

# HOME LIFE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CHILD



MISS MILDRED HEYE.

It is ever the tendency of the photographers to reproduce in pictures of child life as much as possible of the atmosphere of the scene in which the subject lives. If there are to be pictures of a child in the country it is always the ambition of the artist to select some background which will indicate what the environment of the subject is. If the picture is taken in the home of the child there must be in the picture somewhere an indication of the character of the house. Even when the sitting is held in an atelier and there is only the artificial screen or the flat background behind the figures there are ways of attaining the appearance of naturalness. This is to be done by means of the pose.

The picture of Mrs. Whitehorn and her daughter was taken in a studio, but in the naturalness of the child's pose and in the suggestion of a scenic background there is as much of nature as if the likeness had been made out of doors. Miss Huggins's picture of the two friends shows the boy's room, in which it has been necessary for him to reprove the somewhat dejected looking companion sitting by his side. Miss Mildred Heye is in her own nursery with two woolly dogs by her side, quite unwilling to be photographed without their presence in her picture. Charming pictures of home life are the two photographs of Mrs. John G. Elliott's children. Both Miss Aline Elliott and Master John are looking from the window of the drawing room and posed on the



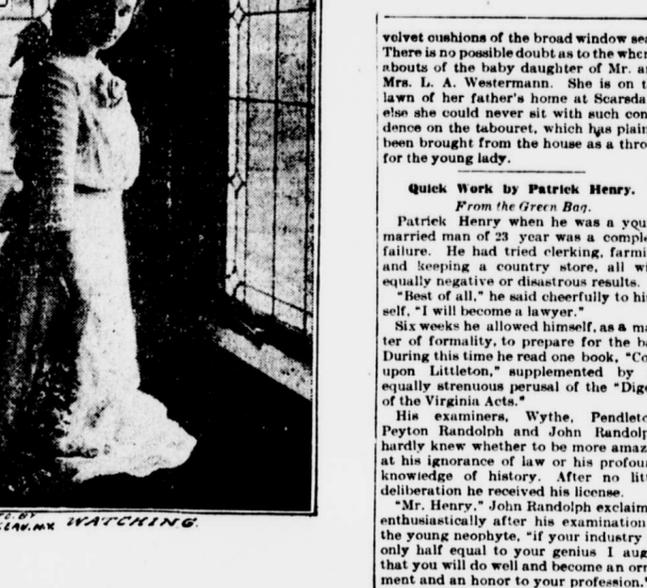
MRS. F. N. WHITEHORN AND DAUGHTER.



MRS. JOHN G. ELLIOTT AND CHILDREN.



ON THE LAWN.



WATCHING.

## THE FIFTY \$1,000 BILLS

### Judge Marcellus Looks Up the Source of the Stratton Estate.

"Bless my soul, Nellie Stratton!" cried Judge Josiah Marcellus cordially as the two ladies came forward to his desk. "How glad I am to see you after all these years, a full decade, isn't it? And how vividly the sight of you brings to mind poor Edmund's hard struggles and sudden death. I can't tell you what a relief it was when I heard that after all he left you comfortably off."

"That is just it, Judge. That is just why I come to you in some perplexity and trouble," interposed the widow, still attractive in her genteel middle age. "I knew nothing about poor Edmund's affairs. We always had what we wanted and I believed we always would have, just as I believed that one day would be as happy as another day and that all would stretch out happily for us into the far distance of old age. And then came the crash. They brought my poor boy home to me dead, murdered."

"Well, after it was all over I had to face the future. Edmund's will was probated. He left everything to me and named me executrix. There was only a small amount on deposit in the bank, and old Mockridge we called him old then, though he can't be more than 60 now—old Mockridge, who was Edmund's sole clerk in the brokerage business, told me that there would be nothing over after the rent and other debts were paid."

"But on packing Edmund's things to send them to the poor souls in the Industrial Home I shook out from the inside pocket of the coat he had last worn a roll of yellow backed bills. Each was a thousand dollar bill, Judge, and there were fifty of them. And that is how, as you say, I have been comfortably off until now."

"Hum," reflected the Judge. "You turned this money into the estate, taking it for granted that it had rightfully belonged to Edmund, and by the settlement and decree in the Surrogate's court it was adjudged to you, eh? I can well see how you did this, Nellie, naturally and sincerely. And now you don't mean, do you, that Stratton is a claimant?"

Mrs. Stratton silently brought out a letter from her bag, which the Judge carefully read. It ran as follows:

My Dear Madam: Ten years ago the person I represent lost \$50,000 in fifty gold certificates, each for \$1,000. They were rolled together and bound by a rubber band. Your husband found this roll when he came out of the house in the morning and thrust it into his inside pocket. What he intended to do with it I do not know, for he was shot dead on the block below. But you administered it as his executrix, and accepted it as his sole legatee. I therefore make demand on you for said principal sum of \$50,000, together with lawful interest thereon.

Yours respectfully,  
ISAAC MOCKRIDGE.

P. S.—I will call with my proofs, he reads, or—

"Mockridge?" repeated the Judge. "What, not your husband's old clerk?"

"Yes, old Mockridge, Judge," sighed Stratton, "though I haven't seen or

heard of him since he took over the business, as he called it, for \$100."

"A very remarkable letter," mused the Judge; "for what it doesn't say, even more than for what it does."

"And yet, Judge, he may have said too much notwithstanding," suggested Abe Cronkite from the side desk, where he had been working on his notes. "Permit me to ask one question, madam. Did you ever tell him of how you became possessed of this money?"

"No, sir, nor any one else except—"

"That is unimportant, Cronkite," snapped the Judge. "Of course this man Mockridge could learn of the size of the estate from the Surrogate's records, while his own knowledge of Mr. Stratton's affairs would assure him that such an amount must have been in the nature of a windfall."

"But neither from the Surrogate's records, sir, nor of his own knowledge could he have learned that this roll of bills was in Mr. Stratton's inside pocket bound by—"

"I was going to say that May is the only other person I ever told," continued Mrs. Stratton.

"May?" asked the Judge, perhaps not sorry for a diversion.

"Why, yes, Judge, don't you remember the little girl, May Perrine, that Edmund and I adopted?"

"You at least haven't grown out of my recollection, Judge," said the young woman seated by the door. "My, how generous you used to be with your change when you called. I think I must thank you again for it."

She swept forward, tall, straight and graceful, with little hand extended and beautiful face all aglow.

"This is all very well," demurred the gallant Judge, "but I do remember distinctly that I used to get a sweeter reward. But perhaps young Malcolm might object."

"You shall have that, Judge, when my dear good friend here, the best of mothers to me, is relieved from this terrible trouble."

And May Perrine's gray eyes shone like misty stars through her tears.

II.

Old Mockridge's office, so far as his indefinite clients in his more indefinite business were aware, was where he sat in his hat. The old man preferred to seek rather than to be sought, and to run the risk of not finding rather than of being found. But he did have a den and a desk next to the room in which he lived in the Mynderse apartments, wherein he thought over and worked out his schemes.

The Mynderse apartments was a decrepit and disreputable affair covered by a straw name. Originally a warehouse, but later stranded by the war of trade, it had been cut up into small and dingy rooms at the service of all comers possessing the one essential of the rent. After that each tenant looked after himself.

On the second night of that week old Mockridge sat in his living room, and not alone. The man he had brought in with him was tall, grizzled and ill favored, yet to his appearance as to his worn clothes there hung the impression of better days. There were glasses and a bottle and a lighted candle on the table between them.

The windows of the room were closed, with coarse green shades drawn. So too was the shade of the single window of the den drawn its full length, though now and again it flapped as it let in the languid air.

"On what does that devilish window open anyway," growled the man, with a nervous look over his shoulder through the open doorway.

"What's the matter with you, Perrine?" chuckled old Mockridge. "There is nothing there but a well, not two feet, across to a blank wall. We must have a living breath."

"But there are rooms above and below."

"Yes; and the one above is unoccupied, and the one below is the agent's office. Oh, I know, ho, ho. The lay makes you think of ten years ago."

"So commencing amid his groans, old Mockridge made his sparse toilet and scant meal; once and again pausing in his cunning schemes as if dazzled by a golden light. "Is it time yet?" his judgment kept hesitating. And ever more forcefully his avarice insisted. "The time has come; it is now."

"All right," at length old Mockridge said aloud, rubbing his eyes as if both dazzled and dizzy. "I'll go at once."

"I wouldn't go just yet if I were you," said a composed voice, as a thicket, stolid looking man came quietly yet rapidly from out the den to stand before the hall door.

"Who are you? Clear out or I'll scream," gasped old Mockridge.

"Scream?" in the Mynderse apartments? mocked the man.

"Who are you, I say?"

"I rented the room overhead last night. Even the agent knew too much to ask me that."

"At least what do you want?" asked old Mockridge, subsiding sullenly into a chair before the other's steady gaze.

"The question is, what do you want, half or nothing?"

"That wouldn't be fair," complained old Mockridge weakly. "You don't know so much even if you did overhear all."

"That is soon remedied," said the forceful stranger. "Listen close and decide quick. I have your side partner, Perrine, bound and gagged in my room. Either you tell me truthfully all that I want to know so that we can act together on an equality or I'll turn him over to the police. Do you see the point?"

Old Mockridge did not have to strain his mental vision to see the point; it was too keen for that. Only too clearly did he perceive that Perrine's arrest would mean his own ruin. The man was enraged against him anyway; but then to revenge would be added the fear of death.

"I'll do it truthfully will you let him go?" faltered old Mockridge.

"Upon my word I will, and that promise will be just as truthful as your statement, mark that."

"Go ahead with your questions and I'll answer them truthfully," muttered old Mockridge. "I must, I must, for you are too much for me."

"Don't look so down hearted, man. Can't you judge of how much I'll get out of these women by the way I've got to much out of you? I swear out of justice to myself I really ought to take two-thirds."

"No!" cried old Mockridge eagerly. "It's half and half, you know it is. You stick to your bargain as I'll stick to mine, square, so help me. Go ahead, go ahead."

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denomination? And didn't he well know that Guy Malcolm, the young millionaire, was wild over her? Perhaps the girl wouldn't be so offish with such a lover who could do for her."

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stand the situation, all right. You are up to your usual extrajudicial game, that's what you are."

"So long as I keep mum, and you may be sure I'll do that while the statute runs, I may go scot free, and madam here can hang on to the swag. That's about the ticket, now isn't it?"

"I admit that you have the sense of the arrangement which has suggested itself to me as most fitting in all the circumstances," answered the Judge stiffly.

"When I may go?" asked Mockridge, slinking toward the door.

"Go, and sin no more," murmured Mrs. Stratton's gentle voice.

"Thank you, kindly, madam, but we all have to live, as you know very well yourself. One last word, Judge, by way of a mutual warning. If that creature of yours, Cronkite, doesn't keep his pledged word and let Perrine make for parts unknown all your delicate adjustments, as I know you call them, will be upset. Just as sure as he is pinched for Stratton's murder he'll tell how he hampered that fifty thousand out of old Malcolm."

"Clear out," shouted Cronkite; and off scooted Mockridge. The curtains between the parlor's swept dramatically apart. In dashed May Perrine, to throw herself at Mrs. Stratton's feet.

"Oh, is it true, dearest and best," she sobbed, "that all your awful sorrow and trouble has come through your goodness to me. I am accused; I am accused."

"Don't, May," soothed Mrs. Stratton, raising the girl with her kind hands. "We both have troubles here, which we can bear handily if we but bear them together. Remember that I have atonement and restitution to make far weightier than yours, your poor innocent child. All these years I have kept and used money that a woman of my age should have known could not belong to her. You will help me explain to that nice Mr. Malcolm, won't you?"

"But that wretch of a father of mine—"

"Judge, Judge, don't you see how vital, important it is that he gets away? I would give my life, my soul, to any one to save him."

"Give them to me then, dear," said a tall, manly young fellow hurrying from the back parlor to take the girl's not unwilling hands. "Cronkite and I had the good fortune last night to pull Perrine out of this scrape, rather roughly, I fear, but effectively. This morning I shipped him off to parts unknown on the other side, on the other side, of the world, never, never, to dare return. Give them to me, my dear, and then we will give to Nellie Stratton that trifling sum she is worrying about as the slightest token of how we both love her."

"But but," hesitated the girl, "after the horrid way I have treated and used money was just treating you, it will seem as if you bought my love."

"Not when you give it so freely and truly, you don't," replied the fellow.

"Come, come," bustled up the Judge, "I have got some part and share in all this. What was it you promised me, miss?"

"After you, Judge," said Guy Malcolm as he swung the blushing girl into the gallant old jurist's arms.

**Motor Regulations in Japan.**  
From the London Globe.

The regulations for motor traffic in Japan are neither long nor complicated. In case of a vehicle being in the street in an unsafe state it is the duty of the police to order it to stop or to allow it to proceed only after defects have been remedied.

Speed is limited to eight miles an hour save in Yokohama, where the speed limit is six miles. Motors must not race. When a motor meets a procession, a funeral or a religious procession, it must pull up and take another route. Violation of these rules will be followed by fine or imprisonment. The regulations are not quite so Draconic as they appear, for the Japanese streets are very narrow and abound in picturesque and capricious turnings.

**FEAR AS A DISEASE.**  
Physicians Now Recognize Many and Strange Phobias.

Fear as a disease had not received serious attention until recent years. Now it is recognized by the medical profession that there is a whole list of phobias, as they are called, which are quite distinct from a normal and legitimate condition of fear due to some natural cause.

Thus there is the fear of open or closed places, says the *Medical Record*, fear of high places, fear of men or women, fear of crowds and of solitude, fear of animals, fear of insects, fear of darkness, fear of accidents, fear of fire, fear of travel, and in fact fear of anything.

There is no end to the absurdity of acts which may be occasioned by these persistent ideas of fear. Those that possess the fear of riding on a train find no pleasure in travelling, those that have fear of closed places do not enjoy going to church, and generally always sit near the door ready to fly at the first sign of danger.

Various fears may also develop in connection with the occupation of the patient; for instance, barbers sometimes suffer these attacks whenever they see a razor, or telegraphers when they catch sight of their instruments, which finally necessitates giving up the occupation.

Among women especially there occurs the fear of dirt, contagion or infection. The countless bacteria always present in the air are the chief source of annoyance. The patients are always complaining of bad air and are always throwing open the windows. Books are especially avoided as a possible source of contagion. In patients with fear of injury they will throw away all needles in the house or they will no more wash windows for fear that the glass might break and cut them.

The intellect in these cases is not only undisturbed but may be unusually good. Patients exhibit throughout a pronounced feeling of mental illness and frequently a clear insight into the morbidity of the individual symptoms.

The more common of the various phobias as classified by Beard are as follows: claustrophobia, fear of narrow or closed places; agoraphobia, fear of open places; astrophobia, fear of lightning; monophobia, fear of being alone; pathophobia, fear of disease; mysophobia, fear of contamination; siderocromophobia, fear of railroad travel; aerophobia, fear of being at a height or looking over precipices; thanatophobia, fear of death.

It is to be emphasized that the phobias in question are not normal fears, based, as normal or natural fears are, on some reasonable justifying experience. A reasonable and justifiable normal fear of lightning might arise after the experience of having been at some time in a house struck by lightning.

Other fears, such as the fear of riding in a buggy after having been in a runaway, or the fear of a voyage at sea or a railway after a frightful shipwreck or railway accident, is a more or less natural or reasonable fear, as the fear of hoodlums and ghosts is among the superstitious or those accustomed to ghost stories and tradition of goblin visitation, &c.

These fears do not require a warped brain for their lodgment, though the weakened brain may be more vividly impressed by them. To be regarded as symptoms of disease these fears must be grounded so far as influences external to the brain are concerned. They must proceed from a morbid state of the brain and not from properly exciting external causes. They must be fears peculiar to the individual under peculiar circumstances of having been at some time in a house struck by lightning.

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