just breaks my heart. I don't know how well I'll bear it without you. Father will miss you almost as much as I will. Good night. Don't bother about that old white scarecrow; that's all it was. Good night, dear; good night."

"Good night, dear," answered a plaintive little voice. Helen's cheek pressed the pillow and tossed from side to side. By and by she turned the pillow over; it had grown wet. The wind blew about the eaves and blew itself out. Sleep would not come. She got up and laved her burning eyes; then she sat by the window. The storm's strength was spent at last. The rain grew lighter and lighter until there was but the sound of running water and the drip, drip on the tin roof of the porch. Only the thunder rumbling in the distance marked the storm's course, the chariots of the gods rolling farther and farther away till they finally ceased to be heard altogether. The clouds parted unajestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day star was seen shining in the east.

The night was hushed, and the peace that falls before dawn was upon the wet, flat lands. Somewhere in the sodden grass a swamped cricket chirped; from an outlying flange of the village a dog's howl rose mournfully; it was answered by another far away and by another and another. The sonorous chorus rose above the village, died away, and quiet fell again.

Helen sat by the window, no comfort touching her heart. Tears coursed her cheeks no longer, but her eyes were wide and staring, and her lips parted breathlessly, for the hush was broken by the far clamor of the courtesour bell ringing in the night. It rang and rang and rang and rang. She could not breathe. She threw open the window. The bell stopped. All was quiet once more. The east was gray.

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the



"Look!" she cried.

door beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming faster and faster, coming here. There was a plashing and tramping in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim light of first dawn she made out a man on a foam flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Willey? What is it?" He took a good deal of time and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky.

"What is it, Willey?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night, and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half past 9, wasn't it, father?" she called in a choked voice. "And you know—Helen thought he went west."

"Willey!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes," answered the man on horseback.

"Willey, he left about half past 9—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged, Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Willey!" The old man's voice shook. Minnie began to cry aloud. The horse-man wheeled about and turned his animal's head toward town. "Willey!"

"Yes."

"Willey, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

Said the man on horseback, "Judge, I'm afraid they have."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### USE OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

Conclusions of Fifty Scientists After a Study of Ten Years.

The committee of fifty scientists which has for ten years been studying the liquor question has issued its fourth preliminary report in two volumes. The following are the main conclusions drawn. Effects of moderate or occasional use of alcoholic drinks differ with individuals, age, occupation and climate. With the majority of occasional moderate drinkers no special effect upon health seems to be observed by themselves or their physicians. In some cases drinking is harmful; in a few it is thought to be beneficial. Eighty per cent. of the leading brain-workers of the United States use alcoholic drinks occasionally or regularly or in moderation. The use of such drinks to stimulate mental effort gives, on the whole, bad results. Even occasional or moderate use is likely to be harmful to young persons mainly because of the danger of its leading to excess. Among diseased or infirm persons over fifty years of age, alcoholic beverages, while sometimes useful, should be taken, if at all, with the last meal of the day. "Fine old whiskeys" and "fine old brandies" are nearly as likely to produce injurious effects as are the cheaper sorts, if taken in the same quantities. In moderate quantities, beer, wine and diluted whisky have a certain food value, but they are seldom used for food purposes—rather for their effect on the brain. In large quantities, and for some persons even in moderate quantities, they are poison. Alcoholic drinks in moderate quantities may be useful as restoratives in fatigue after work is done, but they often produce depression and harmful results when used just before and during labor, physical or mental.—Harper's Magazine.

### Picture of Eagle.

A. L. M. Gottschalk, the American consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador, tells a good story about the difficulties he has had to keep a monkey on the consulate premises because of the deprecations of the box constrictors. The big reptiles have a falling for monkeys, and these little pets must keep a constant lookout for them. If Jocko drops into a doze he is likely to "wake up dead." On the occasion with which the story deals a monkey's life was saved by the picture of an American eagle. The consulate sign all the world over is a fine reproduction of the king of birds, in full color, and with outspread wings. A new sign had just been received and was sitting on a chair inside the room. A big box constrictor chased the house monkey across the yard and through the open window. Jocko was making a good race, but a losing one. He was in the corner, quaking with fear, and very near to death's door, when his pursuer confronted the picture of the eagle in its menacing attitude. A snake fears eagles even more than it craves monkeys, and that particular reptile turned tail and went out of the window as quickly as if the devil was after it. "That monkey was a smart monkey, and now whenever it wants to take a nap it goes to roost over the picture of the eagle."—Chicago Chronicle.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### GIRL WHO STOLE THE WAR MAPS

All Japan Ringing With Miss Ando Yoshi's Exploit.

All Japan is ringing with the daring exploit of Miss Ando Yoshi, which the authorities have just permitted to be known.

Her name is on everybody's lips. She is being cheered by the students and merchants in torchlight processions and by the boys waging the war game in the temple grounds almost as much as Admirals Togo and Uru. Moreover, she has been highly commended by the Mikado, and in all probability will receive a decoration from him.

Miss Ando Yoshi deserves her countrymen's praise. At great risk she stole important war maps and papers from the Russians at Port Arthur, and in disguise carried them through the Russian lines to Peking, where she delivered them to the Japanese minister.

These maps, it is understood here, have influenced the Japanese general staff to a considerable extent in its plan of war, since they give detailed information concerning the measures taken to protect Port Arthur and Dalny—harbor defences, strength of the garrisons, dimensions of the fortifications, etc. They also show the location of forts throughout Manchuria and the disposition of the Russian forces up to the day the maps were stolen.

Then there are all details of defences to be erected in case of a Japanese invasion, and instructions concerning the mobilizing of the troops in such an event. Means of transportation and the possibility of laying railroads for the purpose are minutely outlined, and the names of the regiments to be sent to the front at once and their destinations are given.

Miss Ando primarily owes her fame to the circumstance that her family was too poor to support her. She objected to becoming a geisha girl, and hearing that many of her compatriots were making a good living in Manchuria, she decided to go there.

She landed at Port Arthur about four years ago. There she began selling rice cakes for a living, first to the Japanese and the Chinese population, and later on to the Russians.

Miss Ando, according to Japanese standards, is a prepossessing young woman, and it was not long before she attracted the attention of some of the Russian officers. According to a native account, "it was her lacquer black hair and bright eyes which worked havoc with the Russians. Whatever the cause, Miss Ando found favor in the eyes of the officers and was permitted to sell rice cakes in the officers' quarters."

When the news reached the Japanese at Port Arthur that the relations with Russia were strained, Miss Ando had long enjoyed the freedom of barracks and officers' quarters. Indeed, she was not infrequently present at many of the entertainments given by the officers.

Miss Ando, upon learning of the impending war, determined to put her privileges to some account for her country. So at the first sign of trouble she did not flee from the city with the majority of her countrymen. Instead, she sold rice cakes as before, but she also kept her eyes open.

Her chance came some days before Port Arthur was bombarded. In going about the quarters at night she came upon a group of officers engaged in conference over a lot of maps and papers.

Although she could not understand the Russian language well enough to ascertain what the officers were talking about, she intuitively realized the importance of the papers, and determined to secure them at all hazards and take them to Japan.

She noticed that the officers were drinking heavily, and to encourage them in their cups, as soon as the supply of vodka gave out she replenished it, as had been her custom on various occasions. The Russians, according to Miss Ando, did not object to her presence, possibly because she was in the habit of dropping in to sell her wares at all times.

At any rate, she was allowed to remain through the conference. When it broke up all the officers were more or less under the influence of the vodka she had served to them so liberally, and not one of them had enough sense to secure the maps and papers and take them away to safety.

Miss Ando was not slow to improve her opportunity. With the disappearance of the last Russian she hastily seized the papers, slipped them under her kimono, fastened them around her body, and made her way out of the quarters.

Her thoughts now were of immediate escape. She knew that she was well-known in Port Arthur as a pet of the officers, and that her presence at the railway station might be commented on and lead to her detection.

When she had made her way to her room in the foreign quarter of the town she disguised herself in the dress of a coolie and started for the railway station. Being unfamiliar with the way she soon became confused and spent precious minutes trying to locate herself. At last, in her desperation, she hailed a cab that happened by and was taken to the station, representing to the driver that she was a refugee hurrying to get away before the war began.

At the station she found a crowd of Japanese and Chinese refugees waiting to take train for Peking, and she joined them. She succeeded in escaping detection and getting on the train, which by good luck, was not long in starting.

During the trip to Peking she kept the papers tightly bound around her body. Once in the capital she made straight for the residence of Minister

Uchida, and insisted on seeing him personally.

When she was taken before him she explained that she had brought papers of some sort from Port Arthur, briefly detailing how she secured them. A few minutes later when they were handed to him the minister saw at a glance the great importance of the girl's prize.

In the words of Miss Ando, "the honorable minister was much pleased with me and said the papers would be of much service. He also said for me to go to Japan before the Russians got after me, and he looked after me and put me on a ship. I am glad that I have been of some value to the nation."

Miss Ando is now in Tokio, where the papers preceded her and where her parents live. She is "in great honor, and received by everybody," to quote a Japanese account. Indeed, her parents' modest home is a sort of patriotic Mecca for all conditions of her countrymen.

Miss Ando takes her new found honors calmly.

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### AN INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY.

Possibilities of a Great Line to Join the Continent.

There is an immense appeal to the imagination in the scheme of building a vast railroad to unite all the countries of North, Central and South America. Though this great line, when completed, will not compete in length with the railroad which runs all across Northern Asia, it will, nevertheless, be numbered among the world's greatest projects, a tremendous victory over space and time. There can be little doubt, also, that the regions to be opened up and united by the Pan-American line are of greater natural wealth, better supplied with almost untouched resources, and more promising for future development than the great wheat-fields and forests of Siberia and the dry Manchurian uplands.

It would seem that the credit for first forming the idea of a Pan-American railroad, running from the north to the southern extremity of the New World, belongs to the venerable Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who included it, in a lecture delivered several years ago, among the coming wonders of the world. The Pan-American congress, which met in the City of Mexico two years ago, indorsed the project, and practical plans were there discussed, by which the natural and economic difficulties in the way of the line might be overcome. It was further brought out on the same occasion that very large sections of the Pan-American railroad were already in existence, needing only a series of missing links, of relatively short extent, to complete the chain. Yet another step has just been taken toward the realization of this project, in the appointment of Mr. Charles M. Pepper as United States commissioner to the various Central and South American countries concerned, who will be in a position to see with his own eyes not merely the difficulties to be overcome, but also the immense possibilities to be opened by this gigantic undertaking. That two well-known men of business have volunteered to advance \$5,000 each toward the expense of Mr. Pepper's journey shows that the plan appeals strongly to practical minds. In considering this great scheme, the first thing to get clear in our minds is the extent to which its realization is facilitated by the railroads already built or building, which can be used as links in the chain. It is, of course, true that there are a dozen alternative routes from New York to Texas, the first stage of the journey, while several plans are at present under discussion by our railroad companies for traversing the great southwest by new and more direct routes. The striking deficiency, as far as our own territory is concerned, and from a theoretical rather than a practical point of view, is the lack of a great trunk road running north and south across the western plains, the wheat and forest lands of the Canadian northwest territory and our own southwest, toward the Mexican line. There is no north and south railroad in the states which compares in directness and consequence with our various Pacific railroads, or with the Canadian Pacific. There are, of course, numerous combinations by which passengers or freight can go, let us say, from Manitoba to Mexico, but there is no single main artery, such as the Pan-American scheme contemplates. At present this is, as we said, rather a theoretical rather than a practical difficulty.

When we come to Mexico, the next link in the chain, we find that our sister republic makes an admirable showing. There are two main arteries connecting our railroads with the Mexican line, the one making connection at El Paso with the Arizona and New Mexico lines, which thus introduce the circulation at our Pacific coast, and the other at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, joining the Mexican lines with San Antonio and Galveston and the Gulf States. Southward through Central Mexico, which practically covers the whole of the great Mexican plateau, culminating at Mexico City at an altitude of over 2,000 meters, and for a considerable part of its length running at about the mass of Mount Popocatepetl and the Serrania de Ajusco immediately to the south of Mexico City compel the line to deflect to the east, through Ometusco to Apizaco, and thence to Puebla where the Mexican Southern railway carries the line southward to Oaxaca City. The Mexican railroads pass through fifteen out of the twenty-seven Mexican States, and already tap a population of over eight millions.

After Oaxaca there is a considerable break between the Mexican and Guatemalan lines, but the two governments have pledged themselves to supply the missing link, which will bring us to the south of Guatemala, whence a series of Central American lines must be constructed, as follows: through San Blas, 70 miles; through Nicaragua, 224 miles; through Costa Rica, 363 miles; bringing us to the northern border of Colombia, and thus technically to South American territory, though still north of the Isthmus of Panama.

It is a little early to discuss the best form of bridge for this Pan-American line to cross the future Panama canal, but