RED PAMPHLETS YANKS SPURNED

Poison Propaganda to Russian A. E. F. Revealed by U. S. Secret Service.

Extracts from pamphlets, published by the English-speaking Communists in Russia, and distributed among the American troops in the North—now in the possession of the U. S. Department of Justice.

"Comrades! Drop this dirty work. Turn your guns on your real enemies, the sweaters and capitalists.

"Come with us in the far nobler struggle to establish the triumph of labor the world over.

(Signed) N. LENIN."

"East and Central Europe is aflame with the revolt. The exploiting class has in some countries fallen, and in others are on the point of falling. The dawn of the day of Labor's emancipation has come!"

"You have arms. You know how to use them. Will you, like slaves, use them in defense of your master, or will you use them to help your class be free? If the former, then you know that you will meet with determined resistance of the united revolutionary people of East and Central Europe, and History will be your judge. If the latter, then here's a hearty welcome into the ranks of international labor."

"We want you to understand that every country in the world—including your own—can become a socialistic state, a workmen's country, if only it follows the Russian example. Every nation in the world—including the 'yankee race'—can become a really free nation, if it only does away with the trusts, the money lords and the bloodthirsty exploiters. It is up to you American soldiers to do it! It is up to you to bring the great lesson of the Russian Revolution home to your toiling and suffering brothers. It's up to you to start it there—in your own America, you just start it—and your brothers will follow you! You just dare! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain.

"You just dare to take home with you the Red Banner of the Revolution—and inscribe upon it:

"Down with capitalism!

"Long live Industrial Freedom!

"Long live Socialism!"

"You probably would let us alone and go home, if your officers would let you. But they do not intend to let you do so. You are under their orders, and they are under the orders of "higher ups," and those are under the orders of "still higher ups," etc. At the top of the whole pile are the wealthy capitalists who want to get their greedy hands upon the mines and factories, railways, etc., of Russia. That is the reason you are here to rob workingmen and make millionaires richer.

"We know that you are bound, hand and foot by discipline and have been in blind ignorance of what you were doing here or why you came. The only way that you can do the decent thing is by breaking the discipline that drives you to this crime against your own kind, the working class.

"The war is over. There is no honest reason for you to submit to military orders. You are not fighting 'German militarism.' You are submitting to it when you obey the commands of your own officer.

"You can break away. We know that you can, for we did. You are powerful enough and numerous enough to arrest the officers or to do with them what you please. Or you can come over to us."

MASTER OF ART OF WOOING

Missourian Gives Out Some Pointers That May or May Not Be of Value to Others.

There are experts in all lines, but shall not a man who can persuade eight women to marry him rank as an authority on matrimony? According to the Missourian who is locked up in the Tombs as a confessed bigamist, the way to a woman's heart is through her higher emotions. "I appealed to the best in women always," he says, "and never to their lower natures."

Women also, this artist in love discovered, "like to be swept off their feet by those who woo them; they have no patience" with the dawdler. Nor did he find that it was essential for the wooer to be handsome or more than neatly dressed. But these, of course, are old precepts in the manual of courtship. Ugly men have often been great rakes, and ardor is traditionally effective in sweeping the reluctant fair "off their feet." His main contribution to the art of love, and it is one worthy of Ovid, is that of the potency of an appeal to the higher nature of women.

But is "the best" in women a fixed quality, or does it vary and require to be diagnosed in the individual? That is no doubt a difficulty that will confront ordinary wooers. Is the higher feminine nature compatible with matinee tickets and tea dances, or does it incline seriously only to more elevated interests? The recipe apparently leaves the problem about as it was for less successful suitors to whom the mystery remains of other men's easy mastery of an art of which they fail to learn the rudiments.—New York World.

The Weeping Mice.

A friend of mine was engaging a cook lately, and inquired why she had left a certain place. "I couldn't stop there, madam," was the reply. "I don't mind rations, and I believe I'm economical, but in that house they were so saving that the very mice used to run about with tears in their eyes."—London Daily Express.

ANGUS NORTH'S RETURN

By LLOYD ROBERTS

(Copyright.)

Three men dropped from an empty box car as the morning freight turned its back on Cross Creek settlement. Two of them immediately slunk into the encroaching underbrush, while the third, a tall, angular man with shifty eyes, ambled lazily toward the sawmill on the lip of the bank. A freckle-faced lad, who was stacking the freshly cut boards before the door, paused to wipe his brow as the stranger approached.

"Ain't the drive in yet?" inquired the latter sharply.

"Most of it. The last o' the cut will be in the booms erlong erbout dark, I guess. Lookin' for some one?"

"You bet I am!"

The fierce tone in which this was uttered stirred the youngster's curiosity.

"Maybe you're a stranger hereabouts?" he suggested.

"Maybe I am," was the unsatisfactory retort as the other walked off.

When the whistle blew for the midday meal he presented his sinister face at the cookhouse door and accepted the cook's invitation to dinner in a surly, matter-of-course manner that did not include thanks, nor afterward encourage questioning.

The shrieks of the tortured saws had long been stilled; the new moon was glimmering palely through the budding poplars and birches, when McKnight's loggers finally came slouching up from the dam for their last meal of the drive.

Shouting uproarious greetings to the fat-faced cook, they crashed their peaveys and pike-poles upon the floor and tumbled on the benches that lined the long deal tables. Hunger is never kept in suspense in the lumber camps, and the steam was already rising from hills of potatoes and pork, flats of johnny-cake, and lakes of black coffee. There commenced a clattering din of steel on tinware, and conversation was confined to such gruff commands as "Chuck the bread, Sam!" "Rush the sow this way, Bobby!" and "Don't hog all the beans, yer dern alligator!"

Bobby's phonograph was the pride of his heart. It was supposed to be his one line of dissipation—for he neither smoked, chewed, drank, nor fell in love—and indulged in it at every opportunity and on all occasions. Presently the feet of the loggers began to mark time to a rollicking backwoods chantey as a fiddle and a metallic voice struck up with:

"Jack has got a scarlet rag strung eround his hat,
Bill has lost his dollar watch in the Devil's Vat.
Squint-eye Murphy bust the jam—jumpin' like a cat.
Sunday 'll see us eatin' off a table."

The audience joined in the chorus with a roar and a thumping of toes that shook the tins and sent the dust into the air to mingle with the clouds of pipe-smoke.

"Birl a log, birl a log, birl a log, boys.
Ram a log, cram a log, slam a log, boys.
There's lots of time for loafin' when the saws begin their noise,
And the gals come troopin' down beside the mill."

The stranger leaned back with folded arms and half-crossed eyes. All day the sights, sounds and smells of a past existence had been struggling to awaken some response in his inflexible soul—blotting out the unclean memories of his exile and telescoping time until it seemed as though he had never been absent from the settlements. And now he was back with his old comrades of woods and rivers—Reddy Jones, Polite Williams, Big John Nevers and many more—including his boyhood chum, Hugh McKnight.

But things had changed considerably in five years. From the most popular man on the river, he had become an outcast of civilization, unrecognizable to his old associates, and the sworn enemy of the burly woodsman opposite him who so complacently sucked on his black cigar.

Well, he was glad that McKnight appeared so prosperous and content. Evidently life meant something worth while to him—something worth clinging to as long as he could—just as his would have been if Madge had forgiven. Robbing him of it would be even more satisfactory than he had imagined; and now that vengeance was so sure and imminent, he could afford to gloat a few minutes longer before he gave it rein.

"Sandy's hoppin' lively, for he's left a kid at home.
Davey's heart is achin' for a pesky gram-myphone,
For it ain't in human nature for a man to live alone—
When the drive is lyin' idle Sunday mornin'."

And once more the camp vibrated with the roar of the chorus.

There was no music in the bitter heart of Angus North, and yet one foot was involuntarily beating out the measure. His mind was concerned only with the deed that had brought him back. It had been well arranged. He had only to throw open the door and let events take their course. Lefty and Bud would spring in with cocked pistols and hold up the camp!

What was that blasted tune they were playing? It had been knocking upon his ear-drums with a persistence that had forced him to give heed. "Mulvorney!" Another association of his dead life. He hadn't heard it since that terrible occasion when she had turned him adrift to founder upon the rocks. As vividly as a scene of yesterday, it flared before his closed lids.

It was such a night as this; he had just returned from the drive, as they were doing now. But then it had been the Upper Nashwaak—not Cross Creek—and they had stopped to celebrate their freedom at Stanley. Of course, he had sworn to let the bottle alone, and in those days his word was as good as his bond. But what if he had been a fool, and his intractable enemy had got the better of him?

Hadn't a man a right to kick over the traces once in a while without being called to account? Still, he shouldn't have gone to Madge in that condition—he knew that. But he had only meant to catch a glimpse of her through the window, until he saw that she had company. Even then he might have restrained his jealous rage if McKnight hadn't looked at her the way he did, and she hadn't played and sung those very songs she always sang for him.

Every one knew that McKnight was after her, too, though he had never let that fact worry him before. It had ended with his entering and creating a scene that no self-respecting girl could overlook. He could see the expression of pain and pity in her eyes now, hear Hugh's quiet words of reason, see himself fumble for his clasp-knife, and have it jerked from his shaking fingers. Then, as he was leaving, he had sworn to "get even."

That, at least, was an oath he had never forgotten. As he sank lower and lower it had become more and more of an obsession—become the one ambition of his bestial existence. What was he waiting for? Curse the music! It was vengeance, not regret he wished to dwell on.

The song came to an end, and he slowly rose to his feet. Bud and Lefty would be cowering in the shadows, cursing his delay. Before he had taken three steps, however, a singer's sweet voice held him again. Of all the dear songs that Madge had sung to him, "The Banks of Loch Lomond" was the dearest, the one most pregnant with his passion; and with a stifled oath he leaned against the wall and surrendered himself to its spell.

"You take the high road and I'll take the low road—

She seemed to be there in person pleading with his warped soul as she had pleaded in the past, reminding him of all those shattered promises and the love he had forfeited.

The phonograph whirred and stopped. A draft caused the lamps to flare and smoke, and—

"Up with yer paws, you louts!" came a harsh, nasal voice.

Angus North awoke with an inarticulate shout, and sprang toward the door, where two muffled figures were standing with leveled pistols. The loggers had jumped to their feet, and a few were obeying the order. But the boss was not of this number. For all his big frame, he had a brain and body trained for sudden action, and scarcely had the words left Bud's mouth before he was charging recklessly down the camp.

Luckily for him the stranger was nearer the door, and as Lefty's finger contracted on the trigger he threw himself between them. At the report North pitched on his face, and McKnight, clearing his body without a pause, was upon the robbers before they could fire again. Lefty went down before the knotted fist as if he had been struck by a peavey, and though Bud made an effort to dodge, he was caught by an arm and crumpled violently to the floor. A dozen rough hands made further resistance impossible.

Then the boss dropped beside the man who interposed and gently raised his head. The bullet had bored through his right shoulder, but without touching the bone.

"I'm done for, Hugh," announced the tramp without emotion.

The boss started. "By Jove it's Angus North!" he cried, and he stared in amazement at the wreck of his one-time friend.

"Sure thing. Come back ter stay."

"An' jest in the nick o' time, too. He'd have winged me, I guess, if yer hadn't got in the way."

The woodsman is not demonstrative, and the tone rather than the words evidenced the gratitude he felt for the act. North's weak features suddenly hardened.

"Don't fool yourself. It was for her sake I done it. I had meant them ter kill yer, but—but that pesky phonograph got me all balled up an' I butted in 'fore I knew what I was erbout. Give me a drink, some one."

The cook ran for a mug of water, and McKnight held him higher as he drank.

"I had no idea yer held a grudge against me, Angus. I only did my duty that night, an' I've been tryin' ter do it ever since. Madge made me write to all the folks I knew in the States to try and find out where you were. She'll be mighty glad to hear you're back."

North's features relaxed as pleasure faded the pain from his eyes.

"Is that straight, Hugh?" he cried weakly.

"Heaven's my witness. She was certain you'd return some day, when you'd got a grip on yourself, an' she's been waitin' an' lookin' for you ever since."

"An' she ain't your—your—"

"Shucks, no! She said she'd never talk to another 'til she'd seen if you still wanted her. She's believed in you all erlong."

"He's only fainted, boys," McKnight explained to the silent loggers as he lowered his friend to the floor, "and I reckon this little accident will prove the making of him. One of you fellows had better go for Madge."

All Dislike Red.

Red has been called the king of color. The bull is not the only creature that resents red; the elephant, the horse, the dog, the cock, are all alike in this respect. It is sufficient, for example, to cover the doors and skylights of a kennel with red material to cause incessant barking and commotion among the dogs confined therein. A spider and a wasp, confined in a glass case, are reported to have dwelt happily together until a red cloth was placed against the sides, when the insects tackled each other at once and a fight to the death ensued.

Seeing Herself.

"Hurry, wife. We'll miss the elevator."

"Hurry, eh? I think I see myself."

"In that case, you'll have to stop and make a long inspection."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHEN FEASTING WAS REAL

How Many Can Remember the "Second Dinner" of the Good Old Holiday Times?

Allusion was made in an interesting article printed in Courant, describing an old-time Thanksgiving feast, to the second dinner of the day served on that feast at the home of every well-to-do farmer. This allusion was especially happy, inasmuch as in the past scant justice has been done to that meal which was by no means an unimportant feature of the day, for it tested one's capacity as it cannot be in these days when the door of the larder is guarded by not less than 170 food directors or administrators.

It will be remembered that the first meal was served not far from two o'clock in the afternoon, when each person was supposed to eat as on no other occasion in the year, yet by five o'clock in the afternoon, when the lamps were lighted, the table was again spread and the household with its kinsfolk and relations and the stranger within the gates, if such there was, was expected to fall to with as keen appetites as the members had two or three hours earlier. That they did not have such appetites was due solely to the weakness of the flesh, for the spirit was willing.

All the meats which figured at the first meal were displayed for the second, and pies, the very twins of those that had gone before, were on the table and, in addition, were various loaves of cake, actual loaf cake, a very durable article of food and, worst of all, each person was expected to eat heartily lest the housewife should feel that her work had not come up to its usual standard of excellence. It was a frightful ordeal.

For the Episcopalians this ordeal was repeated on Christmas day, while most of the Congregationalists waited until New Year's day, not wishing to lend color to anything approaching an observance of Christmas, but with these holidays out of the way the feasting of the year was over. For the young people of this year those great days never existed and never will exist, for the era of abundant and cheap food is definitely past, but with the older ones that memory of the imposing second dinner is bound to linger. When it existed as a fact it made thoughts of Ugolino, gnawing the skull of his enemy, of the starving men in the prison pen at Andersonville and of the fate of arctic explorers positively enviable. But those days are with the snows of yester-year; we have now dainty dishes, fine service, music of a sort, and flowers if we can pay for them, but very little actual food.—Hartford Courant.

The Lotus Festival.

It was a hot summer night, and all the shop windows were bright with lanterns shaped like the lotus buds in the big moat. The moon rose high over the carving Peking roofs and flooded the streets. As if the moon had brought him, a child came timidly forth from one of the big, dark gateways. In his hands he held a brilliant lotus bud and a lotus-bud lantern. Then from every gateway, all up and down the streets, the children came forth. The air was filled with the music of their happy voices, and there was the sound of their little feet going pitapat in the dust.

Soon the streets were childhood's end, full of color, sound and happiness. Still the children came, rich and poor—children in silk garments of bright colors, children in rags, and little, naked, brown children, all carrying the lotus bud and the lotus-bud lanterns, which threw soft lights up into their happy, childish faces. Ever the crowd of breathless, joyous children and lovely flowers increased.

For a brief, joyous hour, like fairy lives, the children frolicked. Then the candles burned low in the lanterns, and one by one went out. As quickly as they came, the children vanished. The streets were again silent and gloomy.—From "Pioneering Where the World Is Old," by Alice Tisdale.



ALEXANDER BERKMAN, and EMMA GOLDMAN, Deported by U. S. Department of Justice as Leading Spirits in Communist Plots.

How Rats Cause Fires.

Rats are fond of eating the insulating material of electric wires, and are responsible for many of the fires ascribed to "defective insulation." They also gnaw holes in lead water pipes.

PICKWICK'S PAPER

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

(Copyright.)

It was a busy time of the day. The crowd, hurrying to and fro, was too intent on minding its own affairs to bother about the erratic behavior of any particular individual.

Carlotta Smith was one of the throng surging past the Stanwix building. When she came opposite the wide-open door she hesitated, walked toward the entrance, but again turned and passed on down the street.

Coming back, she paused once more, then hurried on.

The third time there was no hesitation. With grim determination she approached the entrance and walked boldly in.

There were three or four men who left the elevator at the thirteenth floor with Miss Smith. She envied them their knowledge of where they wanted to go.

Opening off the hall, there were no less than five doors, each with the name of "Bolton Company" in gold letters.

"My mother told me to take this one," counted Carlotta.

Inside, Carlotta found a girl seated behind a desk. She invited Carlotta to wait while she went in search of Mr. Thomas Doyle.

"This isn't so bad," mused Carlotta. "I'm beginning to think I'll like it."

"Mr. Doyle?" she inquired, as a young man appeared with her card in his hand. "I am Miss Carlotta Smith."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Smith." Her tones had convinced him that there was much behind the name.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Doyle," interrupted the girl from behind the desk. "I forgot to deliver a message this morning. Mr. Bolton wished you to call him up."

"Did he say when?" asked Doyle.

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "Then he can wait," which was hardly respectful to the president of the company. "Please be seated, Miss Smith."

"I came to see you—" began Carlotta.

"I say, Tom, I've been hunting everywhere for you." Like a hurricane a young man burst in with this announcement. "I beg pardon. I didn't know you were busy, but you forgot to tell me where that guaranty would most likely to be found."

Explanations were brief, for in a few moments Doyle returned.

"I won't take you to my room, for I've been moved upstairs. A number of us have been changed about lately. We can go into Miss Glyn's room. There is no one there, so I trust we can continue uninterrupted."

"Did you say 'Miss' Glyn?" inquired Carlotta.

Doyle's glance followed Carlotta's to the hat-rack, on which hung a man's derby.

"Oh, that might mean the general mixed-up state we're in just now. Possibly a caller for Miss Glyn. That's probably it." Doyle spoke confidently. "She has just taken him somewhere to meet some one. Take this chair, Miss Smith; you'll find it more comfortable."

"But," protested Carlotta, "I know from the way it looks—"

"You mean the way it's worn," suggested Doyle.

"Anyway," continued Carlotta, "it's Miss Glyn's pet, particular chair. It would never do to have her find me using it."

"Even her shoes are distinguished looking," he told himself. "It seems as if I have heard her name before. Undoubtedly, a society girl; it probably figures daily in the papers."

"I think," said Carlotta, "that what people say about odious agents and the way they are treated is all nonsense."

"Have you had the good fortune to meet any un-odious ones?" inquired Doyle lightly.

"I mean the way you have treated me," went on Carlotta.

"I don't quite follow." Doyle sat down suddenly. In case he had understood, he would need support.

"From what I've heard, I always thought agents had doors slammed in their faces, and were sometimes—of course, in extreme cases—thrown downstairs," continued Miss Smith. "Now, I consider I've been treated royally."

Carlotta waved majestically toward the footstool.

While she was speaking a man had quietly entered the room. As Doyle's attention was not again claimed, Carlotta did not mind.

Doyle was so stunned at what he had just heard that he forgot completely his previous threats of vengeance against the next intruder.

"I am an agent," continued Carlotta, "for Pickwick's Superior Typewriting Paper."

"I never would have guessed it." The irony in Tom Doyle's voice was lost on Carlotta, who continued volubly:

"You probably use Tryon's, don't you, Mr. Doyle? Really, a very inferior grade. If you would once try Pickwick's, I am sure you would never use anything else. Its advantages over others in ordinary use are legion. Do you use Tryon's or Black's Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't know."

Doyle felt as if he had been knocked down, and now was being walked on. This girl did not want him to lead the german at the coming charity ball—she did not even want a subscription to something else, anything—she was only a plain, ordinary agent.

"I hoped you would be able to help me," continued Carlotta. "I so much want to make a success of it. You don't know what it means to me."

"'I've a sick husband and five children to support,'" quoted Doyle absentmindedly.

"It's not as bad as that," replied Carlotta. "But if I could make my poor mother comfortable—"

"I'll do what I can for you," broke in Doyle hastily. "Mr. Cruikshank is the man you ought to see."

"But I don't want to see him," said Carlotta. "He is sure to be cross. Even his name sounds so."

"I don't know about that. I don't even know the man. I mean, he's head of that department."

"I shouldn't like to see him," Carlotta spoke decidedly. "I thought you could help me. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith gave me your name—Mr. Morton Smith. He is a distant relative, and is interested in helping me."

"You are related to Morton Smith?" To himself Doyle added: "How in thunder does he let you do a thing like this?"

"Yes; he is most anxious to see me succeed," replied Carlotta.

"I'll do what I can."

Doyle felt like a criminal. To aid and abet a girl of Miss Smith's stamp make of herself a successful agent of Pickwick's Superior Paper, was unpardonable. Yet, considering the poor old mother, he must do what he could.

"I'll see the cranky Cruikshank, as you call him. If I can't urge him, I'll beat him into accepting your paper. In one way or another, you see, I am sure to succeed."

"When shall I call again?" inquired Carlotta.

"What part of the city do you canvass tomorrow?" asked Doyle.

"Around State and Pearl, I think." Carlotta spoke with some hesitation.

"I get my luncheon near there," said Doyle. "I could meet you at Lincoln park, and it would save your coming 'way up here."

"Very well," said Carlotta. "You see, I've never been an agent before, so I hardly know what is customary."

As Doyle bade Carlotta good-by, he felt a deep thrill of sympathy.

* * * * * * *

"Ten minutes late," was Mr. Doyle's greeting when he met Miss Smith the next day. "I hope that means you have had a successful morning."

Carlotta slowly shook her head.

"I'm so sorry." There was a world of sympathy in Doyle's voice. "And I have bad news, too."

How he hated to make Carlotta look less happy than she did when she came to meet him across the park!

"Did Mr. Cruikshank live up to the reputation of his name?" Carlotta smiled bravely as she asked the question.

"Taking time by the forelock," answered Doyle, "I inquired for Cruikshank as soon as you left yesterday. I was directed to the room that used to be Miss Glyn's. There, sitting at his own desk, and with his feet on his own footstool, was Hon. James Gordon Cruikshank!"

"Oh!" gasped Carlotta. "He was the man who came in while we were talking. He must have heard me say he was a crank, and you said you would beat him. Is there anything left of you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I am old Cruikshank's firm friend for life," replied Doyle. "You bet I didn't think it was funny, but he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He was such a brick in overlooking the names we called him. We actually parted friends, even though he refused to take the Pickwick paper. Says he has nothing against what we are now using."

"What trials there are for agents. I am glad I am not a real one," murmured Carlotta.

"Was that agent business a joke?" demanded Doyle wrathfully.

"Far from it," replied Carlotta. "I was never more serious in my life. To begin at the beginning—two nights ago, at dinner, my father called me names. He said I was simply a butterfly—without more serious thoughts of the future than what frock I should wear to the next assembly.

"I replied that it was all the fault of circumstances. That I could even earn my own living, if it were necessary. Of course, my father hooted at that. To make a long story short, it ended in a wager. I was to prove to him that I could be self-supporting. He bet I couldn't.

"I decided that becoming an agent would be quicker than anyting else. From my unsuspecting cousin I got the name of Bolton company, as employing large numbers of typewriters. You can guess how glad I was when he casually mentioned you as a classmate. Then I went to a store and asked the name of the least used typewriting paper—"

"The least used?" broke in Doyle.

"Of course," said Carlotta, "if I had taken the most popular, the chances were that you would already be stocked up with it."

"That is one way of doing business," commented Doyle.

"When I reported my success last night," continued Carlotta, "my father was not at all pleased. In fact, he was quite—otherwise. I was so disappointed, for I was really very proud of myself."

"Then all that about your poor old mother was—" began Doyle.

"Purely fiction," replied Carlotta. "What must you think of me, Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't want you to cut my acquaintance by telling me it is too sudden," said Tom; "but I will gladly tell you as soon as you give me permission."

Knew How He Felt.

Theodore was delighted with his new suit, bought with a view to future use and with due regard to Theodore's rapid growing propensities. But when he wore it to school his joy was quickly turned to grief as the unfeeling boys frankly accused him of wearing his father's clothes. The teacher used her utmost tact to smooth out matters, but the tear-stained little face did not clear all day. The next day another boy appeared in a new coat evidently made from his mother's. The astrakhan collar was sufficient to stir up the "savage" state of the boys. The new garment was promptly dubbed "his sister's coat." Again did tears flow copiously and the teacher was at her wits' end to give comfort. Little Theodore slipped his arm around the weeping boy and said: "Don't cry, Jimmy; that's just the way I felt yesterday."

FUND FELL SHORT

One of Franklin's Experiments That Went Wrong.

Philanthropic Bequest, Intended to Aid "Young Married Artificers," by No Means Came Up to His Expectations.

Residents of Philadelphia realize well why Ben Franklin's picture appears on the 1919 War Savings stamps.

One item of the versatile printer's thrift has given many Philadelphians ready money when it was badly needed, and now nets the city at large a handsome little building.

Franklin made a bequest of $25,000, known as the "Dr. Franklin fund for loans to young married artificers." The bequest was made in 1790, and in making it Franklin looked 200 years ahead, estimating what the total would be on 1890 and 1990.

By his process of calculation Franklin estimated the fund would be $665,000 at the end of the first 100 years, but it fell far short of this figure, reaching but $39,883.95.

Several reasons are advanced for the failure of the fund to reach the amount Franklin had expected in 1890, but the principal one is that the "young married artificers" failed to borrow as often as he had expected, due probably to the restrictions. Later, the restrictions were made less drastic in an effort to get the money out to borrowers, with the result that less attention was paid to character and responsibility, and frequently the loan and interest were both lost.

The terms laid down by Franklin were characteristic. They were dictated by sound business judgment. He decreed that the loans should not be more than 60 pounds sterling, nor less than 15 pounds.

Borrowers were required to pay each year interest at 5 per cent, together with 10 per cent of the principal, until the loan was paid off. It was with the expectation that the entire fund would be kept busy that Franklin made his estimates of what the total would be in 100 years.

Franklin did not intend the entire fund to be continued for loans after 1890, but that in that year 100,000 pounds be turned over to the city of Philadelphia to "bring the waters of the Wissahicken creek to the city and for public improvements, such as aqueducts, fortifications, etc."

In 1907 the board of city trusts, which was custodian of the Franklin fund, turned over the money, about $133,000, to the Franklin institute, for use by the latter institution in its fund to erect a memorial building on the new Philadelphia parkway in memory of Franklin.

Brussels' Debt to Rothschild.

When General von Bissing, the German governor general, levied a fine of 50,000,000 francs on the city of Brussels, the coffers of which were empty, Baron Lambert Rothschild, who died in Paris a few days ago, came to the rescue and through the bank assumed responsibility for part of the tribute demanded by the Huns. Baron Rothschild's wife died in Paris during the war. She and her husband played a part in bringing Roumania into the war on the side of the allies. On one occasion a courier being sent to Roumania, was intercepted and suspicion was turned against Baroness Rothschild. She escaped arrest only through the intervention of Brand Whitlock, the American minister, but had to apologize to Von Bissing and promised to refrain from such acts in the future. Baron Rothschild himself was held hostage by the Huns one time because he was slow in paying a tribute of $2,000,000. Baron Rothschild's son was wounded severely serving with the Belgian army.

Does Away With Waiters.

A waiterless table was recently exhibited in the East. Miniature electric railways somewhat on the principle of the cash carrier connect each table in a restaurant with the kitchen. The guest, after attending to the hanging up of his own hat and coat, seats himself and scans the menu card. He writes his order and drops it into a slot on the table. A kitchen attendant places the dishes which the patron has ordered, on the proper train, which stops automatically at the patron's table. Dishes that have been used the guest puts on the train and they are whisked back to the kitchen. When he has finished his meal he pays the cashier and goes out.

The Only Way.

Sir John Foster Frazer, the English literateur, was talking in New York about the privations of literary men.

"With the price of food trebled and quadrupled," said Sir John, "and the price of copy cut in half, what is the literary man to do?

"I know a literary man in London who teaches up-to-date dancing in a night club all night, and writes stories and novels all day.

"'You can't keep this up, old chap,' said to him sternly. 'You can't burn the candle at both ends.'

"'But, hang it, Sir John,' he answered, 'it's the only way to make both ends meet.'"

Fish Enemy to the Mosquito.

The island of Barbados is said to be kept free from malaria by the tiny fish known as "millions," which devour the larvae in the early stages of its development.

Elephants Indispensable.

It is said that Siam's teak forests could not be worked without the assistance of elephants, as hauling machines could not be used in the inaccessible places where teak trees grow. One elephant can handle from fifty to seventy logs in a season.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0051.jpg