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AUTHOR OF 6,000 HYMNS

Her Next Birthday To Be Called "Fanny Crosby Day."

Many congratulatory messages from prominent Methodists throughout the country were received by Francis Jane Crosby, the famous hymn writer, in her Bridgeport home, Christmas Day.

Miss Crosby is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She has written more than 6,000 hymns, some of which have been translated into all the tongues of Europe. Even now, with her sight gone, she engages in her favorite work, and regularly goes on long trips, lecturing in missions and giving her time and money to promoting charities.

"I was born in Putnam county, New York," said Miss Crosby, "and would you think it, I was 45 years old when I wrote my first hymn. Previous to that I had written some poetry, but when I started to write hymns the work seemed to come natural to me. That may be because I loved it. My whole heart was centered in writing true and beautiful lines.

"The hymn I hold fondest is 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' I wrote it in 1868, in 15 minutes, and I have always taken a little pride in this fact. W. H. Doane, who had written the music for several of my hymns, came to me one morning and said he had some music for which he wanted words. He added that he had just 40 minutes to catch a train for Cincinnati, and he asked me to evolve the lines in less than that time. He sat down at the piano and played the music I sat thinking deeply for a few minutes after he had stopped, then said: 'I think I can write it.' I hurried up stairs and in a quarter of an hour came down with the stanzas as they are sung today. I believe the hymn was dictated by the spirit of the Lord. It is a splendid mission hymn, and it has brought comfort to tens of thousands. What a blessing it is to me to have written it. I have written more than 6,000 hymns, but 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is my favorite one of all."

The Methodists of the United States honor Miss Crosby by celebrations and by calling her next birthday "Fanny Crosby Day." Services will be held in churches throughout the country, and it is likely that the Methodists of Canada and the British Isles will join in this tribute.

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CURTIS' CALL

By HENRY WINTHROP

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The institution was too new to Scarcrest to be treated with aught save reverence and awe, but there was more than one who dared suggest that David Prescott had erred in making his daughter Marion his paying teller. Not that Marion was not suited to the place, but that even Scarcrest knew that a woman teller was unusual.

Comment did not worry Prescott. His holdings in the bank amounted to more than 90 per cent of the capital invested, and at the directors' meeting he had offered to make another choice if the board could suggest any one better qualified through acquaintance or expertness at figures. That settled the matter officially, and when the spick and span new office opened it was Marion's pretty blond head which was seen through the plate glass square lettered "Paying Teller."

Bert Howard was the receiving teller, and this was further cause for gossip, for Bert had been a willing slave to Marion ever since the days when he used to drag her to school on his sled.


"I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME GOLD," SAID MARION SWEETLY.

Many comments had been made in the postoffice and around the stove in Van Zant's grocery, but after Ned Davis had been soundly thrashed by Howard for suggesting that if the pair of tellers held their positions long enough they would have no trouble starting life properly there was an abrupt cessation of this sort of gossip, and the bank officers were accepted without further comment.

But it was not pleasant sailing for Bert and Marion. He had been given his position not because Prescott approved of his suit for Marion's hand, but because, like Marion, he had been the most available person for the position. Prescott, in his hard, deep pitched voice, had assured the young man that if he ever caught a glimpse of love making in business hours there would be an imported teller in the bank within twenty-four hours.

So it was that man and maid were perforce content with such satisfaction as could come from the knowledge of the other's propinquity, and even Tony Dwight, who would have been glad to to see his rival disposed of, could find no cause for tale bearing.

Dwight, with Prescott, Bert and Marion, constituted the clerical force of the First National, and, oddly enough, Prescott, usually an excellent judge of character, favored Tony's aspirations for Marion's hand. The one unpleasant feature of her position was the fact that she had frequently to consult Tony as bookkeeper, and he never let pass an opportunity to press his suit.

Then the agent of the Chester Bank Vault company came to Scarcrest one noon hour, driving over from the nearest railroad town behind a pair of spanking bays. Curtis was the name in one corner of the card he presented to Prescott as he strolled unannounced into the president's office.

But selling bank vaults was not his principal business, for after awhile Prescott came out of his office. "Here is a check for which Mr. Curtis wants the cash," he said, thrusting the slip of paper through the window to Marion. "You have a package of thousand dollar bills in the corner of the small safe. There are twenty-five of those. He will take the other half in hundreds."

Marion looked curiously at her father's face, white and drawn.

"Are you sure this is all right?"

Curtis laughed lightly.

"You are not going to dishonor your father's own check, are you?" he said in careless fashion. "Mr. Prescott will assure you that it is all right."

He moved closer to the bank president, and Prescott, with the muzzle of a revolver pressing into his side, could only nod his assent. Curtis had assured him that at the first sign of attempted communication with any of the two clerks all would be shot and he would be safe in the country before the crime was discovered. Prescott was a brave man, but he agreed with Curtis' argument that the money would do him little good if he were to be shot for refusing it.

Marion gave one more curious glance at the pair and turned toward the vault. In a moment she reappeared.

"Oh, Bert," she called, "will you please come here and help me to move this box?"

Howard went to her aid, while Curtis fidgeted about, urging Prescott to make haste. There was small danger of interruption from a customer or from Tony, who lunched at that hour; but, being a skilled workman, he liked to see a job done expeditiously.

In a couple of minutes the pair returned. Marion carried a package of bills, while Howard swung a bag covered with wax seals.

"I shall have to give you some gold," said Marion sweetly as she tumbled the bills on the shelf beneath the window of her cage and prepared to count. "You see, we keep most of our reserve on deposit in town, and for local use we have mostly small bills."

"Gold will do," responded Curtis amiably. "I am not particular, though, of course, the large bills are easier to handle."

Howard came around the corner with the gold, but before Curtis could grasp the bag of coins it descended upon his head with force sufficient to knock his heavy hat over his eyes and stun him before the ready pistol in his coat pocket could be fired.

Ten minutes later, under the reviving influence of ice water applied externally and brandy in internal applications, Curtis woke up. Howard stood over him, completing the work of securing him with rope.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Curtis," he said blandly, "for not recognizing you more quickly; but, you see, the slip sent out by the Bank of Tacoma gave your name as Peters, alias Mauvel and other names. In fact, Miss Prescott was the first one to see your game. No, I wouldn't hang Miss Prescott," he continued as he caught the muttered exclamation. "You know the proverb about curses and chickens roosting home. There is that little matter of killing the president and cashier of the First National of Caswell"— He turned to greet the sole peace officer of which the town boasted.

"That's him!" shouted Tony from the rear. "I saw him walk up and hit him over the head."

Constable Post looked about awkwardly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he growled. "You didn't tell me it was Mr. Howard you wanted arrested."

"Arrest Howard!" shouted Prescott. "Why, he's just knocked out one of the slickest bank thieves in the country and saved my life as well. Dwight, you get out of here, you miserable little sneak. Bert, I'll double the reward the Bank of Tacoma offers, and if you and Marion can't worry along on that and your salary you don't deserve to get married. Post, you take this fellow over to the lockup and give him a headache powder. I guess he needs it after that clip Bert gave him. I'm going to the telegraph office. Bert, you and Marion stay here and fix things up."

From his glance one could not tell whether he meant the disordered office or more important matters, but Bert and Marion knew or at least they used their own judgment.

Little Maria Edgeworth.

Backboards, iron collars and dumbbells were the ordinary calisthenic appurtenances in boarding schools for young ladies in 1776, about the time when Maria Edgeworth was a schoolgirl. In a biography of the first great Irish novelist Hon. Emily Lawless says that these devices were not deemed sufficient in Maria's case. For her special benefit one more had to be added, one which even the judicious family biographer seems to have regarded as rather severe. When she was fourteen years old her shortness was observed with no little disapproval by the members of her family. The Edgeworths had always been a well grown race, and her lack both of height and of good looks was a blot on the reputation of the family. To obviate one of her deficiencies not only were all the usual exercises resorted to, but also one which Mrs. Edgeworth herself characterized as "unusual"—that, namely, of "being swung by the neck to draw out the muscles and so increase the growth." Unfortunately it was of no avail. Short she was and short she was destined to be.—Youth's Companion.

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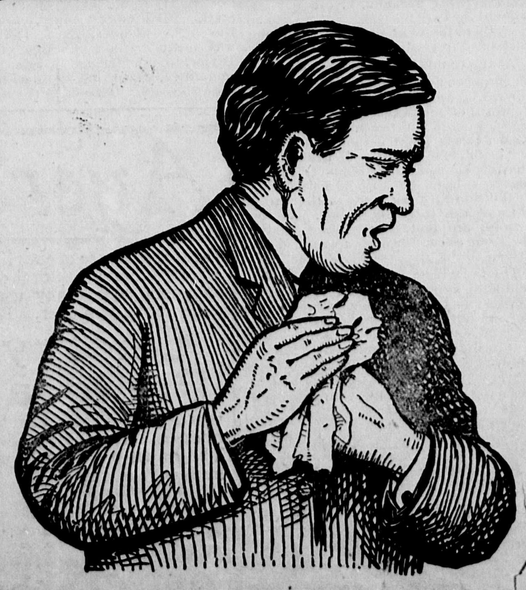
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