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THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued.)

Mr. Baumgartner looked worried and preoccupied. The coming of the mail which meant so much to Evelyn perhaps had its importance for him also. At any rate he left the entertainment of his guests largely to his wife, until a sharp clash of wits rudely dispelled his reverie.

Beryl Baumgartner was the unconscious agent that brought about an unforeseen crisis. Her restless eyes speedily caught the glint of diamonds on Evelyn's left hand, and she cried ecstatically:

"Oh, Evelyn, what a lovely ring! Where did you get it?"

Each woman at the table was on the qui vive instantly. In a place like Las Palmas the mere mention of a diamond ring in connection with a young and pretty girl suggests that one more infatuated male had voluntarily removed his name from the list of eligibles.

Evelyn, having stilled the volcano that raged over night, might have allowed the opportunity to pass if she had not happened to catch the mocking smile on Rosamund's face when the nature of the ring became self-evident. That stealer her intent.

"It is my engagement ring," she said quietly.

"What?" shrieked Beryl, to whom this was news indeed. "Who is he?"

"You do not know him, dear, but his name is Captain Warden. He is at present in West Africa, somewhere near the Benue River."

"And did he send it to you?"

"Yes, I received it only last night. It would have reached me four months ago, had not Mrs. Laing stolen one of my letters—perhaps others as well—and that naturally led to some confusion."

There was a moment of stupefied silence at the table. Everybody seemed to be stricken dumb. Rosamund, crimson with anger, could only mutter:

"What insolence!"

"It is an unpleasant thing to say, but it is true," said Evelyn, discussing her rival's transgression in the most matter-of-fact tone, though she was conscious of a queer tingling at the roots of her hair, and she hardly recognized the sound of her own voice.

Baumgartner felt it imperative to stop what threatened to develop into a scandal.

"Miss Dane, you are making a serious charge against a lady of the highest repute," he said, in his best chairman-of-the-company style.

"I mean it, every word," cried Evelyn, a trifle more vehemently. "Lord Fairholme, am I speaking the truth or not?" she demanded, suddenly wheeling round on the inoffensive peer.

"Really—er—really—" he spluttered, for once too bewildered to grin.

"Please tell Mr. Baumgartner what happened in the hall at Leichmerg when Mrs. Laing asked the postman to give her a letter addressed to Captain Arthur Warden, at Ostend. You were present. It was my letter she obtained. Perhaps she has it yet if her boxes were searched."

Here was no timid girl stammering vainly to bolster up a false accusation, but a fiery young goddess impeaching an erring mortal. The atmosphere was electric; Beryl Baumgartner said afterwards that she felt pins and needles attacking her at all points.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Dane, but I gave very little attention to the incident," said Fairholme, partly recovering himself. "But you remembered Captain Warden's name last night? Was it not at Leichmerg that you heard it, and from Mrs. Laing?"

consideration would stop her now. The memory of all she had suffered through the machinations of one evilly disposed woman upset her calm judgment. In other respects, she acted with a restraint that was worthy of a first-rate actress; people at the next table might have thought she was dissing the weather. Taking Warden's letter from her pocket she handed it to Lord Fairholme.

"I cited you as a witness," she said. "Will you now act as judge? Read that, and tell my friends which of us two is speaking truth."

Despite his self-supposed shortcomings, Fairholme was a gentleman. Instinctively he believed Evelyn, but he shrank from the duty she entrusted to him.

"Oh, I say," he blurted, "hasn't this thing gone a bit too far already? Is it worth all the beastly fuss? There may be a mistake somewhere, you know. I'm sure, Miss Dane, nobody doubts your statement where this lucky chap Warden is concerned, and on the other hand, don't you know Mrs. Laing may have a perfectly fair explanation of the other business. So let it go at that, eh, what?"

"May I act as arbitrator?" said Baumgartner. "If I glance through your letter, Miss Dane, I may discover a means of settlement."

Something in his tone, some hint of a crafty purpose behind the smooth-spoken words, beat through the haze of wrath and grief that clouded Evelyn's mind. She could trust Fairholme with her lover's letter, but not Baumgartner. To reveal to him what Warden had said about Mrs. Laing's extraordinarily accurate knowledge of proceedings in the Solent and affairs in Nigeria would be tantamount to betraying her lover's faith.

With splendid calmness she took the letter from the table and replaced it in her pocket.

"No thank you Mr. Baumgartner," she said. "If Lord Fairholme declines to help me, nobody else can take his place. I appeal to him because he is aware that Mrs. Laing induced your groom to unlock the post-box and hand her my letter. The proof of my words lies here. It is for him to say whether or not he is satisfied he saw Mrs. Laing commit a theft."

Fairholme shook his head. He was not lacking in pluck, and his artificial humor was only the veneer of an honest nature, but he surprised a look in Rosamund's eyes that startled him. She was pale now, ashen pale. She uttered no word, but continued to glower at Evelyn with a suppressed malice that was more threatening than the mere rage of a detected trickster.

His lordship evidently thought it high time Baumgartner or his wife exercised their authority.

"Don't you think this matter has gone quite far enough?" he asked, glancing from one to the other, and avoiding the eyes of either Evelyn or Mrs. Laing.

"Yes," said Baumgartner sharply with his prompt offer to supplant Fairholme as judge. "This absurd dispute about a purely private affair must end at once. I and my family are going to Europe by the next mail steamer."

"Isadore?" gasped his wife.

"Father, you can't mean it!" cried Beryl, who, at the sweetest calculation, had made arrangements for a good three weeks further frivolity at Las Palmas.

"Unfortunately, I am quite in earnest," the financier looked it. Despite his material air, his puffy face was drawn and haggard, and he had the aspect of a man who needed rest and sleep.

"You will accompany us, of course, Miss Dane," he went on, speaking slowly, as though he were groping for the best way out of a difficulty. "Your quarrel with Mrs. Laing can be much more easily adjusted in England than here. I hope, therefore, we shall be spared further bickering during our brief stay in the Canaries."

"But, father dear," put in his daughter, "you said you were going home on the yacht, and calling at Gibraltar and Algiers."

"I have changed my plans," he retorted curtly, and that was all he would say on the subject.

Evelyn left the table at the earliest moment. When too late, she regretted the impulse that led her to declare open war against Mrs. Laing. But it was done now. Those words "theft" and "steal" were irrevocable. She had retreated to a nook in the garden where a dense clump of tropical trees and shrubs gave shelter from the sun, and was trying to discover if she had imperiled the success of Warden's mission by any unguarded phrase, when Lord Fairholme came to her.

"May I sit down here for a few minutes?" he asked. "I want to try to understand things."

"I should be sorry to test your lordship's capacity so greatly," she said. She had not yet forgiven him for not taking her part. She was young; her world was turning about her ears; she believed that everybody ought to stand against at Rosamund's wickedness.

was no resisting "Billy" when (in his own phrase) he was going strong.

"I fear you all thought me very rude," she said, with a pathetic little gesture of helplessness. "But what was I to do—listen in silence to fresh insults?"

"I think you did the only possible thing."

"Then why did you refuse to bear out my statement?"

"There were reasons. May I see that letter now?"

"Have you come of your own accord?" she asked.

Evelyn fighting for the man she loved, was a very different girl from the proud, disdainful Evelyn who, twenty-four hours earlier, would have endured almost any infliction rather than flout her adversary in a public dining-room. She credited Rosamund with the adoption of any sly device to gain her ends, and felt that Fairholme was just the man to be used as a stalking-horse.

"No," he said, "or rather, yes—and no. I am anxious to know the truth, but Baumgartner suggested that I ought to accept your offer of reading the evidence. Don't you see, he has to consider the future a bit."

"In what way?"

"Well, if Mrs. Laing stole a letter in his house, she's a jolly hard thing to say—but she must be warned off."

Baumgartner as a guardian of morals was a new conception. Evelyn felt that a more powerful foe than Rosamund was in the field. Her unimportant romance had suddenly widened out into the world-drama of politics. She must decide quickly and decide right. In that vital moment she realized that her postscript to the Leichmerg letter might have consequences far beyond their effect on Warden's fortunes and her own.

"Lord Fairholme," she said, turning so that she could watch the slightest change in the expression of his face, "does Mr. Baumgartner strike you as a man who would go out of his way to interfere in a dispute between two women?"

"Not unless there was money in it," said Fairholme cheerfully.

"Then why is he showing such interest now in a matter which he deliberately closed at luncheon?"

"I gave you his explanation. Even Baumgartner likes to associate with people of good character."

"No, that is not the reason. Mr. Baumgartner is engaged at this moment in a plot against British dominion in West Africa. You see that cruiser in the harbor? Well, she is here to watch the Sans Souci. You yourself heard to-day that our party is going to Europe by the mail steamer. Why, when the Sans Souci is at our disposal, I will tell you, The British authorities believe that the yacht will help, or further in some way, a native rising in Southern Nigeria. Now, the letter in my possession, read by any one who could extract its inner meaning, would yield a valuable clue to the amount of information at the disposal of the home government, if you, without knowing this, answered Mr. Baumgartner's questions as to its contents. You would be doing the gravest injury to Great Britain."

(To be Continued.)

ANOTHER ROAD FOR HARRIMAN?

Pan American Railroad Purchased by United States Ambassador—The Men Back of it

Mexico City, Mexico, Aug. 26—David E. Thompson United States Ambassador to Mexico, it is rumored here, has bought for approximately \$10,000,000 gold, the Pan American Railroad, and as owner of the only line running from the north to the Central American border, will remain in this republic permanently, though he has announced his intention to resign from the diplomatic corps.

The Pan-American road, including a number of short branches, is 290 miles long. The main line extends from Guanabaco, in the state of Oaxaca, across the Tehuantepec Isthmus country to Mariscal, on the Guatemala border, opposite which terminus, across the Sochilte River, is the flourishing Central American city of Yajama. This main line is 286 miles in length. Building toward Ayutla is the Guatemala City Northern Railroad, owned by the Hubbard interests of New York, which is now finished to a point within twenty-five miles of that city. With the completion of this line it will require the mere spanning of the river to effect railway connections from the western extremity of the Pan-American line to the capital of this Central American Republic.

By purchase outright, Ambassador Thompson has taken over \$8,900,000 of the total capitalization of \$10,000,000. The transaction is entirely in his own name, but it is understood among inner circles that a coterie of St. Louis capitalists are associated with the diplomat in the transaction and that the ultimate plan is a turning over of the entire system to Mr. Harriman, as a part of the chain to extend continuously from British Columbia to Central America.

Recruits Less Desirable

Applicants for U. S. Army Enlistment Not up to the Recent Standard.

Washington, Aug. 26—Returning prosperity is having its effect on recruiting men for the United States army, making it more difficult to keep up the standard established during and following the year 1907 when splendid material was available from the ranks of the unemployed.

The authorized strength of the army today is 84,500 men, exclusive of the hospital corps which numbers 3,500 men.

As the terms of enlistment of men expire it is no easy matter to induce desirable men to re-enlist.

It will not be a hard matter therefore, to reduce the size of the standing army, in accordance with President Taft's wishes. Ostensibly the cause for this reduction is the difficulty of obtaining good men, but the real reason is one of economy. Every man reduced means a saving of \$1,000 a year, and if the reduction proposed reaches 8,000 men by July 1 next, the total annual saving will amount to \$8,000,000 per year. President Taft has been insistent on big reductions in army estimates for 1911, and the army officials have been casting about in every conceivable way to effect a saving. Necessary construction work of all kinds has been postponed and the acquisition of other needed equipments has been deferred. Finally a decision has been reached that considerable of the savings might be effected by reducing the enlisted force.

A LONG-DELT WANT.

Josh—Do you think there will ever be any radical change in the style of men's hats?

Bosh—Not unless somebody invents a hat that will cover the bald spot on the back of the head.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



STORM COAT.

When the wintry winds do blow and the storm comes upon us, it is then that my lady must don her heaviest coat. Yet, with the view of appearances always in her mind, she must be careful in the selection of this storm coat. The buttons are set on at intervals in groups of three, running down the left side. The collar is high and shows a trimming of narrow soutache braid.

FORSEE ELECTRICITY PERFORMING ALL WORK

Scholars and Business Men Assert Cities Will Depend on it and Even Crops Will Need it—The City of the Future Minus Net Work of Wires Overhead

All the well-known scholars and business men of today agree that the city of the future will be an electrical city.

The Dallas (Tex.) News. With a very few exceptions all the manifold requirements for speed and economy will be met by electricity.

Even the food products consumed in the electric city of the future will be the results of electricity applied to agriculture. The country will have an abundance of electric power for light, power and heat on the farms. The farming communities will flourish under the stimulus of an electrified topsoil, and an increased absorption of nitrogen, procured direct from the atmosphere by electricity. These processes are already successful as experiments on a small scale.

In the business of transportation, the electrically propelled aeroplane will doubtless develop to supremacy for high speed mail, and perhaps passenger service. The electric gyroscope will furnish stability for this device and also for monorail, high-speed trains electrically driven. The locomotive will have come into its own for general freight and passenger service.

Wireless telegraphy has already ceased to be a toy and the city of the future will not be covered with a network of wires as at present. Wireless telegraphs will communicate with all parts of the world and wireless telephones will be used for both local and long distance service. Even the transmission of the power currents will be effected through wireless or the atmospheric electricity waves.

In the new electrical city man will do the thinking. The electrical-driven machinery will do the work. Time was a very few years ago when nearly all the work in the world from sweeping the floor to pounding out horse shoes and nails, was done by hand. Today, the application of electricity in the workaday world passes all comprehension. The powerful motors have adapted themselves to all kinds of work in the shop, office or home, and the largest factories, from the watch-making shops to the giant steel mills, are driven by electricity. Motor applications are increasing every day, and it is estimated that within the next 25 years every industry under the sun, and nearly all the work now done by hand, will be electrified.

To enumerate the thousand and one ways in which electricity has already been applied is superfluous, but its universal adaptability foretells wonders for the future. The greatest wonders are the outgrowths of small beginnings. It was only 25 years ago that the incandescent lamp was per-

fect. Today nearly every home and building in the city is lighted by electricity. About three years ago the General Electric Company announced that it was possible to do all the cooking in the home, hotels or restaurants by electricity. A great many of the best cooks of the time laughed at such an absurd statement, but today electric cooking is growing faster than incandescent lighting did twenty years ago.

Electricity has already proven itself cleaner, quicker and more effective than any other kind of heat for culinary work, and it is only a question of a few years more and electricity will be even cheaper than gas or coal. Even today nearly all the kitchen work can be done by electricity with a small motor, provided with a double attachment shaft for the necessary devices for meat and food chopping, egg beating, cream whipping, cake mixing, butter churning, grating, ice chopping, cream freezing, noodle cutting, vegetable paring, polishing and grinding, running the sewing machine, etc.

Our sweeping and dusting are already electrified; exit the broom and enter the electric pneumatic cleaner. And now about electric heating for office buildings and residences? That, perhaps, is a matter of fuel prices, and, as the price of electricity decreases, its advent will be hastened. In an auxiliary capacity it is already with us; witness the luminous electric air heater, the electric foot warmer, the electric fireplace and so on.

A few years ago every picture of a large factory had to show dense clouds of steam issuing from great smokestacks, and in the foreground had to be a large number of heavily-loaded drays hauled by large horses. All this is archaic now. The factory of today shows no black smoke, for such smoke is the height of extravagance and a common nuisance. We have learned that economy and efficiency depend not only upon commercial centralization and co-operative and combined power generation and distribution.

The hundreds of teams about the factory yards have been supplanted by the electric trucks and the electric railway, which can haul more in one hour that the teams did all day and cost nothing for new horses or feed.

The city of the future may not be horseless, but the great business of the warehouses, merchants, manufacturers and wholesalers will be transacted on electric trucks, and most of the pleasure vehicles will be driven by electricity; the work will be done by electricity.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches hurried eating, bolting food, are sure to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.



quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, hiccoughs, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

A Positive Cure For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Have you ever felt a leaden weight in the pit of the stomach—a feeling of fullness, with belching of wind and perhaps severe pain? Then you know how indigestion feels. It makes a person sarcastic and cranky—it causes misery after every meal—it saps the strength.



Rev. Father Morrissey

FATHER MORRISSEY'S "No. 11" TABLETS

—one of the best of the late priest-physician's remarkable prescriptions—positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and all the suffering that comes from a "bad stomach."

Each tablet will digest 1 3/4 pounds of food—a good meal.

Take "No. 11" Tablets regularly, avoid articles of food that you have found disagree with you, and you will be benefited from the start and soon cured.

50c. at Your Dealer's.

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Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

THE BREEZE AT MARITIME BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

(Chatham World)

The Maritime Board of Trade has done a good deal, since its organization, to promote inquiry into the commercial and industrial needs of these provinces, and has been useful in bringing their business men together and making them better acquainted with each other, though it is true that very little has been directly accomplished by it in a practical way. These inter-provincial gatherings have been very pleasant affairs. But a cloud has arisen in the sky. Some ill-feeling was aroused at Halifax last year, and it has not yet abated. The St. John delegates charged that Halifax had packed the meeting for the purpose of carrying a resolution in favor of giving the Canadian Pacific Railway running rights over the Intercolonial, and the Halifax men, while resenting the charge, refused to have the roll called in order that it might be tested. St. John sent a delegation to Charlottetown Island, in courtesy to Prince Edward Island, but its delegation announced the withdrawal of the St. John Board. It is to be regretted that the breach has occurred. Mr. Johnson, president of the Maritime Board of Trade, widened the breach at the Charlottetown meeting, by a rasping speech against the union of the Mar-

time Province. He practically declared rich Nova Scotia didn't want to be tied to so poor and miserable a country as New Brunswick, and intimated that New Brunswick wanted union for the purpose of getting a square meal from the Nova Scotia crib. If Mr. Johnson had been a member of the English parliament, when the Act of Union with Scotland was before it, he would no doubt have opposed it on the ground that England was rich and Scotland poor.

The rasping and sneering speech of Ald. Johnson, and the refusal of President Bell to permit the calling of the roll after the count, worked together to disgust St. John men and arouse the determination to go to no future meeting of the board in Nova Scotia.

We hope, and we have grounds for hoping, that St. John will be represented at next year's meeting in Chatham. The ostensible reason for the withdrawal of the St. John men and the determination to go to no future meeting of the board in Nova Scotia.

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SEES MENACE TO WORLD IN WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY

Winnipeg, Aug. 27—British scientists had another busy morning, all twelve sections being in session.

Two of the presidential addresses were delivered this morning, those of Prof. Shipley, of the zoological department, and Prof. Stirling, of the psychological.

The economic, agricultural and geographic departments were the sections most patronized by the public and papers of general interest to Canadians were read.

Dr. Shipley in his address before the zoological department, said we were living in an age with rapidly disappearing fauna and numerous as the museums of the world are and painstaking as are the zoologists, they are all too inadequate.

He commended ex-President Roosevelt for taking trained naturalists with him to Africa and hoped that millionaires would fit out expeditions to study the fauna of Africa. He also deplored the fact that the governments took so little interest in zoological work.

Colonel Anderson, in the engineering section, explained what had been done to improve navigation in the St. Lawrence river. He believed that with properly constructed vessels the river could be made navigable the year round.

In the agricultural department there was an interesting discussion on cattle breeding in Western Canada, it being the general opinion that prairie farmers would soon go more into cattle raising. It was pointed out that long winters were not preventive, as in Scotland and northern Europe, the best beef countries, cattle were stable seven and eight months in the year.

Prof. Armstrong, F. R. S., had this to say: "No problem can compare in importance with that of the future of our race. Not only do we encourage deterioration at the lower end of the scale of intelligence—we are now, through our system of education, courting failure also at the upper end. Herbert Spencer forcibly drew attention many years ago to the tendency which the development of individuality must have to depress fertility."

and to the evil effects of severe mental labor on women, especially. It has been stated that in the United States of America the higher education of girls has proved this.

"The most disquieting feature of the times is the revolt of women against their womanhood and their claim to be on equality with men and to compete with men in every way. There should be no question of equality raised; when comparison is made between the complementary factors of the quest for equality does not and cannot come into consideration. It is clear that should a struggle arise—and it is to be feared that it is coming upon us—there can be but one issue; woman must fail and in failing must carry man to his destruction."

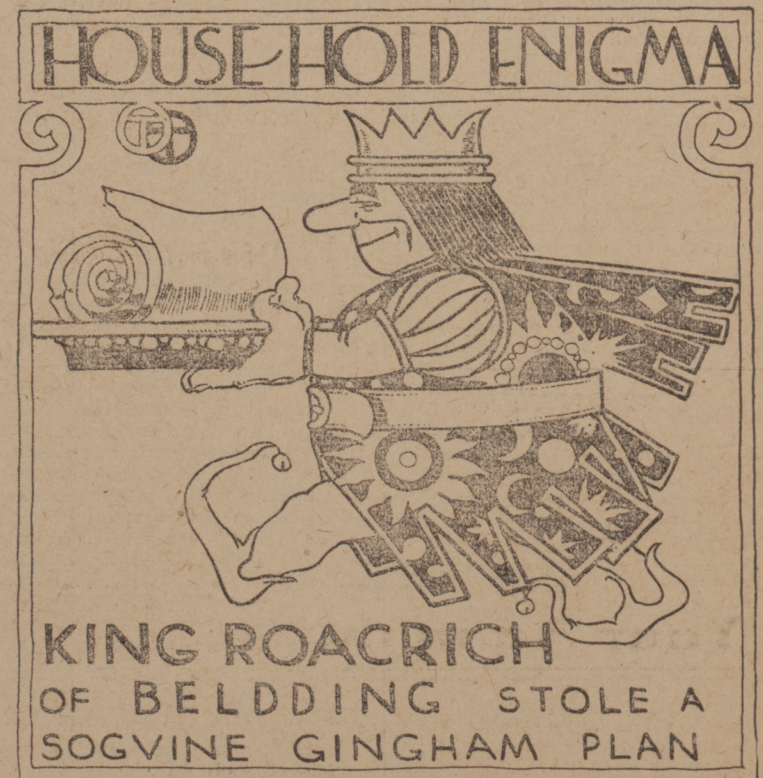
In the international problem address, in which the destinies of great nations and of men were dealt with in vigorous style, was delivered by Prof. Stirling, of the physiological section. He took up the question of race development and the problem of the future of the British Empire. The entire subordination of each part to the welfare of the whole is the lesson which he thought the English speaking races have at the present time mostly to learn. It has been a problem of the United States; it is a problem which faces the empire.

The same sort of difficulties which confronted the states," he said, "are being experienced in the integration of units, now nominally under British control, into one great nation, in which all parts work for the good of the whole and for mutual protection in a struggle for survival."

Tired Mothers. It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides. Tired mothers should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, assures restful sleep, and helps in many ways.

Many a man is the moving picture of an unpaid tailor's bill.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Can you solve this enigma? The nonsense sentence is made up of the letters of the names of four objects about the house. Upside down, nose at collar.

