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IF WE BUT KNEW

How many idle words we speak,
How many vain rewards we seek,
How many truant vows we make,
How many perilous risks we take,
How many evil thoughts we think,
How many cursed things we drink,
How many unkind deeds we do!
But, friends, would we if we but knew
How many guiltless lives they stain,
And how much sorrow, how much pain
Unto our fellow-men they bring?
Friends, if we could feel the sting,
Surely, then, we'd take more care
How we'd spend these moments rare,
How we'd speak and how we'd think,
What we'd seek and what we'd drink,
What we'd risk and what we'd do,
What we'd vow—if we but knew.

—JOHN JOSEPH KEMMLER.

CHILD LABOR



IN an age of numberless reform movements, we are too apt to overlook the more needed ones in contemplation of the many. Hence, the old adage "There is safety in numbers" hardly seems to apply, since a multitude of laws have not sufficed to bring humanity up to that high state of perfection, to which all law-abiding people aspire. On the contrary, statistics show that crime is on the increase. Likewise, want and desolation which prevail not only through the poverty year of famine and stress, but in all climes and at all seasons.

What, then, avails great legislative procedure, combined with arguments, pro and con, over radical measures and those of superlative value? The idea is speedily to eliminate the unessentials that tend to make ulterior motives top-heavy and unwieldy, and to go back to the fountain-head of existence—the men and women cooing in their cradles.

The human body is subject to change like everything else. It is susceptible to influences both good and evil, for we are all, more or less, creatures of environment. Circumstances and habit are the chief instruments in the formation of character, which never bloom into full flower, unless as much care and cultivation, with the additional aids of fresh air and sunlight, are expended as is required in the cultivation of those of the flowery kingdom. Without such attentions we will produce a nation of derelicts instead of capable citizens. In fact, things seem to point that way now. Knowing the effect, shall we continue to ignore the cause? If we do, the result will prove far more serious than is anticipated. It will be the means of inculcating the rudest instincts into the nature of future generations, and of blotting out the remnant virtues of a refined civilization.

When the first wail of helpless infancy strikes upon our ears, it wakes a responsive chord in our hearts, and we reach out protecting hands to it. Immediately, the tiny fingers, like a crumpled rose-leaf, uncurl and clasp our own, clinging so tenaciously as to suggest the Darwinian theory, though it never occurs to us whether we shall make a man or a monkey

of the child. One to have ideas and opinions of his own. The other subject to the will of a master.

The crime of the century is the employment of children as bread-winners for the family. Especially is this the case in factories, where the same immature muscles are brought into action again and again for days and weeks and years, retarding and preventing their natural development, and ultimately destroying them. We let the young of our domestic animals attain their growth before we tax their vitality and undeveloped organs. Who would saddle and burden a colt, or yoke a calf and force it to pull heavily weights? And yet, the palid helpless children of the poor are hired to monsters who yoke and burden them, and wear them out before their maturity.

The mind cannot develop in an exhausted injured body, The soul is stifled. Health—moral, physical, and intellectual—is the first requisite in breeding and perpetuating the generations. Imbecility, disease, deformity, and depravity certify to the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws against the young. The future of the race depends upon our care of them. Political Economists are recognizing this fact. Sanitary conditions of the school-houses are now regarded as of paramount importance.

The tiger guards her cubs, nurtures and shelters them at the expense of her life. The wren will give battle for her nest. It is only inhuman human beings who fail to protect their young from premature toil and vice.

Recently new laws have been passed that the applicant must be of a certain age before being able to obtain work. But much fraud still exists along those lines. False records sworn to by indignant mothers and drunken fathers who have always been supported by the toilsome efforts of their offspring. Compulsory education has done much to relieve the situation, but more remains to be accomplished. School is but a happy playground to these pinched, overworked, half-starved creatures. Yet, in May, the clamor begins for an early closing, in order that these unfortunate little ones may become bread-winners for the family. No oracle ever spoke a plainer language than that conveyed by their pale care-worn faces, from which every vestige of the rosy hues of youth have faded.

The ancient custom of presenting infants as living sacrifices to heathen deities, by throwing them into the River Ganges, was hardly as disastrous, if more appalling in its effects, than the present system of child labor, as presented by the children of the Chetto and the tenement row of Greater New York and many other large cities throughout the country. "The land of the free" is surely a misnomer when the enemies of our future welfare have erected numerous temples within its borders for the purpose of carrying on a work, more hellish than our minds can conceive of, and our rulers throughout the land offer sacrifices at their polluted altars. No wonder tuberculosis and other germ diseases daily increase, while crime grows rampant. You may grow the rose and the thorn in the same garden, but liberty and slavery must have a wider separation.

We have room and comfort to spare for the senile and debilitated representatives of the human family. We must have a proper reverence and respect for age; but no less should we protect tottering infancy, which has as great a claim upon our compassion as doddering senility, and is of far greater value to the race and to millions yet unborn. It is a self-evident fact that the future of a people is determined by the treatment of her children. The ability to cope with and understand this question means success or failure; for the fate of a nation is held in the hollow of childish hands. Talk about race suicide? What does it all amount to, unless we render a fair and impartial verdict of the case in charge? It would be better for the last remnant of civilization to perish—"Burn itself up in its own flame"—than to be stunted, maltreated, or impoverished. "Let the whirlwind uproot the strong tree if it will save the seed." —BOOTS.

A HAUNTED HOUSE



IN the outskirts of a small village in the State of Maine there was a large roomy house on a side of a hill. It was surrounded by an immense meadow speckled here and there with large oak trees. It was about three hundred yards from the road and almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery. It had

the appearance of loneliness and seclusion. For some years it remained vacant, and during that time the negroes and a few white people of the surrounding country had formed the opinion that it was haunted; for the negroes said they had often seen strange happenings and frightful appearances in and about the house. On account of this feeling the owner was unable to rent or sell it; and it began in course of time to show signs of decay and dissolution.

One cool September day a young man and wife came from Cincinnati to this village to visit relatives. They were told of the haunted house, and became greatly interested in it, for often had they expressed the desire of seeing such a house. One day the young man said to his wife teasingly, "What will you give me, Nellie, if I spend the night in this haunted house?"

"Why John," she said, carrying his dare forward, "I will give you a box of Elsidelo cigars."

"The cigars are mine!" he answered emphatically.

That afternoon his wife and aunt drove him over to the haunted house, and giving him a farewell, they returned to the village.

He walked through the house, going from room to room, and examined everything carefully; then returned to the open air. He took a seat on a log near the woodpile at the rear of the house, and filling his pipe, began to smoke leisurely. He chuckled to himself, and wondered how anyone could form such an erroneous idea as that a house could be haunted. A cold wind arose from the north, and the air grew chilly; the sun had dropped behind the western hills, the night was rapidly drawing near, and the moon bashfully appeared in the western sky. Getting up from the log, he gathered an armful of wood and kindling, and re-entered the house. He soon made a fire in one of the front rooms, and an old chair which he had found in the kitchen he placed before it. On closing the windows and doors of the lower floor of the house he saw that the back door was torn from its hinges. For many years it had lain on the ground on the outside of the house, and the bad weather had partly decayed it.

As the air continued to grow colder, he realized that a fire must be kept up all night in the room in which he was to stay; for he would be compelled to sit up all night, the

house being unfurnished. He carried, therefore, several armfuls of wood into the front room. He piled wood up high in the open fireplace so that it would make light enough for him to read a novel which he had brought along. He threw himself in the old chair, and for hours smoked and read; and time and again refilled his pipe. His eyes at last, however, grew heavy, and soon he was sound asleep. The room grew cold and dark as the fire burnt out; and the hour of midnight drew near. The book dropped from his hand and struck the floor with a loud thud, which echoed through the empty house. He sprang to his feet, amazed and bewildered, lost in the darkness, and not being able to realize for some moments where he was. On coming to himself he placed a few pieces of wood on the fire, and drew his chair close to the hearth. A blaze flickered up now and then, lighting the room for a moment, then darkness would follow; the wind howled around the corners, the old house creaked and popped at intervals. As he looked about the dark room, creepy feelings passed over him—he did not feel as comfortable as he would have felt with his wife and friends in the village. "There may be such beings as ghosts in the world, and because I haven't seen any is no proof that there is none," he thought.

Suddenly he heard a noise in the hall, then an awful, blood-curdling yell, as that of one dying in agony; he jumped to his feet, gripped the back of his chair in his hands like a vice; cold perspiration was on his forehead; then there came the tramping of feet down the long hall, and a dull rattling sound of a chain being dragged behind; the steps could be heard ascending the staircase with the sound of the chain following. The man within him sprang forth, and he said to himself, "This will not do for me to show a white feather after such a big boast!" He flung the door open, and walked down the long hall, each step resounding again and again; he started to ascend the staircase, but hesitated, for he heard the noise returning to the head of the stairs; something white appeared and began to descend very rapidly, making deafening sounds. He held his nerve, and as the white object rapidly approached, he opened wide his arms to head it; something struck him with a tremendous blow to the floor, and as he rolled over, he saw the object making for the kitchen. He followed, and as he entered the door it again came towards

him; he drew his fist to strike it, but before he had time, it struck him another deadening blow, knocking him unconscious for a few minutes; when he had regained consciousness he crawled back to the front room, and throwing more wood on the fire, stretched himself out before it for the remainder of the night.

On the following morning the wife and aunt returned for him; and were surprised at finding him asleep on the hard floor before the fireplace. In bewilderment he told them of the happenings of the night, and led them through the house, showing where each incident had happened. They passed out the back door and by the wood pile on their way to the carriage. A few birds were singing here and there, a big cat sat comfortably upon a log close to the wood pile and gave little attention to those passing; a large white goat was leisurely standing beside the corncrib, and a long chain was dangling from his collar. The wife gave a little cry of delight, and grabbing the arm of her husband, pointed first to the cat, then to the goat, saying:

“Oh John, there’s your blood-curdling cry, and there’s your deadly-white-ghost.”

—MYSTERY.

IS HAMLET SANE?



THE study of Shakespeare’s tragedy Hamlet, is essentially a study of character and as such centres around Hamlet, the young prince of Denmark, whose mental condition after the appearance of his father’s ghost has long been a subject for discussion. In taking the position that he was sane, his extreme nervous state is, of course, admitted, but it is contended that he pretended madness in order to carry out successfully a custom of his time and satisfy, also, his personal desire for revenge by killing with his own hand the murderer of his father.

We first find Hamlet in the presence of the king and queen and from their conversation we learn that Hamlet laments more the course of his mother, than the death of his father, the late king—we find here only natural grief and no evidence of anything resembling insanity. For we note especially in

his first suicide speech (Act I—Scene II) a distinct reference to the consequence of self-slaughter—a thought seldom evident in one of unsound mind.

After an interview with the ghost of his father, which has pointed out by Horatio and the nature and cause of his father's death disclosed, it becomes clear to Hamlet that according to custom of his time, he must himself as nearest kin slay the murderer of his father. This he immediately plans to do. His first wise move is to swear Horatio and Marcellus, who have both seen the ghost and know something of the interview to eternal secrecy. We find him at this time in an extreme nervous state, resulting of course from his trying experience, but throughout a strong evidence of a clear thought and quick wit—for instance when Horatio seeks to learn the nature of the interview (Act I—Scene V).

The first report of Hamlet's supposed madness comes from Polonius, who states to the king and queen that such an unhappy condition results from love for his daughter Ophelia which of late has been unrequited—he seeks to prove his assertion by bringing about a meeting between the two. In the midst of the discourse Hamlet appears and very cleverly in word and deed acts the part of a crazed man, but at the very end of conversation turns aside and most sanely remarks, "Tedious old fools." The meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia is brought about as planned, Hamlet, knowing that his love for Ophelia is known, also her habit of telling everything to her father, wisely adopts the plan of denying his love and even spurning love of the woman for whom he has formerly shown decided preference.

Another point in establishing Hamlet's sanity is the fact that though his foolish actions and speeches are continued, he recognizes Rosencrantz and Guildenstern immediately and at once is aware of the fact that they are secretly servants of the king—and treats them accordingly, denying any confidence, although formerly bosom friends and schoolmates, keeping them at a safe distance, pretending all the while mad and yet watching himself most skilfully as well as those people by whom he is surrounded. This fact is clearly shown in the report to the king at which Rosencrantz says, "He DOES CONFESS himself distract^{ed}; but from what cause: he will by NO means speak." And Guildenstern adds, "Nor do we find

him forward to be sounded, but with a crafty madness keep aloof, when we would bring him on to some confession of his true state."

In the second suicide speech is found still the unhappy element and a desire to be rid of life, but always looking beyond the grave and fearing the dream in the eternal sleep.

The most distinct proof, and one which would alone establish firmly the question of Hamlet's sanity is the fact that in the guise of a madman he brings a group of players to Elsidore and in the very presence of the king, a play of which he is the author is acted, carrying out in detail the story as told by the ghost. In this shrewd way Hamlet is convinced by actions of the king who is closely watched by himself and Horatio that the words of the ghost are true. Little snatches of sane conversation here and there between mad fits all go to prove the point taken, for instance when discussing most sanely with Horatio, concerning the watching of the king during the play. Hamlet sees players and others approaching—knowing he is watched and wishing to appear unnatural he suits action to words and remarks, "They are coming: I must be idle—Get you a place." During the course of the play, true to his purpose, he assumes an attitude exactly opposite the one last taken when in the presence of Ophelia and is most friendly. When the king is moved to leave the play, Hamlet realizes that he is conscience stricken and remarks, "Why, let the stricken deer go weep," etc. In the interview with his mother, he realizes no necessity for assumed madness and we find therefore no trace of anything of the kind. With wonderful intuition and reason exceedingly uncommon to a man of a diseased brain, Hamlet's suspicions are aroused concerning his visit or mission to England, and a wonderful turning of the luck follows, by which the message is changed, whereby Rosencrantz Guildenstern become victims of the king's ruse.

The one fact which might be brought forth to prove Hamlet's unsound mind, is that when returning to Elsidore he comes upon the burial of Ophelia rather unexpectedly—and grapples with her brother Laertes in her very grave. This peculiar action however, may be accounted for by his evident love for the girl, his grief at finding her dead, and his knowledge of the fact that he has caused it by his own hand.

It may be asked why Hamlet wished to appear mad, one of the answers to which may be that as a mad man he could do things which best carry out his purpose, and all the time could be studying the king and convincing himself of the truth of the ghost's story.

His whole desire and feeling are well expressed in his words to Horatio when dying from a wound inflicted by the poisonous dagger of Laertes:

"Horatio, I am dead; Thou livest; report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied." —F. E. SOMERVILLE.

DODGING MATRIMONY



YOU'RE a fool; that's what you are."

"Fool or no fool," returned the one, to whom this flattering epithet had been applied, "I'm in a hell-of-a fix; that's all."

"I don't see why," said the former. Then, resting his hand on the other's knee, he continued, "Will Norton, you are too damn sentimental; you let every chorus-girl in the country make an ass of you. Brace up. That Kelly woman doesn't care anything about you. Your money and a good time is what she wants. And, another thing, Will, your reputation is at stake. It won't do for you to break your engagement with Miss Overton. Ruth ranks high in the social world; and the breaking of the engagement would not only break her heart, but it would, also, prove to be a big newspaper scandal."

Norton listened impatiently to Edgebrook's well-meant advice. When he finished, he questioned ironically: "So you call it SENTIMENTALITY, do you? Well, that does sound philosophical; but, like all philosophers, if the shoe should pinch you, I suppose, then, you would call it LOVE." The latter was said with an interrogative air.

He paused for a second, as if to give Edgebrooke a chance to reply; but the latter, apparently in no hurry to comment on his friend's philosophy, was puffing frantically on a ragged cigar. Norton's statement contained a bit of truth, regardless of its satirical tone, and it resulted in a little uneasiness on the

part of Edgebrooke. But, when Norton insisted on having an answer, he pitched his cigar out the window, took a long, deep breath, and reluctantly admitted the truth of his statement.

"You're right," he nodded; "but that doesn't justify your actions. Ruth loves you; and you love her. She is unselfish; she would do anything to make you happy. But Dolly Kelly is a coquette; she is only flirting with you. And nothing would please her more than to have your name associated with hers in some scandal. Besides,—"

"But," interrupted Norton, "you must remember, Edgebrooke, that all chorus-girls are not flirts. The upper-set does not have very much respect for them; but there are some mighty fine girls on the stage. And the fact that a girl sings and dances to make a living, or the fact that she appears on the stage, wearing scarcely more than a pair of tights and a girdle, in order that she might the more please her audience, does not necessarily imply that she is—"

"Yes," broke in Edgebrooke, "I suppose it is possible to find some good people, even in hell."

"I hope that you'll MEET some of those good people some day," said Norton, grinning sardonically; "but, for me, it is either Dolly Kelly or none."

With that, he ordered drinks for two. After this ordeal, they both appeared to be in a happier mood. Cigars were next on the program.

"I have it," said Edgebrooke, lighting his cigar.

"Have what?" inquired Norton, leaning back in his chair and brushing the ashes from his cigar.

"Why, a scheme, of course."

"A get-rich-quick scheme?" Norton asked jestingly.

"No, how to get rid of Ruth Overton," returned Edgebrooke, a little surprised at Norton's failure to understand at once.

"Well, let's have it," demanded Norton, as he leaned across the table.

"To begin with, Will," said Edgebrooke, "it is going to cost you a little; but that's a small matter."

"Yes, very small, especially, when compared with Dolly Kelly's love," commented Norton.

"The scheme is this," continued Edgebrooke, persuasively:

"Hire some one to kidnap Ruth and instruct them to hold her until after the day set for the wedding. Of course, her father will notify you immediately. Then, you go to Boston, pretend to be very much grieved at her disappearance, and begin a search at once. The Overtons will never suspect you of having anything to do with it. Then, after the day set for the wedding, you can easily break the engagement. And, after you are married to Dolly Kelly, you may have Ruth released. It will be too late, then, for her to do anything; and you can give, as a reason for marrying the Kelly woman, the fact that, despondent over Miss Overton's apparent elopement, you became temporarily insane, and married Miss Kelly. That will explain the whole matter."

"That's fine," said Norton, reaching for Edgebrooke's hand; "but whom shall I get to kidnap her?"

"Leave that part to me, Will," returned Edgebrooke confidentially.

They left the Club together. Outside, Norton reminded Edgebrooke: "Tell him to be at my office at two-thirty, tomorrow."

* * * * *

Two-thirty the next day found Norton at his office waiting for the kidnaper. At two-forty-five he became restless and telephoned to Edgebrooke to inquire about his man.

"He's on his way down now," was the reply.

As he hung up the receiver, some one knocked.

"Come in," he ordered.

The door opened, and a well-dressed youth of twenty-two asked:

"Mr. Norton?"

"Yes," said Norton, as if in a hurry to get through with the matter; "have a seat."

The young man handed him a note, and sat down. It was from Edgebrooke; but Norton did not take time to read it.

"I suppose Mr. Edgebrooke told you what I wanted, did he not?"

"Yes, he arranged for everything but the price," laughed the kidnaper.

"Well, what is your price?" Norton inquired.

"Fifteen thousand if I succeed."

"And, if you fail?" asked Norton, evidently amazed at his price.

"Nothing. But I don't usually fail."

"You won't do it for less?"

"Can't afford to; the risk is too great."

Norton, leaning back in his chair and scratching his head, thought, first of the fifteen thousand, and, then, of Dolly Kelly.

"Well," he admitted, "I suppose it's worth it."

In a few minutes, everything had been arranged; and the kidnaper, as he left the office, asked:

"How long did you say?"

"Just two weeks," Norton replied with a degree of confidence.

* * * * *

Three days later, Norton received a telegram from Ruth's father, informing him of her disappearance and requesting him to come to Boston at once. But, before leaving, he telephoned to Dolly Kelly, whom he had already acquainted with his design:

"Keep perfectly quiet about the matter; don't mention it to any one. I'll return in a few days. Then, we'll marry and sail for Europe. Be a good girl. Good-bye."

When he arrived in Boston, there was apparently a great deal of excitement around the Overton home. And, after an excellent display of grief and despondency, he instituted a search. Of course, he searched in vain; and, when the day appointed for the wedding had passed, he returned to New York, fully prepared to marry Dolly Kelly. He had never felt happier.

* * * * *

While Norton was in Boston, Edgebrooke remained in New York. And, during this time, he made several visits to the Kelly woman's apartments, evidently in the interest of Norton. On his first visit, she was formal, giving him little, if any, satisfaction in regard to the matter about which he had called. The next time he called, she was decidedly entertaining. So much so, that, to his surprise and, even, to his satisfaction, she appeared to be an altogether different type of girl than he, from the fact that she was a chorus-girl, first thought. This second visit was made late in the after-

noon, just after the Matinee; and Miss Kelly, as he now addressed her, was obliged to excuse herself, in order that she might be on hand for the evening performance. Edgebrooke expressed his regret for having detained her so long; and, by way of repentance, he occupied a box-seat that night. Of course, he enjoyed the same show that, on several other occasions, he had denounced as vulgar and immoral. The next night, in addition to the entertainment which the performance afforded, he had the pleasure of escorting Miss Kelly home. This, of course, was done only as a friend of Norton.

* * * * *

On returning to New York, the first thing Norton did was to telephone to Dolly Kelly. He had returned sooner than he had expected; so he thought that he would surprise her. Then, too, she would be delighted to have him escort her home that night. But he was very much disappointed when she replied:

"I'm sorry; but I have an engagement with a very dear friend of mine."

"Well, how about tomorrow?" he inquired, somewhat confused.

"I'm afraid not," she laughed. "I guess I'll be busy all this week."

Norton hung up the receiver in disgust.

"I suppose I'm up against it now," he exclaimed. "Edgebrooke told me she was a flirt; and I ought to have known better. Well, he sighed, "this will teach me a lesson. But suppose," he laughed, "it is only a joke. Well, I'll find out if it is," he concluded.

* * * * *

That night, Norton occupied a box opposite to the one in which Edgebrooke sat. However, from the expressions on the two faces, Edgebrooke was evidently enjoying the show, while Norton appeared to be a little embarrassed by the smiles and winks that were directed toward the opposite box. And, at the close of the performance, Edgebrooke accompanied Miss Kelly to her apartments; while Norton returned to his room in despair.

When they met the next day, Norton greeted Edgebrooke rather sarcastically:

"That was a fine scheme," he began.

Edgebrooke failed to reply, and Norton continued:

"In your case, I suppose, it is LOVE and not SENTIMENTALITY, eh?"

"Norton," Edgebrooke faltered, "I feel as though I owe you an apology; but it was not my fault. You see, it happened something like this: As your friend, I went to see Miss Kelly. I went there to find out whether she really cared anything for you or not. The first time I called, she was rather formal, and gave me no satisfaction whatever; but the next time she received me very cordially. I learned, then, that she was not the sort of girl I thought she was. Her refined manner appealed to me; it made me respect her; it aroused in me a deep sympathy for her. And, finally,—I don't know how it happened; but I discovered that I was in love with her. And, Will, the strangest thing of it all is that she loves me."

Norton could restrain himself no longer.

"That's a whole lot of consolation, isn't it?" he asked ironically. "But what am I going to do— I can't go back to Miss Overton; I am ashamed to."

"That's an easy matter, Will," suggested Edgebrooke. "Neither Ruth nor her family suspect your connections with the kidnapping. Wire your man to release her. Her father will notify you of her return. Then, go to Boston; pretend to be overjoyed at her return; and marry her."

Norton accepted Edgebrooke's advice and wired his man to release Ruth. That night he received a telegram from her father acquainting him with her return.

He arrived in Boston the next evening and went straight to the Overton home. Ruth's younger sister escorted him to the drawing-room where, to his surprise, he found the kidnaper making love to Ruth. She received him rather formally, and imparted to him an account of her courtship with the kidnaper while at his den, concluding with an announcement of her engagement to Mr. Robert Thornhill, the kidnaper. She emphasized the latter by fondly caressing Thornhill, and, then, said to Norton:

"You may leave now."

Norton, too embarrassed to speak, bowed and left the room. He was thoroughly disgusted with life. He went to

his room at the hotel, and planned to end his life just as soon as he would reach New York.

* * * * *

The next morning while dressing for breakfast, he received a telephone call. It was from Thornhill.

"Meet me at ten o'clock at my office; and don't forget to bring the fifteen thousand. Fifteen thousand or I'll turn you up."

Norton did not like the idea of having to pay fifteen thousand to the man who had come between him and Miss Overton, but he was afraid that it would cost him more if he were turned up; so, at ten o'clock, he went to Thornhill's office.

When he was seated, Thornhill asked:

"How would you like to give these fifteen thousand to Miss Overton for a wedding present?"

"I would rather give it to her than you," laughed Norton for the first time since he had left Ruth's home the night before.

"Well," suggested Thornhill, "suppose we go up now and give it to her."

Norton consented, and they both set out for Ruth's home.

They were shown into the drawing-room by Ruth's sister who hurried off to call Ruth. When Ruth entered, Thornhill stated the object of Mr. Norton's visit.

"Ruth, Mr. Norton desires to present you with a wedding present," he said.

"Why don't you give it to Miss Dolly Kelly?" asked Ruth, teasingly.

Norton began to explain, and Thornhill and Ruth's sister left the room. The last thing they heard Ruth say was "Just a cousin of mine."

That same evening, Edgebrooke received the following telegram: "Many thanks to you and Dolly."

It was signed "Will and Ruth."

—TAPE.

DECISION



EVER in the history of all the world was the demand for leaders of men more imperative than it is in this our twentieth century. To fill these responsible positions men of tact, energy, and strong decision are sought for. These elements of success are closely interlocked, so that it would be a difficult task to single them out and tell exactly where one ends and another begins; yet decision has a character of its own. It was the spirit of our fathers when they arose to cast off the British yoke, and adopted the Declaration of Independence.

It was most admirably voiced in that impassioned speech of Patrick Henry in the convention of Virginia, in which he admonished the people never to abandon the noble struggle in which they had engaged; which they had promised never to give up until freedom was gained. He concluded by expressing his decision, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

John Foster cites an example of decision and character worthy of our notice in his story of the young Englishman who inherited a large fortune just when his wild nature was giving forth its ideals of luxury and worldliness. A large sum of money only hastened the day of his ruin. When poverty and disgrace were about to look him in the face he was enraged and about to give up in despair, he even went out in the field to end his miserable life. Reaching an eminence that overlooked his lost estate, as he stood and reflected over the folly of his past, a strong decision seized him; he resolved to regain the property his immorality had wasted. He confirmed his decision by resolving to do the first work he met with. He found a load of coal to be carried into a cellar that he did with his might. Step by step he arose until he not only regained the property but was in later life a wealthy merchant.

It is said of Richard Brinsly Sheridan that he made a very embarrassing failure of his first speech in Parliament. He was greatly mortified by the sneers and laughter of the members. His words showed his noble manhood, as he sat down he remarked: "It is in me and it shall come out." His great soul took charge of his educated brain and it did come

out. His life ended in a brilliant career, with but few parallels in the history of England.

It is decision of character which makes a youth proof against the lures of temptation, play, and pleasure, games and drink, and all forms of vice that are destructive to character and virtue.

The devil of temptation flees from the man in whom he finds the decision to firmly say, No! Indecision causes hesitation; the first step toward yielding to sin.

It has been men of decision that have made all the history of the past, and if the future ever amounts to what it ought, it will be done not by the mass of people, but by strong leaders at the front. Speaking of the human family generally there are but few real leaders; the masses are better followers; they may follow closely behind and make that leader's career more illustrious, yet when he is lost all is lost. Who in all the army of Hannibal could have taken his place as a general, soldier, and leader of men? Who in the Southern army could have filled the place of Robert E. Lee? Who in the opposing side could have filled the place of General Grant? So it is all through history that the marks of fame, and likewise shame, cluster about the lives of a few strong leaders.

You may go to almost any post office or public building and there will be found a call for men for the navy. The government wants them in order to train leaders in case she should ever need them.

The Christian religion is calling for men to carry on the great work of winning souls to Christ. The Presbyterian Church South, alone, needs two or three hundred men today to carry on her work. The political world needs men of decision at the head of politics to direct the affairs of States and Nations.

It is said of Governor Wilson, that during his first years of college life, he was noted for but one thing, and that was he could remain in bed until chapel bell began to ring and then get up, dress, and get to chapel in time not to be marked tardy. The decision came to him later that he would learn all he could about statescraft and as a result he has been a great educator at Princeton, Governor of New Jersey, and finally he is elected President of this great nation with as bright prospects before him as ever a President had. He

comes in with a new party at the head of affairs; it is very evident that a change is going to take place and the brilliancy of that change depends on his power of decision.


We love our energetic men. It is the desire of every liberty loving people to develop men that have decision, and men that will do with their might what their hands find to do.

—ALLEN W. DUCK.

A DILEMMA

Patr II

(CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER NUMBER.)

HREE years had intervened since the trial, and, during this time, Louise had borne her humiliation with the spirit of a grim fatalist. Then, death robbed her of her only comfort—her father, the one for whom she had sacrificed all. However, before he died, a ray of hope was kindled in her yearning breast; for the approach of death wrought a change in his life, and accomplished for her that which her pleading had failed to do. It wrung words of pardon from the lips that had proclaimed her guilt and heralded her reproach; for, now, he believed her innocent, and, to atone for the wrong which he had done, he telegraphed to Arthur Cameron, requesting him to come at once. But it was too late, for he died before his message had reached its destination; and the only proof of Louise's innocence was her father's dying statement, which he had made not to Louise, but to the attending physician.

* * * * *

The telegram found Arthur Cameron engaged in a game of poker, in a down-town saloon where he was accustomed to spend his leisure moments; and, as luck was against him, he paid no attention to the message until he reached his room at the hotel; and, even then, his condition would not permit him to treat any matter seriously.

"No," he exclaimed, as he threw the message into the fire, "I'll not go. I hope I shall never see her again. At any

rate I wonder what the old man wants with me. 'Come at once.' I suppose he wants to kill me too. Well, if he does, he'll have to find me. Maybe," he laughed, as he lit his pipe, "that girl wants to see me. If she does, it's a trip to the Hellespont for her."

After another drink or two, the matter was decided with a series of oaths.

* * * * *

For a few days, Louise mourned the loss of her father; and then life became a terrible reality. Her father had forgiven her before he died, but she knew nothing of the statement which he had made to his physician, nor of the message which he had sent to Arthur Cameron. Besides, the doctor was an absent-minded man, and, as a result, Louise was still a reproach to her friends.

Despondent over her predicament, she determined to face the world, regardless of the fate that destined her to a life of solitude. She planned a trip to Chicago, for, there, no one would be acquainted with the facts in her past life, and she could support herself by working in one of the department stores.

* * * * *

The next evening, in the lobby of a Chicago hotel, a short heavy-set man listened impatiently while his friend read the account of the girl's disappearance. She had left New—x on the early morning train, therefore, if she came straight through, she would arrive on the eight-fifteen that night; so the two men lost no time in getting to the depot.

In their excitement, they dropped the paper, and a young man, who had overheard their conversation, picked it up to read the story that had aroused so much interest. The story was headed, "Louise Ratcliff Disappears. Father Avowed Her Innocence Before He Died." He read a few sentences, and then left the hotel.

* * * * *

When Louise stepped from the train, she was met by two men who said they were detectives and that they had orders (which they did not show) from the Chief of Police to arrest her, not because she had committed any crime, but simply as a means of furnishing protection until she should secure employment. Louise, amazed at the whole affair and too

tired to remonstrate, followed the men to a taxicab which awaited them outside the depot. The chauffeur was directed to drive to a down-town house.

When they reached the house, the chauffeur got down, and waited for the two men to alight. They stepped to the sidewalk, the heavy-set man carrying Louise, bound and gagged, in his arms, and were about to enter the house when a clear, but stern voice commanded them to loose the girl. Amazed at the command, both men turned, and, to their surprise, they saw the chauffeur, standing with his revolver leveled on them.

The next morning, Louise was accompanied by her friend, the chauffeur, to New—x, where, in a few days, her friends witnessed the marriage of Arthur Cameron and Louise Ratcliff.

—TAPE.

(The End.)

CHARACTERS OF MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH



LEADERS of this play often make what we would call great mistakes, in interpreting the characters of these two persons. Some are inclined to believe that Lady Macbeth was bold, without conscience, and of a masculine will; and that Macbeth was weak and dependent upon his wife.

These seem to us to be incorrect interpretations. In the first place, Macbeth appeared to be a brave, and strong man; he was a general in whose wisdom and boldness King Duncan, who was also a very noble and sagacious man, placed great confidence. If we are not mistaken he had won a great battle and was returning from the field of the fight when he met the three witches. There is not a sign of weakness here; he did reveal his ambition; but in an after scene he does show that he is not morally weak, for he decides to dismiss the murder from his mind.

But his wife, poor ambitious weakling, who lived only in the present moment, not counting the grief and sorrow of the next, persuades or rather torments him so that he, though knowing that it would bring sorrow and anxiety, performs

the deed. Here Macbeth was morally weak we admit; but did it not require of him, who had pondered the matter well and had foreseen the consequences, more will power and more nerve? We believe that it did.

Lady Macbeth did not count the cost; she did not want to. She was ambitious and all her soul was wrapped up in one aim, and that was to be Queen of Scotland.

“Vaulting ambition that o’erleaps itself.”

After the strain and excitement of the murder of Duncan, for which she had nerved herself, had relaxed, then she walks in her sleep, has strange visions and speaks guilty words. This is Lady Macbeth after she has gained the height of her ambition. This is Lady Macbeth the weakling, a hindrance to her husband. She had urged him on to the terrible deed and then lost her mind and deserted him to fight it out and take the consequences.

Macbeth did not lose his mind after his foul deed; his conscience smote him, but he bore up under it all. He determined to fight it out until the last, and he did. In his last fight at the close of the play, we see Macbeth the bold, Macbeth the strong.

—A. KILLOUGH.

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EDITORIAL

SHALL the United States exact tolls of the merchant vessels of other nations for passage through the Panama Canal and exempt her own from such a tax, or shall she demand a duty of all trading vessels, her own as well as those of other countries, or shall she grant free passage to ships of all nations? Congress seems to favor the former plan, but not without objections being raised by Great Britain. As to the justice of such a scheme many of our Congressmen seem to ignore or to be ignorant of the fact that the right to construct the Panama Canal was obtained only through treaties with Great Britain and Panama. By the Clayton-Bulwer and Hay-Pauncefote treaties England claims that the United States is under obligations to her in regard to the canal. The way in which the two countries interpret these treaties are quite different. What shall be done about it?

Sir Edward Grey, England's Foreign Secretary, suggests the submission of the question as to the right interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to the Hague Court. Indeed by the treaty of 1908, which Mr. Root made with England, we agreed "to arbitrate any question of difference in regard to the interpretation of treaties." Then the United States, if she respects honor, must resort to either of two things. She

must either submit the question to the Hague Tribunal or rescind her action as to the exempting of her vessels from paying duties. This is the opinion held by some of our peace advocates.

THE THEORY that a man cannot be a statesman of ability and also a successful contributor to literature has been disproved by Lord Morley, who is known by those who read his works, as John Morley. Those who stop to think will discover that several of England's statesmen have been literary men; McCauley, Burke, Desraeli and many others. Morley says that he reads Mathew Arnold before making his speeches, to get inspiration, and then reads him afterwards for consolation.

THOSE who think that the people of the United States need a guardian to look after their interest in the government will have their eyes opened politically, if they will read Woodrow Wilson's recent article in the *World's Work* for January. Some of our fellow citizens, who really do not know their interests from other persons' will do well to learn them from this article. And those who have for a long time known their rights but have not been able to obtain them, will by reading it learn that a man has been elected to preside over this nation, who will work for their interests and give them their rights.

THERE seems at this time to be nothing to hinder the passage of the Sanders-Kenyon bill, prohibiting the shipment of liquor into prohibition territory. This will mean much to the cause of prohibition in that it does what individual States cannot do. The laws which have been passed by the Legislatures have improved conditions wonderfully where they have been enforced, but so long as it is possible for whiskey to be shipped into "dry" territory, the "fire water" will do its work, though not on such a large scale.

NEWSPAPER reporters are extremely credulous and imaginative. We have never been associated with them to a great extent; but, in exercising our imagination somewhat, we think

that they all must be gossips. We have in mind the rumors abroad in regard to President-elect Wilson's cabinet. Some have gone so far as to fill out the entire list of cabinet officers, when there are no grounds for such statements. When the reporter's imagination becomes so vivid that he knows the public will not give credence to what he says, he branches off from the subject at hand, and speaks of the "seven sisters" which the Governor is endeavoring to get through the New Jersey Legislature, before March fourth, or he tells some anecdote with which his queries have been answered. "Fiction though is more pleasing than truth," says the public.

Money Trust

The Pujo Committee has been after the "big interests" and especially after the so-called "money trust." This committee has been questioning several of the rich men of New York, chief among whom was Mr. J. P. Morgan, "to determine to what extent a 'money trust' existed."

"The ground work of the inquiry," to quote CURRENT OPINION, "so to speak, consists of elaborate charts prepared by Philip Scudder, statistician of the committee, showing the extent to which a comparatively few of the large banks and trust companies participate, by a system of inter-locked directors and trusteeships, in the management of the large industrial and financial concerns of the country."

A large number of these men are either bank presidents, presidents of insurance companies, or trustees in other corporations—railroad companies, express companies, and one steamship company, etc.—and have total resources of \$25,-235,000,000.00.

"It is not charged that there is a 'money trust' in the strict sense, but the concentration of power thus effected" amounts to the same thing in the minds of many people.

Mr. Morgan before this same committee seems to pose as being unconscious of the power he has in the financial world, and yet when he admits that he is one of a dozen men who have the money power of the country in their hands, we fail to see how he can be unconscious of such power.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. J. E. Berryhill, A. B. 1899, B. D. 1901, has changed his address and is now in Parkton, N. C., having moved from Paw Creek, N. C.

Mr. James H. Rawlings, '91, is a practicing physician in Lynchburg, Va.

Rev. Eli A. Thomas, '03-'09, who for some time has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Cedartown, Ga., is now located at East Point, Ga., box No. 67.

Mr. E. B. Stephenson, '03, is a druggist in Columbia, Tenn.

Rev. W. W. Powell, '94-'00, has moved from Jackson to Dyersburg, Tenn., where he is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. S. Gordon Hutton, '88-'89, has moved from Fitzgerald, to Darien, Ga.

Mr. John W. Rea, '95-'96, is a railroad agent at Greenwood, Miss.

Mr. Geo. R. Rea, '96-'00, is located at Bay St. Louis, Miss., being a banker and agent for fire insurance.

Mr. Robt. E. Rea, '99, is assistant cashier in the Bank of Wesson, Wesson, Miss.

Mr. F. T. Rea is a merchant in Longview, Texas.

Mr. E. E. Reese, '86-'89, is a merchant at Laurel Hill, Florida.

Mr. Julian P. Alexander, '02-'05, has moved from Meridian, Miss., to Jackson, Miss., where he is in the law firm of Alexander & Alexander. With him is Mr. James A. Alexander, of S. P. U., '02-'04.

Mr. William McH. Keady, '93-'95, is in the drug business in Waddell, Ga.

Rev. U. D. Mooney, D. D., '92-'99, of Birmingham, has accepted a call to the Napoleon Avenue Presbyterian Church of New Orleans.

Mr. Harry S. Bunting, '86-'90, is an osteopathic physician, and editor of the Nobely News, Chicago, Ill.



January 12th. On account of the Y. M. C. A. rooms being in a state of repair, this meeting was held in the Homoletics room. Mr. R. W. Hardy was the speaker of the afternoon, his subject being Prayer. David's great resort when surrounded by his enemies was to call upon God for help. So the Christian's resort now should be to take his troubles to Jesus, for it is only from Him that we can receive comfort. It is a joy to go to God in prayer. It is an instinct of all men to pray; and there are times when everyone will call upon his Creator. Our prayers should be offered in faith, however, for it is only the fervent desire of the heart that is heeded by Jehovah. It is a privilege to go to Jesus and we should give thanks unto God for this and all His other blessings to us.

January 19th. Dr. Robt. Price conducted the first service held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms after their reparation. He spoke from the third chapter of Isaiah. The greatest evil in the world is sin, and we all are partakers of it. Its only remedy is the Christian religion. The gospel offers a two-fold

deliverance from sin, first from its guilt. "All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever." But by the atonement of Jesus Christ all men are delivered from the guilt of sin. In the second place, the gospel delivers man from the power of sin. Not only must we be redeemed by the blood of Christ, but we must be fortified against the temptations that come to us. This is the work of the Holy Spirit. We desire to express our appreciation of the duet sung by Misses Merritt and Warfield, accompanied by Miss Frances Merritt.

January 26th. Mr. U. S. Gordon spoke on the temptation of Jesus. Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. "To carry out the comparison, the Devil tempts us in our weakest moments, as he did Christ, when he was weak and hungry. Sin appeals so to the physical senses! To stand firm against temptations, we should be well acquainted with the word of God and use it as Christ did during His trial. When shown the kingdoms of this world, the Savior contrasted them with the Kingdom of Heaven. He did not choose to gain earthly glory, but kept in view the work that He was sent to perform and the heavenly kingship. We cannot endure temptations as did Jesus in our own strength, but let us put on the whole armor of God that we may withstand the wiles of the Devil," and our God will help us.



EXCHANGES

The sentimental story again. With the exception of the first issue of our magazine, this department has not failed to criticise more or less harshly the matter composing perhaps two-thirds of the contents of the college journal. We refer to the so called "love story."

We have asked ourselves if the stream of "gush" now flowing over the pages of the college monthly, flowed as persistently and with equal volume in past years. Doubtless it would be very unjust to condemn the contributors of the present session by saying that their productions are more weak and effeminate and nauseating than any heretofore offered to college men and women. Evidently this has been the nature of the college publication from the first, and whether or not this year marks an "advance" we are not prepared to say. But suppose the "pure rot" has always been characteristic of our magazine, is that any reason why it should continue to be so? The misery of the Exchange Editor loves company. We, therefore, rejoice to see that some of our colleagues have become supersaturated with what one of them is pleased to call "sloppy stuff," meaning the sentimental story as found in the average college magazine.

We know of one absolutely sure cure for this disease that has become such an epidemic among our contributors. This passion for writing the "love story" can be utterly annihilated by assigning the duties of the Exchange Editor to the writer of such a story for one month. We should like to be acquainted with the man who could write a story of the hero who saved the heroine's life at the risk of his own, etc., etc., after having waded through the accumulations on the exchange table for one month.

But what now? We must proceed to the reading of the January exchanges. Are we to be pleasantly surprised and will we have to blue-pencil the above remarks ourselves? We would do so gladly, but it's too good to even hope for.

"The Hendrix College Mirror." We are told that to sharply criticise others, to detect and expose their faults, is to have the mistaken idea that we are cultured and much advanced in knowledge. With this principle in view we should like to have the author of "The House Party" opposite us at the table where we might "discuss" his story with him. Such questions as these we might ask: Don't you think the story as a whole is rather "choppy?" Your transitional sentences are too abrupt. "Let us now" do this or that, or look here or there. A well arranged plot would work out more smoothly

in this respect. You would not need to call the attention of the reader so often to a change of scene. And what about the tripple wedding? Did you just HAVE to marry the whole "crowd" off to end the story? Why did Jack leap from his car and catch Frances as she was falling?

The poetry of "The Mirror" doesn't "reflect" much credit this month. "Born—A New Year," is somewhat skillful in composition, but the figure employed does not appeal to us as an appropriate one. Exchange departments might be censured for a too free use of the words "poem" and "poetry." "Rime" or "doggerel" would best suit in many cases.

"Mississippi College Magazine." Certainly what we have said concerning the love story does not apply in the least degree to your January number, for we note an absence of fiction entirely. You deserve credit, perhaps, for having chosen the lesser of two "evils." Do you make a practice of filling completely your editorial columns with quotations? The essay, "Mephistopheles and Satan," reveals careful, critical study on the part of the writer, and is both refreshing and instructive. We believe the essay, as it appears in our college magazines, is much ahead of the short story. of course, it is an altogether different phase of literary work.

Clippings

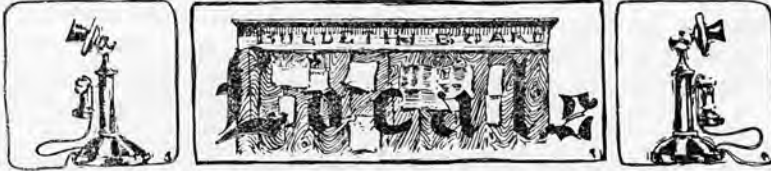
This old world we're livin' in
 It is mighty hard to beat;
 You get a thorn with ev'ry rose,
 But ain't the roses sweet?

Freshman Year—Comedy of Errors.
 Sophomore Year—Much Ado About Nothing.
 Junior Year—As You Like It.
 Senior Year—All's Well That Ends Well.

Silently one by one in the infinite
 Notebook of the teachers,

Blossom the neat little zeroes
The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

And what is the end of life?
What good is there in living?
If God gives life and God is love,
Then life is love; that's living.



The honorable order of MISEGUNA KOLOGISTS is thriving just now, though for a long period it had few members and some of them betrayed their oath of fidelity. The more conservative ones, however, exercised a firm discipline and brought the covenant-breakers to trial. As a consequence these were promptly expelled, and though many have been reinstated, nevertheless they have learned to respect the regulations of the society and are at present working hard for its advancement. It was reported that J. J. Kemmler was a prospective member, but one of our secret service men, who had been assigned the duty of making the preliminary investigations, learned that the aforementioned gentleman was making inquiries about a certain damsel in a faraway Southern city, and it was deemed advisable not to admit the gentleman, at least for the time being.

Mr. Edwin M. Shepard has been received as a member in good and regular standing, but owing to his failure to attend the first meeting after his election, being absent in Guthrie, he was given a month's suspension. After the expiration of this period he will be reinstated provided that he submit a plausible excuse. It is a pleasure to announce the return of Mr. John B. Reiley to our ranks, he having pleaded guilty to the charges and having manifested deep penitence. Mr. D. P. McIntosh resigned without having to be expelled. He confessed his inability to conform to the regulations. Mr. Algernon Killough has made himself a subject of investigation. The other night he disturbed his roommate while both

were asleep, by pulling his ear and calling the numbers 3-4-5.

Our exalted ruler, Czar "Cos" Tomb has issued a proclamation in which he invites all the honorable members to spend an evening with him in his palace. Refreshments will be served and it is His Majesty's desire that all be present on that occasion, as some important matters are to be brought up, among which is the proposal of the name of Mr. Hatton Weems.

Respectfully submitted,

HIS MAJESTY'S SECRETARY.

Czar Solon of Robb dined the other day with Emperor Ozro of Calvin.

We are sorry that we are unable to publish a joke Mr. B. handed in on himself. In regard to same we will say that we will publish it some time when we run very short of locals.

Although this item will probably be mentioned in the Y. M. C. A. department, nevertheless we feel that we must mention a word about the reception given by the Y. M. C. A. on January 16th. Quite a number of students with their friends were present and an enjoyable evening was spent by all.

On the evening of January 23rd the Alpha Tau Omega Frat. gave a chafing dish party. About fifteen couples were present and all report that they spent a very pleasant time cooking and eating eats.

Rev. J. E. Thacker, D. D., conducted chapel exercises February 1st. All the students enjoyed his address and after the address we were favored with a selection by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher.

Thomas Ed.
Shepard: "I left a mark that will endure for ages, I cut my name on one of the rocks in ^{Dunbar's} Cave."

Hill: "Mine will endure far longer; I scratched mine on a piece of ~~Robb Hall~~ pie crust."

Home Ec. Girls

Prof. Deaderick (in Latin I): "Some with a strong voice please read this reference from the Grammar."

Freshman Daniel (in a piping voice): "All right Prof., I will read it for you."

B. O. Wood is now known as "Freshman" Wood.

Prof. Fulton (in Eccl. History): "Mr. Blackwelder, what were the instruments used by the Pope in his conflict with Henry IV?"

Blackwelder: "Bulls and interdicts, Dr."

Bell (translating in Latin): "***—had drug him, etc."

Prof. Deaderick: "Mr. Bell, is there such a word as 'drug?'"

Bell: "Yes sir, drug store."

Ask Mr. Hooper how he managed to escape the chain-gang.

Prof. Fulton (in Senior Theology): "Mr. Henderson, does a man after he is regenerated and converted ever get drunk?"

Mr. Henderson: "Yes like we all do some time."

Martin: "Hey Harper, where are you going?"

Harper: "Heaven, some day, I hope."

Martin: "Not me, I study Hebrew."

The mumps seems to be in style here and quite a number of the fellows are two-faced.

The mumps, the mumps, the glorious mumps!
Adorning our mugs with such beautiful lumps.
A side-splitting sight for the sourest old slob
Is a glance at the swell heads of Hotel de Robb.

The way they all snicker and laugh, is a sin,
When all we can do is just sit still and grin,

But wait till the new ones begin to appear,
Then will be our turn to giggle and sneer.

—From one of the unfortunate sufferers.

They call me Shakespeare
What do I keer?
Even if it is a sneer,
It helps me buy my can of Beer.

—Shakespeare (Powell) the man that put the butter on the
biscuit.

In response to Mr. J. B. Butler's ad. in the last JOURNAL this reply was favorably decided upon among many: Fleshy widow, age thirty summers, affectionate disposition, member Baptist Church. Incumbencies only five sweet little children, ages 3, 4, 5, 7 and 9. Will make a good wife if applied for at once. Address D, care Leaf-Chronicle.

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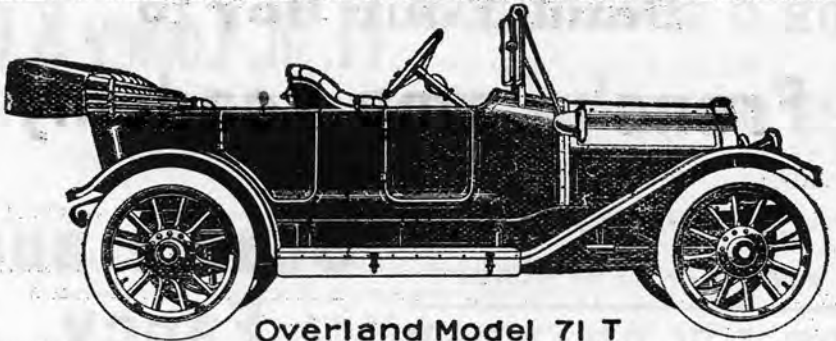
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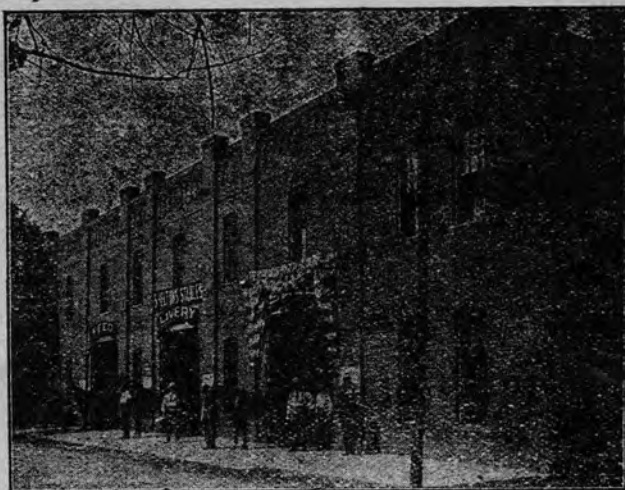
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