IN QUEST OF COPY

By Helen Brandon.

MARTIN VOSSICKER beheld a slender, girlish figure, and a gentle, tender, girlish face, with fair hair and the softest eyes conceivable. A pathetic air of helplessness seemed to envelop her, and this was the magnet that first attracted Martin, being himself an athletic animal of something over six feet, and as little like the popular notion of the popular novelist as possible.

She was idling away a summer month with her aunt, Mrs. Randall, at the Manor, where Martin, who lived in an ivy-clad cottage at Saxton, was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor. Thus they met.

When he came to talk to her, he found her less helpless than at first she had conveyed the impression of being—which is often the way with women. Nor were her eyes always as soft and gentle as the first glance from them had seemed to him—which, again, is often the way with women. Those eyes were of a deep brown, widely set and thoughtful, and they had a disconcerting trick of rivetting themselves upon you until their glance appeared to penetrate into the privacy of your inmost thoughts.

Charmed at first, Martin was dazzled presently. He found her bright and witty, with a subtle, scholarly wit which would have pleasantly surprised him in a man, but which he found inexplicable in a woman, for he was one of those who—frequently to their undoing—have a rather low estimate of the intellectuality of the so-called weaker sex.

He went home inspired by a profound admiration for Rose Gerard, and promising himself that, so long as she remained at the Manor, he would find his way there even more often than usual.

He kept that promise so very well that from a frequent he became a daily visitor. He was busy at the time upon one of those anemic novels which had brought him a fair measure of fame with a decadent public, and each afternoon, when his four hours' work—Martin only worked four hours a day—was done, he would stroll over to the Manor for tea.

Saxton waited on tiptoe for the announcement of the engagement of its popular novelist to Mrs. Randall's charming niece. But Saxton was disappointed. Martin Vossicker was certainly making love to Rose, but the love was purely artistic—without yet being of that art which conceals art. For the first time in his career he had come upon an opportunity of making copy out of a real, live person.

He set himself to make it, and she appeared to be assisting him with a degree of verve, sympathy, and understanding which, while it amazed him considerably, pleased him still more. His favorite pose was that of a victim of unrequited love. This the exigencies of his case demanded, for such were the circumstances under which the hero of his anemic novel was laboring. Never for a moment had he permitted himself a hopeful tone.

Rose had fallen a victim to his mental suggestion, and she accepted the situation which characteristic—if hardly feminine—readiness. She seemed to play the part he had assigned to her just as he—half consciously only—was playing the part he had assigned to himself. She was capricious, petulant, arch and mocking by turns, but rarely tender, and then it was a tenderness that faded almost as soon as it took shape.

But it was affording Martin something more than amusement. It was equipping him with much rich material. The mental notes he made while in her company he transferred to paper each evening, to be anon molded into his novel. And so his book grew apace, and the frothy brilliancy which his readers had come to look for in his work was reaching in "The Futile Quest" a height to which it had never soared before.

At last the time drew near for Rose's departure from Saxton. The hero of "A Futile Quest" had come to the stage of proposing to the heroine, and Martin had been unable to decide whether to rely purely upon his imagination for that which should be the culminating scene of his book, or whether to avail himself once more of Rose Gerard and to first live through the scene.

He feared this might be driving his copy hunting a little too far; but, on the other hand, the benefits his work might derive from it were—to judge by the past—likely to be considerable. He was tempted very sorely.

At last he took his resolve. He would propose to her. He was assured that she was no more in love with him than he was with her. She would be amused by this consummation of all the poses they had hitherto assumed, and he never doubted that she would rise to the occasion.

He made up his mind on his way to the manor. Opportunity came to him after tea.

"Rose," he said presently—they had come to call each other by Christian names a week ago—"do you know that I am glad you are going?"

"There are certain joys which it is more polite to dissemble than to express," said she, sententiously.

"It is not a question of politeness," he answered, lugubriously.

"Why are you glad that I am going?" she said. "For my own part, I am sorry."

His hand fastened instantly upon her arm.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked, with sudden fervency.

"Why, of course!" she laughed. "I am very sorry to leave Auntie; she has been so very kind."

He removed his hand from her arm.

"Oh! Mrs. Randall!" he complained. "You can think of everybody but me."

"Why should I think of you, since you confess yourself glad that I am going? Why are you glad?"

He hesitated. For a moment he sat thinking. Then, looking up and encountering the steady gaze of her brown eyes—

"I am glad because"—his voice trembled—"because it is better so; better that I should see no more of you." He dropped his glance. "My lot does not lie in the smooth places of the world," he continued, tragically. "It is not such an existence as I could ask any woman to share. That is why I rejoice that, in a couple of days, we shall have passed out of each other's way of life."

He paused. Somehow, he was not doing at all well. He was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. But it was her hand that now fell upon his sleeve, and her voice quivered slightly.

"Do you mean that you care?" she asked.

Inwardly he groaned. He was not to be allowed to retreat, after all. As he was a gentleman, he could not do so now.

He had overreached himself in his infernal copy hunting, and he must go on although a church and a nuptial service should be at the end of the road he was following.

"That," he faltered, "is what I mean."

There was a pause, during which her soft eyes were lowered and his furtive glance could make nothing of her expression.

"But if that is so," she murmured, "why should you rejoice at my going?"

"Have I not said that it is because my road through life is one which I cannot ask a woman to tread?"

"But if—if she cared?" The brown eyes flashed him a glance that were veiled again.

He trembled. The artistic researches that had lured him into this situation were all forgotten. He felt like one who had trembled into a trap, and his only thought was how he might extricate himself.

"If she cared," he replied, unsteadily, "that would be all the more reason why I should go."

"There speaks no lover," said she, quietly. "It is too cold and calculating. If you really cared, you would make a bid for her, and ask her, at least, whether she were not willing to risk the future with you, whatever it might be. No, Martin, my friend, you have deluded yourself. You do not care; you only fancy that you do."

"You have no feelings!" he exclaimed at last. "I can say of you, as Carlyle said of Ruskin, you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water."

That was their last interview before she left Saxton. His work absorbed him, and he pursued it feverishly until his novel was finished. Then his thoughts reverted to Rose, and the sense of injury returned.

Next the explanation of it came home to him little by little. He was in love with her. It occurred to him to obtain her address from Mrs. Randall, and to follow her. But when he recalled their last words that day at the Manor, he lacked the courage.

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"The Futile Quest," by Martin Vossicker, was published in the autumn. A week after its appearance, Martin was in town, and one afternoon at his club an acquaintance thrust a paper under his nose and pointed to a review-article headed, "A Literary Coincidence."

"Have you seen that, Vossicker? You are in good company, anyhow."

Martin, glancing at the article, saw his name coupled with that of Sebastian Rule, an author who had leaped into fame a year ago and whose work was being everywhere discussed. In gathering surprise he perused the article, which ran:—

"We have lighted upon what we think our readers will agree is the most astounding literary coincidence that has ever been recorded. Last week saw the appearance of 'The Idealist,' by Sebastian Rule, and 'The Futile Quest,' by Martin Vossicker. Each of these novels is remarkable for vigor, power, and insight, but more remarkable still for the amazing resemblance that exists between them. It is true that in the matters of plot and mise-en-scene these two works have, perhaps, not much in common; but the characters of the hero and heroine are not only almost identical in each case, but they utter identical sentiments, frequently in identical words, and a fitting climax to this astounding coincidence of thought and expression is afforded by the parting sentence which the hero addresses to the heroine. In both novels we find him taking his leave of her with the words: 'You have no feelings! I can say of you—as Carlyle said of Ruskin—you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water.'"

This was followed by the reviewer's theories and speculations in explanation of this remarkable fact. But Vossicker didn't trouble to read what the reviewer thought. His own thoughts were more than enough for him just then. He let the paper fall, and reclining in his chair, he gave himself up to the luxury of conjecture. But it proved for once rather more of a torture than a luxury.

He was quick to evolve a theory of his own. Rose must be very intimate with Sebastian Rule, and must have confided in him touching the curiously conducted wooing of his at Saxton.

Having reached that conclusion, Martin rose. He must see Rule at once, and they must discuss what attitude they were to take towards the public, particularly if the seemingly inevitable imputation came to be cast upon their work of having been plagiarized from a common source.

To this end he repaired there and then to Brett and Hackett, Sebastian Rule's publisher's, to ascertain Mr. Rule's address.

"Mr. Rule," said the publisher, "chooses to maintain the strictest incognito, and I am under promise not to divulge his address to anybody. But if you care to write to him, I will see that your letter is forwarded."

Martin, however, did not care to write. He insisted upon seeing the author of "The Idealists," and in the end he won his way.

Half an hour later saw him on the door step of a pretty villa in St John's Wood, asking to see Mr. Rule. For some moments he was kept waiting. At last Martin gasped to behold Rose Gerard herself standing before him.

"How do you do?" came her pleasant greeting.

"What are you doing here?" he blurted out.

"I live here with my mother. This is my house."

"But Mr. Rule?" he asked. "I—"

"I am Mr. Rule," she answered, with a quiet, half-wistful smile.

"You?" he cried, in unbelief, "you?" and his fine eyes were opened very wide. "You are Sebastian Rule?"

"Yes," she reassured him, "I am the man." Then, with a laugh, "Don't look so shocked, Martin," she continued. "I know that you find it hard to credit—you, whose opinion of woman's intellectuality is so unflattering to us. But if you will think for yourself, you will see that it could not be otherwise. You have, of course, seen what the 'Daily Wire' says about this literary coincidence. At least, I assume that that is the explanation of your presence here."

Then Martin understood. He understood the verve and sympathy with which she had entered upon those make believe conversations at Saxton. Whilst he was making copy of her, she was making copy of him. Each had been posing unconsciously for the other's benefit.

"We have," said he, "made a very charming mess of it."

"Hardly so bad as that," she laughed. "People will wonder and the wonder will advertise our books."

"I was an ass," he acknowledged, with melancholy conviction, and for the moment—as he met her brown eyes—he forgot the literary coincidence. "I was an ass," he repeated.

"No, no," she answered, with soothing politeness.

"But I was," he insisted. "You don't know the worst."

"Tell me," she begged. She was standing close to him. The proximity seemed to affect him. His head fell upon her arms as it had done that day at Saxton.

"By dint of posing as lovelorn I became lovelorn," he bluntly avowed, "and without knowing it. But I found it out after you had gone away, Rose, and I so wanted to come after you. But I didn't dare. I don't suppose that you'll ever forgive me. I'm sure I don't deserve that you should. I behaved—"

"Silly boy, you forget that I was just as bad. If you talk of forgiving you have quite as much to forgive me. And, oh, Martin, I have been punished." she cried.

"Punished?"

"Just as you have been punished. I acted a part until it ceased to be acting, and—"

"Rose!" he exclaimed, and at that moment the literary coincidence was completely forgotten.

He took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length, solemnly regarding her.

"It's true, Rose?"

"It's true, dear," said she, "and I think that in future we might collaborate very satisfactorily—don't you?"—London Answers.

Politics Told by Glasses.

A Berlin journalist has just been taking a census of the shortsighted members of the Reichstag and he finds that out of 397 Deputies 105 use glasses. Party politics may be determined, according to the German statistician, by the kind of glasses affected. The eyeglass, he declares, marks the Anglophile and is rarely seen. Spectacles are very popular and are generally worn by the party of the center. The pince nez seem to indicate socialism and revolutionary tendencies.

Justifiable Whipping.

Professor Barnes' returns from 3,000 California children indicated overwhelmingly that they did not resent whipping as such; any punishment was resented if the child thought he had not had due notice of the consequence or that his excuse had not been sufficiently considered, or other children had been let off more easily; but a scolding that did not satisfy these requirements left more bitterness than a whipping that did.

THE DEMAND FOR RUBBER

Has Resulted In Its Profitable Cultivation

NO DANGER OF FAMINE

Region of South and Central America Most Fruitful Source—Few Articles Made Entirely of New Material—Present Demand Equal to Supply.

Many an adventurous financier dreams of controlling the sources of crude rubber, as the adventurous miner fancies himself discovering a gold mine. Rubber is one of nature's gold mines. Kings have found in this mysterious substance exuded from scores of different species of trees, shrubs and vines in the great tropical forests, whose usefulness was discovered less than a century ago, a source of revenue worthy of their attention. The sacrifice of humanity has not been considered too high a price to pay for the collection of the precious gum, some of which sells in the crude state at $1.25 a pound, and costs in some cases to gather and deliver in Liverpool not over 20 cents a pound. Great men have congratulated themselves when they have secured, as Thomas F. Ryan and a number of other well known New York capitalists did recently in the Congo Free State, a large concession in which it is known that great quantities of rubber may be found.

The demand at present is about equal to the supply, but more automobile tires and golf balls, not to mention electrical supplies and overshoes, will be required in the coming years. The importations of rubber into the United States have more than trebled in the course of the last twelve years, and show now a larger value in the import list than almost any other single product.

Two great sources of supply have been discovered in the world, the tropical region of South and Central America and the Congo. In view of the growing demands, will not the rubber supply be exhausted in the near future.

There are several reasons why there is not likely to be a rubber famine.

About half of the crude rubber supply of the world comes floating down the broad bosomed Amazon from the great forests of the heart of the South American continent. This is in the form of "biscuits," as the balls of smoked rubber, looking like so many pumpkins, are called, and is known as "Para" rubber. It is the best rubber produced. Last year there passed out through Para 68,000,000 pounds, or 3,400,000 pounds more than in the previous year. With more men to go into the forest still more rubber could be secured.

Within recent years it has been discovered that rubber can be cultivated on plantations anywhere in the belt bounded by the 30th parallels of north and south latitude. Many plantations have been set out in Ceylon, where labor can be secured for 18 cents a day, and in the Federated Malay States and Mexico. In the Malay states within three years eighteen companies, with capital ranging between $60,000 and $1,500,000, have been incorporated to conduct rubber plantations. More than twenty thousand acres of rubber trees of the species that produce Para rubber have been planted in four native states on the Malay peninsula. When these become productive, somewhere between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 pounds of rubber may be gathered from them annually. G. E. Chamberlain, the American Vice-Consul at Singapore, in a recent report said it was estimated there by experts that the expense of a 500-acre rubber plantation up to the end of the eighth year, when it would be in full bearing, would be $76,440, and the net returns $467,560, or more than 600 per cent. provided crude rubber remained at its present price.

Experiments are being made in rubber growing in the Hawaiian, the Philippine and the Fiji islands. There is rubber in Cuba. Another source of supply is found in discarded overshoes, rubber boots and other articles of rubber. It is said that few articles are made entirely of new rubber, as the uses of most rubber articles do not require it. Old rubber, reclaimed by devulcanization, may be used in a large number of cases. It is estimated that as much old as new rubber is used in the United States. If old rubber were not available the best rubber would now be selling at $2 a pound instead of $1.25.

If rubber should suddenly disappear from the earth there would be a great hole in the supply of articles that add to the conveniences of life. For automobiles alone it is estimated that $12,000,000 worth of rubber tires were made in 1906. Nothing has been discovered to take its place. Single factories turn out golf balls at the rate of a thousand dozens a day. It is said that one man who hit upon the patent for a rubber bottle stopper for $1,000 has made a half dozen million dollars out of it. Surgery, telegraphic communication, dentistry, sports, travel, have all gained from the discovery of rubber. It enters into the smallest details of life.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON SUICIDE.

Famous Churchman Writes Vividly of a Terrible Problem.

"Every close observer of contemporary events and every lover of his country and his fellowman cannot fail to view with alarm the frequency of suicides within our borders," says Cardinal Gibbons in his essay on "The Moral Aspects of Suicide," in the Century. "We can scarcely pick up a daily journal without reading of despondent persons of both sexes and of every age and condition of life taking a fatal leap into 'the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.'"

"Among the causes of suicide there is no doubt that a considerable number of them are due to a disordered and unhealthy mind, for which it is hoped the unfortunate victims are not wholly responsible," he says. "But after making all due allowance for the suicidal mania, the great bulk of those who compass their own death do it with deliberation and are accountable both to God and man for the deed they commit.

"One man has for months and years been secretly plundering an institution of which he was regarded as the responsible head or custodian. He can no longer hide his embezzlement by false entries. He is afraid to face an outraged public and he escapes the temporal punishment of his transgressions by putting an end to his life. He leaves, perhaps, behind him a desolate family to bear the burden and the odium of his crimes.

"Voluntary self murder is not only a violation of the divine law, but is also a crime against society. We are social beings. We owe a duty to the Commonwealth as well as to ourselves. To abandon the post of duty intrusted to a sentinel is regarded by the military code as a most cowardly act, which is punished with extreme rigor. What less does the suicide do than basely abandon the situation assigned to him in the warfare of life.

"The fallacy of the assertion that the suicide injures no one but himself is manifest when we consider the dire consequences which such a statement may involve. Suppose that a number of the leading men of a community were to blow out their brains in the height of a financial crisis. The whole town would

Cardinal Gibbons.

be thrown into confusion, business would be partly paralyzed and a reign of disquiet and uncertainty would prevail before confidence was restored. And then consider the legacy of sorrow and of suffering which the self-destroying father leaves to the inner circle of his wife and children.

"You will say, perhaps: 'No one will mourn or miss me. I am a social outcast without human ties.' I will answer that no matter how poor or worthless or desolate a man may be, he has a mission from God to fulfill, he has some ties with his fellow beings, and he can be a useful, though unobtrusive, factor in the great social organization. He can soften the wrath of the choleric by his meekness under provocation. He can edify the murmurer against Providence by his patience in adversity and by subsisting on the charity of others he can give them an opportunity of exercising the virtue of benevolence.

"Many others are impelled to lay violent hands on themselves on account of an intolerable mental strain occasioned by the struggle for commercial supremacy. Keen competition in business, feverish thirst for wealth, hazardous enterprises in which all is staked, followed by a sudden crash in securities—these financial ventures and failures fill the unhappy speculator with despair, and rather than survive the wreck, he seeks refuge in self-inflicted death.

"Unfortunately, the victims of these mental and physical sufferings have no religious convictions to sustain them in their hour of sorrow and despondency or to deter them from their fatal step by the dread of future punishment.

"It would be a painless, fruitless task to discuss the moral disease of suicide, unless a remedy were suggested which is the chief purpose of these reflections.

"It is a significant fact that in countries and districts where the Christian religion exercises a dominant sway, and where its teachings are faithfully practised, self murder is almost unknown, and when such a tragedy occurs it excites unwonted horror throughout the community.

"I maintain, then, that a sovereign antidote against suicide is to be found in a strict compliance with the lessons set before us by the religion of Christ."

UNDERGROUND WORKERS

Many Callings Pursued Under the Streets

FAMOUS WINE CAVES

People Work for Years in Artificial Light—Baking the Most Extensive Industry Carried On—Here Are to be Found Vaults for Storing of Valuables.

In all great cities where taxes are high and space is valuable every inch of ground must be utilized. In the more congested districts people are forced to live in small, dark tenements and sometimes in damp, unwholesome cellars because they are too poor to pay the rents demanded for more commodious quarters in other neighborhoods. Fortunately, owing to the activity of the Board of Health and various public spirited bodies of citizens, comparatively few persons are allowed to dwell underground in New York.

But while only a small number of persons sleep below the street level in America's greatest metropolis 40,000 earn their living in this lower world where the sun never shines, says the New York Herald.

Little does the average man realize how important a part the cellar or underground industries play in the business life of the city. There is hardly a single line of work that is not carried on beneath the street level as well as above it.

Until the subway was opened, October 27, 1904, there was no underground system of transportation. Its installation opened a new chapter in the city's underground life, for it gave employment to some three thousand persons as conductors, guards, motormen, station agents, ticket choppers, porters and newsgirls.

Persons who patronize Delmonico's, the Holland House and the St. Regis are probably unaware that there are in the city many restaurants below ground. While most of them are of the commonest and cheapest kind, some are elegant in their appointments and are patronized by society. For instance, the Indian grill room of the Hotel Astor, in Times square, is the most attractive place of the kind in New York. The walls are hung with the trophies of the chase. Paintings and statuary of pronounced artistic merit are liberally used in the decorative scheme. The absence of windows is the only thing that reminds the patron that he is dining sixty feet below Broadway.

Nearly all the hotel kitchens of the city and especially those of the more important, are located underground. The chefs, their assistants and helpers work in an artificial world. The electric lamps flood the kitchen with brilliant light, and ventilating fans drive out the smells arising from the ranges and ovens and force in the pure air from the streets. More than a hundred persons are employed in the Waldorf-Astoria kitchen, fifty in that of the Hotel Astor and about the same number in the Holland House kitchen.

The most extensive industry carried on underground is that of baking. There are ten thousand men employed in the city's bakeshops, nearly all of which are located in cellars. Public attention was called to these establishments by a strike of the east side bakers, during which several articles were printed in the newspapers showing the unsanitary condition of many of the shops in that part of the city.

In the less crowded parts of the town every attention is paid to cleanliness. The walls are tiled from floor to ceiling, and each day they are thoroughly washed. The floors are sometimes made of stone and sometimes of hard wood. In either case they are scrubbed with hot soap suds until they are clean enough to eat on. Every baker is required to take a shower bath before and after work, and is furnished with a freshly laundered canvas or cotton suit each day.

The bread is made from triple sifted flour, and is mixed and kneaded by machinery. This method of handling the flour insures absolute cleanliness in the product.

In all the uptown bakeries the fire in the oven must be out beyond the building line. In order to obtain the right to use space for his oven one baker was obliged to pay the city $1.75 a square foot for the land he occupied. In the downtown bakeries the heat in the cellar is insufferable, but up town ventilating fans make life quite endurable.

Underneath nearly every pawnshop in New York are extensive vaults in which valuables are stored. Those of the oldest Bowery pawnbroker's establishment are wired carefully, and after they have been closed for the night it is impossible for a burglar to effect an entrance without sounding a burglar alarm.

Many thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry are stowed away under the sidewalks of the city's busiest streets, and sometimes when the grating boards are turned back one can see the vaults far below.

A newspaper ad costs less than circulars and postage. is less trouble to circulate. and is quite as sure of being read.