

WAITING FOR HILDA

By NORMAN H. CROWELL.

It was evening on the Dakota prairie. Before the door of his sod shanty a young man whose flaxen hair proclaimed his Scandinavian lineage stood, engaged in the engrossing duty of feeding his shepherd dog. As he tossed the crumbs the dog would leap nimbly upward and catch them neatly as they descended.

"Ah, Jim," he ejaculated, presently, "a week—maybe two weeks and she'll be here!"

He gazed straight at the dying sun and murmured the word "Hilda" in a subdued voice. Then he walked to a bench beside the door and sat down, folding his strong young arms across his breast, while the dog crept up and buried his nose in his master's lap.

It had been a year of reverses with Lundquist. He had labored hard—no man could put more honest toll into the struggle with a penurious soil than he—and it seemed now as if all was for naught. Beginning with a wet, disheartening spring, the season had crept on, piling up against him its mute but potent protests in a manner that had discouraged many a less hardy man. His best horse, becoming entangled in the only wire fence within 20 miles, had been sacrificed to the casualty list of a frontiersman's life. By mortgaging his crop he had secured another.

He was now facing his annual interest payment, while the storekeeper in the town a dozen miles away was growing suspicious and was demanding payment of an open account. His crops—only puny stacks of discolored wheat straw standing limply awaiting the threshing.

But Lundquist was forgetting all this as he sat on the bench before his abode. Hilda was coming to him. Hilda, from far-off Norway. Six years it had been since he had gazed into her eyes—six years since he had stolen aside in the crush at the emporium and kissed her many times on her willing lips. The thought of it brought a smile to Lundquist's sun-tanned visage. The dog saw it and wagged his tail in recognition of his master's mood.

Two years ago she would have come, but he set his teeth firmly and sent her that letter which had wrung his heart. "Wait!" he had told her. Wait till Fortune smiles more brightly on these bleak Dakota prairies! It was a bitter thing to do, but Lundquist saw no other course.

Only last year she was prevented from coming by the sickness of her mother. Nothing, not even poor crops, now stood in the way of her coming, and she was now in mid-ocean on the steamer that was bearing her westward—to Carl.

In a little box under his bunk he had every letter that Hilda had written him. They were good reading during the long winter evenings.

The steamer agent had said that she would reach Quebec on the 14th. It was now the 9th.

On the 16th Lundquist went to town. He walked up and down the single street, keeping close watch on the depot until the afternoon train had passed. He rode the 12 miles home in moody silence.

The following day he went to town again and in the evening, when he went back toward home, his face was haggard and wan from his day's vigil. He was getting worried. What could be keeping Hilda? Had something gone wrong? Lundquist slept little that night.

Old Jim, for the first time in months, barked pitiously, and his master, starting guiltily, made haste to throw some bread to the animal.

"Pore Jim!" said he, "Ay forget yo' eh?"

Lundquist essayed a laugh, but it died away hollowly.

The next day he had stalked by the post office five times in sulky silence when he heard some one call his name. He paused and entered. Banks, the postmaster, had a letter in his hand.

"Letter for you, Carl!" he said. "Come this morning."

Lundquist took it in his hand and edged away to a corner of the little office. It was a queer letter—all in print, like a newspaper. Lundquist bent over it and wrinkled his brow.

"Read it for you?" suggested the postmaster, expectantly.

"Ja! Yo read hem," assented Lundquist, perplexedly.

The letter was a cruel stab to the eager listener. Hilda was detained in Quebec. The medical authorities had examined her and found her suffering with an affliction of the eyes that would prohibit her entry unless speedily cured. To do this a sufficient amount of money must be advanced by Lundquist to insure payment of the medical expense incident to the treatment.

The postmaster, hearing a suspicious sound, paused in his translation and glanced up. The listener was staring at him wide-eyed, his whole soul pouring out through his blue orbs. It confused him and he crumpled the paper nervously. Lundquist brought himself together with a jerk.

"How much money hem say?"

"A hundred dollars!" was the postmaster's response.

"Von hundred dollars!" repeated the stricken youth. "Von hundred—"

He reached out and took the sheet from Bank's fingers and placed it in his pocket. Then he went out, old

Jim close at his heels, with his tail down dejectedly.

An hour later the two emerged from the door of the bank. Aimlessly they strolled along the dismal street until they came to where the team was tied. A mile out on the open prairie the youth turned in his seat and shook his clenched fist at the receding town. Once he glanced upward—then settled firmly in a straight stare ahead, and so remained till the cabin was reached.

That night he did not go to bed. He sat and walked and babbled to the dog till daybreak. In the morning he eyed the rising sun with bloodshot eyes. His body quivered with the protests of abused nerves and his cheeks were sunken from lack of nourishment.

"Von hundred dollars!" he said bitterly.

That day he visited the bank three different times. The last time he stood in the doorway and told the banker a few of the hot things that rankled in his brain. Old Jim stood aside and snarled.

He visited the store and asked for food. When the storekeeper suggested pay, he cursed beneath his breath and left the place. He went to the post office with a letter he had written to Hilda—a letter filled with scalding tears and heart burnings. The postmaster spoke to him, asking if he was sending the money on to the girl. Lundquist clenched his teeth tightly and rushed out to conceal the tears that stole unexpressed down his cheeks.

Two days later a letter came. It was cold and formal. Hilda had returned to Norway. Lundquist stumbled awkwardly when Banks read the letter and thrust his elbow through a pane of glass. Banks, glancing up, made light of the accident.

"Don't worry about that, Carl!" he remarked. "I'll fix that."

"Ay get yo glass!" said Lundquist, hoarsely, as he went out.

At the hardware store he brought forth his paltry store of silver—four dollars in all. The glass took one of these. Inside the case something caught his eye—something shiny and cold. He inquired its price.

"Two-fifty," said the man, "and it's a 38!"

Lundquist slid the money hesitatingly across the glass counter and took the object gingerly in his hand. Flushed and trembling he started for the door.

"Wait!—You want—you'll need some of these!" called the proprietor as he slid out some little boxes.

"Ja! Von box!" said Lundquist.

It was late that night when the two reached the lone cabin on the prairie. The dog sat on the floor before his master, and licked his lips expectantly, but his master heeded him not—he was reading, reading, reading Hilda's letters.

Two weeks later the newspaper at the county seat printed the following: "A party of sportsmen made a gruesome find in a sod shanty 12 miles north of E— last week. Attracted by the mournful howling of a shepherd dog they drew up and entered. The body of a young Scandinavian lay upon the earth floor with a bullet wound in his forehead. Numerous letters scattered about created the impression that he committed the deed in a fit of homesickness or despondency. The dog refused to leave the spot, although wasted to a skeleton by hunger and exposure."

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CAUSED TOO MUCH TROUBLE

Difficulty That Lay in the Way of Pope's Following Simple Medical Advice.

Pope Pius X was a man of simple habits. One morning his doctor reminded him that a considerable amount of pure water as a drink was beneficial, and the pope there and then rang a bell and asked the prelate in attendance to bring him a glass of water. Fully ten minutes passed before the prelate returned to the library, followed by an attendant and a waiter. The latter carried a silver tray with a glass of water on it. The prelate, the attendant, and the waiter made a deep genuflection when the door was opened.

They crossed the room, and made a second genuflection when they were half-way to the pope's chair, and a third when they got near the pope. Then the attendant took the glass off the tray and handed it to the prelate, who knelt down and handed it to the pope. The same ceremony was repeated after the pope had drunk the water. Turning to the doctor, the pope then said:

"I wanted to show you how difficult it is for me to get a glass of water, and I hope you will not blame me for neglecting the cure and not drinking more water. I hate to disturb three men and make them kneel six times every time I want a drink of water. I tried to get the water myself, but I have been told that, being a sovereign, I must not serve myself."

Fooling the Neighbors.

"The Updikes are installing a great deal of new furniture."

"Not as much as you might think. Mrs. Updike is having some of the more expensive pieces carried through the house to the rear entrance, where they are loaded in a van and brought round to the front door again."

The Proof.

"Warden, I hope you are humane here to your prisoners."

"Yes, ma'am, we do our best to make them comfortable. This warm spell, we put them all in the cooler."

Panama City and the Canal

PANAMA is a unique city. The circumstances which shaped her destiny and wove her into the web of progress, made of her a sister to the great cities of North and South America. Her geographical situation, her North American adoption and the greatest of world projects carried out in her environs, all have served to lift her out of that centuries old lethargy so enervating, impassive and retarding.

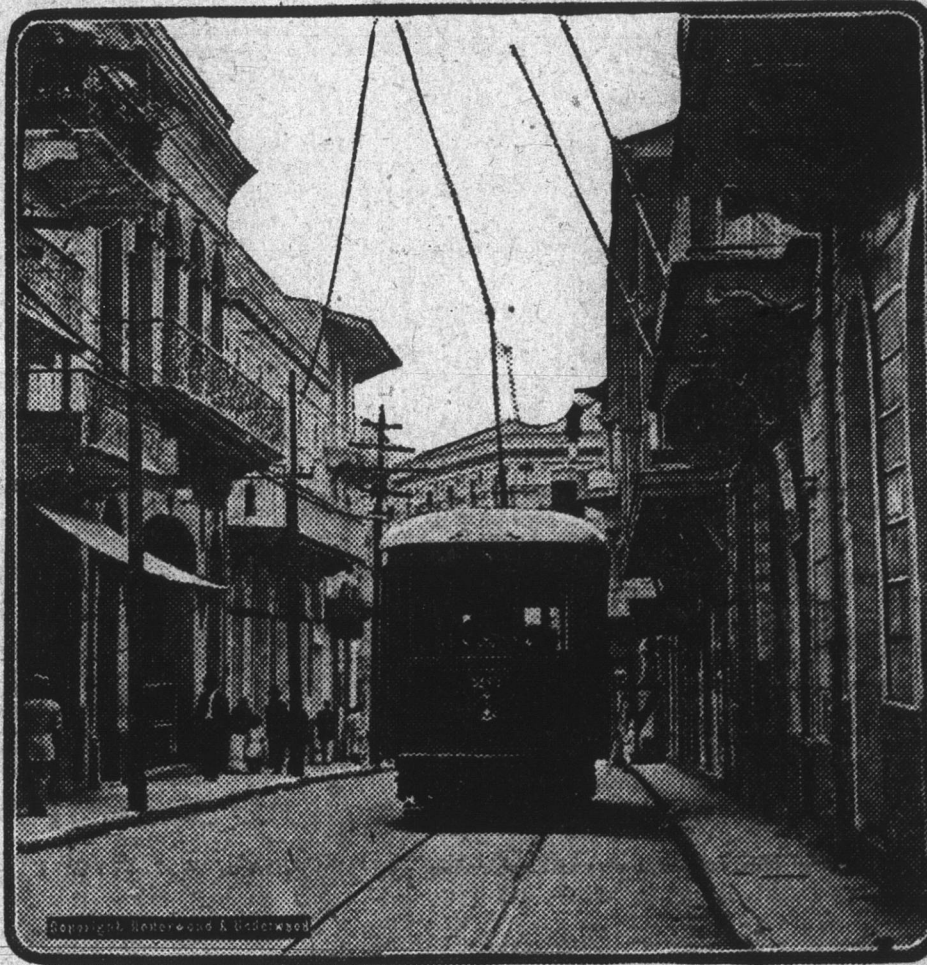
After the old Panama had been revived again and again from the rapine destruction of pirates and buccaners, it was finally left to the denizens of the jungles and the new Panama founded some five miles to the southwest, where the devastation of plundering ships' crews was impossible. The Panama of today stands protected seaward by a long reef, to landward by a narrow peninsular neck, and by the mighty arm of the United States government.

Metropolis of Central America. No more will Pizarros, Morgans and Walkers pillage this metropolis of Central America, no more will the bigotry of priesthood hold a throttling hand upon her progress. The new Panama, born in the last decade, is pulsating with enterprise and industrial achievement. The financial inva-

There are many beautiful plazas and patios set among the otherwise bald, sere houses and streets of Panama. These are green and fragrant all the year with fan palms and banyans casting a day-long shade over the up-to-date benches. In Santana park, when the shades of evening begin to fall, a "Spigoty band" usually playing some of our popular music comes from somewhere, and begins. The young people seem to think a great deal of the music for they acclaim it loudly after each piece, and will sit all night and listen, if the band keeps up.

There are still a considerable number of high-class families who make various far-reaching claims toward an aristocracy, which, so far as is actually known, never existed beyond the imagination. But they nevertheless observe strict relations with the inferior "Americans" as they hold them to be, and will not let their daughters be seen unescorted in any of the plazas. The girls of the common class are met and spoken to by the young men, but come and return home in groups after they have concluded a merry evening at the concert.

For those who can afford it, the National theater offers entertainment of a type that is peculiarly original in



STREET SCENE, PANAMA CITY

sion of the United States has attracted every type of civilized mankind. There is work to be done, needs to be assuaged, money to be made. All the resources of the surrounding country must be brought to a focus so that the ships that glide in at the Pacific entrance and out into the Atlantic, will carry away to the crowded markets of the north Panama's quota of fruits, hardwood, rubber, indigo, coffee and hats. With this, civilized prosperity begins, and it matters not what race or conglomeration of races are involved.

The "Spigoty Lingo."

At first it was difficult for these people to get along on any kind of footing in the way of everyday speech. One man having many interests in common with another could find no medium of expression. And out of this confusion of tongues grew a language which is neither English, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Chinese, nor Japanese, nor anything other than itself. It is not a very old language, and consequently not well developed, nor has it ever been written or spoken outside of the canal zone and Panama. It is called the "Spigoty Lingo," and its origin is substantially this: If you ask a native something in English he will say, "No speaka da English," because he doesn't. For a long time they used this reply, until the enterprising American found a few words of their language and they found a few of his, and of all the others brought in, so that there were words enough of all languages known in common to make for a new language which was promptly called the "Spigoty" or "Speaka de—" as you please to spell it.

This same method was used by the Hudson Bay company in the earliest days of the West with the Indian tribes of the Northwest. They used some signs, some Indian words they were able to grasp, taught the Indian a few of their own bad English words, and called the whole, "The Chinook language," after a tribe by that name.

Through the medium of the Spigoty language a vast amount of practical labor is being performed. It has been found adequate for inductive reasoning, for speaking persuasively, oratorically, vituperatively, and can be used significantly while in a state of disgust or anger.

Panama. The productions are usually in English, because the majority of the audience is American, and they correspond to our vaudeville, in that they are put on in skits and separate parts. Dancers are obtained from Peru, Valparaiso, Chile and Mexico, who do their native dances with skill and grace, while the acts brought from the States are coarse and mediocre in comparison.

Another great paradox in relation to the tones of this unique city is evident in the unfaltering belief that still prevails in the old Roman orthodox form of religious interpretation. All the observances of the church are adhered to as punctiliously today as in bygone centuries. The workmen cannot be made to perform their labors on any of the multitudinous days set apart for the worship of some saint or other. It took more than 200 years for the Spanish priests to grind this holy zeal into them, and it will take nearly as long to grind it out.

An Omnipresent Infection.

There is a German medical proverb to the effect that every man has had at least one tubercle, some time in his life. Every thoughtful physician knows the truth of this saying and has known it for years. Then a few days ago Sir William Osler repeated the statement in slightly altered application to the audience before him, and the whole world was roused into shocked attention.

Which was a very good thing for the world. If we could be made to realize that the tubercle bacillus is omnipresent, and that every human being is touched at some time with this infection there would result not only a more active war on the germ, but a more intelligent effort to build up and maintain the health and resisting power of the people.

Washing Flannel Trousers.

Cut up half a pound of good soap, put it into a quart of water and boil for five minutes. Have ready a bath of tepid water. Pour in the soap solution, and beat up to a lather. Put in the flannels, and wash them thoroughly. Do not rub any soap on them, but rub them well in the lather. Rinse in warm water, and wring, and dry quickly with a strong current of air. Press with a cool iron.

BUILDING "CASTLES IN AIR"

Proceeding That Seems Foolish, If Not Reprehensible, to Some, May Readily Be Explained.

Those who build castles in the air are occasionally spoken of by more matter-of-fact persons with brutal and noisy derision, but oftener with a kind of tender pity which they find, not unjustifiably, far more exasperating. It implies so complete a misunderstanding of the builders' frame of mind. They are supposed to live in a vale of disappointments, but if they be out-and-out workmen with a love of their art they do, in fact, nothing of the kind. Long before one castle has actually fallen, sometimes even before so much as a telltale crack has appeared in the walls, they are planning the foundations of another on a larger and more gorgeous scale. When the crash ultimately comes it is unheard, for the din of cranes and hammers already are hard at work again. We have it on Sam Weller's authority that to take to building houses is "a medical term for being incurable." And very fortunately that is, a fortiori, still more true of castles. It is not, however, this implication of a life made up of disillusionments that is the most difficult to bear. Rather it is the suggestion that those who indulge in day dreams are so besotted as to believe that they will all of them come true. This is at once a slur on their intelligence and on their ability to play their own game properly; it shows that the sympathetic and stupid creatures who make it could never acquire the rudiments of the game if they were to try for a thousand years. As long as the player is trammelled by doubts and wonderings whether anything so beautiful could ever really befall him, he must almost of necessity curb his fancy and turn sadly back from some glorious flight; but, once he has as much as half admitted to himself that he is moving in the realms of fantasy, he can soar away to heights unknown.

Putting altogether on one side the delight that they give in the making, it may well be a question whether any material profit is to be derived from castles in the air.

Is Tobacco a Drug?

An interesting case of splitting hairs has arisen in Ireland in the administration of the national insurance act as to whether tobacco is a drug, a necessity or a luxury, all three views being taken by different authorities, says London Tit-Bits. It appears that the superintending medical officer of the Dublin district recommended that a consumptive patient coming under the provisions of the act be given tobacco for smoking to comfort him in his last days, offering to pay for the weed himself, but the insurance committee decided that the tobacco was necessary to the patient's treatment and sent in the bill to the insurance commissioners. Two weeks later the local authorities received a lengthy communication demanding an explanation of their action in charging the government with a shilling's worth of tobacco. Their reply was that tobacco was recognized as a drug in the British code under the title of nicotiana tabacum and that it had been prescribed by a registered practitioner. Thereupon the commissioners consulted learned K. C.'s and they are still wrestling with the subject. Meanwhile the patient is dead, the tobacco has been smoked and the expense of the disputation has already reached a hundred times the cost of the original tin of shag.

Activities of Women.

There is one wage-earning woman to three wage-earning men in New York state.

When a woman loses her husband by death in Korea she is forbidden from marrying again.

Mrs. Estelle L. Lindsay is running for the legislature in California on the Socialist ticket.

In British Columbia women teachers only are allowed to take the household economics lectures.

The British Red Cross society has over 55,000 nurses enrolled, of which over two-thirds are women.

Canadian husbands desiring to go to war must first get the wife's consent before being enlisted.

The dowager empress of Russia has given a complete field ambulance unit for the French troops.

The women of Nagasaki, Japan, work side by side with the men coaling steamers that come into that port.

Women are being put to work in collieries in Germany, assuring that country plenty of coal.

The women of Serbia as well as those of Montenegro bear arms the same as men during the time of war.

His First Thought.

A well-known athlete says that on entering a Turkish bath one night he found a stranger struggling in the swimming pool. There was nobody near, and the man was evidently unable to swim, having jumped in probably without ascertaining whether the water would be above his head. The athlete swam to the assistance of the struggling man. Grasping him by the hair, he towed him to the side of the tank and assisted him to hang on until he recovered his breath.

What were the first words uttered by the rescued one? Did he stammer out thanks to his human preserver? No. The human mind is a curious affair. As the half-drowned man struggled back to consciousness memories of an old jest seemed to flit through his brain, for he said:

"Lucky for me I wasn't bald-headed!"

BEAR QUEERLY BUILT

EXPERT TELLS ABOUT STRUCTURE OF THE ANIMAL.

Nature Evidently Had Distinct Ideas in Mind When It Produced Bruin in Such a Radical Form.

"I was long curious to know," said a Pike county, Pennsylvania, bear expert, "why it was that the bear has that peculiarly clumsy and apparently painful gait, but I never found any one who could give me a satisfactory explanation of it, so I went out and killed a bear to find out for myself. The reason was a very simple one."

"I found, in the first place, that the bear has no clavicles in the shoulder to keep the shoulder bones steadily apart, as is usual in animals, and consequently when the bear moves his forelegs the shoulder blades work or slide loosely on the sides.

"Then, again, the bear has the ankle joints of his hind legs plumb on the ground, or rather as parts of the hind feet. That peculiar structure gives the first joint of the hind legs a bend in the opposite direction from that which it has in the legs of other animals.

"This loose and queer rigging of the joints of the legs and shoulders of the bear gives him that odd wobble or shuffle with which he makes his way along, although clumsy and retarding as that gait appears, it can produce a speed and agility on occasion that is surprising. The broad base which the foot of the bear forms, moreover, gives the animal a steady and secure footing, no matter what the appearance may be to the contrary.

"The unique position of the hind ankle joints as to the formation of the hind feet is what enables the bear to rise to his feet with such facility, and to maintain a secure position standing erect, while he uses his forepaws in grasping or striking with his well-known readiness and effectiveness.

"The absence of clavicles in the shoulders is what gives the bear the great hugging or compressing power in his forelegs, which is of the greatest service to him in climbing and in dealing with his foes. In fact, if he had the shoulder formation characteristic of other animals he could not climb a tree at all, for he could not accomplish it by his claws as the cat and squirrel and raccoon and other animals of arboreal habit do, nor would the bear dog need to stand in fear of that terrible embrace of his."

Infantry Decides the Battle.

While there have been many discussions as to the relative value of the different branches of an army there is little doubt, according to a writer in the Scientific American, that it is the infantry that wins battles.

While it is probable the success of a battle will depend to a large extent on the support of the field artillery, it is certain that the principal and most important arm is the infantry, which in practically every case must decide the final issue. The cavalry may be the first to be drawn into a battle, and the artillery may destroy the enemy's artillery, but a battle is never won until the infantry has driven back the enemy's lines.

The usual mode of advancing for the infantry is to deploy them in a line with a long interval between each soldier. This, naturally, is for the purpose of offering a smaller target for the enemy, but makes it more difficult, however, for the leaders to keep as good control over the men, and for that reason one of the objects of field artillery is to make the enemy's troops deploy early.

The infantry soldier is armed in all the countries with a rifle and bayonet. The rifle is the weapon upon which reliance is placed, the bayonet being used only as a last means, when in a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy.

No Loafing Allowed.

A well-known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible for the "breaks" he made than for his many successes, attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the audience who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

Mr. Stetson at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why, Mr. Stetson," said the musician, "I can't play; I have 19 bars rest."

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager. "I don't pay anyone for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out. See?"

No Game for Her.

Mollie—I think billiards is an awfully foolish game.

Chollie—But you forget that the balls kiss and the players sometimes hug the cushion.

"But just imagine a person wasting time on a game where only billiard balls kiss and all that the players sometimes hug is a cushion!"

Two Souls With But, Etc.

Two egotists met and made much over each other.

As they turned away, each murmured softly to himself:

"Poor deluded soul! It's all I can do to tolerate that fellow, but what can I do? It's absolutely pathetic the way he clings to me!"