

First Photograph of Dr. Sacasa and His Cabinet



This is the first picture to reach this country showing Dr. Juan Sacasa, revolutionary leader of Nicaragua, and his cabinet. Sacasa is seated in the center, behind the table.

THEIR ARBOR DAY ROMANCE

By MILDRED GOODRIDGE

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

IT WAS a cruel act, that of cross-grained, prejudiced old John Marsh, when he parted his daughter and Eustace Lee. They had grown up as boy and girl. They had kissed each other for the first time under two spreading elm trees. She was sixteen, Eustace was two years her senior then. She had blushed, but with happiness. He was all a-thrill with courage, love and hope.

"Dear," he spoke tenderly, "do you remember that Arbor day six years ago when we planted these trees? They were saplings then. Just as they have grown in strength, so has my love for you. Now I am going away. Oh, I hope when I return I will be prepared to take you in my arms as your future husband, just as these growing branches entwine and protect."

"It shall be so if my fidelity can bring that happiness about," pledged Elaine, softly, perfect faith and affection in her true blue eyes.

It was then that, with the vehemence of an onrushing storm, her father came upon them. He thrust the fond lovers rudely apart. Then he burst forth into bitter abuse of young Lee. He taunted him with his poverty, he paraded his own great wealth. He ordered him from the place, never to return.

"As to you," he shouted fiercely at his daughter, "remember your promise to your dying mother that you would never leave me while I lived. Think of one sister, who married a heartless scoundrel and was killed by his neglect. Think of the other, an alien, a lonely divorced woman. No, no—not to one your inferior, never to anyone will I allow you to go and leave me unless it be with my curse and disinherited in my will!"

"My pledge to my mother is still sacred," spoke Elaine simply, but in heart-broken tones. "Good-by, Eustace, my only love! We shall never meet again, but I swear solemnly that of you, and of you only, I shall think until I die."

"And I!" cried Eustace Lee—"the memory of your love I will value and cherish more than all the world of women besides!"

Then a last sight of Elaine fainting in her father's arms, of the malignantly scowling face of the old tyrant, and Eustace Lee set out to enter a new life with only the promise of the woman he loved as a guerdon to keep him steadfast and true.

It was five years later when he returned to his native village. He had left it an orphan, poor, with his own way to make in the world unassisted. He came back a skilled architect of no little fame. It was to find the old Marsh home burned down, its former occupants reported traveling abroad, in constant search of health for the sick, complaining old man whose money brought him no solace or happiness.

The beautiful grounds lay neglected and overgrown with weeds. They had but one attraction for Eustace. The two trees beneath which he and Elaine, boy and girl, had pledged their troth, had thrived and grown. The spot became a mecca to Eustace. Under the spreading branches he would sit for hours, dreaming of his absent sweetheart, wondering if she had changed, himself so true to her memory that no other woman had ever won him to a smile of fondness.

He doubted if he would ever see Elaine again. He wondered if she had forgotten him and had married. It was like her dictatorial father, with his world worship and money pride, to esteem an alliance with some titled foreigner; Elaine was beautiful, and what more natural?

Then Eustace sought to banish the suggestion and ease the pain of his longing by work, hard work. To the town and the district a great many wealthy people had come to build summer homes. His ability as an architect brought him in more work than he could attend to. His force of assistants grew. He made money, but did not change his modest mode of living. Wealth, comfort, luxury without Elaine were as naught.

Eustace had been away for a week, superintending the construction of a clubhouse at a distance, and showed up at his office to be greeted with a good business welcome from his manager.

"Quite an order, Mr. Lee," he said, briskly. "They are going to build on the old Marsh lot."

"Who are they?" inquired Eustace, his pulses ever quickening at any allusion to the spot where he had first met Elaine.

"Bless me if I know! A city lawyer has the matter in charge. He has carte blanche as to expenditure, he

represents. He was a hard customer to suit."

"How so?" inquired Eustace with suppressed but vital interest.

"Made me go over all our plans. Just by chance I happened to unroll that special one you always said would be the kind of a place you would build if you ever got that far. I told him about it. He seemed to take it as an evidence that it must be ideal if it represented your artistic ideas, lugged it away to the city to show his client and was back promptly. 'Build it,' was his simple order. 'Let Mr. Lee give it special attention from start to finish,' and went to the bank and deposited the entire amount of the cost estimate."

Many a time in a task that went on, as in a dream life, Eustace Lee wondered if coincidence, fate, were at work that the home he had blocked out in fancy, always with Elaine as its queen, should have been ordered for the beloved spot so dear to him. Could it be that any of the Marsh family designed to return to the town? He dreamed, he marvelled, he hoped.

A great deep longing was in his heart as one evening he stood before the new structure, all finished. Even the grounds had been renovated. There, too, were the two trees, surrounded by a pretty parterre of flowers. Almost the tears came to his eyes, for all this appeared as the fulfillment of the fondest dream of his life.

The lawyer in the city was notified of the completion of the house. Then there came a telegram to the office. The owner of the new home would be down on the evening train and would meet Mr. Lee on the grounds to take possession.

It was a beautiful moonlit evening as Eustace walked from his home in the direction of the new villa. His thoughts were sad, for the work had occupied his mind, it so reminded him of his lost love. The beautiful structure and lovely grounds were irradiated with a liquid light that lent a dreamy effect to the scene. Eustace expected that the lawyer and his client would be about the porch, but found them not.

Then suddenly he gave a great start and stared wildly in the direction of the two trees. He strained his vision to view a female figure standing directly beneath their branches. It was quiescent, statuelike, yet it seemed to exercise some indefinable influence that drew him toward the spot. Slowly he advanced, nearer and nearer he approached a girlish form robed in white, statuelike in pose; but true blue eyes and a longing smile showed forth from the lovely face.

"Elaine!" he cried in a gasp, and almost reeled where he stood.

She put forth both hands. He was all a-tremble as he inclosed them in his own. She transfixed his gaze. Thus in silence, rapturous, intense, they stood for some moments.

"You—you have returned," he managed to utter, incoherently, at last.

"As you see," responded the sweet tranquil tones of yore.

"And—alone?"

Her glance fell, as her face saddened. A tear stole down her cheek.

"My father died six months ago," she said.

"And—others?" he questioned, stumbling, breathlessly.

"There are no others," responded Elaine. "There was only you. Through all the years I wondered if you remembered our pledge. I came to the city and found—and found—"

"That you alone filled my heart!" cried Eustace. "Oh, my cherished love! Can you not understand that, and, true to the end, had you passed by, my heart would quiver under your feet had it lain for a century dead!"

She turned toward the beautiful house, her face radiant in the white pure moonlight. She drew closer, closer into his sheltering arms, as she murmured rapturously:

"Your home—mine!"

Relic of Czar Unhonored

Until recently the historic dining car wherein Nicholas II was forced to sign his abdication in March, 1917, has been sidetracked near the Novy-Peterhof station, where it failed to attract any particular curiosity. The car had been turned over to an official scientific body known as the Glavnauka for preservation as a relic.

We are now advised that, as a measure of economy and to help out in the shortage of rolling stock, the Glavnauka has returned the car to the commissariat of railways for general service, retaining as a souvenir of the Imperial debacle only the small table at which the late czar seated himself to sign away his throne.—From L'Europe Nouvelle, Paris (Translated for the Kansas City Star).

"In God We Trust"

A New England minister when buying a mat for his front porch selected one bearing the inscription "In God We Trust." To avoid being responsible for leading anyone into temptation, he also bought a strong chain with which to fasten the mat to the floor.

WHAT TO SEE IN JAVA



Javanese Women on the Way to Market.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

JAVA, lying far off in the eastern seas, almost a world apart from Europe and America, has emphasized the Twentieth century's quickening of communications and the easy flow of ideas by recently having its Bolshevik troubles. These seem, however, to have been pretty well suppressed.

The very recent emergence of the Javanese from serfdom no doubt increases the desire for greater freedom among the small group of the educated; but the close association of the vast mass of the uneducated with the soil—a virtual peonage—is a powerful force toward conservatism.

Java is a favored isle in many ways its entire area, equal to that of New York state, lies within nine degrees of the equator. Java is the richest of the Dutch East Indies and also the most densely populated; the number of inhabitants amounts to as many as 1,000 per square mile in some districts. Aside from the sprinkling of Europeans and Chinese, the native population numbers more than 30,000,000. These all belong to the Malay race and almost without exception profess the religion of Islam.

Batavia, on the low-lying north coast, is the capital of Java as well as its metropolis and the great emporium for trade among the islands and between them and the mother country. The Netherlands. It is a great, sprawling town with numerous warehouses to take the place of the "factories" of the early days of Dutch activity in the East. There are canals, too, in true Dutch fashion, in the old town. Few Europeans live there now. It is given over almost wholly to trade, and serves as well as a residence section for Javanese, Chinese, Indians, Arabs and Malays. Farther inland on higher ground lie the quarters of Europeans, chiefly Dutch, of course. This white man's section has broad avenues and low houses embowered in trees and shrubbery.

There are parks, green and colorful with the luxuriant growths of the tropics. Near one of these is an imposing building of classical design, the Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences. The copper elephant on a pedestal in front of the building was a gift from the king of Siam, presented on the occasion of his visit some years ago. This museum contains the finest ethnological collection of any institution in the Far East.

Good Hotels for Tropics.

The rising sun warns the traveler of the approach of noon and he turns down a side street in search of the welcome coolness of a hotel. As a rule the hotels in Java are clean, well kept and admirably designed to meet the requirements of a tropical climate. They usually consist of a main building, openly constructed, so as to admit the passing breeze, with wings containing the sleeping rooms. The charges in Java are much cheaper than in other parts of the East. The Java hotels furnish a great treat to gourmets—that famous gastronomic institution known as the rijst-tafel or rice-table.

One takes his seat in a spacious pavilion and is brought soup by an army of burthened Malays. Then large, deep plates are brought, on each a supply of rice. On top of this basic stratum two inches deep the diner is expected to place an extraordinary variety of vegetables, curries, dried fish, eggs, fowls and meat flavored with a variety of peppery condiments.

A sail of 36 hours from Batavia brings one to Soerabaya, the most important seaport in Java, with a good harbor at the mouth of the Solo river. Ships anchor offshore and passengers embark in one of the native boats and make their ways amid the crowded shipping to the landing stage.

Although commercially of great importance, Soerabaya is hot and presents few attractions to the visitor. There is an air of bustling activity in the streets which seems to verify the city's reputation for alertness and ascendancy in the mechanical arts.

A two hours' ride by rail from Soerabaya through a densely tropical region lands the traveler at Pasouroum. There he may get the real flavor of back-country travel by entering the curious carts of the country called dos-a-dos, and set out for the delightful mountain resort of Tosari. Java's Simla. Ever ascending, the road leads past miles of rice and sugar fields to a pretty little hotel on the lower slopes of the mountain range, where one may rest. The remainder of the climb to Tosari is too steep for vehicles, so horses and palanquins are used for the final stage of the journey.

Tosari is a delightful resort. A sojourn of several days in the salubrious air of the mountains renews one for life or travel in the plains. A walk along the single street of the village gives some idea of the mode of life of these mountaineers, who are quite distinct from their neighbors of the lower valleys. Here are found the homes of the Tenggerese, that hardy tribe who, at the time of the Moslem invasion, retreated to these mountain strongholds and successfully defended their homes against the invaders.

The lofty location of Tosari, perched on a flank of the Tengger massif at an elevation of 5,480 feet above sea level, invites one, by its invigorating air, to undertake walking trips and mountaineering excursions, which in other parts of the island would be out of the question.

Lots of Volcanoes.

Two of these jaunts which are most interesting are the trips to the crater of the active volcano and to the summit of Penandjau, a loftier eminence which commands an extensive view of the eastern part of the island.

Volcanoes and Java are subjects that cannot be divorced. Volcanism in the first place, and constantly being remade by them, Java has more volcanoes than any area of its size in the world. Estimates of the active and extinct craters range from 100 to 150. Everywhere in Java, in the huge crater lakes, in fissures that now are river beds, even in ancient temples, half finished when interrupted by some fiery convulsion, are evidences of cataclysmic forces.

The "treacherous Klot," as the natives call it, all but wiped out the town of Britar in 1919, but even its devastation was mild compared to the violent upheaval of Krakatoa in 1883. Then Mother Nature turned anarchist and planted a gargantuan infernal machine on the doorstep of Java. Krakatoa is a little island in the Sunda strait, between Sumatra and Java.

Java is extremely fertile—made so by its numerous volcanoes, those much-maligned beneficent forces. The entire island is the most luxuriant garden spot in all the world. It is so densely populated that its inhabitants must till the soil, and cannot place their food from trees as in some South Sea Isles. But they do live by a minimum of labor and they require the shelter only a roof over their heads.

Migration of Birds Is Studied

Large Specimens Fly by Day While Small Ones Journey at Night

Washington.—Scientists can only guess at the meaning of the arrival of the first robin in the spring or the southward flight of geese across the late autumn sky. In the opinion of Dr. Alexander Wetmore, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian institution and president of the American Ornithologists' union. Behind migration lie such a multitude of causes, reaching back through the ages, that men have been unable to ascertain the truth.

Constantly a student of bird life, Doctor Wetmore has made special studies in the Salt Lake valley, the Big Horn basin in Wyoming, the pampas of Argentina, the coasts of Uruguay, the sand dunes of Buenos Aires, and many other vantage points throughout the western hemisphere. Doctor Wetmore has written a book on the migrations of birds, just published, in which he sums up his personal observations and correlates them with the findings of ornithologists for the last 200 years, with the result that a number of misunderstandings concerning bird life are cleared up.

Migration Is Complex.

"The entire act of migration is so utterly complex that no single factor may be ascribed as the absolute cause," Doctor Wetmore states, but he takes as his hypothesis that migration has arisen from movements induced by seasonal and climatic changes in certain species until it has become hereditary instinct, "a part of the life-cycle of the individual," and now actuated by physiological conditions.

"The habits of ages have become so well fixed that weather conditions now have little to do with the migrations of birds, except to permit them to travel or hold them back, as the case may be. Redstarts wintering in the West Indies, or wagtails spending the cold season in central Africa, notice no difference in temperature or climate conditions between November and April, yet in the latter month they regularly move north toward the summer home.

In such matters as the speed of flight of birds, the time of migration, lines of migration, sense of direction, and mortality among migrant birds, Doctor Wetmore sets down many interesting facts. Large birds, such as loons, cranes, ducks and hawks regularly fly by day, while the majority of small birds, such as warblers, flycatchers and sparrows fly by night. The chief factor here is the necessity on the part of the smaller birds to seek their food by day, and not fear of attack in day flight. Fasting for

a day is no hardship for many of the larger birds.

Migrating birds commonly fly at an altitude no higher than 3,000 feet, although birds of strong flight have been known to reach an altitude of 29,000 feet. Contrary to common belief, flight becomes increasingly difficult as the bird rises above 3,000 feet. Birds commonly fly against or across a wind current, and are upset if they fly with a strong wind. As to the speed of birds, Doctor Wetmore destroys a number of illusions. The smaller perching birds fly at from 20 to 37 miles per hour, while ducks and geese range from 42 to 59 miles. Most birds are probably capable of doubling their normal speed for short distances, but the greatest speed recorded was that of the common swift of Eurasia, observed from an airplane to be making 70 miles an hour in normal flight.

Sense of Direction.

The ability of birds to maintain directions unflinchingly and to return year after year to the same spot from great distances, as many do, is ascribed by Doctor Wetmore to a sense of direction which is no more explicable than a similar sense of direction in some men and other mammals.

The greatest traveler among the birds is the Arctic tern, which makes an 11,000-mile journey twice a year from the Arctic to the Antarctic and return. Among others that range widely are tree sparrows, juncos, brown creepers, golden-crowned kinglets, robins, grackles, cowbirds, and various species of ducks, which nest in the northern parts of the United States or in Canada and winter near the Gulf of Mexico.

One aid in obtaining data on bird

habits has been the banding of birds, which was begun scientifically by O. C. Mortensen in Denmark in 1897. Banding in the United States is now under the direction of the bureau of biological survey of the Department of Agriculture. Adult birds are trapped without injury and the young birds are not molested.

Doctor Wetmore concludes that while in the last fifty years many uncertainties have been cleared away in regard to migration, we must look to the future to explain definitely the basic reasons for it, the cause of the varying lengths of the journey made by different birds, and the method of orientation.

Four of One Family in Same University Class

Rio, Wis.—Four students in the university from the same family at the same time is unusual, but when they all four are in the same class it is more than unusual.

That, however, is the case at the University of Wisconsin, where two daughters and two sons of James Caldwell, lumberman of Rio, are in the freshman class.

The two girls, Mabel and Bernice, are twins, eighteen years old. They are in the college of letters and science. The boys are Byron, twenty, and Donald, twenty-one. Byron is in the commerce department and Donald majoring geology.

Late Queen Liliuokalani's State Documents Found

Honolulu.—Valuable historical material has been uncovered in collections recently presented to the archives of Hawaii. Among the most important documents are state and personal letters formerly in the possession of Queen Liliuokalani, Hawaii's latest monarch. Col. C. P. Jauke, former chamberlain of King Kalawaua, has placed in the archives a collection relating to the European visits of the king about 1884.

No Wonder Army Officers Resign



Army officers stationed at Camp Meade, Md., say that war was never as bad as living in the ramshackle buildings they are forced to inhabit. With a view to improving the housing conditions of the officers and enlisted men of the army, Hanford MacNider (center), assistant secretary of war, and Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, quartermaster general, visited the camp and are shown at the entrance of the "beautiful mansion" of one of the officers. On the right is Col. O. S. Eskridge, commandant at Camp Meade.

Manhattan Boy Has Million on His Life

New York.—Frank Es Campbell, Jr., fourteen, was disclosed recently as the most heavily insured boy in the world. His father, a New York undertaker, has just taken out a policy for the boy for \$1,000,000.

The next highest insurance for a boy is that of Jackie Coogan, film star, who has a \$650,000 policy.

The policy for young Campbell is a 20-year endowment. To write it required the co-operation of 37 insurance companies.