

# He Was Reformed

The Turning of the Tide For Two Persons

By KARL K. SHIMANSKY  
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Young Mrs. Sanderson came slowly down the stairs clad in a beautiful white satin gown.

"Going away again?" asked her husband wearily, putting down his paper.

"Yes, Jack," she replied, "tonight there is a meeting of the Women's Rights club. It's a very important meeting too. We're going to elect a new president, and the contest is between Mrs. Albert and myself. You will wish me good luck, won't you, dear?" she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

"Laura," said her husband slowly, "you know I want you to have all the good luck in the world. But of what use are all these clubs? You belong to at least five. The literary club is all right; that does you a great deal of good. And Judge Lander told me today that your visits to the juvenile court could hardly be dispensed with. He said that you had reformed several apparently incorrigible young men. These are the kind of occupations you should like. You have gone to three card clubs this week, and they do good to no one. In fact, you get no pleasure from cards unless you win. And you go more and more every week. Here he paused, breathless after his long speech.

His wife arose and leaned against the mantel, looking at him in dismay.

"Jack!" she said in a surprised voice.

"Jack!" she stopped, not knowing what to say in reply to an argument which in the depths of her soul she knew to be right.

"Why don't you stay-at-home sometimes and take care of James instead of leaving him entirely with the nurse?" continued Mr. Sanderson, with considerable spirit. "You are forgetting how to keep house. What's become of the hundred and one little plans that used to engage your time for our mutual entertainment? Things are different now."

His wife swept out of the room without a word. She paused at the door.

"Goodby, Jack," she called softly.

"Goodby, Laura," said her husband. "If you don't find me here when you return don't be worried."

About 10 o'clock that night the front door of the Sanderson mansion slowly opened. A well built man clad in evening dress and carrying a silk hat entered the hall. He walked quietly through the deserted rooms until he came to the library, where a small light was burning.

He slipped a gleaming little automatic pistol into a convenient pocket and went lightly up the stairs.

The clock on the library mantel had just struck the quarter after 10 when the burglar again entered the room. In his hands lay a glittering mass of precious stones.

"My, what a beauty!" he cried and then looked around apprehensively. Just he had been heard. The object of his admiration was a magnificent ruby set in a simple gold band. Suddenly he seemed to crumple up, and he sank into the great leather chair which stood before the table.

"What's the use of all this?" he exclaimed in a listless voice.

As he lay there, his eyes closed in reverie, the warning was flashed far and wide over glistening copper wires that Gentleman Jim, the famous thief, was at work and had been seen in Philadelphia.

Gentleman Jim tossed the jewels back on the table. One alone he held in his hand, and that was the great ruby. His head sank forward, and he stared at the stone with a gaze of infinite tenderness.

Suddenly there was a noise as of a door opening, and the thief whirled around, his pistol gleaming in his hand. There before the door stood Mrs. Sanderson, leveling a revolver at his head. She looked superb with her head thrown back and her eyes gleaming with unaccustomed brightness.

"Sit down," she commanded calmly, "and lay that gun on the table."

Gentleman Jim glanced around the room and took a step forward. Her pistol clicked suggestively, and, giving a slight laugh, he dropped the revolver and sat down.

Mrs. Sanderson walked slowly toward the telephone, debating in her mind whether she should call for the police or wait until Jack returned.

"May I smoke?" asked the thief as he saw her go toward the instrument.

"Sure it isn't a gun?" queried his captor suspiciously.

Gentleman Jim smiled and pulled out a package of cigarettes. Mrs. Sanderson looked at him thoughtfully.

"Why wouldn't it be a good scheme to treat him as we do prisoners in the juvenile courts?" she asked herself.

"I will," she decided and turned away from the telephone.

"Why didn't you call for help?" asked her prisoner, with a smile.

"I don't think that I have to," she replied, wondering at his nerve and calmness.

"A wouldn't do you any good if you

did," he continued. "I cut the wires before I entered."

"Look here," said Mrs. Sanderson. "If you will promise not to touch that gun I'll put mine down." The burglar looked at her curiously.

"I promise," he said, still staring at her. "You have some beautiful jewelry," he continued, pointing to the pile on the table, "and this one especially." He held up the giant ruby which he had concealed in his hand.

Mrs. Sanderson put down her pistol. "What makes you do this kind of work?" she asked, paying no attention to what he was saying.

Gentleman Jim suddenly leaned forward, staring intently at the ring. His deep voice became strangely soft.

"Little girl," he said, "you don't understand."

"But don't you tell me about your explanation?" pleaded the young woman, following the methods she had used in the courts.

The burglar sat with his head in his hands for a long time, then suddenly sat up straight and held out the ruby ring.

"Only one other place on this broad earth have I seen a ring that can be compared with that," he said slowly. "And where was that?" asked Mrs. Sanderson.

"It was here," said Gentleman Jim shortly.

"And won't you tell me about her?" she asked, trying to make him unburden himself.

The burglar lighted another cigarette.

"Three years ago," he began, "I belonged to the best society in San Francisco. I fell in love with one of the belles of the town, and when we were engaged I hunted all over the world for a ring beautiful enough to express my feelings toward her. At last I found it—one nearly like this." He paused and stared moodily at the lamp.

"Then," he went on, "one day I received a note from her sending back the ring and breaking the engagement. She said she had found that she did not love me and within a month she was married to one of my best friends. I was heartbroken and crushed, for I loved her with all my soul. I dropped from society and went to Africa. There I fought in the British ranks, and, although my comrades fell around me, I passed through every battle unscathed."

"Poor boy!" murmured Mrs. Sanderson softly.

"When the war was over," he continued, "I came back and began this. I had to have excitement or I would have gone crazy. And now I couldn't stop if I wanted to. The police are always on my trail. He stopped and looked sorrowfully at his auditor.

"There," he said, "you have my story."

"Man," she cried, "don't you understand that you're like a piece of drift wood floating about near shore? When the tide comes in you have your chance to gain a foothold; if you wait until the tide goes out you may never have another."

"Little woman," he said solemnly, "I have tried to gain a foothold."

Mrs. Sanderson, ignoring his familiar manner of speech, quietly arose and walked to the grand piano. In a few seconds the solemn tones of "Home, Sweet Home" rang through the great house. When she had finished she turned around.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "That was superb beautiful. That music did me more good than anything I have seen or heard or felt for years."

"Look," said his captor. "You said you were thrown back when you tried to change. But do you know why? It was your own fault. You've gone along in the world with the same feeling with which you enter this house—to get what you can and if you are detected to shoot. If you meet the world with kindness in your heart and a smile on your face the world will smile back at you. But if you go on with the intention of fighting—of robbing—it will fight like a wounded tiger and give you as good as it receives. And it will rob you of the best in you—your manhood. So why don't you take a new start and forget yourself in doing good to others?"

She stopped and looked at the burglar. He picked up a book and turned the leaves in a familiar fashion. Suddenly he smiled and marked a quotation with a pencil.

"I never thought of doing that," he suddenly cried, "but I'll try it." He stood up straight as an arrow.

"I'll try it," he repeated slowly, "Will you let me shake your hand, and may I go then?"

Mrs. Sanderson, her heart aglow, went with him to the door.

"Don't forget your resolution," she cried out cheerily.

"I won't," he called back and disappeared into the dark night. And somehow she knew that he would keep his promise.

Mrs. Sanderson sat in the chair lately occupied by the reformed burglar when she saw the book which he had marked. She carefully picked it up and turned to the bookmark. There her eyes were attracted by a cross, and beside it she read, "They serve God well who serve his creatures."

She sat there thinking until Jack came in.

"Were you elected tonight?" he asked cheerily.

"No, dear," she replied; "I withdrew my name. And, Jack," she continued, "I've decided to give up the card clubs." And she told him everything that had happened that evening.

When she had finished Mr. Sanderson drew her lovingly to him.

"Laura," he said slowly, "I'm glad I guess that the tide has turned for two persons."

"And I am glad, too," she said.

## DIFFERENCES IN FOGS.

Sea Mist and London Gloom Have Nothing in Common.

The fog of London and the fog of the sea alike discompose traffic, and omnibuses and steamships alike have had to lay to for safety. But while the London fog gets into your nostrils, room and baffles even the electric light—though the candle comes out triumphant curiously—the densest fog of sea does not disturb the sailors of the stateroom. Why is that?

The word "fog" has not been traced farther back than the sixteenth century, but the thing was known in the early years of the fourteenth. The commons, with the prelates and nobles visiting London for the parliament, and on other occasions, united to petition Edward I to compel the burning of dry wood and charcoal as the growing use of sea coal corrupted the air with its stink and smoke to the great prejudice and detriment of health. In 1308 the king prohibited the use of coal. Heavy rains and fogs were inflicted for disobedience in the case of recalcitrant brewers, dyers and other artificers; the furnaces and kilns were destroyed. But the restriction was evidently removed, for in 1308 £250—probably equal to about \$4,000 now—was paid from the exchequer for wood and coal for the coronation of Edward II—London Graphic.

Another oriental branch, the descendants of Mohammed, presents claims not to be dismissed. The prophet was born in 570, and a list of his descendants has been carefully retained, being duly set forth in a volume kept in Mecca. Little or no doubt exists of the authenticity of the long list of names of Mohammed's descendants as registered in this sacred book—Harper's Weekly.

## MODERN BUSINESS.

The Big Jobs Demand Hustlers Who Are Gentlemen.

A notable change has taken place in American business methods within the last decade. Increasingly men of large affairs are asking when a young man is recommended for a big job, "Is he a gentleman?" This is significant in two ways. It means that the big business men are themselves gentlemen and like to deal with men who speak their own language and that American business methods have grown to be such that the gentleman has an advantage.

There was a time when a man who was a hustler could be a cad if he liked and it did not hurt his chances much. But that time has passed. The big business men of today want young men who are tactful, intelligent, independent yet unassuming, who would know how to talk to a diplomat and be at home in a good club who could be trusted to behave kindly honorably and discreetly in any situation of life who in short have as their ideal the old, never changing ideal of the gentleman. Not every body can define it but everybody knows it at sight.

The gentleman, in short, can work along the line of least resistance and that is why he is wanted. Bookkeeper

## An Open Giver.

Harold's father was in the habit of giving \$1 a Sunday to the church. This was put in a numbered envelope in the collection plate and the amount credited to him on the church books. Mr. T was away for the summer and on his return noticed his arrears in the envelope and intrusted it to the little boy came home from church he said proudly, "I put a awful lot of money on the plate this morning. Nobody anybody else, I guess."

"You got the envelope there all right?" asked his father carelessly. "Harold had been almost afraid to carry so much money."

"Oh yes," he said, "but I took the envelope off when I got there and just put the money on the plate in my hand. Nobody'd have known how much I gave if I'd left it in the envelope."

## Elephant Theories.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge stiff warm body and there perform a dance gesticulating and shaking their guns accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

## How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called from the place of its invention, parchment, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

## Proof.

"I'm after the gas bill," "Geel! My husband forgot to leave the check—he's just gone." "Are you sure he forgot to leave it?" "Yes; he told me so just as he went."—Cleveland Leader.

## One of Many.

"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?" "I'm just a notch on her parasol handle; that is all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Your achievement will never rise higher than your faith.

## OLD FAMILIES.

Some in Europe and in the Orient That Are Really Ancient.

In Great Britain and on the continent those families pride themselves that count their ancestry through ten generations, but their claims to really ancient lineage seem insignificant when compared with those of certain houses in the orient.

We read that the oldest family in Great Britain, the Mar family in Scotland, may trace its pedigree to 1043. Then, too, we have the Campbells of Argyll, whose date is put down at 1117. The Grosvenor family that of the Duke of Westminster, refers its origin to the same year that the Conqueror "came over"—i. e., 1066. The Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back farther than that, its date being 1022, while the Bourbons proudly mention as the date of their origin.

But none of them is to be mentioned in the same breath with the emperor of Japan, whose office has been held by members of his family for a period of over 2,500 years. The present ruler being the one hundred and twenty second in the line. The first emperor of Japan sat on the throne about the time when Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing—that is, in 650 B. C.

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## WANTED NO FUSS.

Any Old Thing Would Do For Dinner.

Mrs. Betty Baxter was the last person in the world to want anybody to make trouble on her account. When she "dropped in" on Mrs. Poolittle unexpectedly for dinner one day she made her position on this point quite clear. "Don't you go to a mile of bother on my account, Mrs. Poolittle. You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate and set before me anything you happen to have in the house."

"If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, and make up a pan of your tea biscuits, that no one can beat, and open a glass of your red currant jelly, and have a dish of your quince preserves, and some of the pound cake you most always have in your cake jar, you do that, and have some piping hot apple fritters with maple syrup to go with em, and an some of your good coffee, and any vegetables you happen to have in the house, I like sweet potatoes the way you fix 'em mighty—but, in, just have any thing else you happen to have."

"I'm one that expects an invitation to eat what's set before me, and in questions asked her fault found when I go visiting. So don't you put your self out a mile for me. If you have what I've mentioned an anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. If ain't one that cares very much about what I eat anyhow. As the saying is, 'any old thing will do for me.' Puck."

## Recipe For a Flower Garden.

Take twenty square yards of sand and pebbles, stir in sufficient clay to make a compact water tight mass, ram down hard and score the surface with a rake. Add carefully ten packets of seeds of the most magnificent flower known that will grow anywhere and under any conditions, throwing up a continuous succession of enormous flower trusses from March to November, each petal five inches across and of the richest and most glowing tints. This is the commonest of all flowers and will be found listed on any page of any florist's catalogue. Set the whole out to rise, keeping it moist and warm. After allowing the mass to settle four months sprinkle red spiders and green aphides plentifully over the top and soak well with tears. The net result may be preserved in a small bottle of alcohol for future reference.—Philadelphia North American.

## An Open Air Hotel.

A man from the west was looking for a friend in New York who had gone wrong. He heard his friend had been sleeping on the benches in Bryant park and went over there to look for him. There were a good many unfortunate on the benches, but the particular friend the westerner wanted to find was not there. However, the westerner did find another man from his own town whom he knew and who knew the man for whom he was searching.

"Where's Jones?" asked the westerner, prodding the man he knew.

"Aw," replied the hobo sleepily, "he ain't come in yet."—New York Sun.

## Nothing More to Be Said.

"My wife always lets me have the 'last word,'" remarked the meek looking man.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his friend in tones which implied a doubt of the other's veracity.

"She does, really. Whenever I say 'Yes, my dear, you are quite right,' she stops talking immediately."

## Her Little Joke.

"When Harold proposed to me," said Maud, "I told him to go and ask papa." "But you don't really care for him!" said Maymie. "Of course not. But I do so love to play little jokes on papa."—Washington Star.

Nothing is little that is our duty, and a common life with homely surroundings is the best discipline for most of us.

# The Nameless Yacht

A Case of Mystery of the Sea

By F. A. MITCHEL  
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There have been two cases of ships discovered in good condition, but deserted by their crews. One was found on the open sea under sail, the other at anchor on a coast. These two are all that thus far have been recorded.

It remains for me to record a third. I am a gentleman of leisure given to yachting. I am fond of cruising on my yacht either with a party of friends or a single male companion. During the last season I started from the New York Yacht club's dock at New York for a cruise eastward along the coast. I put in at several places on the route—New London, Marblehead, Portland and other ports for fresh table supplies, then steamed on intending to enter the St. Lawrence river and visit the islands.

We met a number of fishermen as we were in the season and fishermen are prone in hot weather to occupy the cooler regions of the northeastern coast. One evening while steaming across one of those beautiful bays that indent the rocky coast of Maine we saw near the shore a steam yacht riding at anchor within a cable's length of the shore.

Alec Wingate was with me on this cruise. Alec was the son of a British baronet and had domestic troubles. He had married the daughter of a colonel in the English army, a very beautiful girl, who, after a couple of years of married life during which she and her husband had lived very happily together suddenly disappeared. Whether she had been kidnaped or had gone off with a lover no one could tell. There was no evidence at least none that any one had ever got hold of to point in either of these directions. The only other theory was that she had been murdered. Wingate had hunted for her all over the world and had come to America for the purpose. He had met him and, having taken a liking to him, begged him to divert his mind from his loss by going on a cruise with me.

Our course lay near enough to the anchored yacht to enable us to see with glasses what she was, that is, we could have seen any flags, people or other distinguishing marks. But there were neither people nor flags. She was a steamer yacht, but no smoke was being emitted from her stack. Her stern was at one time toward us and what was my astonishment to see no name on her.

We slowed up, expecting every minute to see some one appear on the deck, but after waiting half an hour without any one appearing it began to look as if either a party had gone ashore for some purpose or she had been deserted. The first of these theories was not very likely correct. In the first place at least one member of the crew would have been left in charge and in the second this was a perfectly wild coast, and there could be no subject for any party to go ashore unless for water.

I gave orders to steam up along side the nameless yacht. The hour was about 7 in the evening, and a fine dinner was set in the cabin. A fire was burning in the galley. Every boat belonging to the yacht was in its place. In the lockers in the after part of the vessel were articles of male and female wearing apparel, the latter in fitting that ladies had been aboard.

And here the mystery changes from these sea secrets I have mentioned or rather another mystery is added. Alec Wingate recognized a dress contained in a rosewood locker as one that had belonged to his wife. He at once became wild with varying emotions. There was pleasure at this evidence that his wife at least had been recently alive. There was bitterness lest she might have been living on this yacht with a paramour. There was fear lest though she had so recently lived, she had met with some misfortune.

To allay this excitement I told Wingate that he might easily be mistaken in the dress. But he said that it was the one in which he had most liked to see his wife arrayed and the only one of her wardrobe that he would surely recognize.

We went through the yacht from stem to stern looking for some explanation of the mystery. Every stateroom, every receptacle, was ransacked. The firebox door stood partly open, and I looked in to see if materials had been put in to light a new fire. The old fire was still smoldering. The only thing we discovered was that the yacht had undoubtedly been made in England. All the maker's marks on the finishing and furniture were English. The upholstery had been purchased of a well known upholsterer in London.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one aboard, we left "the nameless" and returned to our own vessel. I induced Wingate to sit down to dinner—he would eat nothing—and discuss the matter. He wanted to go ashore the next day and search the coast. This seemed to me a useless expenditure of time. I had come out on a cruise and did not like the prospect of waiting while a search party

beat the beach in a desolate country where there was nothing but wild moose or caribou. But Wingate suggested that the party on "the nameless" might have gone ashore for hunting purposes, and I at last consented that the next day he might take three of the crew, go ashore and spend twelve hours in looking for the deserters of the yacht.

But overnight something occurred to render this inadvisable. We set a light on "the nameless" and left one man to watch on our own vessel, which was all that was necessary since we were at anchor in a small bay in good weather. One man watched till eight bells, midnight, when another man took his place. Wingate wished me to put a man on "the nameless," and I did.

At two bells in the morning Wingate, who had slept little during the night, looked out of the porthole in his stateroom for the yacht. Not seeing her and supposing that he was not on the right side to see her, he got up and went on deck. "The nameless" was nowhere to be seen. He came to my room to announce the fact. I asked him what the watch reported about the disappearance and he said that he had found the man sound asleep.

Putting on a bath robe, I went on deck. The first watch said that "the nameless" was in position when he was relieved, so she must have pulled out during the second watch. I asked if anything was known of the man who had been stationed on her, but was told that he had never been heard of nor seen since he had been put aboard. He had disappeared with the mysterious vessel.

Among my crew there were several ignorant superstitious men—sailors of low rating—who were paralyzed with terror. They rushed without orders to pull up the anchor, but I stopped them, though I feared they were going to brain me with captain bars they had taken up. I didn't propose to take any action till I had received further information and had consulted with my guest Alec Wingate. One of my men said that during the night he thought he heard the sound of oars.

Wingate was very much agitated over this part of the mystery. Indeed, he seemed more disturbed at the disappearance than he had been at the discovery of the yacht. I suggested that he make a reconnoitering trip ashore, as had been intended, but with a different purpose. He might find traces of people having been there. He followed my advice, but the keen eye in the party could discover no indications of human beings. For my part I believed "the nameless" had been taken possession of by shore deserters, that they had been in hiding somewhere near by; had gone aboard in the night, surprised the man on watch, killed him and towed the yacht out of our hearing with muffled oars; then they had lighted the fires and steamed away. There was nothing against this theory except the fact of Wingate's having found one of his wife's dresses aboard. But I took no stock in this, for Wingate had suffered so much at her loss that probably his mind had become afflicted and he had himself created the remembrance of this dress.

After consultation with Wingate whom I told that I would adopt any course he wished, it was determined that we get up the anchor immediately and go out to the open sea with a view to discovering if "the nameless" was in sight. This we did, running directly southeast in a direct line from the coast, but notwithstanding that we had a clean sweep either way and excellent glasses we saw nothing of her. I believed she had got too much start, but nearly all of my crew by this time considered her a phantom.

Nor did we afterward hear anything of her though we spoke every vessel we met, asking if she had seen her. One vessel described her pretty well, but the yacht observed was the Acadia, with the name painted on her stern. We completed our voyage without any other information.

But the mystery of "the nameless" was destined to be solved. During the winter Wingate got wind of his wife's being in Montreal. He went there and found her.

Though the story of her disappearance was never made entirely clear to me, the mystery of the nameless yacht was. To keep Mrs. Wingate from testifying in litigation where British people in high life were concerned she had been kidnaped and kept at sea in a yacht. Her kidnaper while on the New England coast saw by a New York social paper that her husband had embarked on a cruise with me. As soon as my yacht appeared his sailing master recognized her. At the time a leak in the boilers was being repaired, and there was no heat in the firebox, so the yacht could not steam away.

The kidnaper, supposing Wingate knew that his wife was on the Acadia and that he was on her track, ordered a paint brush to be run over her painting.

As an idea occurred to him. There was at the time no one aboard but himself, an engineer and his captives. He dragged the captive, carried her into the firebox and got in there with her. The engineer got in also, and the party, two on one side of the door and one on the other, were hidden from view of any one looking straight into the box, especially as there was very little light there. They all stayed in this concealment until we left the yacht and returned there when we put our watch aboard. During the night they surprised, gagged and tied him; then, having cut the cable, the two men got in the dingy and with muffled oars pulled out of hearing. To get up steam and speed away was the next move. The Acadia, being one of the fastest English yachts, was soon at a safe distance.

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