

deringly down upon him. The Twins, having concealed the remains of the idol, looked sadly and innocently down upon the scene from where they stood upon their settees. Mose appreciated the situation immediately.

"What have you been doing now?" he said.

"It must have been this, sir," said the deep-reasoning Chineese, producing his half of the idol.

"What is this?" said Mose, taking it.

"I dunno, sir. I just saw it in his room, and I took it, sir. Maybe it's a kind of an idol. Probably you could tell from showin' it to him, sir."

The principal quickly verified the Texan's position from the spasms of the King. Nothing could be done to calm the frenzy of the victim. He lay on his back and called loudly for the lives of the Twins. The minister and Mose failed utterly to pacify him. In the meantime the men and boys in the foreground wondered, and the women, huddled together in the rear of the vestry, feared greatly. The Twins were the only really calm individuals in the building.

The principal finally gave up the idea of pacification.

"I am at least glad to discover what we have been harboring," he exclaimed to the minister.

He then assigned to four of the largest boys the congenial task of holding down the infuriated King during his conveyance back

to the school, where he was put into close confinement.

Mose himself drove back by way of the telegraph office, and sent the following message to the missionary sponsor of the King:

"Distressing outbreak of savage nature on part of your ward. Demands to return to Africa. Unsafe for him to remain here. Come at once."

When he returned to the school again, he sought out the Twins.

"This is pretty serious business, young men," he said solemnly, "and you are responsible. You will have to take the consequences."

"Didn't you say you were glad he was exposed, sir?" asked the innocent Chineese.

"When I want to discuss these things with you, young man," said Mose savagely, "I'll tell you so. You come and see me to-morrow in my study. And you, too, young man. I want you both."

"Yes, sir."

The Twins, covered with a proper sobriety, marched in silence out of the principal's sight and up into the dormitory. There, for the first time since their triumph, they met the football captain.

"Oh!" said the Twins, in simultaneous admiration. "Oh, Bill, but that was a dandy tackle!"

THE DOVES

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE house where I was born,
Where I was young and gay,
Grows old amid its corn,
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,
In silence rich and deep;
The old head I love
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten
Now two keep house together;
The doves moan and complain
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,
Has swept the country's face,
Altered, made desolate
The heart-remembered place?

What wind, bitter and wild,
Has swept the towering trees
Beneath whose shade a child
Long since gathered heartsease?

Under the golden eaves
The house is still and sad,
As though it grieves and grieves
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain
All day in the still weather;
Where once were nine or ten
But two keep house together.

CONFESSIONS OF A MODERATE DRINKER

NOTE: The following article, by a well-known novelist, is published anonymously. It is interesting not only as a record of personal experience, but as the observation of a candid and unprejudiced mind upon a very vital subject. [EDITOR.]

MY experience as a user of alcoholic beverages is entirely different from that described by most temperance advocates and some fiction writers. And yet, in its essential features, it is, I believe, far more typical of the average experience of the great majority of men who drink.

The attack against alcohol is led by those who either have had no personal experience in the matter or else have had such a tragic experience that their judgment, naturally, is warped. The citing of extreme cases, the depiction of "horrible examples," with their vivid emotional appeal, may and frequently do produce more than a merely temporary effect upon impressionable hearers. I have no desire to disparage well-meaning efforts in a sincere and altruistic cause. Nevertheless, I have seen cases where just such methods have defeated their own ends. For instance, every young man in the actual every-day world of reality cannot help observing that a great many use alcohol, and that only a small percentage of these abuse it; that many drink, and only a few become drunkards. This comes to him, in some cases, as an astonishing revelation, in view of what he has been carefully taught to believe — and it is only too apt to make him discredit *all* the well-intended but sometimes intemperate methods of temperance advocates. He begins to smile at their "fanaticism," and becomes cynical and skeptical with regard to the whole matter, with results that are sometimes disastrous to himself and to the cause of temperance.

However that may be, it has often occurred to me that if a man like myself, representing the vast majority of drinkers, not the small minority, were to tell the actual history of his own personal experience in the use of alcoholic beverages, — how he began, why he drank, what came of it, and what he now honestly thinks about the matter, — such a story, while

not sensational, might be of some value at this time, when so much attention is directed to the matter.

How I Began to Drink

I began drinking nearly a quarter of a century ago, while still a boy at a preparatory school — if an occasional taste of beverages that had alcohol in them can be called "drinking."

When a confession of this sort is made, it is traditional to lay the blame for one's first false step upon "evil associates." I have no such excuse, and am of the opinion that such excuses are usually nonsense. A young man is not led into drinking because his associates want him to drink; on the contrary, he seeks such associates because he wants to drink. Among manly American boys it is not so "hard to say no" as it is fictionally represented to be. As I recall it, if a boy said it quietly, but as if he meant it, — neither like a sanctimonious prig nor a scared weakling, — he was always liked and respected for it by his associates, even when they were "evil." My reason for beginning to drink was that I wanted to.

I wanted to — here again, I fear, I shall offend temperance workers — because so many well-meaning older people wanted me not to. They talked about it so much that they aroused my curiosity. They wrapped the whole matter in a glamour of mysterious interest. At any rate, they thoroughly convinced me that drinking was delightful and dangerous. Either quality alone would have made it interesting. With both together it was irresistible. They literally made my young mouth water. So I tried it.

My first drink was a cocktail, and it was an enormous disappointment. It was almost as disillusionizing as my first cigar. Cigar smoke had always smelled so good: the taste was so different. A cocktail sounded so gay and delicious: it tasted so flat and nasty. This