After Half A Century

By JOHN TURNLEE

One morning when John Merton of Chicago awoke and looked out through his front window he noticed some men digging in a vacant lot opposite. He was seized with trepidation lest some objectionable building was to be erected on the lot and, dressing himself, went out to make inquiries. He learned that the lot had been sold and the owner was about to erect on it a soap factory.

Mr. Merton at once sought the man and secured an option on the lot at a substantial profit to the latter. Then he visited several of his neighbors, proposing that they should club together and protect the locality by buying the lot. Only one person, a man named Gawtry, was willing or perhaps able to make such an investment, and he and Merton became the owners. By agreement they put the property in the hands of a trust company, to be divided among the heirs of the third generation, or the grandchildren of the two owners. The Mertons were to have the north half and the Gawtrys the south half.

Twenty years later, both Merton and Gawtry being dead and the part of the city in which the lot lay having become used for business, the trustees leased the lot for thirty years, and a store building was erected upon it. By the terms of the lease at its expiration the building was to belong to the owner of the lot.

Meanwhile the descendants of the joint owners had become scattered, the trust company's directors and officers had been changed, and there was no descendant of either Merton or Gawtry who knew about the lot, for which but $800 had been paid by the two purchasers.

One day an advertisement appeared for grandchildren of the late John Merton and Samuel Gawtry. It elicited no response and was repeated from time to time for a year, when it met the eyes of a young bank clerk named Spencer in a western city. His father and mother were dead, but he knew that his mother's maiden name was Merton. He wrote to the advertiser and received a printed statement setting forth the facts in the case of the Merton-Gawtry lot. Spencer, convinced that the John Merton named was his grandfather, investigated the case and, after a long hunt, found that he was the only living grandchild of the said Merton and consequently heir to the north half of the property.

No response to the advertisement whatever came from the Gawtry side, and no division could be made of the lot and building until the heirs in this family were found. John Spencer, desirous of coming into what was a fortune, at once made it his business to hunt up these heirs. He began at the fountainhead, making inquiries as to the first and second generations of Gawtrys, and learned that a son of Samuel Gawtry had settled in Detroit.

Spencer went to Detroit, where he learned that the widow of Samuel Gawtry of the second generation was living in straitened circumstances. Not wishing to excite false hopes in this person, he made inquiries in a roundabout way and learned that the original Gawtry had had several children, but the only living grandchild was Marian Gawtry, daughter of the widow he had found. Having proceeded thus far, Spencer returned to Chicago and reported his find to the trust company and left its officers to satisfy themselves that he (Spencer) and Marian Gawtry were the heirs to the property in question and, this done, to give each heir a half.

One morning Miss Marian Gawtry, when about to go to her school duties, took a letter from the postman informing her that the —— Trust company of Chicago was ready to convey to her one-half of a certain lot and building in that city bequeathed to her by her grandfather, Samuel Gawtry. She referred the matter to her mother, who said she had never heard of her father owning such property. He had left Chicago forty years before, a poor man. Miss Gawtry put the matter down as a mistake and, proceeding to school, thought no more about it.

One evening she received a call from a young man named Spencer. He was about to mention the fact that she was an heiress when it occurred to him that since there was a building on the property there might be difficulty in dividing it and it would be better that they should own it together. But he was an honorable fellow and scorned to win her knowing that she was an heiress.

"Miss Gawtry," he said, "I have come to Detroit to inform you that you are joint owner with me of a lot and building in Chicago worth in all half a million dollars."

The young lady, remembering the former information she had received on this subject, coolly remarked:

"That's a mistake. My mother says her father owned no such property in Chicago."

"Will you marry me if what I tell you is true?"

"If you can convince me that I am worth the sum you name I'll marry you!"

Spencer eventually proved his case and held her to her promise. Since they had been mutually pleased with each other and a division of the property was hard to effect Miss Gawtry was by no means loath to keep it.

All of which goes to show that our fates are often determined by small matters.

Don't Be a Tortoise.

The tortoise is a testudinate, terrestrial reptile. He is a half brother to the turtle, which so often gets into the soup. The tortoise's motto is "Take It Easy." Next to the sponge and the oyster, which require the hook to be moved at all, he is the slowest animal in the world. A Greek of the name of Aesop, who lived centuries ago, told of a race between the tortoise and the hare in which the tortoise got the trophy. The hare, according to Aesop, got so far in the lead that he took a nap, and, forgetting to wake up, the tortoise passed him. The truth of the matter is that by the time the tortoise had caught him the hare had died of old age. A tortoise lets the dear old world wag and waddles complacently on. You couldn't speed him up if you built a fire under him, for his shell is so thick that he wouldn't know he was being roasted. Because of his imperturbability and his utter deadness to impressions the tortoise lives to a great age. But, no matter how old or how big he grows, he never improves intellectually, and eventually he lands in a museum, to be viewed as a curiosity. Don't be a tortoise.—Maurice Switzer in Judge.

How Do You Do?

What is your normal attitude toward yourself? Much depends upon this. When you look at the great, wide world and then at yourself in your own little center of it, how does it impress you? That is to say, are you a constant source of surprise and wonderment to yourself, which causes you ever and anon to halt in your tracks, look back over the road you came and marvel that you were ever able to make it?

Or do you take yourself for granted and consider that it is the most natural thing in the world for you to be where you are and doing what you are?

Or have you been so excruciatingly busy trying to get somewhere that you have had no time to take these little mental invoices to discover just where you are and why and for how long?—Life.

Nelson and Villeneuve.

When Nelson fell at Trafalgar he was only forty-seven years old, and the French commander, Admiral de Villeneuve, was only forty-two. The latter was a brilliant sailor, who had already fought against Nelson, and he thoroughly realised what the English tactics were going to be on this occasion. Indeed, he held a meeting of the captains of the allied fleet and lucidly explained them. Nelson would not, he said, form line of battle parallel with the allied line. "He will seek to pierce our line, surround our rear and overpower with groups of his vessels as many of ours as he can cut off." Still, although prepared for this form of attack, Villeneuve failed to resist it, and he was taken prisoner, bitterly regretting that no shot had dealt him the same fate as Nelson.—London Chronicle.

How Words Change.

A century and a half ago "fun," a word of Irish origin, was considered "shockingly low." "Mob," too, was a word "no self respecting gentleman would use" till Pope boldly wrote "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Of "humbug" a writer in 1750 said: "I will venture to affirm that this 'humbug' is neither an English word nor a derivative from any other language. It is, indeed, a blackguard sound. It is a fine makeweight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it."

A Desperate Charge.

"They charged like demons," said the retired colonel excitedly. "I never saw anything to touch it. The way they charged positively staggered me."

"Whom does he mean?" whispered the man who had just come in to his neighbor. "Is he talking about one of his old battles?"

"No," replied the other. "He's talking about the holiday he spent at the Swiss hotel."—Liverpool Mercury.

A Devotee.

She had a vast amount of money, but it had come to her quite recently. One day an acquaintance asked her if she were fond of art.

"Fond of art!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should say I was. If I am ever in a city where there's an artery I never fail to visit it."—Lippincott's.

Inevitable Displeasure.

"There is no use of trying to please everybody," said the ready made philosopher.

"But you don't make an effort of any kind."

"There you are! You blame me for being absolutely harmless!"—Washington Star.

One Brand.

"Mary," queried the teacher, "can you tell me what human nature is?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "It's people before they get into society."—Chicago News.

Obeying Orders.

"'See America first!'" didactically quoted the professor.

"I have already done so," replied J. Fuller Gloom. "I was born here."—Judge.

Different Opinions.

"I don't think a college education amounts to a great deal."

"Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."—Boston Record.

Away with delay—it always injures those who are prepared.—Lucan.

Picked Up at Sea

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

We were sailing off the Australian coast when a boat was espied by the lookout. She was an ordinary ship's lifeboat, open, and was dancing merrily on the waves in the bright sunlight. When she came nearer we counted nine men in her. She was heading for us, and the captain gave an order to slow down. As soon as she came alongside a man in the bow hailed us and asked us to take them aboard.

The captain questioned them, and they told him that they were members of the crew of a ship that had collided with another in a fog and had gone to the bottom. He asked how long ago that was and they said a week. Then he asked what had become of the officers and the rest of the crew and was told that they had gone down with the ship. There was only time to get out the one boat before she sank.

The story didn't appeal to the captain as being likely, but he could not refuse to take the men aboard and did so. As soon as they came aboard we saw that their faces were by no means attractive. They asked our captain for what port he was bound, and when he said Melbourne I noticed that on the faces of some of them was a scared look, while others seemed to be saying to themselves, "Not if we can prevent it."

I made up my mind that the men were mutineers and had either been put off a ship or sunk a ship or something of the kind, but when they were put to work they showed such ignorance of everything nautical that I changed my opinion. That they were not what they purported to be was evident, but what they were we had no means of knowing.

Our ship was a small steamer, not needing a numerous crew. We usually carried eighteen men, including captain and mate, I being mate, but now we were reduced to twelve.

One evening one of our regular crew came to me and told me that the strangers had taken weapons from the ship's armory and hidden them in the hold. The captain was asleep in his cabin at the time, and I preferred to act on the information rather than wake him up. He was a headstrong man and was liable to give our enemies the advantage by some rash act.

I sent for the man who had been spokesman when we met them and asked him whether he and his men preferred to make some other port than Melbourne. He admitted that they would, but when I asked him where they would like to put in he said that they preferred not to stop at an Australian port at all. I told him to consult with his mates as to what they wanted and let me know.

I did this to put the strangers off their guard and gain time. It was evident, from their not wishing to go ashore in Australian territory, that they were criminals. After consulting with the others the leader came back and told me that they would like to be put out in a large boat we carried which was rigged with a sail and in part decked over. Of course they would need to be provisioned.

This was a dead giveaway on their part and showed that they were desperate, for they had no knowledge of navigation and would be at the mercy of the winds and waters. I pretended to accede to their request and directed that they come on deck and get the boat ready to be lowered. As soon as they went to work I sent men to collect the weapons they had stolen. When this was done I stationed men in different parts of the vessel, all armed. Then I began to send the strangers in different directions for different articles they would need on their voyage. Some were sent for provisions, some for water, some for blankets, some for fuel.

I first ordered their spokesman, who was leader as well, to take two men with him and go down to the hold for some salt pork. He obeyed and three out of the nine men went below not to reappear again, for as soon as they got into the dark hold hands were clapped on their mouths and they were removed to the brig. As soon as it was reported to me that they had been captured I sent two more men to the sail room for canvas. They, too, were secured, and within twenty minutes from the time they had started to get the boat ready I had them all under lock and key.

When the captain appeared on deck the next morning and I told him that the strangers had stolen arms he looked serious. Then when I told him that I had the men secured he was astonished, not being able to understand how he could have slept through a mutiny. Finally when I gave him my plan and the manner of its accomplishment he reprimanded me for acting without his orders.

A few days later we reached port. I went to the municipal office and stated the case, to be told that nine persons serving terms at a prison near the coast had escaped. A boat was missing, and it was supposed they had taken it and put to sea. Government officers were looking for them, but thus far had seen nothing of them.

The men were taken in charge by the police and returned to the prison. Their leader told me before leaving that they had planned to take the ship the very night I executed the plan that resulted in their capture.

OUR COLONIAL SOLONS.

First Legislative Assembly Met at Jamestown, Va., in 1619.

The first representative legislative assembly ever held in America convened at Jamestown, Va., in July, 1619, a year before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth and a decade before the Massachusetts Bay colony was begun. It consisted of the governor, Sir George Yeardley, his council, two burgesses elected by each of the eleven incorporated plantations. The assembly sat in the chancel of the little church where five years before Pocahontas had been married to John Rolfe. John Twine, the clerk of the assembly, says in his official report:

"The most convenient place we coulde finde to sitt in was the quire of the church where Sir George Yeardley, the governour, being sett downe in his accustomed place, those of the counsel of estate sate nexte him on both handes, excepte onely the secretary, then appointed speaker, who sate right before him, John Twine, clerke of the general assembly, being placed nexte the speaker, and Thomas Pierse, the sergeant, standing at the barre, to be ready for any service the assembly should require. But forasmuch as men's affairs doe little prosper where God's service is neglected, all the burgesses took their places in the quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory and the goode of this plantation."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

COAL MINERS' CLOCKS.

Telling the Time of Day by a Lamp or an Oil Flask.

Do you know that every miner when descending into the pit to work takes with him a couple of clocks? These are not ordinary timepieces, for they have neither wheels, springs, dials nor any of the usual appurtenances. The "clocks" are simply his lamp and oil flask. By noting the quantity of oil consumed—or that left—the miner can tell to within a few minutes any hour of the day or night.

When a miner's lamp goes out, as it not infrequently does, in almost any circumstances he must not relight it himself. Instead, though he may be left in pitch darkness, he must grope his way to the lamp cabin or to some other point where he can obtain the proper assistance. He does the "groping" with his hands, stooping down until he touches the tram lines along which the coal is taken, and sliding his hands along the metal until he reaches his destination or meets some one going in the same direction.

A coal hewer's earnings depend on the weight of coal he gets and also on the number of fathoms cut. A cubic yard of coal weighs about eighteen hundredweight, and the outstretched arms of an average man extend to about one fathom. By these measurements, independent of the official ones, each man can roughly calculate his earnings for any particular "shift."—London Tit-Bits.

What Is Dissipation?

I think sometimes that our common definition of dissipation is far too narrow. We confine it to crude excesses in the use of intoxicating liquor or the crude gratification of the passions, but often these are only the outward symbols of a more subtle inward disorder. The things of the world—a thousand clamoring interests, desires, possessions—have got the better of us. Men become drunken with the inordinate desire for owning things and dissolute with ambition for political office. I knew a man once, a farmer, who debauched himself upon land; fed his appetite upon the happiness of his home, cheated his children of education, and himself went shabby, bookless, joyless, comfortless, that he might buy more land. I call that dissipation too. —David Grayson in American Magazine.

The Greatest Geologist.

The royal name in geology is undoubtedly that of Charles Lyell. It was Lyell who did for geology what Copernicus did for the heavens and Darwin for the realm of biology—gave it true rendering by finding out and stating its true laws. Before Lyell's time geology was largely romance, but in "The Principles of Geology," published in 1830, the old catastrophic view of the formation of the earth heard its deathknell, and from the publication of that great work we are to date the birth of real geology.—Exchange.

Aluminium Bronze.

Aluminium bronze was invented by the French chemist Deville in 1859 and was used experimentally for the manufacture of domestic utensils and articles of jewelry. It has the color of gold and retains its brilliancy, not being attacked by salt water or the atmosphere. It consists of 10 per cent of aluminium to 90 of copper. It has tenacity of Bessemer steel and when heated is easily forged and rolled.

His Family Tree.

Andy—And you say that is a picture of your family tree?

Sandy—It is.

"But the tree has no foliage on it?"

"No. You see, I'm Scotch descent and my ancestors wore kilts and went with bare limbs."—Yonkers Statesman.

On the Right Track.

"But I no spik ze English goot."

"It's a cinch, kid. You stick around me and I'll soon put you wise to the right dope."—Life.

We must all toil or steal, which is worse.—Thomas Carlyle.

She Found Her Vocation

By EUNICE BLAKE

Helen Warfield when [illegible] years of age, by the death of her [illegible] and a few months later her mother found herself responsible for the support of herself and several brothers and sisters very much younger than herself. What should she do to feed and clothe her little ones? She had shown some talent in private theatricals for [illegible] and had been told that she would achieve success on the stage. An old friend of her mother offered to advance a certain sum by which she might receive some education as an actress, and Helen availed herself of it, taking lessons of an elocutionist.

Her instructor did not encourage her. He told her that her enunciation was peculiar to herself and that it was unattractive. As for her action, especially her facial expression, it was all that could be desired. But she could not hope to please with that alone, and her enunciation would so repel an audience that her valuable qualities would not be appreciated.

Helen's friends told her that this was rubbish. She had pleased private audiences and she would with the same gifts please the public. Helen believed them because she preferred to believe them. She did not know that intimate friends, even if competent critics, will seldom give an unbiased criticism. As for professional critics, while they may judge as to what is artistic, when it comes to judging what the public will fancy they are as much at sea as any one else.

Helen, encouraged by her friends, persevered. After a hasty preparation she attempted, with the assistance of friends, to get an engagement. She was offered parts in which she would have but a few words to say, but she felt that they would give her no opportunity to show what she could do, and she pushed on for something better. Finally, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, she was given a trial. It was arranged that she should understudy for a part that would test her powers, and the person whom she was understudying agreed to give way to her as soon as she was ready to make the trial.

In due time she appeared in the role she had been preparing for. She made a dismal failure. She felt her part, acted her part, but she could not speak her part. As her preceptor had warned her, her enunciation spoiled the whole.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "I have spent the money furnished me to study and have failed."

"I have heard," said her instructor, "that these men who show moving photographs are beginning to give little plays. If you are in need of money you might make something in that way."

Helen's heart sank within her. What—give up her dreams of having her name posted in enormous letters as a famous actress, to be photographed for a ten cent show! Horrible! Nevertheless, going home to a lot of hungry children, with nothing to buy food for them, sent her the next day to a studio where a picture play was just beginning to be made ready for presentation to the public. Although the manager had no experience at that early date in producing such plays, it occurred to him that the chief feature in them was the acting, especially the facial expression. Beauty was also an advantage, and Helen was comely.

"Let me see you look like a thief caught red handed," he said.

Helen obeyed.

"Good! Now laugh. Good again! Look at me with haughty contempt. Excellent! You are condemned to death. You are an innocent girl listening to the first words of love. That will do. You have the power of expressing by your face what you feel. In your case words are not needed. What salary do you expect?"

"Whatever you choose to pay."

"I will start you at $[illegible] a week, but I am sure you will soon be worth more than that."

Helen was surprised. How easy was the getting of this situation compared with her efforts to secure a trial at which she had failed! The manager advanced a week's salary, anxious to bind the bargain and fearing some other manager would get her away from him.

He gave her a part in the play that he was about making photographs for, and it was at once evident that she would make a great success. And she did.

Helen Warfield within a few months was receiving $100 a week and is now a prime movie favorite. She has seen the day when famous actors and actresses are proud to perform by photograph. She has a genius for interpreting humanity by expression, though she has no gift whatever for rendering it in speech. The plays selected for her are such as may be rendered in this way. She has acted the title role in some of the famous plays, but they are those in which the strength lies in the acting rather than the speech.

It is needless to add that Helen Warfield is making money, and feeding, clothing and educating her charges is a very simple matter. When she has acted her parts sufficiently to be photographed successfully in them her work is done, while her competitors on the stage are obliged to work on for every cent they receive.

HAUGHTY [illegible]

[illegible]

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

[illegible]

Origin of "Hip, Hip, Hurrah."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" our [illegible] of delight, is said to have an [illegible] origin. The word "hip" is supposed to be composed of the initial [illegible] the Latin phrase, "Hierosolyma [illegible] perdita," meaning "Jerusalem [illegible] destroyed." The "I" for "hip" [illegible] for the "J" in [illegible] the German knights [illegible] Jews in the middle ages [illegible] to have run, shouting "Hip, hip," [illegible] much as to say Jerusalem [illegible] "Hurrah" is said to be from the [illegible] "hu-raj," meaning "to paradise," hence "hip, hip, hurrah" would [illegible] "Jerusalem is lost; we are on our way to paradise."—Indianapolis News.

Another Tease.

Little Mary had heard it said that sister Kate "belonged to her mother's people," that baby brother was "[illegible] father over again" and that "[illegible] was a Brown."

"Little Mary," the [illegible] "doesn't look like anybody."

She followed her mother about the house one day with an anxious look.

"Mamma," she finally burst forth, "ain't me people?"—Indianapolis News.

Coward.

"Before we were married you said you would gladly dare anything for me."

"Well?"

"And now you stand there and admit that you're afraid to ask your boss for a raise."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Job in Sight.

"Another good job is going to be made in the office for somebody."

"How do you know?"

"The boss' daughter is going to be married and he'll have a son-in-law to place."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mystery.

"It's always been a puzzle to me."

"What has?"

"Where the man who first said that two could live as cheap as one got the idea."—Exchange.