

Captain, after Floyd had repeated all he had told the Lieutenant.

"I don't know," replied Floyd, who could lie cheerfully under such conditions, but not otherwise. "There's a little gray haired chap aboard whom they call Johnny. Possibly he is Captain O'Brien."

"I guess that's he," said the Captain, with a broad smile, of which Floyd told me with delight.

Another Lieutenant was sent aboard the Dauntless with Floyd, and we were ordered to follow the cruiser to Key West, where we were turned over to the Collector of Customs. He sent out two inspectors, who looked under the mattresses, in the coal bunkers, in the galley, and every other place where they were sure no arms were concealed, but could find nothing that suggested filibustering. Armed guards were then sent on board, and we were held incommunicado for twenty-four hours, while Washington was communicated with. This was done to show the Federal authorities that the situation was being handled firmly and impartially—and also to keep inquisitive people, who might testify against us, away from the Dauntless.

Notwithstanding the reports of all the searchers, orders were cabled from Washington to proceed against us,—which was done, no doubt, to appease Spain,—and General Nuñez, Colonel Mendez, Cartaya, Floyd, and I were taken before United States Commissioner Julius

Otto on a charge of "organizing a military expedition against a friendly power." Otto and Cartaya were old friends. Before we were arraigned Cartaya asked him privately what our bail would be, so it could be provided without delay.

"Bail be blowed!" replied the Commissioner. "I am going to turn you all loose as soon as I get a chance."

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—Captain O'Brien goes on to relate, in the historical record that his friend Horace Smith is preparing, the final outcome of this Dauntless expedition, and sundry other extremely hazardous expeditions with this and other filibustering craft, including that of the Tillie, the only one in which, under his leadership, any lives were lost. He tells, too, how he planned, superintended the building of, and commanded the Alfredo, Cuba's first war vessel built in the United States, after the breaking out of the war. Included also are several thrilling episodes in which he participated during the war, not omitting that famous engagement on the banks of the Manimani River, in which Lieutenant John W. Heard of the Third United States Cavalry won a congressional medal of honor, the scene of which battle has since been set aside as a United States Naval Reservation.

But all these brilliant achievements are dwarfed in interest by our next instalment, in which Captain O'Brien tells for the first time the innermost confidential facts as to how our battleship Maine chanced to be sent to Havana, and how the Dupuy de Lome letter was actually perloined.

of historical and miscellaneous information, mighty little of which appeals to the new sailors on the matrimonial sea. They care nothing at all about the fact that the old home of Henry Clay is now used as a real estate office, or that Fighting Bob Evans occupied a humble little brick house far down on Indiana-ave., in a neighborhood whence fashion and wealth had long since fled. They do not even bat an eyelid when told that the dome of the Capitol is built of castiron plates adjusted so that they can slide one on another in response to the varying atmospheric conditions. Only a few of them exhibit human intelligence when informed that Admiral Dewey does not reside in the house presented to him by the patriotic American public.

But they do come out of their trance when the spieler, shouting in a deep and foghorned voice, gets this off: "On your right are the Botanical Gardens, and in the big building in the center are plants from every part of the civilized and uncivilized world. Of particular interest is a shrub which, under certain conditions, paralyzes the human tongue. We call it the mother-in-law plant."

At this sacrifice the newly-weds look deeply pained, and seem unable to believe that either one would ever want the mother of the other stricken dumb. They are so horrified by this evidence of the world's hard brutality that they do not even crack a smile when the lecturer informs them later on:

"On your right is the Washington Monument, the highest one-story building in the world."

But they do sit up and take notice when they are shown Perry Belmont's house, "which cost one million dollars, exclusive of the ground," and they gaze open-eyed at the three-million-dollar home built by Thomas F. Walsh. In the stonework of this house, on the right of the entrance, there is a block of gold ore taken from one of the Walsh mines.

Because all brides and bridegrooms expect to be millionaires as soon as they parachute down from the realms of romance and begin to inquire into the price of chicken, they appreciate greatly the following spiel:

"We are now rounding Dupont Circle, the mystic center of more wealth than is represented on a similar amount of ground in any other part of the world. Here there is nothing but money. Everything is greenbacks. Even the leaves on the trees have green backs, the birds have bills in their mouths, and the horses have checks on their heads. And these people are never satisfied. In the summertime they go away for a little change."

This trip, which is usually a desperate attempt to show a lot of interesting things to a lot of blind people, generally ends at Arlington, where the lecturer speaks feelingly of deaths, flowers, and immortality. I have seen such a spiel make all the newly-weds cry as if their hearts would break. It is the first intimation they have had that their happiness is not eternal, and that, unless they are both struck by lightning at the same moment, one of them will have to kiss the cold lips of the other goodbye. After they have cried sufficiently and tipped the lecturer for the luxury of tears, they buy a ticket back home and spend the next ten years describing to their neighbors all the interesting things they did not see.

If you don't believe that honeymoon love is blind and, in the matter of intelligent observation, a raving nut, all you have to do is to watch this strange, weird, and marvelous element of the population seeing the sights of Washington. They see about as much as a chloroformed bat or a blind fish—and, what's more to the point, they are glad of it.

**ALL** sorts of newly-weds go to Washington,—the rich, the poor, those from Virginia, and those from San Francisco, the blushing young thing of nineteen, and the elderly party who just squeezed under the wire and is proud of it. Most of them rush in during the spring, when there is the whisper of sentiment on the breeze and the sunsets look like clouds of romance hanging close to the earth. But the procession never stops. It is good every day in the year, and some people even go to Washington to be married on Christmas Day, figuring that each one is a fine gift to the other.

Taking it all in all, Cupid is King in the national Capital. He wins the President's brightest smiles, he has members of Congress waiting on him, and he turns up his nose at some of the most sacred shrines of the nation's history. He is one of the most valuable advance agents the hotels have, and the politicians and Government clerks recognize his victims every day, no matter whether they sit stone deaf in the public galleries of the Senate or go down in the basement of the Treasury, where, smiling fatuously and happily, they hold in their arms for a moment a bundle containing a million dollars—"for good luck."

## COMING AND GOING

Going to school the way was long:

We watched the shadows that crossed the road,

Dreading to see them grow more strong.

For we knew too well what their lengthening shadows!

Oh, the way was long! How we hurried on

Faster and faster until, in sight,

The schoolroom rose and the old bell shone

In the rosy torch of the morning light!

Coming from school the way was short:

Yea, though we loitered at snail-pace jog,

Or even stopped for some game or sport,

Our books cast by on a stone or log—

No matter how far we chose to stray,

In depths of the wood, or by millpond cool,

How strange to remember it now!—the way

Was always short when we came from school.

—Madeline Bridges

# WHERE CUPID IS KING

BY JAMES HAY, JR.



**T**O those persons who draw their breath of life from the boiling and bituminous smoke of a thousand factories, mills, and shops, the city of Washington does not appeal. And those who hear sweet music in the clamor, clang, and clangor of pounded steel and roaring furnaces find it dull indeed. But the lovers, the sweethearts, and the brides and bridegrooms consider it pure paradise, high heaven, and sweet elysium, all rolled into one.

There come to Washington every day twenty-six newly married people, and in this town, which has a population of only three hundred and thirty thousand, there are issued every year nearly five thousand marriage licenses. There you have it,—ten thousand people married in the city every year, and nine thousand four hundred and ninety newly married visitors.

Things have come to such a pass that the hotel people can recognize a bride and a bridegroom three blocks off, and figure to a dollar how much the bridegroom will pay for the honeymoon.

On one occasion I asked the spieler on a sightseeing automobile how he identified the honeymooners.

"It's easy enough," he said with great assurance; "they all have new shoes."

Washington every day is full of runaway couples and Lord Ullin's daughters, bringing much money to the ministers who marry them, and to the hotels that house them. Everybody with the price of the railroad tickets goes a honeymooning in the Capital,—the city of trees, flowers, and fragrance. It is so awfully sweet, you know, to begin your new life in the atmosphere of Washington, the place where you drink in the history of the whole country! It is uplifting, elevating, and grand. Thus they swarm in, a long line of newly-weds; some of the grooms looking smart and tailored as first class dukes and dandies, others resembling to a painful degree Froggy Would a Wooing Go.

And they do unexpected things. One day a spieler on a rubberneck wagon, passing in this hall where marriage licenses are issued, indulged in this flight of oratory to his passengers:

"On the left is the city hall, the office of the register of wills, the recorder of deeds, the federal courts, and, last but not least, the marriage license clerk. It costs only a dollar, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the District of Columbia, and we are always glad to stop and let couples get their licenses. We believe in promoting matrimony."

Whereupon, two couples let out a yell for the machine to stop, climbed down with great dignity, went into the building and got their licenses, had themselves married,

returned to the rubberneck wagon, and finished their sentimental ride.

In Richmond, Virginia, there is a woman who conducts a matrimonial exchange to Washington every six months, devoting the proceeds of the undertaking to a charitable institution in Richmond, and on every trip she brings a carload of young people into the city, has them married, shows them the sights of the town, and hauls them back home. Talk about New York, Gretna Green, Los Angeles, and Niagara Falls—those cities are not in it as a retreat for blushing brides! They go to Washington, where the flowers blow and the lovely parks and handsome buildings make romance the only important thing. Then, having taken the trip to see the sights, they see nothing but each other, and, when they get home, they might as well have spent their honeymoon in Skeeunk Gap.

The way the couples go through the public buildings is a scream. Pausing on the threshold of each commanding structure, they take a header into each other's eyes and sail through, utterly oblivious of the models of battleships or the statues of great men. They are deaf to the story of how Custer made his last charge, and they view with indifference, not to say contempt, the gorgeous paintings of Love and Sentiment in the Library of Congress. The only time they really seem to know that there is anybody else in the world is when they meet the President; and they are conscious of him, not because he is a great man, but simply because he "kids" them to a finish. All brides and bridegrooms who go to Washington hunt up their Congressman, smile sweetly, and say:

"We are married. Show us the city."

And the first thing the Congressman does is to take them to the White House and introduce them to the President, who looks them straight in the eye with a kind and commiserating glance. The President is kinder to brides and bridegrooms than to any other variety of White House callers.

One day a young Romeo six feet tall, with a hectic flush on his ten-inch face, addressed this request to Mr. Taft, "Mr. President, will you give me your autographed photograph? I should like to keep it as a pleasant souvenir of my honeymoon."

"Well," laughed the President, "if the picture of my face is the most pleasant memory you will have of your honeymoon, you are welcome to it."

**B**UT it is on sightseeing automobiles that the newly-weds show up in their true colors. The lecturers on the rubberneck wagons in Washington are choke full