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WHEN A MAN MARRIES

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man In Lower Ten"

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CHAPTER IV.

The Door Was Closed.

It was infuriating to see how much enjoyment every one but Jim and myself got out of the situation. They howled with mirth over the feeblest jokes, and when Max told a story without any point whatever, they all had hysteria. Immediately after dinner Aunt Selina had begun on the family connection again, and after two bad breaks on my part, Jim offered to show her the house. The Mercer girls trailed along, unwilling to lose any of the possibilities. They said afterward that it was terrible; she went into all the closets, and ran her hand over the tops of doors and kept getting grimmer and grimmer. In the studio they came across a life study Jim was doing and she shut her eyes and made the girls go out while he covered it with a drapery. Lollie! Who did the Bacchante dance at three benefits last winter and was learning a new one called "Eve"!

When they heard Aunt Selina on the second floor, Anne, Dal and Max sneaked up to the studio for cigarettes, which left Mr. Harbison to me. I was in the den, sitting in a low chair by the wood fire when he came in. He hesitated in the doorway.

"Would you prefer being alone, or may I come in?" he asked. "Don't mind being frank. I know you are tired."

"I have a headache, and I am sulking," I said unpleasantly, "but at least I am not actively venomous. Come in."

So he came in and sat down across the hearth from me, and neither of us said anything. The firelight flickered over the room, bringing out the faded hues of the old Japanese prints on the walls, gleaming in the mother-of-pearl eyes of the dragon on the screen, setting a grotesque god on a cabinet to nodding. And it threw into relief the strong profile of the man across from me, as he stared at the fire.

"I am afraid I am not very interesting," I said at last, when he showed no sign of breaking the silence. "The—the illness of the butler and—Miss Caruthers' arrival, have been upsetting."

He suddenly roused with a start from a brown reverie.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I—oh, of course not! I was wondering if I—if you were offended at what I said earlier in the evening; the Brushwood Boy, you know, and all that."

"Offended?" I repeated, puzzled.

"You see, I have been living out of the world so long, and never seeing any women but Indian squaws"—so there were no Spanish girls!—"that I'm afraid I say what comes into my mind without circumlocution. And then—I did not know you were married."

"No, oh, no," I said hastily. "But, of course, the more a woman is married—I mean, you can not say too many nice things to married women. They—need them, you know."

I had floundered miserably, with his eyes on me, and I half expected him to be shocked, or to say that married women should be satisfied with the nice things their husbands say to them. But he merely remarked apropos of nothing, or following a line of thought he had not voiced, that it was trite but true that a good many men owed their success in life to their wives.

"And a good many owe their wives to their success in life," I retorted cynically. At which he stared at me again.

It was then that the real complexity of the situation began to develop. Some one had rung the bell and been admitted to the library and a maid came to the door of the den. When she saw us she stopped uncertainly. Even then it struck me that she looked odd, and she was not in uniform. However, I was not informed at that time about bachelor establishments, and the first thing she said, when she had asked to speak to me in the hall, knocked her and her clothes clear out of my head. Evidently she knew me.

"Miss McNair," she said in a low tone, "there is a lady in the drawing room, a veiled person, and she is asking for Mr. Wilson."

"Can you not find him?" I asked. "He is in the house, probably in the studio."

The girl hesitated.

"Excuse me, miss, but Miss Caruthers—"

Then I saw the situation.

"Never mind," I said. "Close the door into the drawing room, and I will tell Mr. Wilson."

But as the girl turned toward the doorway, the person in question appeared in it, and raised her veil. I was perfectly paralyzed. It was Bella! Bella in a fur coat and a veil, with the most tragic eyes I ever saw and entirely white except for a dab of rouge in the middle of each cheek. We stared at each other without speech. The maid turned and went down the hall, and with that Bella came over to me and clutched me by the arm.

"Who was being carried out into that ambulance?' she demanded, glaring at me with the most awful intensity.

"I'm sure I don't know, Bella," I said, wriggling away from her fingers. "What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe."

"You are hiding something from me!" she accused. "It is Jim! "I see it in your face."

"Well, it isn't," I snapped. "It seems to me, really, Bella, that you and Jim ought to be able to manage your own affairs, without dragging me in." It was not pleasant, but if she was suffering, so was I. "Jim is as well as he ever was. He's upstairs somewhere. I'll send for him."

She gripped me again, and held on while her color came back.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said, and she had quite got hold of herself again. "I do not want to see him: I hope you don't think, Kit, that I came here to see James Wilson. Why, I have forgotten that there is such a person, and you know."

Somebody up-stairs laughed, and I was growing nervous. What if Aunt Selina should come down, or Mr. Harbison come out of the den?

"Why did you come, then, Bella?" I inquired. "He may come in."

"I was passing in the motor," she said, and I honestly think she hoped I would believe her, "and I saw that am—" She stopped and began again. "I thought Jim was out of town, and I came to see Takahiro," she said brazenly. "He was devoted to me, and Evans is going to leave. I'll tell you what to do, Kit. I'll go back to the dining room, and you send Taka there. If any one comes, I can slip into the pantry."

"It's immoral," I protested. "It's immoral to steal your—"

"My own butler! she broke in impatiently. "You're not usually so scrupulous, Kit. Hurry! I hear that hateful Anne Brown."

So we slid back along the hall, and I rang for Takahiro. But no one came.

"I think I ought to tell you, Bella," I said as we waited, and Bella was staring around the room—"I think you ought to know that Miss Caruthers is here." Bella shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, thank goodness," she said, "I don't have to see her. The only pleasant thing I remember about my year of married life is that I did not meet Aunt Selina."

I rang again, but still there was no answer. And then it occurred to me that the stillness below-stairs was almost oppressive. Bella was noticing things, too, for she began to fasten her veil again with a malicious little smile.

"One of the things I remember my late husband saying," she observed, "was that he could manage this house, and had done it for years, with flawless service. Stand on the bell, Kit."

I did. We stood there, with the table, just as it had been left, between us, and waited for a response. Bella was growing impatient. She raised her eyebrows (she is very handsome, Bella is) and flung out her chin as if she had begun to enjoy the horrible situation.

I thought I heard a rattle of silver from the pantry just then, and I hurried to the door in a rage. But the pantry was empty of servants and full of dishes, and all the lights were out but one, which was burning dimly. I could have sworn that I saw one of the servants duck into the stairway to the basement, but when I got there the stairs were empty, and something was burning in the kitchen below.

Bella had followed me and was peering over my shoulder curiously.

"There isn't a servant in the house," she said triumphantly. And when we went down to the kitchen, she seemed to be right. It was in disgraceful order, and one of the bottles of wine that had been banished from the dining room sat half empty on the floor.

"Drunk!" Bella said with conviction. But I didn't think so. There had not been time enough, for one thing. Suddenly I remembered the ambulance that had been the cause of Bella's appearance—for no one could believe her silly story about Takahiro. I didn't wait to voice my suspicion to her; I simply left her there, staring helplessly at the confusion, and ran up-stairs again; through the dining room, past Jim and Aunt Selina, past Leila Mercer and Max, who were flirting on the stairs, up, up to the servants' bedrooms, and there my suspicions were verified. There was every evidence of a hasty flight; in three bedrooms five trunks stood locked and ominous, and the closets yawned with open doors, empty. Bella had been right; there was not a servant in the house.

As I emerged from the untidy emptiness of the servants' wing, I met Mr. Harbison coming out of the studio.

"I wish you would let me do some of this running about for you, Mrs. Wilson," he said gravely. "You are not well, and I can't think of anything worse for a headache. Has the butler's illness clogged the household machinery?"

"Worse," I replied, trying not to breathe in gasps. "I wouldn't be running around—like this—but there is not a servant in the house! They have gone, the entire lot.'"

"That's odd," he said slowly. "Gone! Are you sure?"

In reply I pointed to the servants' wing. "Trunks packed," I said tragically, "rooms empty, kitchen and pantries full of dishes. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Never," he asserted. "It makes me suspect—" What he suspected he did not say; instead he turned on his heel, without a word of explanation, and ran down the stairs. I stood staring after him, wondering if every one in the place had gone crazy. Then I heard Betty Mercer scream and the rest talking loud and laughing, and Mr. Harbison came up the stairs again two at a time.

"How long has that Jap been ailing, Mrs. Wilson?" he asked.

"I—I don't know," I replied helplessly. "What is the trouble, anyhow?"

"I think he probably has something contagious," he said, "and it has scared the servants away. As Mr. Brown said, he looked spotty. I suggested to your husband that it might be as well to get the house emptied—in case we are correct."

"Oh, yes, by all means," I said eagerly. I couldn't get away too soon. "I'll go and get my—" Then I stopped. Why, the man wouldn't expect me to leave; I would have to play out the wretched farce to the end!

"I'll go down and see them off," I finished lamely, and we went together down the stairs.

Just for the moment I forgot Bella altogether. I found Aunt Selina bonneted and cloaked, taking a stirrup cup of Pomona for her nerves, and the rest throwing on their wraps in a hurry. Down-stairs Max was telephoning for his car, which wasn't due for an hour, and Jim was walking up and down, swearing under his breath. With the prospect of getting rid of them all, and of going home comfortably to try to forget the whole wretched affair, I cheered up quite a lot. I even played up my part of hostess, and Dallas told me, aside, that I was a brick.

Just then Jim threw open the front door.

There was a man on the top step, with his mouth full of tacks, and he was nailing something to the door, just below Jim's Florentine bronze knocker, and standing back with his head on one side to see if it was straight.

"What are you doing?" Jim demanded fiercely, but the man only drove another tack. It was Mr. Harbison who stepped outside and read the card.

It said "Smallpox."

"Smallpox," Mr. Harbison read, as if he couldn't believe it. Then he turned to us, huddled in the hall.

"It seems it wasn't measles, after all," he said cheerfully. "I move we get into Mr. Reed's automobile out there, and have a vaccination party. I suppose even you blase society folk have not exhausted that kind of diversion."

But the man on the step spat his tacks in his hand and spoke for the first time.

"No, you don't," he said. "Not on your life. Just step back, please, and close the door. This house is quarantined."

[To be Continued.]

First Picture of Colonel Roosevelt Taken the Moment He Landed In New York.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT BECAME OF JIM LOWRY.

Story of His Death Six Months After Killing Shelby Policeman.

For Jim Lowry's capture $1,200 rewards were offered by state, county and sheriff. Fifty suspects have been arrested in different places in many states, but no Jim Lowry has been caught. The mysterious case has baffled police officers and still the mystery remains unsolved, unless the death of a Jim Lowry, near King's Mountain and near the South Carolina line six months after the tragedy in Shelby offers the true solution.

It is stated that Jim Lowry died of pneumonia from exposure in hiding from arrest, at a colored man's house three miles from King's Mountain and on the road from Yorkville, and was buried at a colored church near Whetstone Mountain, near the South Carolina line.

Jim Lowry, alias Jim Jenkins, son of Rev. Stephen Jenkins, colored, of York county, S. C., was found sick and almost helpless in a field back of the negro's house three miles from King's Mountain. He refused to enter the house until after sunset, then he was helpless and was carried into the house.

He had on his person $30 and no pistol. Before he died he disclosed his name and told where his father lived. That night he died and was buried next day. After deducting $16 for clothes and coffin, the party sought Stephen Jenkins, the father, told his tale and message. The father did not believe the tale, was suspicious and refused to accept the remaining $14 in cash.

Is this true? It appears credible yet others doubt the death of the desperado. Rufus Brooks, a clever negro, who has lived here fourteen years, is our informant, who secured his information from the man who buried Jim Lowry.

Policeman R. Shelton Jones, while trying to arrest the slayer, was killed after midnight at 1 o'clock Sunday morning, August, 1902, by Jim Lowry, colored, who had fled from Yorkville, S. C., to escape a sentence of three years. Most of our readers remember the sad tragedy and the fruitless efforts to capture the slayer.

This version may solve the mystery, but it awaits further proof of its accuracy.—Shelby Highlander.

IN STRANGE TIBET.

Why Its Capital City Is Cut Off From the Rest of the World.

Tibet lies between the latitude of Rome and Cairo yet, owing to the fact that it is nearly all one series of lofty tablelands, its climate is purely Arctic. There is hardly any rain and biting, dry winds send dust or dry snow storms forever raging across its inhospitable uplands.

Lhassa, its capital, is the Mecca of the Buddhist world, and pious Buddhists gain much merit by making the pilgrimage.

The reason why this strange city has been so completely cut off from the rest of the world is really simple enough. The Chinese, who conquered the whole country between the years 1300 and 1720, have inculcated among the Tibetans their own dislike of "the foreign devil." The Chinese had a selfish object in view. They wanted to keep all the Tibetan trade to themselves. Some years ago there was war between Tibet and Nepal. Tibet beat Nepal, and one of the conditions of peace was that the trade routes from India should be closed. How well the closing of these routes has benefited the Chinese may be gathered from the fact that Chinese tea of very worst quality—mere sticks most of it—sell in Lhassa for 3s a pound.

The government of Tibet is dual. The political side run by Chinese Ambans, who draw fat salaries from the wretched Tibetan taxpayers; internal and religious affairs are managed by the Dalai Lama and a council of five—four nobles and one layman.

The Amban makes yearly tours of inspection through the country, and as he goes collects his salary, which amounts to the comfortable sum of about 35 pounds a day. On one occasion, when calling at a town named Shigatse, the Amban suddenly demanded 54 pounds a day. The infuriated villagers struck at this extortion and stoned him. Troops were hurried and terribly flogged, receiving 400 strokes; while the two mayors had the flesh cut away from their hands. Small wonder, then, that the Chinese are not loved by the Tibetans!

The choosing of the Dalai Lama is one of the oddest bits of swindling to be found anywhere. The main article of the Lamaist creed is transmigration. When a Lama dies it is believed that he will at once reappear in human form, and it becomes the duty of his survivors to determine in which child he is reincarnated. There are certain physical signs, usually peculiar to didicate the reborn saint, and the names of children answering to the required description are written on pieces of paper, which are rolled up and placed in a golden urn. On the eighth day the urn is spun until a name has come out three times.

Then the boy is brought to Lhassa, and submitted to certain tests. Pure humbug, of course, but they serve to deceive the populace. The election must then be sanctioned by the Chinese emperor, and the wretched little boy is installed in his new dignities.

The country is full of convents, some of them containing as many as 4,000 monks, nearly all of whom claim to be reincarnated. It is said that for every family in Tibet there are at least three monks.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine, varying according to the importance of the slain; theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harborer of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the Middle Ages.

And if the Lamas never inflict death, they are adepts at torture.—London Answers.

HOW TO BUILD UP THE CAROLINAS.

The Development of the Average Man Is Our Main Hope.

A GREAT MESSAGE FULL OF INSPIRATION.

Though the Fault Was Not Ours, We Must Recognize That We Have Fallen Behind—By Virtue of Our Abilities and Our Resources, However, We Belong in Front, and We May Take Our Rightful Place as Soon as We Will.

Following is the text of the splendid address that Clarence H. Poe, the brilliant young editor of the Progressive Farmer of Raleigh, N. C., delivered before the South Carolina Press association at its annual meeting at Glenn's Springs last week.

I am glad to come to South Carolina, and in casting about for a subject on which to address you, it has seemed to me that I could not do better than to consider with you "How to Build Up the Carolinas," how to develop and strengthen these two sister states into which our lives have been cast and to which our lives should be given. These commonwealths which gave us birth we love for their own sake and also because they are a part of our southland, the romance and tragedy of whose history, the hope and promise of whose future, are to us as our very heartstrings. Our great republic which our fathers helped to found and whose flag compels respect in every land and clime—we are proud of our citizenship in it because of its majesty and its prowess, proud of it as a son might be proud of a hero-father who had won a mighty name. But these mother commonwealths of ours—their appeal to us, we must confess, is far tenderer and more searching, more indeed like the appeal of a gentle, great-hearted mother who, having suffered much, has suffered only to show more striking grandeur and beauty of character and evoke love and loyalty all the more absorbing.

Others may adopt a different policy, but I would have us deal frankly with one another. In the splendid civilization of the twentieth century, the south has fallen behind. It is idle for us to claim that our section still holds the commanding position it had a century ago. It is not alone in the fact that the destinies of America are no longer guided by southern hands—that we no longer have our Washingtons, and Jeffersons, and Marshalls, and Monroes, and Jacksons, and Calhouns and Clays. The fault lies deeper than this. With us the average man is not trained to do, and is not doing, the effective work he does in the north and west. Neither in wealth nor education does our average man measure up to the average man in other sections. In 1900 the average per capita in wealth in North Carolina was only $447 and in South Carolina only $434 as against $1,235 for the whole country. And the tragic explanation of why the average man in the United States, as a whole, has accumulated almost exactly three times as much as the average man in the Carolinas, is found in the fact that in an average thousand sons and daughters of native whites in the Carolinas there are almost exactly three times as many who can neither read nor write as in an average thousand of such in the United States as a whole.

We have neglected our average man; this has been our trouble. Talk about a state's resources, it has only one resource, the man, the child, the citizen, present or future, and his intelligence, character and strength—his average intelligence, character and strength. This is the measure of all other values, and in speaking to you tonight I am going to lay down this as my first and primary proposition:

To develop our state we must develop the intelligence and efficiency of our average population, and all the material resources of the state—mineral, soils, waterpowers, climate, forests, or what not—are valuable or worthless in proportion to the efficiency, the intelligence, energy and character of your average citizen.

Secondly, No matter what trade, business or profession you may follow, you prosper just in proportion to the intelligence and wealth of the average man with whom you have to deal. In other words, not only does the prosperity of the state as an organization and of society as a whole depend on the prosperity of the average man, but the prosperity of every trade, art, and craft in the community and the prosperity of every individual in the community, from the boy on the street who blacks your shoes to the master mind who organizes your railway systems or governs your state the prosperity of every individual, I say, depends upon the prosperity and therefore upon the efficiency of the average man.

The poorer every other man is, the poorer you are; the richer every other man is, the richer you are—not the reverse of the proposition, as too many of our people have too long believed. Every man whose earning power is below par, below normal, is a burden on the community; he drags down the whole level of life, and every other man in the community is poorer by reason of his inefficiency, whether he be white man, or negro, or what not.

In other words, your untrained, inefficient man is not only a poverty-breeder for himself, but the contagion of it curses every man in the community that is guilty of leaving him untrained. Whether we will it or not the great God has decreed that you must rise or fall, decline or prosper, with your neighbor. You will be richer for his wealth, poorer for his poverty.

And so today every man who is tilling an acre of land in the south, so that it produces only half what intelligently directed labor would get out of it, every man who is doing poor work of any kind, every man who is creating and earning only 50 cents or 70 cents a day instead of from three to ten times that much, as intelligent labor would do, every inefficient man no matter in what line of work, is a burden on the community.

Suppose you are his fellow-citizen; then because of his inefficiency, his poverty, because of his failure to contribute to public funds, and public movements, you must have poorer roads, poorer schools, a meaner school house, court house, a shabbier church, lower priced lands; your teacher will be more poorly paid, your preacher's salary will be smaller, your newspaper will have a smaller circulation, your town will be a poorer market, your railroad will have smaller traffic, your merchant smaller trade, your bank smaller deposits, your manufacturer diminished patronage, and so on and on. The ramifications are infinite, unending.

On the other hand, every efficient man, every man trained to do good work whether by the schools or by any other method—he is making the whole cummunity richer. If he is trained or taught by the schools or by any other method to double his corn or cotton or tobacco yield, if he is trained or taught by the schools or by any other method to do better work so that he earns $2, $3 or $5 a day instead of 30 cents or 50 or 70 cents, does not that mean that your merchant will have more trade, your bank larger deposits, your newspaper better patronage, your railroad heavier traffic, your preacher a larger salary, your lawyer and doctor fatter fees, your county and state better resources, so that your roads and schools and public buildings will all feel and show the thrill of a new power that has come to them?

Seeing then that the prosperity of every worthy industry and individual in the state depends upon the efficiency of the average citizen, the one great question for us is: How can we raise this average of efficiency?

It seems to me that there are just two basic and fundamental ways: (1.) Education, for the development of our own people, and (2) immigration bringing efficient people from other sections. And of these two ways, incomparably the greater is education.

As yet we but see through a glass darkly as to what education is really going to mean these next twenty-five years and from then on in quickening the industrial efficiency of the people. Not only shall we have longer terms and better grading and all that, but for the first time the schools are beginning to train for actual life. Here in the south, for example, always rural and destined to remain so, the section of America of which it is true that there are more people engaged in agriculture than in all other occupations combined, and yet until now our entire school system has been hacked and hewed to fit the procrustean bed of the urban model. Made by city people for the city people, the books and teaching have not been adapted to the needs of the country children. We shall take a long step forward when the farm boy has proportionately fewer problems in arithmetic about foreign exchange and latitude and longitude and the metric systems of weights and measures, and more about how to calculate a feeding ration for cows or a fertilizer formula from certain quantities of potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, and when he studies proportionately less about far-away Australia and Kamchatka, and more about the soil that he walks over and plows in every day of his life. The farmer girl (and the city girl also for that matter) must learn of food values, of the chemistry of cooking, of hygiene, and of sanitation. Domestic science for the girls must go side by side with agriculture for the boys. Take our physiology as another example. Scientists tell us now that every third death among us is the result of an unnecessary disease, every third case of sickness unnecessary, and that the average human life might be lengthened one-third by proper application of the principles of sanitation and hygiene. And yet instead of practical instructions for combating disease and preserving health, we learn how many bones there are in the skeleton and about the differences between arteries and veins. The makers of our text books have seemed to shy at useful facts like a new horse at a road engine. We have taught men who were to be farmers all about Greek roots and Latin roots, and nothing about corn roots and cotton roots. We have spent our time learning about the construction of a third century chariot only to get run over by a twentieth century automobile.

This is what all our educational leaders are now beginning to see, and the changed spirit of the schools, carrying new inspiration and knowledge into every line of human industry, making an art of what once was drudgery, is going to give a zest and fruitfulness to labor these next twenty-years such as the world has never known before. I do not think it too much to say that in the next twenty-five years we shall increase the usefulness of our schools tenfold; that in promoting the efficiency of the people the school will be ten times as important a factor as now.

In other words, much as education has meant to the prosperity of a people until now, the new education is going to mean tenfold more, and the Carolinas should make haste to lead all other states in taking advantage of this great energy-giving impulse. We have made great advances in education, and yet the best thing the Carolinas could do in 1910, the best financial investment her people could make, would be to double this school expenditure. Considered simply as a profitable place to put money, it would pay the man who has land, the man who has capital, the man who has scientific knowledge or industrial skill, and the man who lives by his muscle. For the prosperity of all is measured by the intelligence and efficiency of our average man.

And not only the schools, but all other agencies that are educating the people to a higher degree of efficiency, deserve our support just in proportion to the extent and thoroughness of their work.

First of all then, in raising the efficiency of our average man, we need always and everywhere to help forward the cause of education for the development of our own people; and in the next place, we ought to encourage the immigration of progressive and enterprising men and women from other sections.

While the great basic principle upon which we must build is that the prosperity of every industry and every individual is measured by the intelligence and efficiency of the average man with whom we have to deal, we need also to remember—simply as a modifying factor—that up to a point of density which we in the south shall not reach for centuries yet, prosperity will be enhanced by increasing the number of intelligent and efficient people per square mile. There is a point of "diminishing returns" but we are in no danger of reaching it. As it is, both Carolinas need and must have a larger proportion of white people. The whole south is still too sparsely settled. Our eleven southern states, excluding Texas, support only 16,000,000 people of both races, and only 10,000,000 white people, while the same area in Europe supports over 160,000,000 white people.

Of course we do not want the lower-class European immigration. If we can get immigration from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Sweden, etc.—the countries whose blood has gone to make up our vigorous American stock—it would be of great help to us. We are all of us such immigrants ourselves or descendants of such immigrants. From some countries of southern and eastern Europe, on the other hand, immigration is of a decidedly lower order and objectionable because of a low standard of intelligence and efficiency.

On the very same principle, however, immigration of a normal or high standard of intelligence and efficiency is desirable. Such immigration can be had, and ought to be had—in some measure perhaps from our English, Scotch, Dutch, and Irish kinsfolk across the sea—but chiefly from our northern and western states. For years now hundreds of thousands of the most enterprising and progressive farmers in the middle west have been going into Canada with its long hard winters and bitter climate, not only giving up American citizenship but actually paying two to three times as much for land in that inhospitable region as land of the same fertility commands in the south. We ought to have brought these men to the south. They know our institutions, our language, they are industrious, thrifty, wide-awake, and many of them are of southern ancestry who should naturally come back home Let's bring them back.

If there were no other reason for advocating such immigration from the north and west, I should favor it because it is the surest deliverance from our race proolem, as Senator Tillman himself has so strongly argued. The proportion of negroes to whites is too large, too oppressively and crushingly large, in every southern state, and my hope is that ultimately the tides of migration and immigration will equalize population until the proportion of negroes in no state will exceed 20 per cent. We must train the negro—the more ignorant he is the greater the burden on the south—but at best the process will be slow, and at present it would probably not be too much to say that in considering our whole population, including our great constructive leaders and captains of industry, the average negro in the Carolinas in economic worth and efficiency is only half as useful as the average white man. In other words, in rating general average of efficiency we should put the white man at 100 and the negro at 50, so that a county half white and half negro would have an average efficiency of 75, or a handicap of 25 per cent as compared with a county with an exclusive white population or a normal degree of efficiency.

Whether or not the difference is as much as I have indicated, certain it is that the larger the proportion of whites ,the higher the average of efficiency, the more prosperous will be our every industry, and the better it will be for every individual citizen, including the negroes themselves.

Now let us start right—not by seeking immigration from southern Europe, but by advertising our resources to the thrifty, enterprising and progressive farmers of the north and west—men of our own stock who now only need an invitation to make them come. Emerson was right when he said that "every man who comes into a city with any purchasable talent or skill in him gives to every man's labor in the city a new worth," and if an ignorant negro slave in the old days was worth $1,000, certainly, we may assume that a thrifty and intelligent white westerner, bringing not only himself, but in most cases substantial accumulations as well, should be worth many times as much as an asset to the state.

The last census year North Carolina had only 1,200,000 white people. It should have 4,000,000. South Carolina had less than 600,000 whites when it should have 3,000,000—and would then be even with its 800,000 negroes, only one-third as thickly settled as Massachusetts. Consider for a moment how much more influential our papers would be, how much more important every institution in the state would be, how much more varied would be our industries, how much easier it would be to get good roads in counties in which the white population is now too small to maintain them, how easy it would be to double the usefulness of our public schools, how quickly we should build railroads in sections which must otherwise remain dormant and backward for long years, how important our cities should become, and how much more attractive would be life in our thickly settled communities, and how much easier it would be to get telephones and water works and trolley lines and local libraries and all the advantages of twentieth century rural life!

Let us take as our watchword "Education and Immigration—Both of the Right Sort."

In the last census year 234,062 native sons and daughters of South Carolina were living in other states (to say nothing of the million sons and daughters of South Carolina emigrants), while South Carolina had received from other states and countries only 60,744 settlers.

For a hundred years now our Carolinians have been going west to build up the new states of that great empire. Now let us welcome back their children and neighbors to help us build two great, prosperous and populous commonwealths, where the masses of the people trained to as high standards of efficiency as anywhere in the world, shall develop a symmetrical and well-rounded civilization; a splendid and forceful democracy of trained, intelligent and thrifty home-owners from among whom shall come not only a Jefferson and a Marshall, not only a James J. Hill and a Thomas A. Edison and a Seaman A. Knapp, not only men whom all the nation shall know as leaders in industry and in public affairs, but poets and seers, sculptors and artists—if not a Titian at least a Reynolds or a Millet, if not a Michael Angelo at least at St. Gaudens or a Ward, if not a Shakespeare at least at Browning or a Tennyson, if not a Savonarola, at least some great religious leader who shall put the church into vital relations to modern thought and give it a new baptism of spiritual power—all these until our long and tragic years of war and struggle and rebuilding shall find their fruitage in an outburst of achievement such as our fathers yearned for, and it is now our high privilege to help bring about.

Roosevelt's First Speech After His Arrival In New York.

A MANUFACTURED CLIMATE.

Methods of the Paris Market Gardeners in Forcing Nature.

The gardeners of Paris get their products on the market weeks before the regular season for them. This forcing of nature is described by Ernest Poole in Success Magazine.

The secret is simply this: The French maraichers have manufactured a climate to suit them. As one observer has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south and are well protected by walls on the north and east, walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds.

The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open, "three light" frames of uniform size, 12 by 4½ feet, and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than seventeen inches in diameter and from fourteen to fifteen inches high. The French call them cloches. You may often see over a thousand frames and over 10,000 glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In the "Jataka," one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, "May the blessed Lord allow you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live,' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any the sooner?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Then said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneezes and a priest says 'May you live' he shall be guilty of a transgression."—London Spectator.

"Pa, what's the woman question?" "It generally is 'What in the world could ever have made him fall in love with her?'"—Chicago-Record Herald.

Host—"Why did you write all our guests that this is to be a very informal affair?" Hostess—"So I'd be sure to be the best dressed woman here."—Scraps.