

A Display of Confidence

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

There are many unwritten stories about Mexico. Doubtless if an account of the happenings of that country of turmoil could be laid out before the novelist it would afford themes for countless novels of adventure.

At the time President Wilson issued his manifesto of advice for Americans to leave Mexico there were not only a number of foreign residents there, but persons engaged in building railroads, locating mines—in short, developing the country. From comparative peace everything was turned to a show of war. Soldiers rode in the railroad trains to protect them in case of attack, and a detachment of rural guards was located at every station. The Mexicans went armed, therefore foreigners felt constrained to do the same thing for not to be armed was to be conspicuous.

Edward Griggs, civil engineer, was at this time engaged in locating a railroad. A man who is interested in a purpose like a gyroscope. Revolving in a certain plane, it is hard to turn him to another plane. Griggs, when President Wilson's advice was promulgated, had nearly finished his work in Mexico and could not tear himself away from it. He strapped a revolver about him, as did the force under his command, and went on with his work. But neither he nor they had any thought of using their weapons. They simply wore them because every one else did.

That Griggs might finish his work he was obliged to go over a certain section of the road that would pass through a mountain range. He was told that the region was infested with bandits who would not hesitate to take anything that belonged to him and if they deemed it necessary would murder him. But he must of them abandon his work or go, so he went.

Talking with him a single assistant named Rodman, he started on horseback up the mountain, expecting at every moment to hear an order to stand and deliver his valuables. But the two rode on through the thick tropical foliage that lined the road without hearing anything more terrible than the occasional growl of a wild animal and were lulled to security by the frequent piping of birds. But when nearing the summit the blow fell. Ahead of them they could see a ranch house, and from it emerged four men who had evidently seen them approaching and, mounding horses, made straight for them. They were dressed in the tawdry Mexican costume, and before they reached the two wayfarers the jungle of their spurs and the gowaw adornments they wore were distinctly visible.

It was evident to Griggs and Rodman from their faces as well as their actions that they belonged to that lawless element of Mexico which in peaceful times may be care kept within the law and in troublous times are ready for plunder. They seemed to be especially interested in the travelers' horses. Griggs, who understood a little of the patois Spanish they spoke, heard them disputing as to which two should have their horses. One of them, called Jose by the others, seemed to be a leader. He stood aloof from the quarrel about the possession of the animals, sitting on his horse moodily watching the contest. Griggs, taking off his sombrero to this chieftain, politely begged that he might be accorded a few minutes' private conversation with him. Jose, not to be outdone in politeness, took off his own sombrero and with a bow replied:

"Yes, sir."

The two men rode away for a short distance when Griggs drew rein and said:

"Senor, I have been told that there are some persons in these mountains who make a living by plundering travelers. Will you oblige me by taking care of the valuables for myself and my friend that they may not fall into the hands of these miscreants?"

While speaking he was taking his money from his pockets and his watch from his fob. The bandit took them, bowing low as he was handed each article. When the delivery had been made the two men rode back to the party, and Griggs said in English to Rodman:

"These gentlemen will keep our valuables for the present. Hand over the contents of your pockets."

Having thus robbed himself and his friend, he turned again to the chief.

"I would further ask your protection overnight. Will you allow us to remain in your ranch till tomorrow?"

"Si, senor," replied the chief, doffing his sombrero.

"You have greatly honored me, senor," said Jose when he had made his guests comfortable and set before them a jug of pulque. "May I ask how it is that you have entrusted your valuables to a stranger?"

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Sarah Todd, sister-in-law of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, of Portland, Ore., is 103.

The Duchess of Portland has been appointed mistress of robes by Queen Mary of England.

Thirteen year-old Alice McCaughy (a Cincinnati schoolgirl) is a wireless operator licensed by the government.

Mrs. Eliza W. Fletcher has served twenty-seven years as a police matron in the Philadelphia police department.

Mrs. Hannah Greenides of New York on her ninety-ninth birthday calculated that she had slept 365,000 hours of her life away.

Mrs. Marie N. Buckman, secretary in the United States of the Egypt exploration fund, is regarded as the foremost woman Egyptologist of America. Miss Muzarek E. Knight, who is now seventy years of age, is working twenty hours a day on her eighty-ninth invention. Her first invention was a covered shuttle, which is in daily use in nearly all the cotton mills of the country.

British Briefs.

London has a fireboat which throws a ton and a half of water each minute. About 100 persons in the United Kingdom have a yearly income of more than £50,000 a year.

Although marriage with a deceased wife's sister was rendered legal by the deceased wife's sister act, 1907, the marriage of a woman with her deceased husband's brother is still illegal. Upward of 500 tons of soot fall annually on each square mile of the city of London that is to say, during one year 70,000 tons fall on the 117 square miles which form the administrative county.

Fashion Frills.

If the tailors wish to do something unusual why do they not give the men knickerbockers and thus start a fashion worth while?—Chicago News.

Comes now the fur anklet as a "necessity" of the slit skirt, the slit skirt being a necessity of the tight skirt and the tight skirt being perhaps the necessity that knows no law.—New York Sun.

It was inevitable that it has been discovered in Paris that stockings are an incumbrance in the modern female apparel. A Tahiti belle soon will be in the extreme of Parisian fashion.—Chicago Tribune.

The Writers.

Marie Corelli has taken to writing moving picture plays.

M. Anatole France, at the age of seventy-two, has returned to Paris to resume his literary labors and is about to write in a new vein—stories for young persons.

Theodore Watts Dunton, poet, essayist, author of many books and noted for his contributions to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is working away almost as hard as ever, though he is now eighty-one years old. At present he is engaged on a volume of collected essays.

Industrial Items.

A single workman can cut by hand 6,000 watch glasses a day.

Labor organizations in the United States have an aggregate of 1,932,131 members.

Thirty two per cent of the 7,000,000 working women in this country are under age.

In Christiania, Norway, there are nearly twice as many male factory workers as female, but the number of both sexes under the age of eighteen is equal, which shows that women and girls seek work early, but also leave it early.

Electric Sparks.

Electric illumination is now a feature of nearly every celebration or exposition.

Any electric current of sufficient volume to be used commercially is capable of causing death under very favorable circumstances, according to recent conclusions.

As it sometimes is difficult to find a blown out electric fuse among the bank of fuses, an Englishman has invented a fuse resembling a rifle target, the bullseye dropping out when it blows out.

Food Prices.

Cheaper to buy the whole hen than a dozen of her eggs.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

The pork trust cuts everything now a days except the squeal of the public.—Boston Transcript.

Chicago women solve the high egg problem by eating meat. Pretty soon they'll have to solve the high meat problem by eating eggs. The good old ham and eggs days are over.—New York American.

Train and Track.

Over 1,699,000 persons are employed by the railroads of the United States. New York city transportation lines in the year ending June 30 last carried 1,769,889,284 fare paying passengers.

The railroads of Great Britain kill in accidents for which the passenger is in no way responsible one passenger for every 72,000,000 carried, while those of the United States kill one for every 4,900,000 passengers that are carried.

A SHREWD MOVE

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

"I wish Mary Blake to like you," said my fiancée to me soon after we became engaged. "If she approves I don't care what any one else thinks of you."

The remark occasioned the first chill that ran through me after receiving the announcement that Ellen loved me and would be mine.

Ellen Thornton and I had met in the summer at a mountain resort, and our engagement occurred in the winter. We lived in cities, and all I knew about her and her antecedents was that she came of an excellent family and was generally liked. I had never heard of her bosom friend, Mary Blake. But when we are congratulated upon the taking of a partner all our friends speak well of the person selected. I can remember congratulating a friend on his engagement with a girl I detested.

I was not so infatuated with Ellen, but that I would be glad to hear the truth about her, whatever that truth might be; but, realizing that no one would tell me the truth, I was quite willing to keep my eyes open that I might learn it by observation. The moment I met Miss Blake I saw by her manner that the approval hoped for by my betrothed was wanting. As love is a spark easily enkindled, so is antagonism, though in this case the antagonism came from Miss Blake to me. I was indifferent to her.

"How do you like her?" asked Ellen of me when we were again alone together.

"Very much," I replied with the usual untruthfulness in such cases.

"How does she like me?"

"She thinks you are splendid."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, and she predicts that we will be very happy together."

"Indeed?"

"Only possibly for one thing."

"What's that?"

"Well, she says you have a very firm look about you, and she predicts that you'll lead."

This was the tiny hole in the apple through which the worm had crawled. I made no reply. Indeed, no reply was needed. Miss Blake had thrown up her hands in despair. She had prepared Ellen against transferring the influence exerted by her bosom friend to her lover. I resolved to lock horns with my enemy, but in such a way that Ellen would not realize that I was doing so. But I proposed to put Ellen in such a position that she must decide between me and her bosom friend.

I found an opportunity at the usual table. If one desires to pick a quarrel with a woman an excellent way is to secure her for a partner, then point out her misplays. One evening when Ellen, her bosom friend, my chum, Jim Baxter, and I were together I proposed what I insisted on having Miss Blake for my partner. By simply pointing out to her in the most delicate manner possible her bad plays I finally sent her out of the room in a huff.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Ellen, aghast.

"Nothing of importance. She should be very much obliged to me for teaching her the game."

"You must undo what you have done at once."

"There is nothing to undo. She will soon get over her fit. I shall pay no attention to it, treating her just the same as ever hereafter."

Ellen was much troubled. A few nights after this a dozen of us young persons were to have a little dance at Mary Blake's home, before going to the city.

There Ellen informed me that it would be better if I did not invite Mary to dance, since she had said that if I did she would refuse.

"Indeed," was my reply. "I'm very sorry to hear that."

On the evening in question when the piano began to discourse music for the twostep I stepped up to Mary Blake and asked her to dance. She bowed, said nothing and turned away. This was the end of my part of the little comedy. I knew that her refusal to dance with one who had invited her in her own home was an unardonable breach of good manners. However, I remained for the evening, dancing with all the other girls in turn.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Ellen as we walked home together.

"Didn't I warn you not to ask Mary to dance?"

"You wouldn't surely have had me leave her out, inviting the others, and that, too, in her own home?"

"She was perfectly right to refuse your invitation till you had apologized for your rude treatment of her at the card table."

SIRE AND SONS.

William Sulzer has worn the same style of sombrero for twenty years.

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard opposes the idea of old age pensions as "demoralizing and enfeebling."

General John W. Foster, the American who was invited by the emperor of China to participate in the peace treaty at the close of the war between China and the empire of Japan, is still living and, though almost eighty years of age, possesses a mind as keen as ever.

Professor Paul Shorey, head of the department of the Greek language and literature in the University of Chicago, has been granted a year's leave of absence by the university board of trustees to assume the duties of the Roosevelt professorship in the University of Berlin.

Edwin L. Neville, American deputy consul general in Seoul, who has been promoted consul at Antung, has lived in Seoul for some years and on account of his high character and tactful ness has won for himself great popularity among foreign residents and many Japanese. He is a good Japanese scholar and speaks the language like a native.

Pert Personals.

John Lind is the chrysanthemum of diplomacy, the accent in this case being, of course, on the "mum."—Chicago News.

Whatever may be said or thought of the Hon. Samuel Gompers, he knows how to hold his job as well as any man on record.—New York World.

It seems strange that a man to whose opinions so much importance is attached as to those of Colonel Gopthis should not have been tempted to lecture.—Washington Star.

Sir Thomas Lipton was recently fined \$50 for speeding in his automobile. He has never been compelled to pay for going too fast in any of his Shamrocks.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Town Topics.

At last New York is to put a limit on the height of skyscrapers and thinks 100 stories enough. This is putting a handicap on future enterprise.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Investigators have notified the department of public safety that Pittsburg is the "modern Babylon." There, you have beaten us on some other thing at last. Now be satisfied.—New York Evening Telegram.

While so many other cities are talking about obtaining control of their water fronts and constructing docks, Boston is very energetically doing both. It pays to anticipate competition.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Flippant Flings.

Germany restricts diamond sales. No wonder the cost of living is high, with such restraint of trade.—New York Tribune.

Another difference between the wealthier parents' guesses and ours is that there is more red tape to the former's.—Dallas News.

Some women are also money mad. A New York girl cheerfully forfeited a \$3,000,000 estate in order to marry a plumber.—Columbian State.

Just as soon as somebody hits on the music to fit the St. Vitus dance will be specialized, then the stringhalt and after that locomotor ataxia.—Philadelphia North American.

Current Comment.

Quick touch counter established on a quick train? Automobile harness now so "everything will be quick"—New York American.

Next they'll want to drop the name "prisons" as involving too much disgrace and call them "moral sanitariums."—Buffalo Express.

If you know any superstitious people who have worried about 1913 don't tell them that Friday, the 13th, will come three times in 1914.—Exchange.

The nations of the world are in debt a total of \$42,000,000,000, in addition to the good likings that some of them think that they still owe each other.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Automobile Runs.

There is one thing worse than a drunken chauffeur, but we've forgotten what it is.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

New York city is having a little spasm of police activity in an effort to check automobile speeding. The killing has been too much for even this preoccupied community to stomach.—Waterbury American.

Twice as many people are killed in one month by automobiles in New York as are killed by them in one year in London, yet London has more automobiles. London also has a police force which is organized and maintained for the protection of the people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Royal Box.

King George of England is the only European monarch who smokes a pipe. The czar of Russia is a great lover of cigarettes. He uses but one grade of tobacco. It is a Turkish brand and is grown and exclusively selected for his majesty in Turkey.

Emperor William of Germany, who is a member of the Prussian state church, is leading in plans for the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the German reformation. This occurs in 1917.

A Doctor's Story

By H. SANBORN BROWN

When I began to practice medicine I was inclined to give my patients a diagnosis of their cases, but when I had been detected in a number of errors I found that reputation I had gained as "one of those frank, out-spoken doctors, with no pretense about him," gone. That I had diagnosed whooping cough as a bad cold and measles as eczema, with a number of other blunders, got abroad, my practice dropped away, and I was obliged to pull up stakes and begin over again in another locality.

In my new field I looked wise and said nothing, or if I did say anything it was that the case had not sufficiently developed to admit of diagnosis. This would have done very well had I stuck to it stolidly. Unfortunately, patients or those interested in them need at times to be buoyed. This fact got me into trouble again. Called in to see a little child who showed plainly the symptoms of diphtheria, when I looked into the mother's eager, questioning eyes I had not the heart to tell her of her darling's danger, so I told her it was a case of sore throat.

All went well with the child, and the diphtheritic membrane in the throat was breaking down when the child's grandmother came to the house. The old woman had seen a case of diphtheria and, on looking into the throat saw that which she recognized.

"Heavens," she exclaimed to the mother—"the child has diphtheria!"

The mother fainted. The grandmother ran to the telephone and, ignoring me, called on one of my fellow practitioners to come in hot haste. He at once pronounced the case one of diphtheria, but, learning that I was treating it, returned to his office and called me up by telephone. I explained the matter; but, realizing that I had lost the confidence of the family in question, I begged him to take up the case where I had left off and finish it. He did so, and the child, who was already nearly well, recovered.

That young mother soon knocked my practice into smithereens by telling every one of her acquaintances that I didn't know a case of diphtheria from one of sore throat.

Considering that my crime had really been nothing more than a tenderness of heart, this was hard to bear. Women are apt to accept statements without question, and I was tabooed without an opportunity for defense. The husband of the lady in question asked me about the matter and when I explained it tried to pacify his wife. But no such excuse would be accepted by her. "Any doctor not fit to treat a cat could get off with such an excuse as that," she said.

This time I made up my mind to stand my ground. If I fled from the tongues of the laity I would not be worthy of a place in the profession. After all, whatever success a physician attains, his real intrinsic standing is fixed by his fellow workers. They may not agree with him, but they will not deny his ability. For a long while I was dropped out of practice almost entirely. But gradually other doctors got into the habit of calling me in for consultation and recommending patients to me in cases coming within my especial province, and at the end of about five years I found myself again making a living. In ten years, I stood at the head of my profession in the city in which I practiced.

But by this time my work as a general practitioner had given way to surgery. There were but few recognized surgeons in the place, and this was of great advantage to me.

One would suppose that a woman who had been indignant at my calling a case of diphtheria one of sore throat and in consequence had ruined my practice for several years would never again have any use for my services. But the child upon whom I was supposed to have made such a blunder, when twelve or thirteen years of age, contracted a bad case of appendicitis. An operation was considered necessary by the family physician. He was not a surgeon and would not operate himself. When the mother asked him to nominate a surgeon for the case he recommended me.

Meanwhile the tongues she had set wagging to my discredit had gradually got to swinging in my favor. The estimate of my coworkers in the profession, together with the testimony of patients I had helped, had reached the lady's ears, and, although she still believed that at the time I treated her child I didn't know a case of diphtheria from sore throat, affected by the praise of me she heard, she greatly desired that I should perform an operation involving life or death upon her son.

A physician as such should have no accounts to settle with those who have injured him. I undertook the service required of me with no more feeling than if I had never known her or her child. But her former error forced her on the second occasion to hear the truth. When the operation had been performed—and while performing it I forgot whose case it was—and the mother asked me if her boy would live I replied:

"Do you wish me to speak plainly?"

"Yes," she rattered.

"The worst. What chance is there for him to recover?"

"To the best of my belief, one in ten."

"But the boy recovered."

"Is your wife a conservatory?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Stillwell. "But what's the good of it? My wife likes to see full of palms and ferns that there isn't room for a mint leaf."—Washington Star.

A cause of many worldly ills. Right here I would condemn, For most of us climb all our hills. Before we get to them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'm going to Panama to make my fortune."

"They say there's a big opening there."

"Speculation" and "investment"—These are terms that oft confuse. 'Tis "investment" when you win, but "speculation" when you lose!—Lippincott's.

"Do you know why the Pacific does not run into the Atlantic at Panama?"

"Spring it."

"It's locked out."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Life's just a constant false pretense. We "go it" with a whoop. But when at home to save expense We live on scraps and soup.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Father—Marie, does George mean business?

Daughter—Yes, papa, if he can do it on credit.—Exchange.

The pessimist said as he nursed his blues, "I never had aught that I didn't lose." The optimist said—and his smile was glad—"I never lost aught that I hadn't first had."—Judge.

He—Bighedde is always thinking of himself.

She—Yes. In that way he always avoids having much on his mind.—Boston Transcript.

Plain water's bad enough, I hope. But soapuds taste so mean! I wish they'd make some candy soap To keep our faces clean!—Woman's Home Companion.

Ice-man—How much for this ham?

Shrewd Grocerman—Don't know exactly. Just bring in your ice scales and we'll weigh it.—New York Weekly.

He wed a rather sharp tongued peat And found in later life That what seemed witty in a girl Was shrewish in a wife.—Kansas City Journal.

Hobo—What's my business? Oh, I'm a lightnin' calculator.

Woman—On the stage? Hobo—On de roads—dodgin' automobiles.—Chicago News.

Those dummy girls are not the sort Who most bewitchingly attract all. 'Tis better to have loved a short Than never to have loved a tall.—New York World.

Head of the House—This wonderful wireless idea is going to be extended to everything in time, my dear.

Little Willie—Then I bet our canopy will be glad when they have wireless cages.—Baltimore American.

She could swing a six pound dumbbell. She could fence and she could box. She could row upon the river. She could climb among the rocks, she could golf from morn till evn'ing. And play tennis all day long. But she couldn't help her mother. 'Cause she wasn't very strong.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Plumpleigh—Am I still the apple of your eye?

Mr. Plumpleigh—More'n that, my dear. You're the apple dumpting of my eye.—New York Globe.

He's lost some front teeth—two or three—But he don't worry. Why? 'Cause," says he, "more room, them'll be inside my mouth for pie!"—Fun.

First English Militant—Do you believe in rocking the cradle?

Second English Militant—Sure; where's the cradle?—Judge.

"Don't you walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

"For you might give me typhoid. And I'd very likely die."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Patience—Don't you think she feels too big for her shoes?

Patrice—She must. Why, she insists on wearing No. 2's when she ought to wear No. 4's.—Yonkers Statesman.

The plowman plods through mud and mire. His life is dull and drab. The poor chap can't afford to hire A passing taxicab.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"He's got the foot and mouth disease."

"Never heard of it. What's it like?"

"Whenever he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."—Houston Post.

"Pray, whom do you resemble most?" I asked the little girl.

Your father or your mother? And I stroked a wayward curl.

I took like both, she made reply in accents sadly sweet.

"They say I've mother's features, but I have my father's feet."—S. S. Stinson in Lippincott's.

"Driving to the jeweler's, are you? Don't you remember I said we must retrench this winter?"

"Quite right, dear, so we must. For walk."—Philadelphia Blatter.

Full of some sort of stunning style And pedicured without a fault. It worth a thousand dollars while. Its owner isn't worth his salt.—Washington Star.

"Is she a good musician?"

"Very. She knows when to quit."—Detroit Free Press.

Diplomacy's a serious game. Great men alone are playing it. To think of something in the same And then steer clear of saying it.—Exchange.