

The White Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I cannot understand you, dear," she said. "What consideration is due to a gentleman who is rendered speechless by the accusation of a newspaper? What depth is there in his feeling for your welfare when he rushes away blindly and remains throughout the day, while you are here a foot of burning volcano, cano, as he pointed out. You will find that I am right, Lara. Mr. Constable is not even a worthy accomplice to the talented Stenbridge. He is without speech or valor. What remains when a man is neither brain nor brute?" Her voice had not been raised, and Mrs. Stansbury left the library before Lara formed an answer.

The torturing hours crawled by. The gray afternoon turned to dusk, and the dusk to night. The north was reddened by Pelee's fire, and the thick vapor dimmed and blurred. The rumblings were constant. Lara was suffering to fight out her battle alone. She asked no more than this. A thousand times she paced across her room; scores of visits she made to Constable's window, straining her eyes northward, along the road through the day and darkness, to the end of all things—the mountain. "Uncle Joey runs to please with her, but she begged him to stay. Her brain was a livid track of flying, futile agonies. In the evening the intermittent rumblings gave way to a growling, constant and incessant. It was as if a steady stream of heavy vehicles was pounding over a wooden bridge. There was a pang in each phase of the monster, since the man had gone up into that red roar. It was nearly midnight when the girl in the upper room heard a step upon the veranda. "Uncle Joey," she called at the planter's door, "make haste; there is somebody below."

The moments of waiting assailed the very roots of her reason. The voice that she heard at last was Breen's. "I beg that you'll forgive me, Mr. Wall, for arousing you at this hour, but it is necessary for me to have a few words with Miss Stansbury."

"Sir," the planter replied, "anything which concerns yourself is of no moment to Miss Stansbury. If your message is from Mr. Constable, you may tell him to come himself or send a note."

"I dislike to appear insistent, Mr. Wall," Breen replied, without irritation, "but I cannot count my errand accomplished until I have heard from Miss Stansbury. If she should refuse to see me—"

"I am coming down, Mr. Breen," Lara called over the baluster. "Uncle Joey, should Mr. Breen to a seat. I'll be there in a moment."

She turned to re-enter her room for a garment. Her mother's figure barred the open doorway.

ing up the Frenchman's arm, as a referee upraises the whip of a winning fighter. "He says there is no more peril from Pelee than from an old man shaking ashes out of his pipe. Yesterday I proposed to wager my ship against M. Mondet's rolled-top desk that he was wrong, but there was a difficulty in the way. Do you not see, dear friends, that if I won the wager, I should not be able to distinguish between M. Mondet's rolled-top desk and M. Mondet's cigarette case in the ruins of Saint Pierre? You would not think that such a small white person could contain so much poison."

There had been a steady growling from the mountain. "Ah!" Constable suddenly exclaimed. "Pelee speaks again! Ugh, get in there!"

Constable's irritation against the entire tribe of editorial opinion-brewers must have found an instant vent at last. M. Mondet was chuckled like a large soft bundle into the seat of his carriage and the door slammed forcibly, corking the vials of his wrath. In any of the red-blooded zones, a stranger who performed such antics at the expense of a portly and respected citizen would have encountered a quietus quick and blasting, but the people of Martinique are not swift to anger nor forward at reprisals.

"Come!" Constable yelled, in a voice which jerked up his hearers. "Who has my office? Who goes to Fort de France?"

A few came forward, perhaps a dozen in all, out of the fifty or sixty who had listened. Half in anger, half in admiration, he did not seek to understand, he ran his eye a last time over the dusily, haggard, stifled crowd which he had failed to use.

From their eyes, sullen, startled and pitiful, he glanced beyond to the place where old Vulcan lay, muttering his agonies. The sight completed the circuit of reviving zeal, made him think of Lara. With furious zeal he grasped the work at hand, forced his way out of the crowd, crossed the Roquette and hurried toward the Hotel des Palmes. His physical energy was unimpaired, but the numbness of his scalp was a poignant warning against the perils of heat. The city was almost enough to act like a vast sounding board. Voices reached him from far behind, from the harbor front to the left, from shut shops and houses everywhere. At the hotel, after much difficulty, he procured guides and a small outfit for the journey to the summit of the mountain. It was after mid-day when the party rode into Morne Rouge. The ash-lung valley was behind, and Constable drank deeply of the clean cool wind from the Atlantic. There was a rush of bitterness, too, because Lara was not sharing the precious volumes of sun-blit vitality. All the impetus of his mad enterprise was needed now to turn the point of bereavement, and force it into the background again. The party pushed through Ajoupa Bouillon to the gorge of the Falaise, the northward bank of which marked the chosen trail to the summit.

And now they moved upward in the midst of the old glory of Martinique. The fresh Trades blowing evenly in the heights, the wind the eastern slope of the mountain clear of stone-dust and whipped the blast of sulphur down into the valley toward the shore. Green lakes of cane filled the valleys behind, and groves of cocoa-palms, so distant and so orderly that they looked like a city garden set with hen and chickens.

Northward, through the rifts, glistened the sea, steel-blue and cool. Before them arose the huge, green-lad mass, of the mountain, its coronal dim with smoke and lashed by storm. Down in the southwest by the glassy path, the hidden, tortured city, tramped under the cobra-head of the monster and already layed in its poison. The trail became very steep at two thousand feet and this fact, together with the back-thrust of the summit disturbance, forced Constable to abandon the animals. It transpired that four of the seven natives fell in this duty, at this point, to stay behind with the mules. A little later, when the growing from the breast opened face of the great beast suddenly arose to a roar that twisted the flesh and outraged the senses of man, the American looked back and found that only one native was faltering behind, instead of three.

Fascination for the dying thing took hold of him now, and drew him on. Constable was conscious of no fear for his life, but of a fixed terror lest he should give physically unable to get on to the end. He found himself tearing up a handkerchief and stuffing the shreds in his ears, to deaden the horrid vibrations. With the linen remaining, he filled his mouth, shutting his jaws together upon it, as the wheels of a wagon are blocked on an incline.

the universal mystery, at the secret entrance to the chamber of earth's dynamo. The edge of the pit shook with the frightful work going on below, yet he was not slain. The torrent burst past and upward, clean as a missing bullet. The bones of rock crumbled out from sheer weight and fell behind him. That which he comprehended—although his eyes saw only the gray thundering cataclysm—was never before imagined in the mind of man.

The gray blackened. The roar dwindled, and his senses reeled. With a rush of saliva the linen dropped from his open mouth. Constable was sure that there was a gaping cleft in his skull, for he could feel the air blowing in and out, cold and colder. He tried to lift his hands to cover the sensitive wound, but they groped in vain for his head. With the icy draughts of air, he seemed to hear, faintly, his name falling upon the bare ganglion.

"Peter! Peter Constable!" He strained his face toward the sound. The lower part of his body would not move. He stood unoccupied, like a beast whose spine is broken. "Peter! Oh, Peter Constable!" he heard again. (To be continued.)

INDIAN "WOOD FACES." Strange Religious Rites Observed Among the Ancient Senecas. Up in the northeast corner of Oklahoma there is a small band of Seneca Indians on a reservation of the same name, says the Kansas City Star. This is a remnant of a nation of Indians that can be traced from the original New England States, as they were forced west and south by the encroachment of the whites and the battle arm of stronger Indian bands that were constantly warring against them.

Among this little band of Indians, probably not more than 100 all told, there are some curious heathen rites that seem to be instinctive with the tribe. Among them there is an old order known as "The Wood Face." Those who belong to the order can call in the "Wood Faces" in case of sickness, as is often done. They go through a performance that is calculated to drive out from the sick person the evil spirit that may be hovering around the bed. These faces are masks made out of wood, usually carved to represent a human form of some character, but sometimes made to represent the head of an animal.

They are painted red and black, with large silver eyes and a horse tail for hair. Arrayed in one of these hideous masks, together with rattles made of turtle shell, fastened together at the upper edges with small stones inside and tied to the legs of the "Wood Faces," as they dance, roll and kick, singing their incantations the while, the Indians present a scene calculated to drive away any evil spirit that might happen along and incidentally drive the life out of the patient. While all this is going on it is also customary to pour ashes on the head of the patient.

It appears that this organization has been in the tribe for many generations, the modes of procedure differing sometimes, but following the same general character. Its secret signs and symbols are guarded as closely as Masonry and its fraternal features are as binding. Its spiritual benefits are believed in as implicitly as does any white man believe in his religion.

English House Names. House owners are sometimes rather unfortunate in their selection of names for their abodes, and in suburban house naming is occasionally rather ludicrous. Thus "The Rosary" only exists in imagination, "Sunny-side" is the most depressing villa residence, and houses named after the English lakes no more suggest the lake district than Fleet street suggests the Bois de Boulogne.

The Anglo-Saxon word "hyrst," signifying a forest or wood, has become "hurst" in house naming, and "wood" and "holt" have the same meaning. All house names ending with these terminations are pretty and not unsafe to choose. It is curious to note that in Hastings and St. Leonards quite a number of houses have typically Saxon names, perhaps to commemorate the great Saxon tragedy of which the name Hastings is reminiscent.

No Time for Fireworks. The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of skyrockets and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited them. In the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship. Amid the rocket's red glare a tall, thin, austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows: "Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."—Everybody's Magazine.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

SANS SOUCI PARK. Creator and his great band are the leading features this week at beautiful Sans Souci Park. The Crystal Casino with its seating capacity of 10,000 people, is taxed to its utmost limit. Music lovers from all parts of Chicago and from surrounding cities find pleasure in attending these concerts. Gerda, the Danish Mermald, excites great admiration by her exhibitions of swimming, diving, etc., and holds her audience spellbound. New programs are offered in the vaudeville theater, the circus, Garden of Eden, living pictures, etc., while the new talking pictures, so much commented on by visitors to the downtown theaters, will be produced during the coming week in the new Crescent Theater.

GARRICK. "The Flower of the Ranch" has but one more week at the Garrick Theatre. This piece, which has been one of the very big successes of the season, will close for the summer in order that the players, who have been out the full season, may have rest and recreation before the beginning of the new season. Mabel Harrison and Joseph Howard, who head the cast, have not only pleased the very large number of their friends in Chicago but have made innumerable new ones by their clever work in this piece, which is out of the ordinary in theme and treatment. Several new and catchy songs have been added to the production within the past week, and several new features have been added, so that the show is now comparatively new.

The offering is bright, refreshing and entertaining and the last week should be one of more than ordinary interest to the lovers of good musical comedy. The company is a splendid one. The offering is presented at popular summer prices and the usual matinees are announced during the week.

MAJESTIC. Without any doubt no theater offers attractions so pleasing to audiences as those always to be found in the big Majestic, crowded by all to be one of the great show places of Chicago. For the week of July 6 the bill will be topped by Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier, who are recruits from musical comedy, where they have appeared at the head of big companies, touring all the important cities of the country. Their vaudeville offering is a smart specialty embracing comedy singing and eccentric dancing, an art at which Mr. Dunn is a past master. Miss Glazier, aside from being a clever singer and comedienne, is classed among the six most handsome women of the theatrical profession. One of the dramatic incidents of the bill will be a one-act farce entitled, "She Wouldn't Because," in which Craig Miner and Florentine Coleman, assisted by Gale Saterlee, will be seen. Another number that may be depended upon to cause an unlimited amount of fun will be Cooper and Robinson, two colored comedians who have won a great deal of fame during their visits to the principal vaudeville theaters of the United States and Europe. Mazza and Muzette have a comedy-vaudeville turn which is filled with amusing incidents, and Mlle. Chesterfield's stunting dog will be seen in a series of amusing poses. There are a number of other skilled acts on the program, any one of which is alone worth the price of admission.

The Ceylon Magician. This curious picture from an Eastern magician is from Caroline Corner's newly published "Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam." The fakir forthwith commenced to unpeck the burden on his back, the principal item being a bamboo framework or scaffolding. This he held with his right hand, while he mounted step by step of lumbous. At the summit—a height perhaps of eleven feet—he poised, with arms extended, to effect a balance. For some reason or other the framework remained perfectly steady and perpendicular, while the fakir stretched himself out like a spider on its web. At intervals on the bamboo were heavy coils, rusty, but sharp at the point. These nails distinctly penetrated the man's mahogany colored flesh when he stretched himself out on the framework.

Thus he remained, a hideous wound made by each nail, from which the purple blood flowed, lying there for the space of ten minutes or so; excepting for the blood, a lifeless figure of clay. Then, muttering some strange gibberish, animation returned, and making movements so that the nails were extricated from the wounds, the fakir with his toes kicked away the scaffolding and remained himself alone unsupported in midair.

"Yes, there this weird creature remained, his lean, chocolate-colored limbs apparently stiff and cataleptic, his eyes fixed upward and glazed. 'It's a fact,' said Cynthia in low tones of wonder. 'At home they would say we were hypnotized.'"—Chicago News.

The Parlor Socialist. It was the parlor socialist. Who started to prepare Against the coming of her guests A modest bill of fare. She knew that some were fond of cream, That some preferred the cake; That others liked a salad rich— It made her noddle ache.

MANAGING A NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTION

Slight Variation in the Procedure Between Republicans and Democrats.

Great Power Wielded Vigorously by the National Committee Preliminary to the Gathering—Handful of Leaders Control Machinery, Nominations and Platform.

National conventions are very expensive affairs. Their cost to the party holding them is estimated at not less than \$150,000, and perhaps more. In each great party is a body of wise men known as the "National Committee." This body is the acme of political acumen. A man may be a proud member of a division committee, which is the first step in the ladder. But when he reaches the dizzy heights of national committee man from his State and appears at the convention with a badge as big as an ancient breast-plate, so that there can be no mistake in his standing, the height of ambition is reached. There is one national committee man from each State. This august body meets in December (preceding a national convention, examines the claims of the different cities that desire the gathering, and critically looks into the size of the "guarantee," as it is called. This latter form means that the city paying the most money usually gets the convention. The guarantee is accepted by the committee-men, and they then proceed to spend it lavishly. Apartments at the most expensive hotels are secured, a host of employes is retained and business begins in real form. The hotel bills of the National Committee are something enormous.

Machinery of a Convention. While the preliminaries are being arranged the delegates are arriving. The delegate to the National Convention is generally a person of importance at his home. The Democrats require a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present and voting to make a nomination. The Republicans require a majority of those present and voting. At a national convention each State has its own headquarters, where the delegates gather. They do a lot of "confering" with each other and with delegates from other States. They hold meetings and elect chairmen and honorary vice-presidents. The honorary vice-president has a seat on the platform and an extra ticket, but little else. The chairman does the dickering in some cases; in some cases the position is a shrewd. Usually the "confering" and the dickering begin days before the convention is to be called to order.

Prior to the calling of the convention to order the National Committee is virtually in command of the situation. With it lies the arranging of the details, the "framing up" of the program of the first session, the selection of the temporary chairman, and, in a great many cases, though not always, the program making of the whole convention, temporary and permanent or organization, nominating and platform building.

Convention Is in Order. Now for the convention, the great meeting that the country has looked forward to for so many weeks. The chairman of the National Committee calls the convention to order, usually about noon upon the day set. The proceedings are opened with prayer. The chairman requests the secretary to read the call for the convention, which is done. Then the roll-call is gone through, and this takes a lot of time. The next step is the announcement by the chairman that the committee offers to the convention as its temporary chairman the name of So-and-So. There are loud and prolonged cheers, and by a viva voce vote Mr. So-and-So is unanimously elected. There is usually little trouble over the election of a temporary chairman. The chairman then appoints a committee to escort the temporary chairman to the platform; the hand plays, the delegation from Mr. So-and-So's State make a lot of noise, and all is merry.

It is incumbent on the temporary chairman to make a speech. He invariably takes advantage of the opportunity. He "sounds a keynote." It is a sustained note. It is invariably a tribute to the "party of Abraham Lincoln" at the Republican convention, and a glorification of the "party of Thomas Jefferson" at the Democratic. It lasts a very long time.

After the speech various resolutions are offered. Usually these have been arranged for in advance, and the temporary chairman works according to a printed schedule, calling on John Doe and Richard Roe at the right time, so that there may be no hitch. Committees are appointed; one on resolutions, which will have the drafting of the platform; one on credentials or contested seats; one on permanent organization. These are the important ones. When they are all chosen, and there has been a lot of hand-clapping and cheering, as well-known men are appointed to this or that committee. The temporary chairman announces an adjournment, usually until the next day.

Putting Wires in Committee. At last the machinery is in motion and the district delegate begins to wonder what he is on hand for. A big man at home, he is lost in the hurly burly and roar of the convention. He may be assigned to a committee, but he had nothing to do with that. The State boss decided that so-and-so should be a member of the Permanent Organization Committee; that Mr. Brown, who is a political economist, should be honored by a seat in the Resolutions Committee, and that

the Boss himself or one of his most trusted lieutenants should be a member of the Credentials Committee. These bodies all meet separately. All the contests that were handled by the National Committee the week previous go to the Committee on Credentials unless pressure has been brought to have the contestants withdraw their fight. The Credentials Committee wires are pulled the same as was the National Committee, and the result is usually nearly the same.

Framing the Platform. It is when the district delegate sits in the Committee on Resolutions to draft the platform that he begins to realize that he is only a small "g" compared with the bosses. The general Mr. Doe, who has been coming to the national conventions since 1898, is elected chairman with a burrah. He assumes his position and draws from his pocket a carefully prepared document, which the secretary proceeds to read. The district delegate might have had an idea some time previously that he would be consulted as to the platform. But the party leaders saved him all the trouble and worry. They had skilled men at work on the platform weeks before, and it is built according to their ideas. The committee usually adopts the platform with a rush. Sometimes there is a fight on particular topics. But party expediency usually rules.

Real Work Now Begins. The Credentials Committee frequently sits for three days and the convention must wait until its labors are finished. The Committee on Permanent Organization is usually a cut and dried affair. Finally the Credentials Committee reports and the new roll is made up. Then the Committee on Permanent Organization makes its report. It recommends that the "Honorable Senator or Mr. So-and-So" be called upon to preside. Cheers greet the name, and the gentleman is escorted to the platform. After he has been elected he makes a profound speech, the other officers are chosen and, like race horses, the meet is on.

If the Committee on Platform is ready to report it reports after the permanent chairman has made his speech. On the report there must be a roll call. There is always, too, the possibility of a fight. Certain "planks" that please Maine may be abhorrent to Texas. When the matter of the platform is disposed of, either by the committee reporting or by the announcement that it is not ready to report, the permanent chairman announces another recess; maybe until the next day, possibly until later in the same day.

Nomination of a Candidate. Frequently the time is taken up with speeches placing the candidates for President in nomination. These addresses are usually good in their way. Men portray the virtues of the aspirant in language that will thrill their hearers, are selected for this work. The platform is usually accorded the speaker and his oration is hailed with deafening applause and cheers. Each candidate is brought to the front and his works painted in glowing colors. Then comes the critical period. The district delegate believes now is the moment when he counts for something.

The roll call begins and proceeds monotonously. The chairman of the different delegations alone do the talking. That is all there is to it. The first ballot in the convention is usually devoted to complimenting favorite sons. After that the real work begins. The district delegate learns that he is not to vote as he intended, but that he will vote for some one else on the second ballot.

Suddenly there is a roar in the convention. It is a mighty shout, louder than cannon. Somebody has been nominated for President. Amidst great disorder the roll-call is pushed to conclusion. The chairman tries to learn how the tellers agree in their count. But the crowd knows all about it. The chairman, powerless as Mrs. Partington with a broom against the waves of the ocean, tries to do his duty. The shouts and cheers keep up for ten or more minutes. Excited men parade the aisles, carrying their State banners, cheering and singing. Finally, when order is restored, the chairman announces formally the name of the nominee.

World News (See News Quick). This is greeted by more cheering and everybody is happy except the friends of the defeated. They move to make the nomination unanimous with a formal grace that lacks enthusiasm. This is done and the band plays. In the meantime the click of the telegraph instrument shows that the news has been carried to every town and hamlet in the country. It has been cabled to foreign countries. The rulers of all nations know within a few minutes after the nomination who is the prospective President of the United States.

No matter how long it has taken to choose a nominee for the Presidency, the whole performance has to be gone through again when it comes to nominating a candidate for the second place on the ticket. There are not so many "favorite sons," however, and one ballot frequently suffices. More noise, more enthusiasm. The convention has nominated the ticket. Each State delegation, at one of its

THE "FIXER" OF COSTA RICA. New York East Side Chamber of Commerce Real Mission in Labor. You will not find him mentioned in the city's charter nor on the pay roll of Greater New York, but the cost of "fixer" is an established institution and is as important in his way as the policeman who amasses the wares of the pushcart peddler, or as the white-robed street cleaner.

When aliens come to this country, says the American Hebrew, and are enmeshed in a mountain of ordinances and regulations it is obvious that their lapses from the straight path marked out for the native must be viewed with an eye of softened by kindness. "This eye of kindness is the 'fixer'." He is the man who rushes to the rescue of the unfortunate wight who has been caught in the wheels of the law and who needs a sponsor.

"Necessarily the 'fixer' is the intimate friend of the ward heeler, of the district leader and necessarily of the Judges of the minor courts. He is usually bluff, hearty, good-natured and with a genuine love for his fellow citizens. "When a pushcart peddler is suddenly made to realize that he is violating the law by standing on one spot for more than the regulation number of minutes, and he is arrested by the policeman who has been snuffing his beans or his fruit, it is not a pleasant situation in which he would find himself if he had no means of communicating with friends who are friends of the 'fixer'."

"It is the 'fixer' who sees the district leader for him, who appears in court to say a good word for him, who sees the Judge before the case is called, and who, if necessary, puts up the bail to take him out of jail for the night. "It must not be supposed that the 'fixer' is a philanthropist. He disdains ethics and civic virtue as the fanatic mouthing of the silk-stocking folk. What he does is done for his own good. "If he does not receive his fee in money he knows he may count upon the rescued individual for his vote, and a vote is easily converted into monetary value. As the friend of those in distress he becomes an influence in the neighborhood, and an army of such friends may lead to political preferment of lasting importance."

CHILDREN IN NEW ZEALAND.

Their Welfare Looked After with Care by the Government. "New Zealand is ahead of all countries in the world in the way it looks out for the welfare of children, as I found out in a recent extended sojourn in that country," said George S. Trainor, a retired California capitalist, to a Baltimore American. "In the first place, boys and girls who are homeless or do not receive the right kind of parental care are taken in charge by the superintendent of education. He sees that they get mental and industrial instruction in the government schools and also sends houses for them in respectable families, the government paying for the child's maintenance unless its service cancels the cost of board. If a boy is apprenticed his earnings are turned over to the minister, who deposits them, and in later years gives the accrued savings to the owner. "School children are the special pets of the government and whenever they have a distance to go they are carried to and from school free of charge, which is easy, as the government owns the railroads. Big, central schools are established in preference to numerous small ones and boys and girls who live within a twenty-five-mile radius are brought to the school-house and carried home daily. In summer special trains are put on to take the country children to the cities and the city children for outings in the country, so that each may learn something of a different kind of life—a policy that broadens the education of the young folk and adds immensely to their happiness. "The philanthropy of the New Zealand system is further shown in furnishing children under 14 to work in stores, factories or on farms, since between the ages of 7 and 14 the law says they must attend school. Nor are girls and women allowed to labor in any place where the occupation is of a detrimental to their health."

Amused Author. The author of "Trache" gnawed his long and silky mustache in a whimsical manner. "Flague take these autograph fiends!" "But, Dryden," protested the wife, "you haven't had a request for your autograph since I don't know when." He scowled darkly. "That," he blazed, "is what you mean."

His Scheme. "Of course," said young Brown, "whenever my wife worries me, I worry her now." "My wife," said Elderly, "worryes now." "You're lucky." "No; merely foxy. I just let her know that when she worries me, I worry me at all, and so she worries me."

It makes one sad to see the ships that pass in the night of sentimental girl. "But nobody," she said, "but nobody thinks of that. It's not sentimental, it's just a fact."

Each State delegation, at one of its