The Old Order Changeth

By JANE OSBORN

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"You may be only a poor typist," smug little Aunt Caroline had told her niece Babette, "but don't forget that you are a lady—or are entitled to call yourself one so long as you don't do any things that are unworthy of a real lady."

Aunt Caroline had never done any of those things; in fact, she had worked at rather trying odds for the last ten years in the uptown flat where she kept house for her own four sons and daughters and her niece Babette.

And they had all remained ladies—she and her daughter and the niece, and the three boys had, so far as the mother knew, remained "perfect gentlemen"—in spite of the three flights up and the dingy, bare, painted walls of the kitchen where Caroline's work never seemed to be done, and in spite of the debts there had been to pay after the husband's long illness.

On the parlor table there was a copy of a well-known book on so-called social usage, and although the chapter on candle parties and the advice the writer of the book gave on "how to act when meeting the English royal family," and how to write to the archbishop of Canterbury had been of little real use to Caroline, she found much of it immensely helpful to her in her task.

The fact was that Caroline had, as she said, seen very much better days in the years when she and her cousin, Babette's mother—for Babette was not a real niece—had, for one brief season mingled in a society that never found its way to Caroline's poor little widow's flat.

Then came the marriages of Caroline and Babette's mother and the death of both Babette's parents, the death of Caroline's husband, the bringing up of the five children in the ways of gentlefolk, and then, a year ago, Babette's engagement to Caroline's eldest son—who, to be sure, was only a sort of third cousin.

The courtship was conducted along lines that would have been approved by even the author of that book on social decorum on Caroline's parlor table. The young people, reminded that it was not well-bred to go to the theater unchaperoned, never went to the movies on a Saturday night without Caroline in tow, though poor Caroline sometimes endured all kinds of torment fearing that she was a hindrance to their good time. And Caroline remembered that when Babette's mother and she had been engaged they had not permitted their lovers more than the meagerest kisses, and those on the cheek.

Engagements are sometimes broken, they had been told, and a "real lady" would never cease regretting the fact if she had ever allowed any more passionate salute from a man who did not become her husband. So Caroline had told Babette and her son and, though they had been engaged a year, there was but one salute a day, and that very decorously upon the cheek.

When the first Christmas of their engagement came about Caroline had reminded her children that "well-bred engaged people did not give personal presents." The young man, besides the engagement ring, should give nothing but flowers, books and candy." Her own husband had given her a copy of Tennyson's poems on the Christmas they were engaged, and the Tennyson now reposed beneath the book on good form on the parlor table.

He had given her roses on all holidays and candies every week-end. There was no reason, Caroline said, why her son should not do so much for Babette. He could afford it, for he was now getting a generous salary.

Babette didn't often protest, but she was a practical bit of a girl, and when she might have been making a collection of useful household things given her by her husband-to-be—as other girls she knew did—she took small pleasure in the little bunch of roses that faded on her bureau after every holiday nor in the candles that she shared with her cousins every week-end.

From her own slender earnings she might have bought things that would eventually have helped feather the nest, too, but Caroline assured her that would not have been in good form. The great authority especially cautioned young women against giving anything of a personal nature to their fiances.

Books, desk accessories, accessories of sport—a riding crop, or something of that sort—were the things suggested. And as Caroline's eldest son, Stephen, had no desk save the office one he toiled at eight hours a day, and knew no sports save struggling with the crowds on his daily trip to and from that office, Babette's choice was limited to books.

He liked the Stevenson and the Kipling she had given him, but how much sooner they could have been married if instead of those books she could have given him something that would do for the little flat—chairs and tables, or a rug, perhaps!

It was three weeks before Christmas and Babette and Stephen had each secretly decided to linger after office hours to make the Christmas purchases. Unknown to each other they were both part of the great throng that swarmed one of the department stores not far from their own places of work. At the door of the store Babette had received a little holly-decked card, and on it were words something like this:

"The patriotic gift this year is the useful gift. We feel it our duty to urge our customers to refrain from buying nonessentials. So, instead of displaying a large stock of Christmas candies and our usual Christmas books and flowers, we are recommending gifts of useful household articles and articles of apparel."

What if Caroline could see it that way? mused Babette, and then, yielding to the temptation, she took the elevator to the floor where were sold the household articles, dishes and furniture and kitchen things. There she ran almost precipitately into Stephen. He, too, was holding one of the little holly-decked cards.

"I have been looking at a set of dishes," he said. "Maybe after we are married we can get one. He pressed Babette's hand—perhaps that wasn't exactly good form, but the crowd was pushing close beside them and no one could have seen. "It's pretty hard to wait," he said. "Babette, if we had the things to start housekeeping on, perhaps we wouldn't have to wait so long. Perhaps in February—I heard today I'm to get a good raise at New Year's."

"If, instead of getting each other a set of Scott or Dickens we could get that set of dishes and some things to cook with—" faltered Babette.

"I could give mother $10 every week, and still have enough to run our little flat on," whispered Stephen, "and Roger will be bringing in more after New Year's."

There was little further explanation. It seemed as if they were compelled by a force greater than the will power of either, greater than the silent influence of Caroline or the binding force of that book on the parlor table. Yes, they did go and they ordered that set of dishes—that with the money Stephen had expected to spend on the leather-bound Scott with Babette's money saved for the edition de luxe of Dickens they went and, after a half hour with a patient saleswoman, bought everything that any clever bride ever needed to make a little flat kitchen complete.

Then they turned their steps homeward toward Caroline.

"Perhaps we can arrange it in January—would you, Babette? I've got enough saved for the bedroom set, and with the dishes and the kitchen things I've enough for the other things. Do you suppose your mother—"

"There was a pause, for traffic made it hard to understand; then a lull; "There's something in that Tennyson on the parlor table that goes like this:

"'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways.'

"Perhaps mother will see it that way, and I brought this little card home. Mother is very patriotic."

And, strangely enough, Caroline made no protest, so busy was she at once in reading what the book on good form had to say on "wedding etiquette."

Telephone and the Match Industry.

"Two telephone conversations to every match lighted in America!" exclaims the New York Telephone company.

Extraordinary the match that takes only two telephone conversations. Even in centers where these things move most rapidly the telephone is usually brought into play every day for a week at least before the match is made.

"The common 'lucifer,'" continues the essay on matches and telephones, "is burned to the number of about 7,000,000,000 a year throughout the world. The United States uses up about one-half of all these matches. Its telephone messages are twice as many."

On and On.

One of those dramatic critics in Chicago has this to say concerning the recent performance of a musical comedy: "Sometimes the rush of laughter comes with a kind of aviation which teems with contagious strength and youth, and all the time the delightful entertaining goes on and on and on with no cessation or lag." "Yes, and how did they succeed in stopping it?"

NO FEELING.

Suburbs—It is simply great to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside of your window.

Cityman—It is all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass mown.

His Own Fault.

Man's hair turns gray before woman's
That's known in every clime.
The explanation's easy, for
He wears his all the time.
—Punch Bowl.

Throwing Chalk for Luck.

In throwing a piece of chalk after his men for luck as they poured into the enemy's trenches, the Irish colonel was but reviving a superstition which dates back to the ancient days of Thrace, where the custom originated of marking lucky days with a white stone and unlucky with a black one.

In its early youth Rome adopted the custom, and although chalk, not being indigenous, was chiefly known, as its name, creta, implies, as an import from Crete, it was generally used for the marking of lucky days. According to Horace, the marking was done with chalk for good and coal for bad luck.

Its Class.

"Do you happen to have an X about you?"

"My dear fellow, that is an unknown quantity with me."

SCRAPS of HUMOR

He Knew.

"Which side of yer aig do you want fried, mister?" asked the smart aleck restaurant sandwich slinger.

"The inside, please," responded the chronic customer blandly, as he reached for a 50-cent piece.

Just How It Was.

Counsel—Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?

Witness (indignantly)—You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no mallets nor nothin' of the kind about it.—Shipping World.

Up to Scale.

Mrs. Hibrow—Oh, isn't Mr. Beetum Upp a marvelous pianist! And he climbed his way to fame step by step.

Mrs. Lobrow—Humph; it sounds to me like he didn't use his soft pedal foot much on the way up.

Accounting for It.

"I notice, Mrs. Comeup, your daughter has a great deal of savoir faire."

"Yes, when we buy her anything we believe in getting her good and plenty."

Appropriate.

"A friend of mine who is a very busy girl has asked me to get her a hat. What kind would you get her?"

"If she is such a busy girl, I would get her a beaver."

A Drawback.

"A woman can make any man propose to her she pleases."

"Certainly she can, but some women can't please any."

Shading.

Patience—And when you saw her standing at the door was she shading her eyes with her hand?

Patrice—No; only her eyebrows.

JUST THE SAME.

"Yes, we get all the benefits of mountain climbing here."

"Mountain climbing? Why, there isn't a hill 10 feet high within 20 miles!"

"I know; but we sleep on the fifth floor, and there is no elevator."

No Slang for Her.

When he dared to call her "cutie,"
Did she holler, "Get the hook?"
No, indeed. This high-toned beauty
Simply floored him with a look.

True.

"What spoiled children they have!"

"Yes. Isn't it queer? Everybody except us seems to have spoiled children."

Described.

"Pa, what is chaos?"

"I don't know exactly, my boy, but it's something they always bring order out of."

Just a Suggestion.

"Will you have anything in this lemonade, sir?"

"You might put in some sugar and lemon juice."—Judge.

Its Sort.

"When one of the crowd made a taunting remark to another, the latter drew a knife on him."

"What a cutting retort."

It's Style.

"I suppose you would call examining a meter light reading."

"Exactly; coming in volumes of gas."

Retributive Justice.

"The forger we were talking about met with an appropriate fate."

"What was it?"

"His acts brought him to the pen."

Necessarity So.

Friend—How hot your room is.

"Yes; this is where I do my roasting."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Impossible.

"She married a tall artist—"

"Come, now, begin again. Everybody knows that artists are always short."

Signs of It.

"I am sure that man is coming to me to present a bill."

"What makes you think so?"

"He has such a collected manner."

TONY'S SWEETHEART

By HAROLD CARTER.

"You see, mees," explained Tony, "I cannot come to night school for two, tree weeks, because I going to be married."

Miss Eversham, who counted Tony as one of her most promising pupils, was decidedly surprised. Tony was a sculptor of those little terra cotta and clay figures which are sold by peddlers on city streets; but he had a genuine artistic ability which Miss Eversham prided herself on having discovered. She had even projected a brilliant future for him, beginning with a course at the Cooper Union and ending with commissions from state governments and crowned heads.

"But, Tony, you didn't tell me anything about this," objected Miss Eversham, a little petulant.

"But I did not know till las' week, mees," responded the young fellow. "I got a letter from my cousin Marino, in Palermo. He save my father's life in the time of the revolution. Now he write he is an old man and to die, and have no money. So I must marry his daughter, Marta, whom I never see. He say she is nineteen and ver' beautiful, and she meet me on boat tomorrow."

"Well, Tony, I wish you happiness," answered Miss Eversham, dubiously. "But after you are married, come to see me. I want to talk to you about—about your studies."

Three days later Tony appeared, smiling.

"It is all ri', Mees Eversham," he said. "I no marry till Christmas."

"How is that, Tony?" inquired the teacher.

"Well, mees, I go to the boat," Tony explained, "and there is no Marta. But instead, a fashionable young woman ask for me by name. 'Are you Tony Satelli?' she ask. 'I am friend

"That Ees Marta," Said Tony.

of Marta. My father have beeg estate near Palemo. Marta she cannot come. She say you mus' send money, then she come.' So I send money at Christmas, and then Marta come to me."

Miss Eversham was still more dubious, and her anxiety on behalf of her protege was not lessened when, as the weeks passed by, Tony's face became more and more downcast. Miss Eversham rallied him on his despondency in view of his approaching marriage, but it was not until late in the year that Tony vouchsafed an explanation.

"It is all gone, all my hope gone," he said, pulling a photograph out of his pocket. "Look, Mees Eversham!"

Miss Eversham studied the photograph with dismay. It was that of an extremely plain young woman, slatternly and gaudily attired, and the shoulders were those of a hunchback.

"That ees Marta," said Tony. "She is a cripple and can never stand on her feet. All her life she go so."

"But, Tony," said Miss Eversham, "surely it is not necessary for you to marry a girl whom you have never seen, if she is to be an invalid all her life."

"I have sent the money," said Tony, hopelessly. "She arrive in tree weeks."

"But why, Tony?"

"Her father save my father during the revolution," said Tony. Then suddenly he clasped his hands and wept unrestainedly. "Oh, it ees hard, Mees Eversham," he said. "I love Juliana Legardi."

Miss Eversham drew the story from him then. Juliana was the young woman who had brought him news of Marta. She had come to America to display some paintings, and had achieved great success. Already she had become something of a vogue in the world of art. Only twenty-two, she bade fair to be one of those woman painters whom modern Italy is producing in numbers. She had taken an interest in Tony, and he had fallen madly in love with her. Poor Tony! He felt that he was not worthy to kiss the ground she walked upon.

"An honest man may aspire to the hand of any woman," said Miss Eversham, in a pardonable aphorism. "Tony, there is no reason why you should consider yourself bound to marry your cousin."

"I have sent her the money," explained Tony, hopelessly.

"But, Tony—"

"Her father save my father in the time of the revolution," Tony continued, and there was such finality in his tone that Miss Eversham ventured no more.

Her curiosity did, however, lead her to attend the art meeting at which Juliana Legardi was announced as one of the attractions. She saw a modest and singularly attractive young woman, but obviously far above Tony. She went away sighing. Poor Tony! There was no use attempting to do anything. And what could she do? It was not Juliana's fault if Tony had fallen in love with her.

Juliana Legardi departed for Italy suddenly a couple of days later. Miss Eversham read of her sailing in the newspapers, and looked anxiously for Tony the following evening. But he did not appear at night school, then or at any future date. And as the days went by and no word came of him, she gradually came to abandon all expectation of ever hearing of him again. He remained in her mind, however, as the type of fidelity; his faithful brown eyes often came before her, and she would glance at her class of ignorant immigrants and sigh, thinking how nearly she had succeeded in creating one genius out of the heap of raw material that passed through her hands.

And then, about a year later, when she had ceased to think of Tony, except as an incident of the past, she saw him at the door of the night school as she was leaving, waiting for her.

"Tony!" exclaimed Miss Eversham. "Why, where have you been all this time?"

"In Italy, Miss Eversham," he answered, and Miss Eversham looked at him in astonishment. Gone were the gaucheries of the young man whom she had taught; he spoke like a gentleman and looked like one. Unconsciously she found herself accepting his offer of the inner side of the street. And she found, too, that she was regarding him as one of her own class, and no longer as "raw material."

"And did you marry Marta?" she wanted to ask, as he escorted her through the streets toward her home; but she could not bring herself to do so. The young man at her side looked so radiant, so evidently prosperous. "You see, Miss Eversham," he explained, "when I got home I had a chance of a commission for some statuary in the town hall which attracted the attention of art critics, and—well, I am well-to-do now, and almost famous, in Italy. And so my wife and I are on our wedding trip here, and you must meet her."

"Marta?" flashed out Miss Eversham.

Tony nodded. "We are staying at the Continental," he said. "I wonder if it is too late? She wanted me to bring you back tonight."

Five minutes later Miss Eversham found herself in the presence of—Juliana!

"Tony!" she exclaimed in bewilderment, turning from one smiling face to the other.

Tony was rubbing his hands and chuckling like a schoolboy.

"You see, Miss Eversham," he explained, "this is Marta. Juliana Legardi was—how do you say?—her nom de plume. And the photograph was a deception—very wicked! You see, Marta did not want me any more than I wanted her, and so she came here to test me; and when she saw I was faithful she told me before she sailed, and so we sailed together, being married the day before. And now is our honeymoon and—ah, Miss Eversham, you would understand better if your sweetheart had been the son of the man who saved your father in the time of the revolution."

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LONG LIFE OF LONELINESS

Wealthy Swedish Woman Kept Herself Apart From the World for Seventy-Five Years.

The death has just taken place at Stockholm of Miss Christina Witlund, an eccentric and wealthy woman. Seventy-five years ago Miss Witlund, then a handsome young girl of eighteen, was engaged to be married to a dashing officer of the Royal Guards, and everything was ready for the wedding, when the bridegroom suddenly broke off the engagement, and eventually married another.

Miss Witlund, it is said, nearly lost her reason from the effects of the shock, and when she finally recovered made a solemn vow never to look upon treacherous man again.

Her parents dead, she had sole control of her own affairs, and she shut herself up in the house, where she remained for the whole of her life without ever going out. For 75 years she saw no other human beings than her servant girls.

Living as one dead in the midst of the bustle of modern civilization, she had never seen trains, steamships, tramcars, taxicabs, airships or aeroplanes. Even daylight was strictly tabooed in her house, all the blinds being carefully drawn.

Something of an Explanation.

"In some mysterious way," says Mr. MacManus, "Ireland has got the name of being a hard-drinking nation. This reputation is most undeserved. The Irishman may appear to drink more because when a Scotchman drinks it sinks to his heels and steadies him. When an Englishman takes a drink it goes to his stomach and he sits down in an easy chair, pleased with himself and all the world, and dreams of carrying the blessings of civilization—the Bible and the bottle—to the heathen in remote corners of the world. But when an Irishman takes a sip of whisky he thinks himself selfish if he doesn't instantly go out and take the whole street into his confidence."

GERMAN GLOOM.

The Germans' recent bad luck led Representative Shouse of Kansas to say at a dinner:

"German defeats on the western front and German disappointments in the east have lowered the morale of the German people terribly. The German people are now as gloomy as the broker.

"'Did you have a good day, love?' a broker's wife asked him in the evening at dinner.

"'Rotten,' the broker groaned. 'Simply rotten. Everything I sold went down.'

"He ate soup in grim silence a little while, then he muttered:

"'Thank goodness they couldn't go sideways.'"

A Bad Prospect.

"Do you expect your son home soon, Mrs. Grubby?"

"Oh, no. He thinks he won't be demoralized inside six months."

IT'S EVERYWHERE

WHEREVER you find a telephone, there you find a telephone directory. People consult it not only to find telephone numbers, but for many other purposes.

THE telephone directory as an advertising medium has many advantages. It is a permanent proposition---day after day and week after week. It is always available and never thrown away. It goes into thousands of homes and places of business.

ASK the Local Manager to tell you more about this always working advertising medium.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

PEOPLE IN EARTH'S INTERIOR?

Man of Science Believed There Were, and Sought Funds to Make an Investigation.

On November 19, 1822, one of the most peculiar petitions ever presented to congress was brought before that body of lawmakers, which was none other than a request from John Cleves Symmes, asking that aid be given him to make a voyage to the interior of the globe, which he believed to be inhabitable. He was permitted to lecture before Union college, at which he expounded his theory, which, however, was met with unfversal ridicule.

Notwithstanding which he was greatly respected as a man. He held that all planetary bodies, including the earth, are composed of concentric spheres, open at their poles. In one of his memoirs he thus illustrates his conception: "With dividers describe a plane of matter of loose texture, and in the center add a very small circle; draw a line through the center. It is evident that either half of the inner circle, being almost equally surrounded by matter, must be very little gravitated centerwise, so being suspended, only a rotary motion is needed to throw it compactly toward the outer circle. This being admitted it follows that half way from the outlet to the inner side of this circle of matter thus thrown out, a like rarity, suspension or balance of gravity should prevail, and hence a disposition to concentric circles; therefore it follows that successive similar subdivisions should exist, gradually lessening in force and quantity. By applying this principle to the earth I find the necessity of hollow concentric spheres."

MARKED PROGRESS OF MAN

Invention of Outrigger Canoe Was One of the Greatest in History of the World.

One of the great epoch-making inventions was the outrigger canoe, which is of Polynesian or perhaps Malay origin. It made practicable the exploration of the Pacific and the settlement of island groups separated from one another by vast distances. The great sailing canoes in which migrants from Tahiti voyaged northward over thousands of miles of trackless ocean to the Hawaiian islands, nobody knows how many centuries ago, giving to that archipelago its first population, carried 80 or more men and women, presumably with children accompanying.

Captain Cook, the first white explorer to map the Pacific, found all the island groups inhabited. The people did not say to him: "We are discovered at last!" They were themselves the discoverers. Long centuries before Captain Cook was born they had traversed all parts of that ocean; and the Polynesian navigators had mapped it for themselves with curious charts made of little sticks. Children in that part of the world are brought up in boats. They are amphibious. Canoes for themselves they make out of hollowed logs, with sticks of bamboo for outriggers. Land and water are the same to them; they are equally at home in the sea or on terra firma.

Loyal, but Not Honest.

How a man may be honorable in big things but dishonorable in lesser is shown by the story told of Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender. After the Pretender's defeat at the battle of Culloden Moor in 1746, the prince took refuge in the home of a Scottish peasant. There was a reward of £30,000 for the capture of the fugitive, but, although the peasant knew this he did not betray his royal guest. Later, this same peasant, who had scorned to possess himself of great wealth by disloyal means, stole a cow, and was tried, convicted and hanged, stealing being a capital offense in those days.

Don't Seek Happiness.

Sidney Smith said that a great many people hunt for happiness as an absent-minded man hunts for his hat, running about everywhere looking for it, when all the time it is in his hand or on his head. You can be happy right where you are, if you can be happy anywhere. The materials for content are in your hands. Don't hunt. Use them.

NOT HARD TO RECOGNIZE HIM

Almost at a Glance Papa Could Tell Which of the Swans Was the Father.

Congressman Seaborn Ruddenbury of Georgia gently smiled when the talk topic dwelt on the lord and master of the domestic ranch. He said he was reminded of little John's visit to the zoo.

While rambling around among the animals with his father one afternoon, so ran the story of the congressman, little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.

"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother swan?"

"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.

"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny. "The one with all the feathers pecked off his head and isn't allowed to have the biscuit or nothing."

"Yes, my son," promptly replied papa, with just a suspicion of a sigh, "that's the father swan, all right."

PROPER FEEDING HELPS COW

If Rightly Fed All Her Life Animal Will Be of Value When Old—Overfeeding Is Harmful.

If the cow has been rightly fed all her life she will be a good cow when she becomes old. A cow that has been overfed for years will have become "burned out" by the time she is ten or twelve years of age. The cow that has never been fed to bring her up to her highest capacity for milk giving will have fixed her habits of milk production at a low point and will not be valuable as an old cow. She will, therefore, have to be disposed of to the butcher several years before she would otherwise have gone out of service.

Illness and Literature.

There is nothing like a good, long illness for the cultivation of pure literature. It should not be too severe or needlessly painful, for then you may overshoot the mark and be too weary to read or be read to. It is possible to have too much of even the best things. But a proper, comfortable illness, that keeps you in bed, yet leaves you free to read; that banishes all the interruptions of life, the constitutional walks, the stupid visits, the annoying correspondence, the dressing and the undressing, and all the amenities of modern civilization, and allows you to lie at peace and read your fill, is among the best gifts of the gods. You soon forget to be sleepy and lazy, your mind displays an unwonted activity, and you become conscious of an insatiable craving for books.—Ohio State Journal.

Great British Soldier.

Arthur Wellesley, first Duke Wellington, was born probably on the 29th of April, 1769, in Dublin. He was an unpromising boy, and his mother, deciding that her "ugly boy, Arthur," was "fit food for powder and nothing else," sent him to a military academy at Angers, France. He entered the army in 1787 and rose rapidly, seeing much service, until his great opportunity came when Napoleon returned from Elba and Wellington was summoned to command the forces of the English and allies in Belgium, in co-operation with the Prussians under Blucher. The battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras were followed by the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, which finally shattered the power of Napoleon. Wellington was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, November 18, 1852.

Morse Inventor of the Telegraph.

Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, was a literary man and an artist before he became one of the world's greatest inventors. He was a graduate of Yale college and had qualifications for authorship that would have won success if he had turned his attention in that direction. Then he took up art and studied under the great Benjamin West, in England, and painted portraits for a few years and was the first president of the Academy of Design in New York. But he did not develop his true mission until he took up electricity and invented the telegraph.

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