

How a Pirate Was Downed

By EDWARD STEWART

More than a hundred years ago young Captain Herbert Chandler sailed his ship, the Wasp, into a cove on the shores of the Island of Jamaica, east anchor and sent boats ashore with casks for water. While waiting their return two vessels appeared on the sea, the one a clumsy brigantine, the other a low cut, rakish craft with enormous sails. Chandler brought his glass to bear on the two ships and was not long in determining that one was a merchantman, the other a Spanish pinnacero, and the pinnacero was chasing the merchantman.

... My ... Other Self

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I live alone with my servants, a woman cook and a housemaid. I am fifty years old, tall for a woman and with grizzly gray hair. I wear glasses, and as I have trouble with one eye the glasses before that eye is colored a light amber. These details are necessary to an understanding of an incident I am about to relate. One afternoon of a rainy evening, for the day was fading, I went home after shopping, opened the front door with my key and went up-stairs to my room. The door was open, and a woman was standing before the turner of the bureau powdering her face. I saw her reflection in the glass and what was my astonishment to see myself. If I had any doubt the woman was I, it was dispelled by seeing that one of a pair of glasses she wore was colored and was amber.

ACHIEVEMENT.

Bravely and cheerfully face your task. Nor grieve at the burden you must bear. Since it is yours alone. This place may be the very spot wherein success awaits your readiness and earnest zeal. The dark moments when the sun is hid may be the crucial times to test your courage. One's duty is to greatness of desire. Who's odds not obstacles to be overcome. To sail and sail, and never see a land. Never watch the white foam dash against the bow. For you are in the rocks beneath the ship. We would not welcome, but we will not see you. Than the drifting on a waveless sea. To be ever in danger and distressed. Then your chance is with God's blessing. It is to achieve some measure of success. We reach for, but to which so few attain. Herbert M. Richardson

Too Much Simplicity

By ALAN HINSDALE

Well, I've come to grief at last. Three of us held up a train and got away with a lot of money, there was the express car. The citizens lived by the road made up a posse and got after us. We separated, each man looking out for himself. I knew of a house where lived a girl that I'd had some experience with a good while before. I thought I'd rather risk myself in that house than any other. The experience I speak of was this: I was on the road looking out for some place to make a haul when I passed a house that looked kind of tempting. I knocked at the door, and a very likely looking gal opened it. I told her that I was down on my luck. I hadn't had anything to eat for two days and wouldn't she give me some'n to eat. That's all I wanted—some'n to eat. The gal didn't give me a hunk of bread and a slice of meat and tell me to move on. She went to work and cooked me a meal. While she was in the kitchen I was in the living room. I had learned that some people are inclined to put valuables in such places as no one would be expected to hide 'em in, and that's where I hid my investigation. I dived into a pair of old shoes in a closet, a vase on a mantel and other such places as nobody but a fool or an expert would think of looking in, but didn't find anything. But when I opened a clock that stood in a corner and swept the bottom with my hand I ran against a stockin' full of some'n. I yanked it out and opened it and found it full of bills and gold and silver. I put it in my pocket and said nothing to the gal about it till after I'd eaten the dinner she'd cooked for me. Then I said to her: "You're a mighty good gal to treat me so well, and I'm goin' to repay you for your kindness by givin' you a point. If you have valuables to hide don't put 'em in such places as no thief would be expected to look for 'em. The best place for valuables is in a safe. If you're goin' to keep 'em in your house, bury 'em where any one'll have to dig up a lot o' dirt to find 'em. 'Theives are too lazy to work."

A Duel That Never Came Off

By RUTH GRAHAM

Luther Baldwin when still a young man had made enough money to enable him to see the world. Luther had inherited the faculty of coping money in many different ways. When he had gathered in enough to enable him to do what he liked he returned to the then annual meeting of tourists—that was before the great world's war—to Italy. His native shrewdness enabled him to see how plainly the great gathering crowd of travelers were gulled by those who plumed them. While in Naples he visited a museum containing articles that had been extorted from the city of Pompeii some 2,000 years ago. A guide was taking a party of Americans through the place, explaining what the articles were. "These are the cups," he said, "out of which the Pompeians drank their coffee." "Hold on there, my friend," put in Luther. "I didn't reckon the people over here in these days had coffee." "You spoke too late," said the guide, with a grin, and passed on, manufacturing other statements equally improbable. Persons meeting on the street in Italy pass to the left instead of the right, as in America. Luther was walking one day on a street in Rome when he met a man, he kept to the right. The man kept to his own left, which was Luther's right, and the two came to a standstill. There was an altercation, but the custom of the country being explained to the American, he apologized. The Italian would not accept an apology. He was too angry to listen to reason. He handed a card to Luther, who, supposing an exchange of addresses was intended, got no understanding why, gave his own card. Then the Italian passed on, muttering imprecations. The same evening Luther received a visit from Ricardo Visconti, who said he bore a challenge from Signor Edgardo Murelli. "I apologized for that matter," didn't know how they steered over here." "But my principal refuses to accept an apology." "Oh, he does! Well, you just tell him that he can do as he pleases about that." "You, signor," the gentleman proceeded, "being the challenged party, have the choice of weapons." "That's generous. I choose feather dusters." "I beg that Signor Baldwin will not attempt to make light of a serious affair. Will you fight with foils or pistols?" Though Luther had not been long abroad, he had become impressed with the fact as he expressed it, that Europe was a big show ground for Americans, and the ways of getting his countrymen to leave their lands there were multifarious and diverse. He began to suspect that the challenge was a matter of extortion. "See here, signor," he said, "what's the damage in round American money for passing a man on the street on the wrong side?" Signor Visconti relaxed. "If Signor Baldwin," he said, "considers the matter a case of indemnity rather than an intended insult I think possibly the matter can be arranged on that basis." "Just so. How would the payment of a hundred francs suit your esteemed friend?" "A hundred francs!" The man held up his hands in horror at the mention of such a small sum. "Very well, thirty francs." "Of course such a settlement has not occurred to my principal. I shall have to refer the matter to him." "About what do you think would be a fair settlement?" "It seems to me that if you pay for the injury done Signor Murelli 1,000 francs would be an equitable amount." This satisfied Baldwin that he had simply run up against one of the many ways of bleeding Americans. "Signor," he said, "1,000 francs is \$200 in American money. My life isn't worth it. We Americans don't count ourselves as valuable as you consider yours over here. I've concluded to fight. The matter is settled in that arena where gladiators died thousands of years ago. I reckon that, having the choice of weapons I have the choice of time and place. Tell Signor Murelli that I will meet him at 12 midnight in the arena of the Coliseum." "But, signor," protested the Italian. "at that hour the Coliseum is not open. Besides, the place is too public for such an affair." "It wasn't too public for your ancestors to feed Christians to lions, was it?" "Ah, signor, with that I have nothing to do. I would suggest as a place of meeting a spot on the Janiculum hill across the Tiber." "I'll fight in the Coliseum or not at all. Do you suppose I'm going back to America to tell my friends that I fought a duel in a shady place when there was a field at hand twenty centuries old with the memory of thousands of men who had fought and died to inspire me? No, siree. Luther Baldwin ain't any such galoot." Luther Baldwin as he spoke the words resembled Uncle Sam in newspaper cartoons when he is depicted showing just indignation at some foreign encroachment on the rights of the American eagle. As soon as he had uttered them he turned his back on Signor Visconti and strode away. He never again heard of the principal or second in the affair.

The Bronze and the Human Heart

By ALAN HINSDALE

The town of Hollingsworth has been named for the man who did more for it than any other person. While Joel Hollingsworth did much for the town, he did not do anything for any one but himself. He founded the Hollingsworth Institution and endowed it for the work of scientific research. Its benefits to mankind were intended to be general; not particular, and the real design was to perpetuate the name of Joel Hollingsworth. On a small plot of ground just within its gates stood a bronze statue of its founder on a lofty pedestal. It represented a man who looked aggressive, by no means modest or retiring—one who would not hide his light under a bushel. One day Edgar Walker, a young fellow seventeen years of age, was passing through the town of Hollingsworth, his worldly effects tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, on his way to a city near by, where he hoped to make his fortune. His way led him by the Hollingsworth Institution, and, pausing, he looked through the gilded bars of the gates at the noble pile within, his eyes finally resting on the statue of its founder. Hearing a moan behind him, he turned and saw a girl about eight years old crying. Turning, he asked her what troubled her. She told him that her mother had sent her to the store with a silver dollar to make some purchases and she had lost it. Now, Edgar Walker's capital on which he proposed to found his fortune was exactly \$1. Taking it from his pocket, he offered it to the girl. She drew back, stopped crying and with a changed expression said: "It would be mean for me to take money from a boy with holes in his shoes, even as a gift. My father says that the man who built all those buildings used to take money from anybody he could get it out of. I won't do that, no matter what I need." The girl went on her way, and Edgar passed on through the town dreaming of the fortune he would make, how he would make it and what he would do with it after it was made. The years went by. The noble pile called the Hollingsworth Institution still rose high over the town that nestled about it. Joel Hollingsworth in bronze still stood with folded arms within the gate, conspicuous of his nobility of soul. An occasional passer still stopped to peer between the bars. The particular passer who gazed one summer afternoon just before sunset was a prosperous looking gentleman a few years short of forty. Hearing a musical laugh behind him, he turned and saw a woman between twenty-five and thirty with a girl some twenty years her junior whose resemblance to her indicated that the child was her daughter. "Come, mamma," said the girl, tugging at her mother; "let's look in at the green grass and the flowers and the trees and the pretty walks." The woman yielded, and the two stood beside the man, mother and child gazing on this beautiful home of science, the man gazing upon the girl. "Mamma," he said, "twenty years ago I was looking through the bars of this gate when, hearing some one weeping behind me, I turned and saw that child. She said that her mother had given her a dollar with which to make purchases and she had lost it. I offered her the only dollar I possessed, and she declined it, saying that she would not be so mean as the man standing there in bronze. Can it be that she sensed from that time to develop and is still a child?" "I am or was the child," replied the mother, "who had lost the dollar and who declined your kind offer. I grew to womanhood, married and became a widow. This child is my daughter. I have not forgotten the boy who offered to supply my loss, and he has always existed in my mind as the antipodes of the man of bronze." "And I have remembered your remarks about the bronze heart of this man: I was going to the city to enter upon my life's career. I resolved that if I could not make a fortune without grinding my fellow beings, without refusing the poor and lowly, I would set on without one. I have come within reasonable bounds of keeping my resolution. I have made money, but I attribute it to a natural gift for business rather than to hard work. Fortunately it has not been necessary for me to be mean. To me money making has been easy." "Then you will not leave a monument to yourself such as this?" "I shall leave no monument at all. When I die all or nearly all the funds I have accumulated will have gone already to any deserving, or it may be undeserving, person whom I happen to meet needing assistance. If there is anything left it shall be distributed in sums of \$1 among the poor." "Then you do not believe in organized charity?" "I certainly do believe in it. But for myself I prefer to scatter my gifts in such a way that the donor shall not be known." "In other words, you prefer that your right hand shall not know what your left hand doeth?" The man's resolution was only partially kept. He married the woman, and at his death she and the child inherited enough of his fortune to make them comfortable. But he followed no rule; he was guided by his feelings.

Physical Examinations.

There is a side to the whole problem of physical examination which is very important. I am interested in physical examinations, not to start men out of work, but to use them more intelligently and to give them a proper chance. Oftentimes employers and men affected do not know that some thing has gone wrong with an employee. There was one concern that did not care two straws about physical examinations and would not pay any attention to the question. One day an elevator man took up a party of investors who were going to a board meeting in the establishment. He was seized with heart disease right between the floors, but fortunately the elevator stopped itself by the rarest good fortune. The executives of the plant now agree that physical examinations are no idle luxury. Men owe it to themselves, the company owes it to itself and the company owes it to its employees to have such examinations. Meyer Bloomfield in Industrial Management.

May Be the Oldest Book.

In an ancient Samaritan synagogue at Shechem a double roll of parchment is guarded jealously and is zealously preserved. It was to Shechem that Abraham came in his first visit to Canaan. Near Shechem Jacob sunk his famous well, and the returning Israelites heard here for the last time the voice of Joshua. Shechem was the first residence of the kings of Israel and was a city of refuge. Here at Jacob's well Jesus met the woman of Samaria. Here the great Justin Martyr was born. After the division of Rome into two kingdoms Shechem became the religious center of the northern kingdom, and Jeroboam's self appointed faith degenerated into the Samaritan worship of our Lord's day which is perpetuated in the old syra gogue which holds this scroll. This double roll of parchment, possibly the oldest in the world, contains the first five books of the Old Testament and may be as old as the days of Jeremiah. —Christian Herald.

Joy of Pockets.

The pocket has to be tucked before it is properly appreciated, the London Chronicle says. This writer had tucked his pockets as a matter of course until one evening he attended a fancy dress ball in costume which he discovered when too late to remedy the defect was absolutely pocketless. The question at once arose what to do with pocket handkerchief, money, cloakroom ticket, and so on. The handkerchief, of course, went up his sleeve, but he took some minutes to devise receptacles for coins and other necessities in the lining of the cap, the heels of the shoes and the cuff of the coat. All night long, however, he felt lost through having no place to thrust his hands into. Since then he finds himself frequently putting his hands into his pockets to experience the sheer joy of knowing that they are there.

Care of Harness Leather.

Harness leather cannot be neglected without injury that lessens its durability. It should be washed and oiled frequently. The washing should be done in tepid water with a neutral soap and a sponge or stiff brush. After rinsing in clean tepid water the harness is hung up to drain a little while before oiling. For driving harness neatfoot or castor oil is best, but for heavy harness there may be some follow in the oil. The applications should be light for driving and liberal for heavy harness. The oil, warm to the hand, is rubbed thoroughly into the leather while it is still wet from the washing. Excess oil which the leather is unable to take up should be removed with a clean, dry cloth. —New York Sun.

A Legend of Agincourt.

For many centuries the English have planned ourselves upon the victory of Agincourt. But the French have an account of the affair not so much to our credit. It was arranged, according to this fable, by the two leaders that only the rapiers on each side were to fight. King Henry V then artfully snatched his whole army and hence got the best of the enemy. Shakespeare unwittingly gives a little countenance to the legend when he makes the king declare in his address to the soldiers "Be no more cowards, this day shall give your condition." London Standard.