

## A NEW TIN PAN

By M. QUAD  
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It was a beautiful June forenoon when a tin peddler approached the village of Harrison.

He stopped his rig at the first house. The house belonged to Deacon Rusch. On the back steps, seated side by side, were the deacon's wife and her nearest neighbor and best friend—Mrs. Burt.

"Eh, wass, ladies?" he asked. "Everyting new and bright. Finest milk pan in the country for only 10 cents."

"I've always paid 15 cents for milk pans," replied the deacon's wife.

"Yes, and I've sold 'em as high as 18, but they have got a new way of making 'em, and I'm giving you the benefit of it. I'll bring one in."

The pan arrived, new and shiny, and stood all the tests it was put to. No leaks and it would almost serve as a mirror. A dime was borrowed to pay for it, and after a little more talk it was left on the steps while its owner made a call at another house and the deacon's wife entered her own to make up the bed that had been strung.

Now came the cow. She belonged to a man at the other end of the village. There was grass in plenty, but she longed for garden truck. She leaped the back fence and helped herself. In her stepping about she approached the kitchen door and saw that new pan.

She saw the reflection of her face and became astonished and indignant. A crop eared, one horned critter gazed at her in a defiant manner, and as she was a bovine that had never taken a bluff she humped up her back and snarled.

An hour later Mrs. Burt came back after her pan, and her first yell brought the deacon's wife out of the house. There lay the once shapely and shiny pan in the dirt, trodden as flat as a pancake. It might do to stop a hog hole in the back fence, but no artisan could never mold it into a pan.

"Lands alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rusch. "That cow did it!"

"She must have!"

"And you let her!"

"Sarah Burt, don't you say anything like that to me! I didn't know there was a cow in the garden."

"But you ought to have known. If you'd keep your fences like other folks the cows couldn't get in. Look at that pan that cost me 10 cents an hour ago!"

"Was I to sit out here and watch it?" protested the deacon's wife.

"You ought to have heard the cow when she was tromping it."

"You ought to have taken it home or carried it along with you."

"That's nothing to do with it. It was left here, and it's destroyed, and I'll be switched if I ever pay you the 10 cents."

"If you don't I'll sue you!"

"You don't?"

"There it was, you see—the first real quarrel between neighbors the village had had in many long years. The happy minded peddler and the fighting cow disappeared from the scene, but the quarrel remained. It did more than that. The news spread and within two hours Mrs. Henderson was saying:

"Mrs. Burt shouldn't try to lay the blame off on Mrs. Rusch. When a woman's busy making a bed she ain't thinking of cows. I hope Mrs. Rusch sues for the 10 cents."

And in the house right across the street Mrs. Holliday was saying:

"I'd let her sue and he hang to her! When a new 10 cent milk pan is left on my back steps by a neighbor it's my duty as a Christian woman to go out there every few minutes and see that it's all right. I shall certainly advise Mrs. Burt not to pay the 10 cents."

By the next day the village was about equally divided on the question, though some few were inclined to blame neither the peddler nor cow. It was all talk for a day or two, and then came action. The factions no longer borrowed nor lent. They bowed stiffly to each other or not at all on the street. They revived gossip that had been dead fifteen years and rolled it under their tongues. Carried into the churches? Of course it was. When a thing like that gets started in a village there's no telling where it will end. It drew the elders and deacons and town ministers in, and it made the attendance at sermons and prayer meetings mighty slim. To all peacemakers the deacon's wife would reply:

"I wasn't set here on this earth to look out for other folks' milk pans, and I jest won't do it!"

And the reply of Mrs. Burt would be:

"She ought to have known about the cow, and I'll never pay that 10 cents!"

It was a quarrel and a division that lasted five years and might have gone on for another five but for providence taking a hand in the game. A tramp who had the measles headed that way, and he simply handed the town an epidemic. Not a score of people were spared. While none died, all went to bed to be doctored and to do a heap of thinking, and the result was that as fast as they could crawl out they eased their consciences by confessing their errors and asking for forgiveness.

"Here is the 10 cents," said Mrs. Burt as she tottered over to the deacon's as soon as she could stand.

"Sarah, I don't want it," was the reply. "The measles have made me see that I ought to have watched that milk pan."

And the village of Harrison loved itself and its neighbor again.

## WOMEN IN PORTUGAL

They Do All the Hard Work While Men Live in Ease.

The lot of women in Portugal is not an enviable one according to Mr. Arthur C. Hall, who in his book, "In Portugal," thus describes the labor that falls to their share:

"Portuguese men are so indolently indolent that it is an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of the work of Portugal is done by women. In some of the Portuguese words, however, it is usually applicable, since, in fact, they work the fields and appear to bear the brunt of the labor.

"In one field the woman is the heat of the day draws up buckets after buckets of water while the man sits perched in a shady olive tree. In the neighborhood a man watches six women at work among the maize. In a third a group of women stand working in the summer sun while a group of men sit at the same work under a vine trellis.

"Everywhere are to be seen women with huge loads of immense weight, while the men accompany them empty handed. The man lies in his ox cart and must have a cigar and a cope of wine or brandy after his hard day's work, or he sits at his counter and bids his wife go out into the cruel sunshine to fetch a heavy bucket of water or other provisions. Women work in the quarries. Women row heavy barges. Wherever there is hard work women are to be found."

## Why She Didn't Marry

By SARAH P. LANGDON

Agatha Goodwin was brought up on very wholesome principles. As a child she was permitted to read only books with excellent morals. The stories allowed her were largely those showing that it is no disgrace to be poor; that labor is highly honorable; that wealth is often a source of evil.

Yet, side by side with these democratic, moral training, certain lessons were gradually introduced to inform her that her associates must be from the upper classes; that provision for the future is always in order; that while labor is honorable, poverty is hard to bear. She was also given to understand that, while other girls might marry poor men and be happy in a cottage, she must have a husband who could keep her in the society in which she had been born, for her father was not a rich man. Indeed, his wealth was not up to his family's social position. This was the reason given her for the exception in her case.

But when Agatha came to be twenty an uncle who had never been married died in Mexico, where he had been interested in mines, and left her mother an enormous fortune.

Before this windfall Agatha had fallen in love with a poor artist. She did not know whether her love was returned, for she gave him no encouragement. Having been told that to keep up the social position to which she was accustomed she must marry a rich man, it was, of course, out of the question that she should marry the artist. But when the family were rejoicing over their good fortune Agatha said to her mother that now, there being great wealth in the family, she might marry a poor man, whom she loved.

Then she discovered that the accession of wealth did not change the fact that she must marry wealth. It only changed the reason for her doing so. The fortune she would inherit would enable her to do so much good in the world. Think of the poor whom she could benefit.

Agatha was inclined to argue the point. Her mother was a great moral reader and had often sympathized with lovers who had been separated on account of worldly considerations. Agatha reminded her mother of this and she had been taught by her mother to understand that such worldliness was reprehensible. There could be no charge of imprudence in the girl marrying poor men, because their future and that of their children would be amply provided for.

But on falling heir to a fortune the good girl's romance and repugnance to sordidness seemed to have deserted her.

"That's very different," she replied to her unhappy daughter, but how and why it was different she did not explain. Instead she told Agatha that if she did not give up her "romantic nonsense" she would take her to the other end of the world.

Poor Agatha, having come to womanhood, discovered that her education, the books she had read inculcating self-sacrifice and other virtues were for children and to be discarded as soon as they reached an age of maturity. Her mother continued to read novels in which noble impulses were followed, but did not recognize them in her own family.

Meanwhile money was rolling in upon the family in such quantities that they scarcely knew how to spend it.

One day Agatha asked her mother what was the use of more money than one could spend.

"Why, my dear," was the reply, "the use of more money than one can spend is to do good to others."

Then Agatha asked her mother for something to give away to a needy family.

Mrs. Goodwin suggested sending to a charitable association a request to investigate the case. Again and again Agatha asked for funds to help others, but was always put off by some excellent reason. She did not quite see that adding to a fortune because so much good could be done with it resulted in the good being done. The family income was \$100,000 a year, half of which was all they could spend without throwing it away, but Agatha could not wed her poor artist because it was expected that she should ally her fortune with another, that so much good could be done with it.

The years sped on and Agatha's mother lived on. Agatha grew from a young woman to an old maid. She had no desire to marry any one but her artist. Besides, no man with a fortune came along who asked for her hand. Each year the chance of meeting such a person decreased, and at last Agatha passed the age where children would come to her.

Single persons do not develop on the lines, the natural lines, of married persons. Agatha grew crochety. Children, especially if they were healthy, noisy children, annoyed her. She grew irritable. One day a friend asked her why she had never married.

"Well," she replied, with a sigh, "before mother fell heir to a fortune I couldn't marry the man I wanted because I needed some one who could enable me to keep the family social position. After we got rich I needed a man who had a fortune to match mine."

"Why so?"

"Because we could do so much good with the united fortune."

## A PROBLEM IN PICTURES

When it was known that the Japanese had one of the most horrible burial customs that can be imagined—that of burying all the immediate friends and retainers of a prince or other person of note in a standing position around the potentate's grave and leaving them in the earth up to their necks to perish of thirst and hunger.

The custom cannot be said to have been general as late as the date given, for the Japanese records prove that in the time of the Emperor Suinin (97-90 B. C.) the burial rites of royal personages were so modified as to partially abolish former cruelty. Speaking of a young brother of Suinin who died and had his retinue buried standing around his grave, the old record says: "For many days they died not, but wept and cried aloud. At last they died. Dogs and crows assembled and ate of their heads. The emperor's compassion was aroused, and he desired to change the manner of burial. When the emperor died, soon after, the practice of burying of his officers if something in the way of a change could not be suggested, and one proposed to make clay figures of men and bury them as substitutes."

That this did not entirely do away with the former custom is proved by an edict issued in the year 646 A. D., the date given first above, which forbade the burial of living persons and provided a penalty for further adherence to the awful rite.—*McLure's Republic.*

## BURIED LIVING PERSONS.

Horrible Customs of Japanese Prior to Year 646 A. D.

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## THE RISE OF NEW YORK.

It Dates From the Times That the Erie Canal Was Opened.

If we seek the original creator of landed wealth in New York we must look over the heads of Astor and the Goelets to De Witt Clinton, the man who in 1825 pushed to completion the Erie canal.

Up to that time New York was not inevitably marked out for the American metropolis. In 1800 Philadelphia was actually a larger city, and Baltimore, with its splendid harbor and its inland river communication, confidently expected to grasp the nation's commercial leadership.

But the Erie canal changed the situation in a twinkling. It placed the city in communication with inland New York, an agricultural empire in itself, whose wealth had previously flowed by way of the Susquehanna river to Baltimore and New York because the seaport for the agricultural states bore being on the great lakes.

Until the Erie canal was opened it had cost \$38 a ton to transport wheat from Buffalo to Albany. With this new waterway the cost fell to something more than \$3. A string of cities, several of which became large ones, sprang up along its course, all tributary to New York.—Burton J. Hendrick in *McClure's Magazine.*

## Unconquered Bravery.

At a place called Angkor, about forty miles south of Bangkok, a Chinaman and his wife cultivated a small sugar cane plantation. The man had been greatly annoyed by having his cane eaten by his neighbors' buffaloes. Coming home one evening just at dark, he saw what he thought was one of the marauders at work on the cane. Stealing silently up behind it, he struck it a mighty blow with a heavy club. The animal dropped with a sound. The Chinaman told his wife what he had done and added, "That calf will steal no more of my cane." In the morning he found that the "calf" was a full grown tiger. He had killed it by breaking its neck. Just as the woman of Nam had done. And John was so much impressed with his own narrow escape that he took to his bed and was sick for a week.—*Youth's Companion.*

## A Glass Needle Stiletto.

As diabolical a specimen of murder, one ingenuity as ever was discovered by the police was found one day in the possession of a Chinaman who had been working in a laundry in New Orleans and who was believed to have intended using it upon his employer. It was a tiny stiletto, with a handle about as thick as a carpenter's pencil and a blade four inches long of glass, pointed as keenly as a needle. A tiny groove had been filed around the blade close to the hilt. Suppose it was driven into a man's body. It would be certain to break off at the groove and leave three inches of glass deep in his flesh. What is more, the puncture would be so tiny that it would probably close at once and show no mark, not even a single drop of blood.

## Wouldn't Have Missed.

As a battalion was returning from rifle practice at the ranges a shot was discharged from the leading company, apparently by accident, but the bullet passed uncomfortably close to the colonel. "Look here," he roared to the captain of the company, "who fired that shot?" "Sir," replied the officer proudly, "it can't be a man of my company, for they are all first class shots."—*London Globe.*

## Refined Rooting.

The English root very politely. When a cricketer lands a fly the blancherites yell: "Oh, jolly well caught! Oh, very well caught indeed!" Sometimes when a player plays unusually well they write him a note the next day.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## Well Satisfied.

First Negro—I bet that Andrew Jackson Jones axz run over by an automobile. Did he get any satisfaction? Second Negro—He suttinly did. He took de machine's number, played policy wit kin's woe 107.—*Satire.*