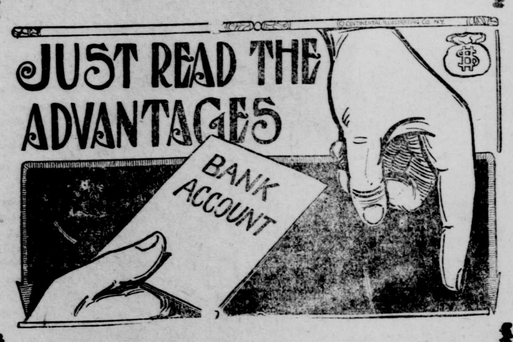
AMERICAN UNION

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FAIR BEULAH LISLE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"I don't think I care to accept the proposition, Mr. Lisle."

Rolfe Vance said this with a glance about the dusty, poor looking office and a shrug of the shoulders.

"I'll stick," announced David Porter, simply and clearly.

As he spoke, the earnest faced manly appearing young man fixed his eyes on a framed portrait above the desk of his employer—the picture of his daughter, fair, loyal Beulah Lisle.

They were both young men, and both for over a year had been employes of John Lisle, who was old, serious and, just at present, more than that—worried and despondent.

In his dainty, foppish way, Vance picked his steps past the greasy machines lying around, nodded brusquely and was gone. Perhaps he, too, thought of the beautiful Beulah. Under existing circumstances, however, he realized that it would be a tedious road to the winning of that coveted prize. He was naturally indolent, self-sacrifice was painful to his refined nature, and, to express his secret phrasing, he "threw up the sponge."

"It's a hard outlook, I'll admit," spoke old Lisle, when he and David found themselves alone. "That bankruptcy of Merritt & Co. has about swept our coffers clean. The worst of it is that it will take us fully a year to get a new standing with our modern process outfit."

"But when you do, it's clear sailing, isn't it?" submitted David in his cheery, optimistic way.

"I hope so," and Mr. Lisle went over to his desk. He was busy for some time writing rapidly. Finally he arose, proffering David a written sheet.

"Sign that," he directed.

"Why, what is this?"

"A deed of copartnership. You've shown yourself a true man in agreeing to see out a forlorn situation. We're partners from this on, friend David," and the brawny hand of the old workman rested tremulously, almost lovingly, on the broad shoulder of his loyal assistant. "To have and



There Was a Topple and a Crash.

to hold, share and share alike, the business, the equipment, and all in and there about."

Again David glanced at the portrait. "To have and to hold"—he smiled, with a quaint conceit in mind. Ah! if only that interest represented the original, as well as the mere portrait of the girl with the wild rose face!

Mr. Lisle's eyes were fixed upon an entirely different object. It was a large, bulging, narrow-mouthed vase. It stood at the top of an old-fashioned file case, where it had rested for thirty years.

His dead father, William Lisle, had made it. The business of the Lisles for three generations had been beeswax—bleachers and refiners. When paraffine came in, William Lisle had been first in the field. A proud memento of the same was that vase, fashioned by his own hand, and resting now where he had placed it to show how staunchly it resisted heat, cold and age.

Rather mournfully John Lisle viewed the old vase. It had not fulfilled its promise. Manufacturers with more capital had outdistanced his business. A year since he had attempted an innovation. Everything looked prosperous, but now the house distributing his goods had failed.

Beulah Lisle did not live at home. For two years she had acted as governess in a wealthy family. Once a month, however, she visited her father from Saturday until Monday. Those were blissful hours for the old man. She mended up his clothes, she set his three living rooms in order. And how they hopefully discussed the little home they would jointly occupy when "the new process" was a success!

Manfully sharing all the heaviest burdens, David set at work in the new partnership. When the Saturday came when Beulah was to make her regular visit, he anticipated the pleasant Sunday when she would preside at table and bring new sunshine into the rather dreary home.

He came into the little parlor back of the office that especial Saturday, to find Beulah there, but in tears, and her father looking the picture of despair. Beulah always greeted him with a bright smile, for she knew how good and true he was. The smile was lacking now, for deep sorrow shadowed her fair face. Still, David fancied that her hand clasp was more fervent than ever before, and a mute gratitude in her eyes told that she appreciated his sterling fidelity in sustaining her father amid his business troubles.

"It never rains but it pours," Mr. Lisle half groaned. "We shall see little of Beulah for a long time to come."

"Then Miss Lisle is going—" began David, and his heart stood still—"going to be married?" he almost blurted out.

"Going away—to another part of the country, with the Burtons," added Mr. Lisle.

"It is best, dear papa," spoke Beulah, soothingly. "My income as governess makes me independent. It relieves you of a great care until—"

"Until Lisle & Co. have made a success," supplemented David. "It shall be, Miss Lisle," and the young man felt the surging tide of a new ambition inspire his hopeful soul.

Beulah could not remain with them, as the Burtons were already packing for the removal. There was a tearful good-by between father and daughter. David trod on air as the former suggested that he see Beulah home.

All that blissful mile he sought to cheer her up, to paint her father's future in glowing colors. When they parted she asked a timid favor.

"I shall be obliged to leave a pet kitten behind," she said. "I spoke to father about it. He fancied little Snowball would be a comfort to him. Could you burden yourself with the charge, Mr. Porter?"

And Snowball became thus a fixture at the Lisle place. When David returned home that day, Rolfe Vance, arrayed gorgeously, was disappointedly leaving it. He had found a new and a paying situation, knew that Beulah was expected on a visit and had appeared to show himself.

All through the long winter evenings after that the old man and David worked and planned to get enough ahead to have Beulah come home. Trade was getting better, but the development was slow. One day Rolfe Vance drifted into the old office. Prosperity showed in his every word and action. He had with him a fifty dollar bulldog and wore a diamond pin. He vaunted grandly of his good luck and asked about Beulah.

"Look out!" suddenly shouted Mr. Lisle.

He was too late with his warning. The dog had discovered Snowball. The kitten made a spring and sailed to a lofty flight, landing on top of the file case, joggled the old vase and there was a topple and a crash.

Vance discreetly withdrew. Mr. Lisle groaned at the wreck and ruin on the floor. David gathered up the fragments. Then he uttered a cry of amazement.

For among them were folded bank-notes. The secret hoard of old William Lisle was disclosed—five one thousand dollar bills!

Beulah was sent for. New capital brought new business. One day Mr. Lisle entered the parlor to see daughter and partner hand in hand, smiling happily.

"Hoity-toity!" he stared. "What's this?"

With a proud, quiet smile David Porter took from his pocket a deed of partnership. He indicated one line in the same:

"To have and to hold!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

CAPTURED WITH FLY PAPER

Clever Idea That Enabled Indian Officer to Subdue Four Man-Eating Lions.

You know what a ferocious, powerful beast the lion is. And yet can imagine what strong chains it would take to hold him fast. So, can you even imagine a lion captured with fly paper? Well, not so very long ago, four huge man-eating lions were taken in that manner at the village of Gwalior, in India.

It happened that the head man of the village was able to shut the four lions up in a hut into which they had ventured in search of prey. He kept them thus barricaded for nearly two weeks, no one being willing to attempt to capture them. Finally he thought of a scheme that proved as successful as it was original.

He had thousands of sheets of fly paper spread on the ground before the entrance to the hut. Then, suddenly, the barricades were lifted and the four lions came bounding out—into the fly paper. Of course it stuck to their paws, and, of course, when they tried to lick it off it became stuck fast to their faces and heads. The lions promptly forgot all about human beings and, in their wild endeavors to get rid of the fly paper, rolled over and over on the ground, roaring and fighting for breath.

Then the head man and his followers rushed forward with long ropes, lassoeed the plunging lions and tied them up—fly-paper and all!

Only Proper Method.

It was not without just cause that Mr. Gladstone's name was given to the handy "Gladstone bag." The grand old man was master of every detail of the art of packing. At a country house they were discussing at breakfast the right way to pack a sponge bag when the sponge had been used and was consequently waterlogged. Mr. Gladstone, who apparently had been wholly absorbed in his morning's correspondence, suddenly closed the discussion by informing the party that they were all wrong. "The only proper method," said he, "is to wrap it in your bath towel and stamp upon it. Then put it in your sponge bag. You will find it perfectly dry."

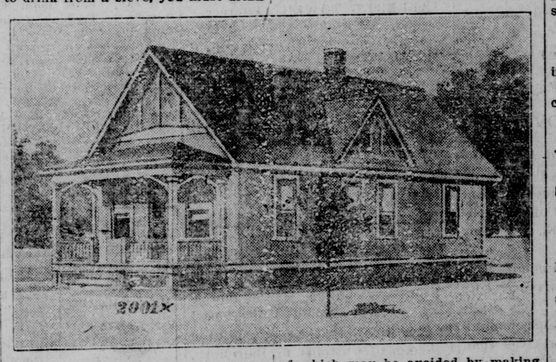


Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

All the essentials of a home are embodied in this little cottage. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" applies with especial force to a neat little cottage that is built for comfort and surrounded by well-kept grounds. A cottage house well kept looks a great deal better, and it generally contains a great deal more comfort than a larger house that is in a measure neglected.

In building a small house, it is customary with some builders to slight the work in certain directions, because it is only a cheap affair anyhow; but this is a mistake. It does not pay, for instance, to use outside doors that are less than one and three-quarter inches in thickness. You can put on cheaper ones, and dress them up so that they look all right for a while; but after a time the panels split and the doors warp until it is an aggravation to open or shut one. Then repairs are necessary, and you put more expense on the job than would be necessary to do it right in the first place.

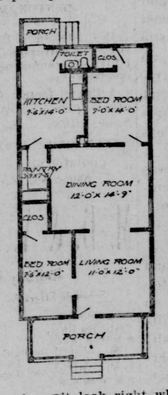
If you are building a house to sell, sometimes you can skimp it in places and get out from under; but it is a poor way to do business. If you want to drink from a sieve, you must drink



quickly. Sometimes a house built for sale does not sell right away. If it is well built, it may be rented to advantage until a purchaser comes along; but you must not rent a poorly built house unless you are looking for trouble.

The cheapest way to build a house is to put up a box like this, and put a straight roof over it. It makes all straight work. Stock sizes of all kinds of material work in without waste, and cheap labor can be used to advantage in putting it together. Everything for the house may be purchased ready to go together, at the building supply dealer's.

Years ago it was considered necessary to put up some fancy design in



order to have it look right when finished; but this was a mistake. Nothing looks better than a plain house if the proportions are right. Of course you must have a relief of some kind. In this case you get it in the veranda, which reaches clear across the front. It is not a large veranda and not expensive; but it makes a finish for the front of the little house, and it provides a very comfortable open-air sitting room in summer, and it is a protection from snow and other storms in winter. The money that this veranda costs is money well spent. No matter how cheap the house, you do not want the front door to look bare and unprotected; and you cannot protect it in any other way quite so well as by building a solid-looking, comfortable veranda.

In size, the plan is 30 by 40 feet; and in this space the architect has planned and laid out five rooms, all large enough to hold the necessary furniture. To save expense in first cost, the house is set on cedar posts, insteal of having a cellar. This is done because there are men who could afford to build a cottage house costing $1,200 or $1,400, when it would be impossible for them to raise the money for a house costing $2,000. It is better to build in this way, and put a cellar under the house afterwards, than to keep on paying rent year after year with the expectation of building just as you want to in three or four years' time, because the three or four years slip away quickly, and you are in no better position to build then than you are now.

A little determination goes a long way in making a start for a home. Of course a little money is necessary; but the amount paid out for rent each month would soon pay for a $1,200 cottage, and leave the owner in position to go ahead on something larger if he needs it. Sometimes people get so attached to a little home which is comfortable and convenient, that they are in no hurry to leave it. My advice has always been to make a start, and make it modest enough so that you are not embarrassed in making your payments; and I believe it is a great deal better to be a good deal too slow than to go a little bit too fast.

I like to see good houses; and when a person can afford it, I like to see them living in an expensive house; but I do not like to see young fellows start in with a property a good deal larger and more expensive than they need, when they have not the means to pay for it, because I know it means many months and years of hard work and a good many nights of worry—all of which may be avoided by making the proper start.

A little house may be buried in vines partially hidden by shade trees and beautified by a yard full of flowers, until the house is forgotten and the cozy home only is remembered.

Big Business in Brazil.

The Canadian, Farquhar, who has been exploiting all kinds of big schemes in Brazil, seems to have found an unsparing antagonist in Le Bresil Economique of Rio de Janeiro, the great commercial paper of South America, and the big banks of Paris and Brussels will probably go no further in financing the great trusts which now, the Economique intimates, call for government intervention to save Brazil. The paper charges that thus far 250,000,000 francs—about $50,000,000—remains in the pockets of the exploiters of these schemes and the intermediaries. "There will be a crash," says this paper, "one of the most formidable of the century, and this syndicate will take with it the credit of Brazil. The appetite of this group is insatiable. In a single week it has asked 69,240,000 francs of French and Belgian loans." The successors to John Law of the Mississippi bubble scheme, of more than a century ago, seem to have found fruitful soil in South America.

"Big Peas."

An English farmer, up in town, went into a first class hotel for dinner. As an appetizer, the waiter placed a tray of large olives before him. Giles eyed them critically for a while, and then motioned for the waiter.

"Say," he began, "I don't want to trouble the likes of ye that has plenty to do, but if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to see one of them."

"One of what, sir?"

"One of the pods that them green peas came in," explained Giles.

Cruel Woman.

Woman is essentially cruel as well as thoughtless, else she would never force father to beat carpets in the spring time, before he gets a chance to get his muscle up attending a summer school in the baseball bleachers.—Toronto Star.

Mean Enjoyment.

"Mrs. Miggles has returned from abroad. You should hear her talk about the Riviera."

"Does she describe it well?"

"Oh, it isn't the way she describes it that entertains me, but the way she pronounces it."

NOT A FRIEND OF RAGTIME

In Denouncing That Form of Music, Frank Damrosch Brings Forth Amusing Story.

Frank Damrosch, standing on the deck of the steamer en route for Europe, deplored the grip that ragtime has taken on the American public.

"Ragtime tunes are like pimples," said the director of the institute of Musical Arts. "They are impurities in the musical system which must be cleared out. But a vaudeville artist, just home from France, told me with enthusiasm that we were becoming famous in Europe for our ragtime."

Mr. Damrosch smiled bitterly.

"Famous for our ragtime!" he scoffed. "A poor claim for distinction. It reminds me of a story.

"During his travels in the west a well known English clergyman was accosted by a native of Deep Gulch, who said:

"'Wall, sir, and what strikes you most about this place?'

"The clergyman instantly replied:

"'Your blasphemy, sir. I don't think I have ever been in a place where blasphemy was more general or more horrible.'

"A look of gratified vanity spread over the native's face.

"'You're about right, stranger,' he drawled. 'For variety of blasphemy I don't think we can be beaten. This is a wonderful region.'"

Scotch Hotel Customs.

At Aberdeen, Scotland, in a temperance hotel, each visitor, on signing his name in the hotel book, is desired also to adhibit his signature to a card testifying that he is a teetotaler and will not bring any intoxicants into the hotel. In a Glasgow hotel it is the custom weekly, on Sundays, to go round the various rooms and take a subscription on behalf of one of the city charities. In another Glasgow hotel the proprietor, religiously inclined, holds divine service each Sunday at noon, to which all the boarders are invited. At several of the larger hotels in the north of Scotland the guests are beguiled from their slumbers each day by the playing of bagpipes, while in an hotel in Inverness a posthorn is employed for this same purpose.

Right in Style.

"Maulstick will have to quit drinking or get out of art."

"So I thought. But the Cubists came along just in time to save him."

TRIED HARD TO SAVE FRIEND

Irishman's Evidence, However, Did Not Seem Altogether Convincing to the Judy.

The following is a story told by William Jennings Bryan:

"Five Irishmen, the Peerless One said, had been charged with assault with intent to kill. The state tried to prove the disturbance began at ten o'clock at night. Dennis, one of the accused, sought to show by a witness that he was at home and in bed with him and did not get up until long after the trouble was over.

"'How do you know that Dennis was in bed by eight o'clock?' the district attorney inquired.

"'Hadn't we a clock in the house?' the witness reforted.

"'Oh, and did the clock strike after Dennis came in?'

"'Well, no, the clock wasn't striking then.'

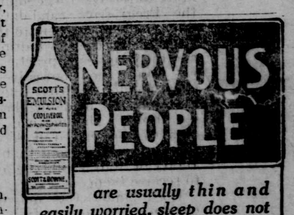
"'What was the matter with it?'

"'It had been out of order for a few days.'

"'Then, if the clock was not going, how did you know that Dennis was in before eight o'clock?'

"'Weil, the witness replied, after a moment's studying, 'I know he was in before the time whin the clock strikes eight whin it do be striking.'

"But Dennis was convicted."—American Magazine.



are usually thin and easily worried, sleep does not refresh and the system gradually weakens from insufficient nourishment.

Scott's Emulsion corrects nervousness by its force of concentrated medical nourishment—it restores the healthy action of body cells, enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, and feeds the nerve centres by distributing energy and power all over the body.

Don't resort to alcoholic mixtures or drug concoctions that stimulate and stupefy.

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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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