

A GOWN OF LAVENDER SILK

By MRS. BESSIE D. DUCY

Jackson Grey and I had quarreled on Thanksgiving eve, but as we were both guests at Aunt Elizabeth's we had agreed to say nothing of the broken engagement until after the holiday. Under protest I consented to wear the diamond circlet a few days longer.

It was Thanksgiving night. At dinner Jack and I managed to carry on a desultory conversation, but I was conscious that my laughter was strained and that Aunt Elizabeth was covertly watching us. There were to be tableaux in the evening and the young people had been given the freedom of the garden, with its trucks and chests of dainty, old-fashioned livery. I felt little interest in the general merriment and hastily selected a gown of lavender silk, from whose fragrant napes I slipped it on, brushed back my hair and tied it loosely at the nape of the neck with a wide lavender ribbon, and then ran down to the library to be alone with my unhappy thoughts.

Aunt Elizabeth was sitting by the open grate and sprang to her feet with a low cry as I went up to her. "Child, how you frightened me!" she exclaimed as she drew down my face and kissed me tenderly. "For a moment I thought I was seeing my own ghost."

I curled myself up on a rug at her feet. "Was this your gown?" I asked curiously.

She slipped her fingers under my chin and lifted my face until I met her glance, but she chose to ignore my question.

"Have you and Jack quarreled?" she asked, gravely.

I dropped my lashes lest she see the quick tears in my eyes, and I felt a hot flush creep up in my cheeks.

"Tell me, child, there is no trouble between you and Jack, is there?" Her voice was troubled.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," I said at last in a husky whisper.

I attempted to rise, but she gently pushed me back and drew me closer to her.

"You asked me if the gown you are wearing was mine," she said, quietly. "I am going to tell you a story about it."

Her voice was very low and sweet, and she faltered now and then as she continued.

"It was it only once. It was on another Thanksgiving night years ago, way back in '61. That night the One Man in the world asked me to be his wife and I gave him my promise. He slipped onto my finger a little gold circlet, much simpler than yours, dear," she touched the bright stones on my hand that caught the red gleams from the fire-light, and I felt the capricious girl in the town. A dark cloud came between us—the dark was shadowing the passion. Nearly every other young man in the neighborhood had called on her, but she never called at home.

"Occasional slight remarks aroused my temper, and Christmas eve I told him plainly that his duty was to be at the front with the doctors. He was deeply hurt, and said sadly that his mother was a Southern woman and he could not break her heart by fighting against her own people. I taunted him and called him 'Coward' a name a man never forgives or forgets from a woman's lips. He pleaded with me to take back the word, but I was reckless and passionate and we parted in anger forever."

The last word was a wail of hopeless sorrow wrung from her by memories of the past.

"The next day he renounced," she said, sadly, "and the day got me until the war was over. He found his mother dead and his home desolate. A year later he went South alone to bring back his bride."

She bent down close to me and again lifted my face to hers.

"Child, don't break Jack's heart and your own. He is worthy of you, I know it. Trust him."

A sudden illumination came to me. Jackson Grey's mother was a Southern woman. "It wasn't his father?" I asked wonderingly.

She bent her head silently and hot tears fell on my forehead.

"Jack's father!" And now I was sending Jack away, perhaps forever. The thought was unbearable and I broke into choking sobs, while her arms held me still closer in the tender clasp.

"It was all my fault," I whispered, "but it's too late now to call him back."

Then someone sprang from a crouch that stood in a far corner, completely concealed by the deep shadows, and an instant Jackson Grey was kneeling by my side at Aunt Elizabeth's knees, holding my hands tightly.

"Forgive me for listening," he pleaded, "I must have been asleep and your voices woke me."

"Married, dear," she said, turning, leaving me staring after my wet eyes. "It isn't too late. I've just been waiting for you to tell me so."

Aunt Elizabeth bent swiftly, kissed me, then laid one hand lightly on Jack's head. Before he could speak she rose and turned away, but he sprang to his feet and overtook her before she reached the door.

"I might have been your son," he said, wistfully, for his own mother had been dead for some years.

She read his unspoken wish in his eyes, for she drew down his face and kissed him with quivering lips.

Then the door closed behind her and Jack came back to me.

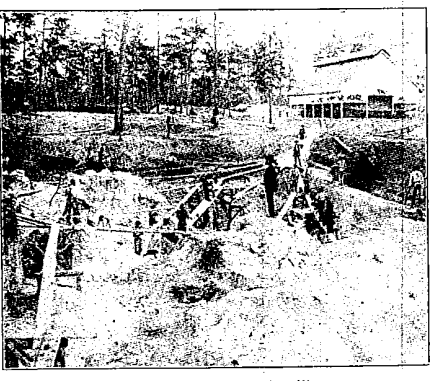


Illustration of Open Pit Phosphate Mine.

FARMERS WILL WELCOME SUCCESSFUL PHOSPHATE MILL

New Industry Will be Founded in the Rocky Mountain Country, and the Phosphate Will be a Big Asset to Farmers for Fertilizing Purposes.

At Border, Wyo., in the valley of Bear River and only a mile from the Idaho line, is the new phosphate mill of the United States Phosphate Company. The mill, which has a capacity for grinding 100,000 tons of phosphate a day, is practically completed and will be ready to run in about ten days.

The company has been in the phosphate field there for some time and has a large area of phosphate-bearing land. It has been shipping the crude rock, just as it comes from the mine, to Los Angeles for three or four years, but found that in order to put the product in the market properly a mill was necessary, and it was decided to build the present comparatively small one, which will take care of the trade for a time and blaze the way, as it were, for it is the first of its kind in the Rocky Mountain region. Eventually it is confidently expected, a much larger mill will be required.

At present the demand for the prepared phosphate comes chiefly from California, and there is now a small Utah demand from fruit growers and the more progressive farmers, who are awakening to its great value as a fertilizer, and the business should develop into a very large one.

In the older orchard and farming country of the Eastern and central states the question of soil fertilization has become a vital one and soil experts there agree that the natural phosphate, containing, as it does, in the properties of this company, one part of phosphoric acid to three parts of lime, is the thing almost universally needed to restore impoverished soils.

On this subject the agricultural experiment station of the University of Illinois says:

"To increase or maintain the nitrogen and organic matter of the soil is the greatest practical problem in American agriculture. In an hour's time one can spread enough limestone or phosphate on an acre of land to provide for large crops of wheat, corn, oats and clover for ten or twenty years, while to supply the nitrogen for the same length of time would require from twenty to forty tons of manure, or from 50 to 100 tons of farm land, even though one of the four crops harvested secured its nitrogen from the air."

"Attention was called to the fact that 2,000,000 pounds of the average crust of the earth contains 50,000 pounds of potassium, but compared with this we find only 2,000 pounds of phosphorus. When grain is sold from an acre of average Illinois land contains about 35,000 pounds of potassium, but less than 1,200 pounds of phosphorus. When grain is sold from the farm, about equal amounts of phosphorus and potassium are carried away, while in independent systems of live stock farming much more phosphorus than potassium leaves the farm."

It will be noted that the natural phosphate is composed of the two elements upon which stress is placed—phosphorus and lime. The rock is mined by tunneling and is prepared for the market by this mill by being ground or extremely fine that 100 per cent of it will go through a 200-mesh screen and 80 per cent of it through a 200-mesh screen. The prepared phosphate will be sold at \$8 a ton in bags.

Even more interesting than the Indian town is the extensive Spanish ecclesiastical institution which has been uncovered. It has been found that the Spaniards built more extensively on the site of Quara than was at first supposed. The ruins of the old mission have been an object of public interest for many years, but these formed only a part of the buildings erected by the Spaniards, who must have converted Quara into an important headquarters. Adjoining the church have been discovered the foundations of buildings which were evidently a monastery and mission school. The settlement was surrounded by a massive stone wall and there were inner fortifications defending certain pueblos.

Quara is located near the New Mexico summer resort of Mountainair and was owned by Messrs. Duval, McCoy & Corbett of that place. Recently the archeologists presented the ruins of the mission to the School of American Archeology at Santa Fe, to be excavated and exhibited as a public archaeological park. Director Blair, Jr., has been immediately restoring, which promises to be the most extensive and important work of the kind carried out in this country. It will take several seasons to uncover the ancient Indian city and the Spanish settlement thereon, but rich scientific rewards are looked for.

The destruction of Quara and other pueblos of the Gualnes became inevitable as soon as the Apaches spread in that direction, which they have begun to do previous to the advent of the white man in the Southwest. When the Pueblo and domestic animals, the inducement for the nomads to prey upon the house dwelling Indians was greatly increased. Only the rapid colonization of New Mexico could have saved the villages on the east side of New Mexico not sufficiently inviting to the white hunter and trader.

Quara was the seat of a Spanish mission from 1625, and contained a monastery and church dedicated to the immaculate conception. According to the tradition of the Pueblo inhabitants immediately prior to its abandonment. About 1674 the Apaches compelled the Quara people to fly to the pueblo of Talique, about twelve miles north. The latter village remained inhabited probably a year longer, when its occupants were also forced to succumb to the hostility of the Apaches and to flee to El Paso, being afterward settled in the village of Isla del Sul, further down the Rio Grande, where their descendants, almost completely Mexicanized, reside today.

RICH SCIENTIFIC RETURNS SECURED

In Excavating the Ancient City of Quara in New Mexico Science Profits

WAS AN OLD INDIAN SETTLEMENT

Ruins of Old Church Uncovered Built by the Spaniards in the 17th Century—To Be One of the Most Interesting Archaeological Finds.

Denver, Colo.—The School of American Archeology at Santa Fe has been conducting extensive excavations on the site of the ancient Spanish mission at Quara, N. M., and has secured unexpectedly rich scientific returns at the very outset of this important work.

The ruins at Quara have formed an object of interest and speculation for many years. The walls of the old mission established by the Spaniards early in the seventeenth century are still standing. On every hand are evidences of occupation during succeeding centuries. Spanish mounds show the existence of ruined houses and kivas, and there has existed no doubt in the minds of scientists that Quara was at one time the center of a large settlement of Indians belonging to the Tigua branch of the Pueblos.

The truth of this theory has been borne out by the preliminary excavations this fall. Further work is being rushed, and it is expected that when the site is completely Quara will yield as rich scientific returns as the ruins of Tusonyi and Paye, extensive Pueblo settlements in the Rio Grande Valley, which have been completely excavated by the School of American Archeology.

At Quara a number of skeletons have been found, the first Tigua bodies to be studied scientifically. The Tiguas occupied a narrow strip along the eastern slope of the Manzano Mountains, and at that time were a numerous and powerful tribe, but are believed to have been almost completely exterminated by the Apache Indians. The site of the ancient Indian city was bounded by a series of terraced houses, arranged in a series of quadrangles. Many underground kivas, or sanctuaries, have been located, and all these will be cleared of the accumulated rubbish of centuries.

Even more interesting than the Indian town is the extensive Spanish ecclesiastical institution which has been uncovered. It has been found that the Spaniards built more extensively on the site of Quara than was at first supposed. The ruins of the old mission have been an object of public interest for many years, but these formed only a part of the buildings erected by the Spaniards, who must have converted Quara into an important headquarters. Adjoining the church have been discovered the foundations of buildings which were evidently a monastery and mission school. The settlement was surrounded by a massive stone wall and there were inner fortifications defending certain pueblos.

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Commissioner Davis said that she would do her best to put along the work of the farm school for boys in Orange county, for which the last administration acquired 600 acres of land. She would be able to accommodate 500 boys from the reformatory on Hart's Island. Some of the conditions of the women in the workhouse, the commissioner said that she would like to arrange that the women have their quarters as far removed from the men as possible.

Miss Davis found that the food served to the inmates in the reformatory on the island was good, wholesome and substantial.

FREAK RUBBER TREES.

Revolted Against Parasites and Killed Them Off.

Some years ago a big planter in the Congo abandoned a rubber tract of several hundred miles which had become infested with the parasite of the region. All the trees drooped and died down to the roots, only these surviving. Part of the trunk under the inner bark continued to yield the rubber milk, as usual, but the fluid was found to be thoroughly poisoned and apparently useless. A visit to the abandoned tract some years after the blight had fallen showed, to the amazement of the owner, that the trees had taken on a new life. When the milk was tested he found that it was made of a superior quality, and now brings the highest price in the market. Apparently nature had revolted against the destructive insects and with their poison the trees had inoculated themselves against further affliction of the kind.

Industry Aiding Science.

The truth of industry to science has often, and very properly, been proclaimed; but now the reverse is announced. The National Electric Lamp Association has established at Cleveland a physical laboratory, which the director, Dr. E. P. Hyde, declares has for its object the development of science rather than the improvement of an industrial commodity. In this respect it differs from the many laboratories that have in recent years been established in connection with large manufacturing concerns. Among the objects of research will be the laws of radiation and the radiant properties of matter, and the effects of light and its attendant phenomena on the eye, the skin, and microscopic organisms. A corps of investigators is being formed.

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Favors Farm Colony Idea for Prisoners

Katherine Davis's Work

Miss Katherine Davis, Correction Commissioner of New York, Put Heart in Her Job.

New York, Feb. 20.—Intense interest in the matter of prison reform, and the outside, is focused in the administration of Miss Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of correction of the State of New York.

That Mayor Mitchell catapulted himself into the suffrage camp with the appointment of Miss Davis is a fact. Also that she exercised unusual common sense, divorced from politics, is also agreed to, and the results so far be well.

Not only has the lady an interior and exterior idea of the workings of her field of endeavor, but she knows this thing has been a life work for her, not as a female of the species, but from the "gray matter" point, which indigenous in both sexes.

One of the first "cracks at routine precedents" was the idea of plain gingham gowns for the women, and a variety of colors and patterns. Let them have gingham, and the bare patterns and colors the better. A little "feminine" dress helps them in their ability to make blood tests for disease.

"Go ahead and make them," said Miss Davis. "I see no reason why they should not be more in accord with the prevailing mode. Besides, the narrower the skirt the more cloth you save." She and the whole party laughed. She talked to doctors, nurses and men and women prisoners. A doctor spoke their inability to make blood tests for disease.

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The doctor explained that prisoners objected on the ground it was an invasion of their personal rights.

"Let them object," she replied. "You go ahead."

In regard to stripes for male prisoners, she said the only advantage she could see was that in case of escape they might be more readily identified, and she didn't think that justified the degradation. When told there was a large amount of material on hand, she said she would look into the advisability of having it dyed.

"I do not believe you can help people by humiliating them and dressing them in uniform," she said.

Miss Davis believes prisoners now given short sentences should have measures should get terms long enough to accomplish something toward making them better and more useful citizens. She said:

"As far as the sanitation and dietetics of the workhouse are concerned, the conditions are much better than I had thought they would be."

Favors Farm Colony Idea for Prisoners.

Miss Davis said that the idea of the commitment system of the courts could be improved. She said that she thought that the average commitment of men is about forty days. Then there are terms of only a few days. She said that she did not think that this system acted as a corrective.

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