

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 gruff old lady, and like most women when started talking about their sons, poured a steady stream in the president's ear of her son's superiority over other young men in the neighborhood. The president, however, with some hard luck he had had.

"Jimmie," she said, "was always an affectionate child, 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 he had not had much 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 hours," said Jimmie, "I had my hands going to be satisfied to be a clock maker." "Oh, mother," he said, giving me a hug, "you don't understand what I'm driving at." "The next day he hid me goodly and said, 'You won't see me again till I've made some success in the world.' You want to know much of a success, I said, without an education. Well, he says, 'I would have some ambition and go to college. I could have paid part, and you could have earned the rest by 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 made by any other man.' 'He went away and I've not seen him since. I'm sure he will succeed, but I wish he would tell me how as well as telling me how he has had to contend with. First he was taken sick and didn't earn a cent for months. Besides paying something for living in a hospital. Then he...

"Madam," interrupted the banker. "You must listen to all this. From your description of your son, I judge that he is a nervous wreck." "The old lady looked at the banker wondering if Jimmie was a nervous wreck. 'How do you suppose he ever got those things done?' she asked. '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 tripped her not to rob herself by putting her money in some wild scheme that would surely explode and leave her in the lurch.

"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 will 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 gold coins and silver. The banker, who had 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 the old lady 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 them 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, said to her that she should be able to unlock the box and would have access to it any time during business hours.

"You don't seem to know me," she said. "Really?" replied the banker. "I never confess that I don't." "Don't you remember my coming here and employing 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 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 wanted to stock a thousand shares, and you gave me a thousand shares. Jimmie was worth \$500. I know that Jimmie couldn't have got all those A 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 infested the ground is interlarded 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 larvae of some of the most injurious insects which pass their pupal 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 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 know 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 the bale and the cotton, whereas kerosene will go clear to the center. A fire in a cotton bale does not burn the outside, but it spreads 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 smother or extinguishes the slow, creeping fire. After the fire is extinguished the bales 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 color 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," he said, "is that of a man's observation not long since of a pair of trousers. 'When the trousers were new, they ran down the back and were fastened by a button. In the coldest, most comfortable clothes, nothing stiff or formal.' 'When the lady got home this is how she reported to her husband the article given to her by the doer.' '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 word was known as "the Webster's." The father who tried the cloth in the dye was "the walker." The workman who made the arks or chests in which clothes or meat were stored and the smith was frequently dubbed "the father," this latter being one of the rare cases in which the Latin translation of a craft has become a common surname. When the cotter of the iron foundry took the blower of the blast furnace out of the room on the duty of a coal and coke laden car to door and the coke laden car and sold them. *London Times.*

The Page.

The rhinoceros survived the world completely. After all I set the page in a matter of speaking, though by. "Whereas the other beasts burst out laughing. 'Well, it is a fact,' the rhinoceros in said. 'To me, please, where would I hunt for you if it were not for me with black like mine.' *Boston Journal.*

Two Rivers.

One of the most sharply defined boundaries on the continent lies on the Minnesota-South Dakota boundary. The town of Rapid City on the Red River to the north flows to the north, while the town of Rapid City on the Missouri River flows to the south. *Argonaut.*

A Mean Retort.

Bertha: 'I'm sorry you asked me to marry you. It pains me to refuse you cheerfully.' Oh, don't worry. Perhaps you know best what I'm capable of. *Magazine.*

Trained.

Kutcher: A trained obedient child Becker: 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 car.

By 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. Paul Millard, a clerk in the state department, was entrusted with the document and wished to guard it carefully. He was a young man, recently married and, taking his dispatch home, told his wife of his mission and asked her to pack a satchel for him. 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 money 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 tempted 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 made his wife goodly 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 other people 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 station was entered and his satchel 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 it by himself so that they might get it into their possession. On one occasion a man spoke of the possibility of phosphorescent lights at the bottom of the vessel suggesting that he go with him to see. No one was permitted to go to his cabin and he never attempted to get out. 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 grave 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. Evidently Paul had 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 at first deposited 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 well-dressed man in a dark suit asked him to get in. At first he refused, then, remembering that having lost his dispatch, further espionage was unnecessary and not seeing another cab at his disposal, he consented. "Where do you wish to go?" asked the man in the English, but with a Spanish accent. "First let the driver take you to your destination," replied Paul. "I'm going to the United States embassy." Paul looked surprised and gave the man an order to drive to the embassy. The man leaned back on the cushion and made no other remark. When they pulled up to the embassy, the man turned her out and followed her into the house. The man said nothing to the attendant but 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 hide in another envelope. The one I returned to you and that the Mexican 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 Hero.

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 rounds of a military ward when she noticed a wounded soldier lying with a German helmet. "Well," said she, "I suppose you kill your man?" "Well, now," quietly responded the soldier. "You see it was like this. He lay on the field pretty near me with an awful bad wound on his head, and something terrible. I was torn a lot of blood, too, from my leg, but I managed to crawl up to him and bound him up as well as I could, and he did the same for me. Now, of course, we were taken to the hospital and I knew no German and the other man not a word of English, so when he'd done his best to get me to thank him, I just smiled at him. He warily took hold of my arm and when he smiled back at me he said: 'I'm glad to see you.'"

Ascension Island.

The island of Ascension, in the Atlantic, 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 books 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 government 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 120. It is 250 miles northward of St. Helen and is governed by a captain appointed by the British navy.

Our Elastic Arteries.

Our arteries are distinguished by withstanding enormous pressure from the blood that courses through them and they naturally possess very great elasticity. However much the blood pressure is increased by rapid heart action a perfectly healthy artery does not stretch, but stretches for the blood is forced through, and then it regains its proper size. An old age artery has the arteries begin to lose elasticity and grow more rigid.

On Second Thought.

These men for whom you failed to get government positions were rather indignant. "Only for a little while," replied Secretary Sherman. "Since they found how much more they can make in private employment they're honestly grateful." *Washington Star.*

Maria Hemp.

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In True Proportion.

He rapturous Miss Sweethearts, and she as lightly as the moon. She swoon. Indeed she does and her head is just as light as her heels. *Rochester 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." *Trojan Free Press.*

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

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