

THE PASSING OF JIM

By B. T. KAHMANN.

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We all liked Jim; not a man in the whole camp who was not his friend. The first time Jim made his appearance was on a chill September morning. I was walking to the mine when I heard a cheery whistle, and, turning, beheld a tall, stalwart young fellow, dark eyes, a smiling mouth, and at once I took a fancy to him.

I smiled involuntarily and held forth my hand. He grasped it eagerly and, shaking it, turned his head as if to hide his emotion. "You are the first man to treat me like this, and you ain't never going to regret it."

"I raised my eyes, looked at the firm, square jaw, and into the honest face, and answered: "I know I shall not."

From that day Jim remained. He was always Jim; no one knew him by any other name, and he offered no explanations. No one asked who he was, where he came from, what he had done, or how long he intended to stay. They all met him quietly and gladly accepted his presence, and soon every man, woman and child was his own particular friend.

Jim was no model, not by any means. He loved to stand before the Golden Gate bar, most of his earnings going to that source, but he was never known to be seen under the influence of liquor. He was fond of playing cards being one of his favorite amusements. He was much delighted when he won; but he always played fairly and squarely, and was never accused of cheating.

The little children in particular loved Jim. He was wont to sit with a dozen or more perched about him, one on each knee, some leaning confidently against him; all eagerly listening to some tale which he could so skillfully invent. Many a trinket found its way into their homes, and it was always Jim's due.

One bright and sunny morning a group of men were leaning and lounging in the Golden Gate bar. Jim and I were at a table playing cards.

"The devil! I've won again!" cried Jim, slapping his knee in delight.

"Bet that is the last game you ever win," I retorted jokingly.

Scarcely had I spoken when the door was flung open and a man, panting and breathless, threw himself into the room. "The dam in the mine has given way."

"Great God!" The cards slipped from my hands as I realized the terrible meaning of his words.

"The miners will be drowned like rats in a trap; there ain't no way to get out," the man continued.

I saw Jim turn pale as he put down the cards. He seemed to study for a moment, then rose, saying: "Yes, there is a way, only one way; they can't get out of the east shaft, because that is blocked by the breaking of the dam, but the wall, by breaking that the pressure of the water will be released, the water will rush through the opening, and a few hours' work will set them free."

"Do you know what it means to break that wall? Death for the one who attempts it. The water will surge out with such a tremendous force, taking everything in its way, and the man—he would scarcely have time to realize his fate."

He did not flinch; he acted as if there were no need for excitement, as if it were an every-day affair. "You spoke truly when you said that was my last game of cards. It is, pal, for Jim will never hold another ace."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that that wall must be broken, and I am the man to break it, and I don't think it is likely that I shall ever play after that."

"Jim, you are crazy!" The exclamation came in chorus from the crowd around him.

"Oh, no I ain't; it's got to be done."

We sprang forward, grasping him by the arms, but he shook himself free.

"Let me go, boys, of what good am I anyway? I never did anything in my life. Why not let me do this? You can't go; you have all got wives and children. Think of them and of the men in the mine, struggling for life and freedom, with that awful death in store for them. If no one goes and helps, hundreds, your best friends and all, will drown in the mine, when they can be so easily saved. What is the cost of one life when it will save hundreds? Who will mourn and weep when they bring me back so cold and still? There won't be any tears, because there is no one who cares, and if those hundreds perish, how great will be the ruin and disaster? You must let me go. Look! see those mothers, listen to the songs upon their lips and see their smiling faces. Will they ever smile or sing if their husbands do not return tonight? See the little children; who will care for them if the father comes no more? What will those women do utterly helpless and dependent, what will they do if some one is not willing to take the risk? And then look at me. Will they be sad when I am gone? No. Will they be deprived of any delight and joy when Jim is hidden? No. Oh! you may be sorry, but that will vanish and soon the sun will shine just as brightly, the birds sing just as

sweetly for you as if there had been no Jim."

A lump which I could not swallow came into my throat and the others hid their faces. He looked so young and boyish, so strong and full of life, that to think of him still in death chilled our very hearts and minds.

"I ain't so good that I like to think of dying, but it has got to be. One or a hundred. One would be much better. You have all been mighty good to me, and I want to thank you. Think kindly of me, boys, and—and don't forget too soon, as I like to be remembered."

He slowly shook hands with us, one by one. The lips of the boys were drawn and it seemed to me that I was committing a crime. Just as he held my hand a sunny-faced girl ran up to Jim, "We wants a tory," she hissed.

He stooped and tossed her into the air. "Jim won't tell stories any more. Jim's going away."

"No, Jim shan't go," she sobbed, clasping him about the neck as if to prevent. "Where is Jim going?"

"Way off, where they don't worry and where they ain't down on a man because he ain't rich and great; where everything is so nice and sweet, and where even Jim can learn to be good."

The child stared at him in amazement. "That must be heaven, Jim!"

"It is heaven, I hope, and some day you will meet me over there." He kissed her softly, placing her upon the ground, while she ran to tell the rest.

"Follow me, but don't try to help." He hastened to the door, sprang upon the back of his mare and turned. His face was lighted with a smile, but it was transfigured with a new radiance. The face of the rough miner was made beautiful by the greatness and mightiness of his deed and sacrifice.

We followed, and as we waited we could hear the thud, thud, thud of his hammer and the grating of his chisel, and even the falling of stone.

He began to whistle the same old tune he loved so well—an old church hymn. We stood with bowed heads and beating hearts waiting for the end.

Then came a horrible, intense, deathlike stillness, which was quickly answered by a terrific explosion and report, as if a hundred cannons had gone off. The sound was that of a rock-crusher, as the stone fell, and the pieces of coal and dirt went seething past. Then again the silence, the ebbing and swirling of black, dark waters as they poured forth, rushing out, pell-mell.

We stood, hoping against hope, yet knowing all the time how utterly useless it was. Presently we caught sight of a hand and his body floated to us. The dark face was partly crushed and discolored with blood, but there was smile upon his lips. He had saved the miners and Jim had passed to his reward in the Great Beyond.

CHIEF CAUSES OF FATIGUE

Bad Ventilation and Altitude Are the Main Factors in Producing This Depression.

Fatigue is caused by anything that interferes with the carrying of oxygen to the tissues. This may be a diminished amount of oxygen in the atmosphere, diminished carrying power of the blood, diminished lung capacity or interference with the circulation of the blood.

The two factors which relate especially to diminished amount of oxygen in the atmosphere are bad ventilation and altitude. The main effect of bad ventilation, especially where there are a number of people in a room, is to increase the humidity. The detrimental effect of this humidity is of more importance than any diminishing of oxygen or increase in carbon dioxide.

In industry one is more concerned, however, with the diminished oxygen-carrying power of the blood. Anemia is produced by a variety of causes, among which are deficient light, insufficient iron in the blood, insufficient variety of food, irregularity of the bowels, as the sequel of disease (particularly infectious diseases) and of metal poison, such as lead. So, working at night or in dark buildings or dark rooms is injurious to the blood.

YOUTH TRUE TO HIS PLEDGE

Stuck to the Truth in His Assertion as to His Purpose for the Evening.

Camp meeting was in full blast. Sounds of shouting filled the air. Suddenly Zeke Billikin, Farmer Billikin's "Incorrigible" son, leaped to his feet with tears streaming from his eyes. "I got it! I got it!" he exulted. "I'm through with my evil ways. From this day forth I vow to speak the truth and nothing but the truth!"

"Zeke," said his father feelingly after supper that night, "I was right glad to hear you speak out in meetin' that there way today. It warms my old heart to think that at last my son is a good boy and will speak nothing but the truth. Suppose you start in right now by telling me where you are going tonight?"

Zeke settled his hat on his head. "Pap, I'll tell you the truth and nothing else, like I swore. I'm jest goin' out to feed the chickens."

"But, Zeke, the chickens has been fed," objected old Billikin.

"Some of 'em hain't," said Zeke, and closed the door after him.

Long after midnight, in the town's sweetest cafe, Zeke was still feeding the chickens.—Detroit Free Press.

Like Aalsmeer, the more modern water-village of Boskoop has its horticultural industry. Boskoop is everywhere famous for its roses; it is more accessible and far less poetic than Aalsmeer. Besides roses, azaleas and rhododendrons are grown here; but roses are the principal product. Already between three and four million plants are annually produced for sale, and the industry is a growing one.

The remote Friesland village of Gethoorn is of quite a different type. Here there is no industry to bring it into contact with the outside world, no railway, and, except on one side, no road. Tall trees shade its waterways on either side, and throw deep green reflections upon their still surfaces. The

The Highways of Holland

ALL Dutch towns, of course, have their canals; thoroughfares as busy and frequented as their brick-paved high-roads, but the water villages have virtually nothing else. One of the best-known of these is Aalsmeer. It may be attained by the prosaic means of the railway, though the man of sentiment will prefer to approach its idyllic shores by boat, or, at least, by road, especially as the way to it leads through some of the most interesting and distinctive country in Holland. For Aalsmeer lies on the edge of the district known as the Haarlemer mere, a rich and fertile tract of land, which was covered a hundred years ago by a dangerous and stormy inland sea, formed in the fifteenth century by floods from the River Rhine and the Y. Gradually this great lake spread till it became a menace to Leiden, Haarlem, Amsterdam and even Utrecht, and keeping the necessary dikes and sluices in order became a heavy burden in labor and expense. It was into these waters that 300 of the citizens of Haarlem were thrown, tied back to back, in the butchery by the Spaniards that took place after its siege and capitulation in the winter of 1572-3.

Great Engineering Feat.

Draining this large tract of land was so great a feat of engineering that though it was suggested by a Dutchman called Leeghwater as early as the seventeenth century, it was not undertaken till after 1836, when a more than usually violent storm had caused great destruction of property from floods. Even then the scheme was not

houses, prosperous-looking, well-kept, and of a fair size, seclude themselves, each one in its own garden. A narrow path runs beside the water, which is crossed by high rickety-looking wooden bridges, raised above the water, so as to allow of the passage of a punt-pole beneath them. The whole place is like a bower of green. The people themselves are no more apparent than some woodland animal; the only events that ever happen here are a wedding or a funeral procession, which both alike must make their way down the silent green streams. The village has its moment of life when the children come out of school and play on the narrow footpath, or run and crowd with a skill born of long practice over the narrow plank bridges which cross the intersecting canals.

Not the least attractive part of the visit to Gethoorn is the journey there. The point of departure is the charming little town of Meppel, half-way between Zwolle and the more northern towns of Friesland. Without having any historic or antiquarian associations, Meppel has an engaging individuality of its own, and it is surrounded by pleasant country and many hedges. Some distance from Meppel is a village called Wanneperveen, and here a boat must be taken to Gethoorn. The boats are rough punts that will take a mast and sail, and are manned generally by a delightful old fisherman, picturesque and primitive as his tarry little craft. At first the stream winds among meadows, then it slowly widens into a broad expanse of reeds that whisper and bow in the wind, apparently inaccessible and

guarding in their depths silent pools, where rare waterfowl nest, their harsh, unfamiliar cry borne on the wind to the passer-by. Finally this reedy waterway gives place to an open mere, and here the boatman deftly raises his sail and skims across to the village silent, shrouded in its trees, and having an inexpressible sense of remoteness. Of all the delightful experiences that a visit to Holland holds in store there is nothing quite like the passage of the gray gleaming waters of this Friesland mere, which divulges, as it were, the village of Gethoorn.

Autocracy in Russia.

The Russian officials are usually pleasant gentlemen. There is generally an air of indolence and indifference present in the office. There are many people about, smoking cigarettes and sipping at their tea. While this is being done, there may be a crowd awaiting their attention or that of the chief. It takes about three men to do the work of one. Each one waits for the orders from some one else; if orders do not come it is safest to do nothing. Initiative will likely be punished. Each one feels that he is only bound to loyalty to his chief. In the government itself he has no part. If he is ambitious, obsequiousness is an excellent quality. But salaries are small, money is necessary, and opportunities for making money out of his office open up. The official is only human. Were local self-government established, there would undoubtedly be less corruption, for there would be responsible officials near at hand. The bureaus in Petrograd would not have to be consulted. The bureaus and ministries would not only be freed of much detail and annoyance, but blame would not be placed on them for every fault or neglect of a lower official.—North American Review.

Promises to the Recruits.

A glance at the crowds at the recruiting office shows that there is no need for the imaginative drawing up of advertisements of enticement to the colors, says the London Chronicle. By way of contrast one is reminded of earlier methods. Look at this appeal for young men for the light dragoons, which appeared in the Times of September, 1801:

"Your pay and privileges equal two guineas a week; you are everywhere respected; your society is courted; you are admired by the fair, which, together with the chance of getting switched to a buxom widow, or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and delightful."

What young man could resist this?

Trinidad's Oil Industry.

The oil industry of Trinidad has reached such a degree of importance, that the admiralty has decided to investigate the possibilities of obtaining supplies there. It is reported that Professor Cadman has arrived at Port of Spain with instructions from the admiralty to make a full report on the condition of the industry.

The whole trend of modern thought, philosophical and scientific, is to bring man more and more into unity with the life of all living things, and to reveal our vital oneness with the one all-embracing Life. Man has had an organic evolution from the earth-life, and has steadily risen to the realm of spiritual consciousness, where an unceasing evolution is to be his divine heritage.—The Christian Register.

TO OBTAIN MERCY

Consciousness of Sin and Unworthiness Must Always Be the First Requisite.

It is important to know how mercy may be sought so as to be found. In the familiar words concerning the Pharisee and the publican, we have the way to mercy divinely pointed out.

The first requisite is a sense of personal guilt—"God be merciful to me sinner."

Individuality and personal accountability to God must be recognized before any acceptable plea for mercy can be presented.

"Every man must give an account of himself to God." "Every soul must bear its own burden."

"There must be grief on account of sin. The Pharisee had no conviction of unworthiness, and, therefore, no sorrow for sin. He did not feel any need of mercy, and did not pray for it. Yet he prayed. He prayed with himself, not to God, saying: "God, I know thee, that I am not as other men are, extortions, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican."

He felt himself to be "rich, increased in goods and in need of nothing," and to all such God says: "I will spue thee out of my mouth."

How different with the publican! He "smote his breast," indicating the heart as the seat of grief, on account of the consciousness of sin and unworthiness. The chief element in true repentance is a sense of the offense of our sins are offering to God.

There can be no "repentance toward God" until the soul feels that: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned."

"I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight."

True Feeling of Grief.

The feeling of grief is produced in recognizing the sinfulness of sin in God's sight, and in realizing the injury it inflicts on ourselves and the harmful influence it exerts upon others.

The publican "smote his breast" in expression of his passionate grief over his sin against God, his own soul and his fellow-man. He cried for mercy, bowing his heart in humility and shame before God.

He stood afar off, denoting that he felt unworthy to draw near to the sacred precincts of the temple, and as though his presence would desecrate the holy place. His humility is further shone in his not lifting "up so much as his eyes unto heaven."

The Psalmist expresses this thought in the words: "My sins have taken hold of me so that I am not able to look up."

The perception of divine purity always produces a deep sense of humility in the sinner's heart and prompts the prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Mercy is the sinner's only plea. He does not pray for justice. Weighed in the scales of justice he must be found wanting, and has nothing to expect but punishment.

Seeking for Mercy.

Note that the publican had conviction of personal guilt, sorrow on account of his unworthiness and deep humility of heart. These are the conditions for acceptable approach to God in prayer.

Then note the object and character of his prayer. The object was "mercy." Its character was brief and sincere and earnest.

It was a very short prayer. Only seven words, but the longings of the soul were in them and they were presented in the way of God's appointment. "He went up to the temple to pray." He was seeking God where he is always to be found by those of a broken and contrite heart.

Would you find mercy?

See it as the publican did in the spirit of humility and with confession of sin, offering unto God the sincere and earnest supplication of the heart: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

There was a very happy result following the publican's going up to the temple to pray.

"He went down to his house justified." Not so with the proud Pharisee. He went away abashed.

"For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."