Jimmie's School Marks

By F. A. MITCHEL

An old woman entered a bank and asked to be advised how to send money to her son in another city. The president was the only one of the officers present, and the woman was referred to him. She was a garrulous old lady and, like most women when started talking about their sons, poured a steady stream in the president's ears of her sons superiority over other women's sons mingled with some hard luck he had had.

"Jimmie," she said, "was always an affectionate child, truthful, thoughtful and never gave me a bit of trouble. He was so smart when he was at school that he never needed to study much at home, and his marks were always C and D, which are the highest. He never got A but once, and he said that was a mistake. One day he came home and said he wasn't going to school any more, he didn't approve of the system of education. He thought the boys were treated like sausage meat all put into a hopper and ground out together. He said he had found that he could do one thing well and it was very easy for him. I asked him what it was, and he said it had nothing to do with school work and didn't need any education at all. He would show me instead of telling me; then I would understand him. He lifted the clock from the mantle, took it all to pieces and put it together again.

"'For land's sake, Jimmie,' I said, 'are you going to be satisfied to be a clock tinker?'

"'Oh, mother,' he said, giving me a hug, 'you don't understand what I'm driving at.'

"The next day he bid me goodby and said, 'You won't see me again till I've made some success in the world.'

"'You won't make much of a success,' I said, without an education.' I was in hopes you would have some ambition and go to college. I could have paid part, and you could have earned the rest teaching school or something.

"'I haven't time to go to college,' he said. 'I've got a big work before me. I'm going to make something that has never been successfully thus far constructed.'

"He went away and I've not seen him since. I'm sure he will succeed, but I wish he would tell me how he is getting on. You see, he has had a lot to contend with. First he was taken sick and didn't earn a cent for months, besides paying something for being in a hospital. Then he—

"Madam," interrupted the banker, "I'm too busy to listen to all this. From your description of your son I judge that he is a no-er-do-well.

"The old lady looked at the banker wonderingly. "Jimmie a no-er-do-well! Why, he's the smartest boy you ever saw, said the lawyer. A physician! Why, he's got marks at school unless—

"The banker cut her short, asking her how much money she wanted to send to her son, but when she said that she was going to let him have $1,000 for which he was to send her a thousand shares of stock in a manufacturing concern he was organizing, the president implored her not to rob herself by putting her money in some wild scheme that would surely explode and leave her in the church.

"'Wild scheme,' she exclaimed. 'Do you suppose my boy would let his mother put her money in a wild scheme? Why, he wouldn't!'

"'Enough, madam. Let me have your $1,000 and I'll give you a draft for it that will be as good as money for your son. But remember that I warned you.'

"The old lady opened a hand bag and took out a stocking, from which she poured a quart measure of bills, gold and silver. The banker called a clerk and directed him to count the money and, finding the amount as the old lady had stated, gave her a draft for it.

"Two years passed. One day a carriage drove up to the bank and an old lady wrapped in expensive furs was helped to alight by a maid who carried a satchel and, going into the bank, asked for the president.

"'I've got a lot of papers,' she said. 'I want you to take care of for me.' And, opening the satchel, she drew forth a pile of securities which the president, on looking over, found to be of great value. He locked them in a box in the safety deposit branch of the bank and, handing her the key, told her that she, and she alone, would be able to unlock the box and would have access to it at any time during business hours.

"'You don't seem to know me,' she said.

"'Really,' replied the banker, 'I must confess that I don't.'

"'Don't you remember my coming in here and emptying a stocking full of money and you giving me a paper for it to send to my boy? Well, Jimmie was getting up a company to make something he had invented. He'd saved $2,000 himself and needed $1,000 more. I sent it to him, and he gave me a third interest in the concern. After he got to making money he watered the stock, whatever that means, and gave me a thousand shares. Jimmie says each share is worth $500. I know that Jimmie couldn't have got all those C and D marks at school if he wasn't mighty smart.'

"'Madam,' said the banker, 'I am glad that you didn't accept my advice. I fancy your son is a genius, and one never can tell what such persons are going to do.'

"'And they told me he had been expelled from school,' added the old lady triumphantly.

Work of the Ground Mole.

There is a popular belief that the ground mole is a destructive animal. Like many popular beliefs this cannot be substantiated by facts. Ground moles do not feed upon roots and are not destructive. The ground mole is a subterranean animal. It builds its nest, rears its young and hunts its prey beneath the earth. It is well adapted to its subterranean life, the shape of its body being cylindrical, gradually tapering to a point at the extremity of its nose. Ground moles visit only those localities where the earth is infested with insect life. Where they are numerous the ground is interlaced with "runs" or passageways that lead from one feeding ground to another. These little animals deserve protection because they prey upon all kinds of underground insects, among which are the larvæ of some of the most injurious insects which pass their pupa or chrysalis stage beneath the earth. Country Life in America.

The Remedy For Anger.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay; beg anger to grant you this at the first, not in order that it may pardon the offense, but that it may form a right judgment about it; if it delays it will come to an end. Do not attempt to quell it all at once, for its first impulses are fierce, by plucking away its parts we shall remove the whole. We are made angry by some things which we learn at second hand and by some things which we ourselves hear or see. Now we ought to be slow to believe what is told us. * * * If you were about to give sentence in court about ever so small a sum of money you would take nothing as proved without a witness, and a witness would count for nothing except on his oath. You would allow both sides to be heard, you would allow them time. Seneca.

Fire In a Cotton Bale.

Kerosene oil has been used successfully to extinguish fire in baled cotton. A cotton bale is subjected to a very heavy pressure. Water will penetrate it but an inch or so, whereas kerosene will go clear to the center. A fire in a cotton bale does not blaze but simply smoulders and eats its way into the bale. At the comparatively low temperature at which cotton burns, and where there is no flame, kerosene does not ignite, but smothers or extinguishes the slow creeping fire. After the fire is extinguished the bands are removed from the bale and burned, portions of the cotton stripped off. It is said that the use of kerosene has practically no detrimental effect on the cotton, and after it has been spread out and aired for a few days all odor of the oil disappears. Argonaut.

Colored Evidence.

A well known lawyer was trying to make clear to a legal student the significance of the term "colored evidence," meaning that evidence which has been tampered with.

"The best illustration I can think of came within my observation not long ago," said the lawyer. "A physician had said to a fair patient:

"'Madam, you are a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes, nothing stiff or formal.'

"When the lady got home this is how she rendered to her husband the advice given to her by the doctor:

"'He says I must go to the seashore, do plenty of motoring and get some new summer gowns.'" New York Times.

Obsolete Trade Names.

Some obsolete names of trades survive as surnames, e. g. Webster, Lister, Walker. In the fourteenth century the weaver was known as "the webster," the dyer was "the lyster" and the workman who trod the cloth in the dye-vat was "the walker". The arkwright made the arks or chests in which clothes or meal were stored and the smith was frequently dubbed "the faber," this later being one of the rare cases in which the Latin translation of a craft has become common surname. When the cotteler had forged an edged tool the blomer finished it off or put the bloom on it, the chapman traveled with goods from door to door and the coke baked cakes and sold them. London Tatler.

The Pace.

The rhinoceros surveyed the world complacently. "After all, I set the pace, in a manner of speaking," quoth he.

Whereat the other beasts burst out laughing.

"Well, it's a fact," the rhinoceros insisted. "Tell me, pray, where would civilization be if it were not for men with hides like mine?" Boston Journal.

Two Rivers.

One of the most sharply defined watersheds on this continent lies on the Minnesota-South Dakota boundary. From Lake Traverse the Red River of the North flows to the arctic, while from Big Stone lake immediately adjacent the Minnesota river finds its way into the Mississippi. Argonaut.

A Mean Retort.

Bertha—I'm sorry you asked me to marry you. It pains me to refuse you.

Will—Cheerfully.—Oh, don't worry. Perhaps you know best what I'm escaping.

Trained.

Knicker—A very obedient child. Bocker—No wonder, his father is a traffic cop and his mother is a cook. New York Sun.

He has no hope who never had a fear.—William Cowper.

How She Was Bribed

By PAUL WHITCOMB

During the latter part of President Huerta's administration of the government of Mexico it became necessary for the United States government to send to the American representative there a document of great importance. There were Mexican spies in those days who were attempting to thwart the efforts of the Washington government, and who worked very adroitly. They had their confederates in the department who posted them as to what was taking place.

Paul Millard, a clerk in the state department, was intrusted with the document and warned to guard it carefully lest he be dispossessed of it. He was a young man recently married and, taking his dispatch home, told his wife of his mission and asked her to pack a suit case, the only baggage he intended to take with him.

Now the Mexican secret service men at Washington, knowing that Paul Millard was a clerk in the office of the secretary of state and had access to secrets, had tempted his wife with jewels to get information through her. She had not yielded, but being shrewd had pretended to be half inclined to consent. She said nothing to Paul about having been sounded but when he told her of his mission she went out on pretense of making a purchase and told the person who had tried to buy her that her husband would start the next morning for Mexico with an important dispatch.

Before going to bed that night she asked to see the document, which was contained in an official envelope and sealed with the seal of the United States. She told him that it would be wiser to put it into a plain envelope addressed to an assumed name. He asked her to do it and she took it into another room for the purpose, bringing it back resealed.

Millard next morning bade his wife goodby and started on his journey. As may be expected, he was watched by the Mexican secret service employees who were intent on waylaying him, but he took precautions always to be where there were others about him, and they found no opportunity. A very pretty woman was sent on the trip, which was made by sea, to fascinate him, but Paul, besides being a faithful husband, was no fool, and he refused to be duped by her.

During the voyage his stateroom was entered and his suit case examined. But he had taken the dispatch and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, where he could constantly feel its bulk. Then the conspirators, feeling sure that he carried it on his person, made efforts to get him by himself so that they might get it into their possession. On one occasion a man spoke enthusiastically of phosphorescent lights at the stern of the vessel, suggesting that he go with him to see. No one was there and Millard declined to go. This attempt put him on his guard, and for the rest of the voyage he took care never to be caught alone.

On arriving at Vera Cruz he took a train for Mexico City. Being now in the enemy's country, he felt that he was in more danger. And he was. The Mexicans were doing pretty much as they pleased, and so long as Huerta's men knew that Paul carried an important document from the United States government it was a foregone conclusion that he would be robbed of it.

True enough, at the first station at which the train stopped several men entered the car where Paul sat and passed through it, evidently looking for some one. On reaching him they took him into the baggage car and had no trouble in finding the package in his pocket. Then they permitted him to return to his seat in the car he had left.

Paul was naturally very much cast down. He regretted that he had attempted to carry the document through without protection. What puzzled him was that any one could have got wind of his going. No one knew the secret except an assistant secretary who had given him the dispatch, Mrs. Millard and himself. Surely the department must be full of spies.

On reaching Mexico City he determined to go to the United States embassy and report his loss. He was looking for a cab when a veiled lady sitting in one beckoned to him to get in. At first he refused, then, remembering that having lost his dispatch further precaution was unnecessary and not seeing another cab at his disposal, he consented.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the lady in English, but with a Spanish accent.

"First let the driver take you to your destination," replied Paul.

"I am going to the United States embassy."

Paul looked surprised and gave the order to drive to the embassy. The lady leaned back on the cushion and made no further remark. When they pulled up at the embassy he handed her out and followed her into the house. The lady said something to one attendant that Paul did not hear, and she was immediately admitted to the private office of the ambassador. A few minutes later Paul was called in. The ambassador was perusing a document, while seated near him was Mrs. Millard.

"It's safe, Paul," she said, nodding at the paper in the ambassador's hands. "I took it when you gave it to me to inclose in another envelope. The one I returned to you and that the Mexicans took was a dummy."

Then she told him how the enemy had tried to bribe her.

His Magic Bank Account.

At one time the famous author Rudyard Kipling always used to pay his bills, no matter how small they happened to be, by check. After awhile he discovered, to his amazement, that his banking account showed a much bigger balance than the counterfoils of his check book warranted. In fact, although he was drawing checks for small amounts almost daily, his money at the bank did not seem to dwindle in the least.

For a long time he was at a loss to account for this astonishing fact until one day, happening to visit an office where the principal was an enthusiastic autograph collector, he saw one of his own checks framed and hanging on the wall.

Then it was that the mystery was solved. It appeared that the local shopkeepers found that they could get more for Kipling's checks by selling them to autograph hunters than they could by cashing them at the bank, and thus it was that, although the author kept on drawing money, his capital remained almost stationary.

The Wounded Foes.

Here is a beautiful hospital story recorded by the Rev. William Sellers in his book "With Our Fighting Men." An English colonel's wife was making the round of a military ward when she noticed a wounded soldier toying with a German helmet.

"Well," said she, "I suppose you killed your man?"

"Well, naw," quietly responded the soldier. "You see it was like this. He lay on the field pretty near me with an awful bad wound an' bleedin' away somethin' terrible. I was losin' a lot of blood, too, fra my leg, but I managed to crawl up to him an' bound him up as well as I could, an' he did the same for me. Nawthin', o' coorse, was said between us. I knew no German an' the ither man not a word o' English, so when he'd done not seein' hoo else he thank him, I just smiled an' by way o' token handed him my Glengarry an' he smiled back an' giv' me his helmet."

Airsickness and Aviators.

The budding aviator is not prone to seasickness. Airsickness undoubtedly does sometimes trouble pilots of the bad sailor variety during long and stormy voyages, when the machine rocks and pitches to excess, but it is comparatively rare and generally means the flier is exhausted or out of condition. The airsickness that is akin to mountain sickness only makes its appearance at heights very unusually attained by flying machines. In the matter of the "controls" these are now more or less uniform and standardized, to the great advantage of the beginner, who, apart from being relieved of the necessity of learning many different systems, is called on by the system now employed to do in flight just that which his natural instinct would suggest. Westminster Gazette.

Ascension Island.

The island of Ascension, in the Atlantic, belonging to Great Britain, is one of the most unique places in the world, in that there is no private property in land, no rents, no taxes and no use for money. The flocks and herds are public property and the meat is issued as rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farms. When an island fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guardroom, where it is issued by the sergeant major. Practically the entire population are sailors, and they work at most of the common trades. The climate is almost perfect and anything can be grown. The island is 8 miles by 6 in size and has a population of about 700. It is 750 miles northward of St. Helena and is governed by a captain appointed by the British navy.

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On Second Thought

"Those men for whom you failed to get government positions were rather indignant."

"Only for a little while," replied Senator Sorghum. "Since they found how much more they can make in private employment they're honestly grateful." Washington Star.

Manila Hemp.

The fiber of manila hemp varies in length from six to twelve feet and occasionally attains a length of eighteen feet. It is said to possess greater tensile strength than any other fiber known.

In True Proportion.

"He rapturously: Miss Sweetthing danced as lightly as the ocean foam. She sweetly: Indeed she does and her head is just as light as her heels." Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Improving.

"What does the doctor say about your father's condition?"

"He says he ought to be well enough tomorrow to start kicking again." Detroit Free Press.

Between good sense and good taste there is the difference between cause and effect.—La Bruyere.

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