

The Little Peacemaker

The last man on earth to admit that John Carter lived a narrow life would have been John Carter himself. That was in itself admirable proof of his narrowness. All been passed on a north country farm, two miles from nearest highway. He sold his produce in the village and that two mile radius enclosed his whole world.

There had been talk of another railway, the one to take in the village on its way to London. John Carter had resented this proposed intrusion. The village had done very well without a railway for a century and more. A railway means smoke and noise, and noise and cattle killed and maimed. He liked the railway still less when a good-looking young surveyor at work on the coming route saw Sylvia Carter in the lane. Sylvia was pretty, very pretty, and smart too, and John Carter was proud of her beneath the shell that hid his emotions.

Well, that railway didn't come, but the surveyor kept on coming, and one day the good-looking young fellow faced him.

"Mr. Carter," he said, "I want you to give me Sylvia."

John Carter's face grew hard. "When Sylvia marries," he said, "she's going to marry some steady young fellow who was reared in this neighborhood—an 'it'll be a young fellow that Sylvia knows an' I know."

"Um, a bit sorry," said the young man, "that I wasn't reared in this neighborhood, but that can't be helped now. I'm generally considered a pretty good fellow, as it is, and my prospects are excellent. There's a nice position waiting for me in London—assistant engineer in a big company—and I want Sylvia to go with me."

John snarled ominously. "Well, you can't have her," he snarled. "The young man drew a deep breath. "Then it's for Sylvia to choose," and he turned away.

"You get off these premises as quick as you know how," the angry John roared after him.

Then he stormed into the house. "Sylvia," he cried, "that jackanapes of a railway man has just been asking me if he could marry you. I sent him away, but he's back, and he's asking me if you'd better get it out as quick as you can. You're as good as promised to Ben Roundtree's boy, and you'll marry him or nobody. If you was to go as far as to take up with this engineering loafer, I'd never want you to open these doors again—"

John's pretty face had turned very white, and her heart beat hard and fast, but she kept her temper.

That night she ran away with her trunk, and she was in London. The message came in a letter, and she was in London. The message came in a letter, and she was in London.

"Dear father," she began. "I am the mother of a baby girl. Her name is Sylvia. I wanted you to know about my great happiness—Sylvia."

John stared at this letter a long time. Then he growled something under his breath, and tore the letter to fragments and flung them into the fireplace.

"They don't get no money out of me," he growled.

Then he moved along as before on the letter, and he was in London. The message came in a letter, and she was in London.

"What's that show place up the street with the music?" he presently asked the proprietor.

"Moving pictures," the latter replied. "Panorama."

"No. People move in 'em same as life."

"See 'em yet?"

"No, I ain't seen 'em myself, but my folks think they're mighty interesting. Feller is doing pretty well, too, I'm told—especially Saturdays."

"Child's play, I expect," growled John Carter as he turned away.

He was in no hurry to return home. He strolled along the street in an aimless way.

This was a changed John Carter. He was uneasy and unsettled. He wouldn't admit it, but the letter behind the old clock on the mantelpiece had shaken him a good deal.

He walked by the moving picture show, and stared at the lithographs as he passed. He had been thinking too much lately, he needed something to get his mind away from that—that stuff about a father's heart. A cheap trick to catch his sympathy, perhaps?

He wouldn't believe it, Sylvia meant it every word of it. Sylvia—his mother's name, and for years he had barred it even from his thoughts.

He turned and walked back, and then, half automatically, found himself pushing a penny along the little glass shelf before the girl in the ticket office, and a moment later was in the dark auditorium. He stumbled to a seat and presently grew accustomed to the novel surroundings. One of the films on the screen had reached his seat, and when he looked up at the stage the next series was running.

From the first it held John Carter's attention. He forgot the novelty, the mechanism—it was all real to him.

The story told by the film was a simple one. An old farmer, a stern old man, harsh and grizzled, had an only son, a fine young fellow, smart and active. This lad was very dear to his father, although the old man made few demonstrations of affection. It appeared that he had decided the boy should marry Dora, an estimable young woman, a relative, and one of the farmer's family. But the boy fell in love with the maid, a pretty girl who helped with the household duties, and braved his father for the pretty girl's love. And the hand old man turned him from his door. So William, with his head high and bitterness in his heart, went away with the pretty maid, and they were married and lived very humbly. William finding employment in a quarry.

Old John Carter watched this picture with a wondering interest, finding hope in following it.

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"Expect I'm getting old," he said presently. He ran his hand through his thick grey hair. "Too much thinking ain't good for a man," he muttered. "More love is what I need. Let me read that letter again."

He rose up and stretched out his hand. "No, I won't. There's no use getting excited again. It sounds straight. I remember. I felt a good deal like that when Sylvia had diphtheria. Down on my knees I was up there behind the bed praying that old Doctor Bingham would see a change for the better. And when he came to me and whispered there was a chance for her, I felt like getting out in the garden and crying. She was only five then." He paused a moment. "Wonder how they've fixed?" he slowly said. "That husband of hers didn't look like anything of a saver, and I wouldn't like the child to suffer—and me here with plenty." He pushed back the old chair. "John Carter," he harshly said, "you're an old fool."

Two days later he was in the village with a load of produce. As he drove up the main street he heard the music of the band. He looked around. The music came from one of the shops along the way. The shop front was painted white, and there were pictures on it, and a sign in gilt letters over the doorway. The sign bore the word, "Alhambra."

Sylvia's address. The driver and policeman looked at it.

"Relatives?" the policeman asked. "Daughter," the old man answered. "I'll have him there in half an hour," said the chauffeur.

It was a brisk and brief ride, but the old man took no note of it. The grey head and topped head against the cushions, and the dim eyes closed. In a stupid way he was dimly conscious that he was being helped up many steps and then he lost all consciousness.

He awoke with the sunshine streaming into the room, a beautiful room, high and shining. His head ached a little, but he felt refreshed and keen and even hungry. As his head turned on the soft pillow he saw that he was not alone. A child was sitting by the bedside, a girl whose smiling blue eyes met his wondering gaze, a girl whose slender fingers twined about his brown old hand.

"Are you awake, grandpa?" the child softly asked. "I'm Sylvia, you know—your little nurse. And you are to take a drink from this glass as soon as you wake up—that's what Dr. Gordon said. Let me help you." Holding the glass in one hand she clambered carefully on the bed. Then slipping a round arm under the grey head she put the glass to John's lips.

"Crying, grandpa," she said, "you're crying. Does your poor head hurt you so? I'll call mamma—she's waiting by the door. Mamma!"

And Sylvia came so much like the old Sylvia—and ran to him and put her arms about him and softly smoothed his grey hair.

"I'm so glad you've come, father," she gently sobbed.

"Sylvia," said the old man in a hoarse whisper, "how are you off? Are you comfortable? Can Richard support you? Tell your old father the truth—'cause he's got enough for you all."

Then Sylvia laughed and cried together and hugged him again.

"Yes, yes, father, we have everything we could want—now that we have you. And here's Richard to say good morning."

Richard, looking a good deal older and a little careworn, suddenly appeared, and nothing could have exceeded the friendliness of his greeting.

"Well, soon have you up and around, and taking in all the sights, father," he cordially cried. "And what do you want to see first?"

A whimsical look rested on the wrinkled face.

"Do you have any of those moving picture shows in your town?" he asked.

Richard laughed merrily. "Hundreds of them."

"I'd like to go to one, said the old man. And when Richard laughed again he suddenly smiled and looked at the little Sylvia and softly said, "Some day I'll tell you why."

The Long Juju

"George is going to get married," said Mrs. Landstand uttered these tragic words she looked at her husband in agony. Mr. Landstand was a short, stout man, with a face whose features had been focused to a point representing the end of his rather red nose. He was a pleasant, good-natured man, whose sole ambition was to rest after his meals and read the morning and evening papers, which he perused with an undeviating passion.

Mrs. Landstand was also short and stout, and being possessed of that magic prop known as "mummy of her own," she had—in addition to other abilities—acquired a kind of dominance over her husband, which was expressed in certain volubilities. With it all, she had that unanswerable thing which, when it is spoken of, sounds like an accusation against the person referred to—namely, a kind heart. George, defiantly smoking his cigarette in the next room, was her idol.

"Impossible," muttered Mr. Landstand. "I know how it would be," went on Mrs. Landstand. "Does your poor head hurt you so? I'll call mamma—she's waiting by the door. Mamma!"

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French Bugler Hero

It has been ascertained that the oldest member of the French Legion of Honor is a bugler named Rolland, who lives at Lacey, a village in the mountains of Aveyron, at an altitude of more than 3,000 feet.

He received his decoration in August, 1846, for his conduct in Africa during the skirmish of Sidi Brahim. The French soldiers had exhausted their ammunition, and with his last shot he fired his musket, which he had placed in the barrel of his musket, at the advancing Arabs. He stood his ground, and was run down by the Arab horsemen, who took him, wounded, and a prisoner, to their leader, the Emir Abdel-Kader.

The Emir was squatting on a rich carpet under an olive tree. On seeing the prisoner with his bugle he pointed to the small cluster of French troops that were opposing the Arabs, and he asked him if he knew the tune that the Christians blew in order a cessation of the combat. The bugler said that it was the "Bretagne."

"Then, take your bugle," said the Emir, "and blow the retreat." Rolland pretended to obey, but, instead of the retreat, he blew the charge with all his might, and the Arab camp was carried. Considering the age of Rolland, who is now ninety-four, it has been proposed to promote him from the rank of Knight to that of Officer of the Legion.

Scientific Selling

The commercial world is alive to the possibilities of scientific management. Great strides are being made in the application of a set of principles so simple and so practical that their value is not open to doubt. Scientific management is opening the way for greater efficiency and greater economy in production.

The production of an article, however, is but one part of the process, through which it must go, and the giant task is to-day and always has been to find the best method of distributing what is produced.

Distribution frequently costs more than production. Dollars are going further in their purchasing power and standards of living will be generally enhanced in the proportion that distribution is simplified and economized.

Students of economic conditions are convinced that the American system of selling has been extremely wasteful and unprofitable in many lines are earnestly considering not only what they may do to organize their production on the most scientific basis, but also how they may lessen the cost of selling and thereby make a greater profit. They give the consumer the advantage of the same article for less money.

Intelligent advertising is a powerful aid in the solution of this vexatious problem.

It requires effort to sell goods and salesmen must be paid for making this effort. A merchant buys goods to sell them. He is interested in profit and retelling has long since reached the point where quick sales with small profits are more highly regarded than slow sales with large profits.

The merchant realizes that all advertised goods are partially sold and that his trade, although the profit per sale may be slightly less, is certain to be more brisk on goods of this character.

The salesman who can offer to his trade a line of merchandise which is widely known and for which there exists a favorable prejudice can sell his wares with less effort than if he were handling an unknown article.

The manufacturer who is paying salesmen for making a sales effort obviously has to pay less price for less effort. And this condition does not work against the salesman. He can cover more territory, get a better hearing and in the long run make more money.

The scientific ideal endorses a straight line as the shortest distance between two points.

If a railroad is to be constructed from one city to another the engineers grade it as an air line. Just of course grades must be level.

It is not illegal or illegitimate to raise a business beyond the pale of competition by such methods and approach to a monopoly can frequently be built along these lines.

If the man at the head of such a business sees with a clear vision and does not unwisely take too great advantage of the position thus secured, the people at large will be the direct beneficiaries of his activities, big business will be spared from pernicious molestation and all of the advantages of good production and scientific distribution may be realized.

It appears reasonable to us that the largest, oldest and most highly organized advertising house in the world is probably in a superior position to furnish counsel and assistance to business men who are confronted with such problems. It is a noteworthy fact that we have been conspicuously successful in developing, frequently from small beginnings, some very large advertising agencies with manufacturers of staple commodities and corporations offering for sale services of a public or semi-public nature.

A MULE MINE-OWNER. No one would think to-day, to look at the bustling, industrious community that the original Coeur d'Alene mine was discovered by the kick of a mule, which incident also led to one of the strangest mining lawsuits in American jurisprudence.

A prospector named "Dutch Jake" received a grub stake from a man named Nelson who lived in Wallace. He went up into the mountains one day with one of Nelson's mules. While he was eating supper the mule pawed up a chunk of turf containing gold. "Dutch Jake" began prospecting and discovered the famous Coeur d'Alene mining region.

Nelson brought suit in court, asserting that his mule had discovered the first vein, and demanded half the proceeds of the mine. The claim was allowed by the district court of Idaho and affirmed by the supreme court of the State.

"Dutch Jake" whose real name is Jacob Steinmetz, and Nelson both became very wealthy.

The Heart of Eve

O little heart whereon I rest my head As I recline, what makes thee beat so fast? Is it remembrance of the booted past? The drearful angel and the flaming sword? Or thought of this old world without the walls? That makes thee tremble when the dark winds blow? Or memory of that unlawful fruit? The thicket where, and the voice of God that called at evening? Nay, be not ashamed, O little heart; the fault was mine, not thine.

For I, the elder, should have guided thee, O heart, the stronger, should have held thee fast. From this strange yearning in thy heart to know.

For when God walked through Eden in the dusk He took a clod of simple earth His foot struck up in passing, and He smiled and wrought. Therewith and made me, Adam, Red Earth Man, and I, the sinner, drew the sword. And I, the elder, should have guided thee, O heart, the stronger, should have held thee fast.

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Our Precise Artist

Typewriter ribbon.

Soot stains should first be rubbed with dry salt or cornmeal before washing. They may also be removed by rubbing the spot with ether, putting a tumbler over it to prevent evaporation until the stain disappears.



Typewriter ribbon.



Said she, "I hate tobacco." "Me out," he said, "that lets. I do not smoke tobacco. Just Turkish cigarettes."

Just For Contrast. The sleighbells jingle jingle. The air with frost a tingle. And from our cozy angle We look out on the snow. There's ice upon the river. The passing people shiver. The mercury doth quiver At zero or below.

We hear the sidewalks creaking. The chill winds moaning, shrieking. And gratefully were seeking: The comfort of the fire. To keep the furnace fire full Makes coal bills simply awful. It ought to be lawful To raise the prices higher! The water pipes are freezing. With fearful colds were sneezing. We find that fast displeasing. That we must sniff and cough. (This poem of frost and freezing is wholly out of season. May help to cool you off!)

—Berton Brasley.