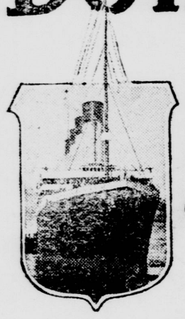
BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD

by MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

CHAPTER I.

The City Editor's Assignment.

MR. PALMER—You will start for the south tomorrow and write a series of letters on the educational and social conditions existing in that section. Avoid the cities and beaten tracks and let your pictures be drawn from life. This will be an order on the business office for what money you may need.

Such were the orders I found one morning on my desk in the city editor's room of a well known Boston newspaper. Of the labor involved in such an assignment I was ignorant, and I saw only a pleasant trip in that part of my country in which I had never traveled. I had been employed on the paper for a comparatively short time—in fact, I had been in journalism for a period of less than two years—so that such an assignment as the one now given me was highly flattering to me, and I knew it would be equally gratifying to my father, who had watched my career with that interest which attaches solely to an only son. I had not been out of Harvard very long when I had taken the advice of an eminent literary man, a friend of my father, and entered journalism as a first stepping stone to literary distinction. The few short stories I had written, however, had been returned to me by the magazines to which I had sent them with a promptness that was calculated to dampen my ardor and otherwise to discourage me. I had been led to believe that my style was exceptionally good and that I was not without a keen sense of humor, at the same time possessing a proper appreciation of the pathetic.

I had taken a prize at the high school for an essay, and later, when my talents began to develop at the university, I was elected to fill a place on the editorial staff of one of the monthly periodicals published there. I was chagrined, therefore, when my manuscripts, written legibly on fine linen paper, tied with the best silk ribbon to be had, came back to me. I began to form a very poor opinion of our magazines. Possessing an independent fortune, I determined to publish my writings in book form at my own expense. I took my manuscripts to a publisher, who, honest man that he was, was kind enough to tell me that people did not think much of books published at the author's own expense. Determined at length to get a proper estimate of my work, I sought out an old friend of the family who had achieved fame by his pen. He reviewed my stories and in a ruthless sort of way, as it seemed to me then, told me that some of my ideas were good, but expressed clumsily. He advised me to cease all attempts at literary composition and to seek a place on a newspaper. "Writing must become a habit with you," he said, "before you can hope to express your thoughts gracefully. What you need most is ease, and if you can avoid the pitfalls of journalism you may in time succeed in your ambition." It took me just another six months to make up my mind to follow his advice, and when I did so it was with some degree of humiliation that I discovered that there was not a reporter on the paper who did not write better than I. Constant application in my new undertaking, however, and the hard work I had done at the university soon brought me my reward. I was being singled out constantly for important local assignments, and once I had been sent to Washington on a delicate mission.

I picked up again the order which lay on my desk and read it over the second time. I thought I saw the earmarks of politics in it, and, while the racial question was not mentioned, I believe that it was this problem I was to discuss. I had made a suggestion on this line some months before, but the managing editor had not taken kindly to the idea at the time. The order as I read it over seemed indefinite, I thought, and I started with it to the managing editor's room. As I presented myself before that austere little cripple—physical, but not mental, for mentally he was a giant—I was outwardly calm, but my heart was beating a tattoo inside, for there were few of us who did not fear to stand before him unless very sure of the ground on which we stood. I said, however, in a businesslike way, as if such assignments were daily occurrences to me:

"I have come to see you about this assignment, sir."

"What assignment?" he asked.

"For me to go south tomorrow," I answered.

"Oh, you are Palmer, are you?" he said, calmly looking me over through his spectacles. "I thought you were older. I have noticed your work and gave you the present assignment on account of it. Have you come to say you are not equal to it?"

I was somewhat surprised when I learned that he did not even remember me, but the fact that he had judged me by my work was at least gratifying, so I hastened to say:

"No, sir. I feel perfectly able to do the work, but the order appears a little indefinite to me as to time."

Without looking up again, for he had resumed his proofreading, he said:

"Take your own time, but I shall say two months ought to suffice. What I want are facts, not discolored, distorted pictures."

He did not even say good morning. Indeed, he seemed to have dismissed me from his mind. With an indifferent bow I retired, wondering why managing editors think it a part of their official duties to be ill mannered. I was sorry that I had not asked him exactly what he wanted, but on this point I felt reasonably certain, however, for there was to be a presidential election the following year, and the more I thought of it the more certain I became that my letters were to be used to arouse sentiment in New England against the opposing party and thereby make certain the electoral vote of that section. My work would not only make certain the New England vote, but possibly save the vote of some of the middle western states. My father had been an abolitionist and his father before him. They had been called doctrinaires by their neighbors, but they had lived to see those principles become the nation's shibboleth. My father lived to modify many of his ideas, but I refused persistently to modify my views as they had been inculcated into me by my rugged old grandfather.

As I read the order of my assignment over again it seemed to me to be a command to charge the enemy. The old abolition blood was in my veins and was running at high tide.

"Oh, you are Palmer, are you?"

With feverish haste I made ready for my departure. Packing up a few things and putting my writing materials in my grip where I could the more easily get at them, I started for what I still looked upon as the enemy's country.

As I sped south the possibilities of a brilliant future arose before me. When I reached Baltimore I looked down from the window of the car and recalled the scenes enacted there, when my father was one of those stoned while on their way to the defense of their country. The day grew rapidly on, and as the train pulled into Washington the lofty dome of the capitol, bathed in the fresh light of an April morning, dispelled my resentful thoughts and led them back to the beautiful scenes which were always uppermost in my father's memory whenever he talked of the south and of the friends he had made there after the bitter days of the campaign were over. After leaving Washington every station became of interest, and there was no detail from which I did not draw some moral. I had determined to pierce the border states and seek for the information I desired from the land where the palmetto, the pine and the live oak live side by side. The windows of the car had been raised and through them came the bracing winds from the Blue Ridge, and I could catch occasionally the strange minor notes of the negroes at work in the fields. I was alive to every impression, and I took out my notebook to chain in my memory some of the passing scenes.

That evening I finished my first letter and mailed it from the train.

When I reached Atlanta I made inquiry as to the best means of reaching some of the outlying counties, where I could study the social and educational conditions of this people out of the beaten tracks and away from the thriving centers through which I had passed, and which, according to my preconceived opinions, were the result of northern capital or New England energy. I remained in the vicinity of this city for several days, making journeys into the country and taking notes of the field hands and making inquiry as to the wages paid and the amount of labor performed by the average hand. My zeal was unabated, and I was on the point of putting all my figures into a letter when my enthusiasm received a check that came near causing me to throw up my assignment, which I would have done without hesitation had I not feared it would mean a summary dismissal from the paper as well. On coming in from the factory district one afternoon I found a letter from the managing editor. It said:

We want facts. Your letter mailed on the train found useless and has been thrown in the wastebasket. If true, it was a very good editorial, but we do not want editorials from you. If you still have my order read it over and you will find in it nothing about the racial question or political problems. Study the white people, especially the families of the old regime, and bear in mind always that whatever you write will be copied there. Your letters, therefore, should be just and truthful, whatever else there may be. If you were an artist with the brush I should say paint a picture of some old colonial homesteads and antebellum plantations. Since you can't paint, write of them as they are. Bring the scenes in Georgia vividly before the people of Boston. They can draw their own conclusions. Let your pictures be of people and places only as you see them.

That was all, but it was sufficient to shatter my hopes and discourage all further attempts to make sure of the electoral vote of New England. Disconsolate and with a vague sense of my own ignorance, I boarded a train that night bound somewhere in a southerly direction—I did not know and I did not care where.

When I awoke the next morning the odor which filled every crevice of the car told me that I had entered the pine belt of Georgia during my sleep. I threw up my window and inhaled great drafts of fresh air. I felt invigorated and ready to carry out my assignment, no matter where it led me, the farther into the pine forests and out of the reach of managing editors, I thought, the better. Later in the day I left the main road and took the narrow gauge line which I was told followed the bed of the Savannah river and passed through several of the most historic counties of the state, rich in memories of the past and peopled mostly by remnants of the old colonial and antebellum families, who had in the past made them the most influential centers of the state.

The railroad wended its way through a beautiful rolling country studded with pines and cedars. The wild flowers grew up to the very tracks, and the earth seemed carpeted with soft, velvety moss. Through the pines I caught glimpses occasionally of stately old residences, with their gardens unkempt and the weeds growing in wild profusion. Where the fences had fallen they had been left to decay, but the fields were plowed and showed signs of cultivation at a cost of great labor.

We stopped at several stations, and around each there was an air of happy indolence that lent a charm to the dilapidated wooden sheds which stood for depots, and in front of these there was always to be seen some antiquated wagon or carryall. These latter were invariably filled with half grown boys and girls laughing and chattering like a lot of magpies as the train pulled up. They were there presumably to get the mail, but as I thought more likely to exchange bits of gossip and to find out what was "going on" down the road. I gave myself up to listening to their chatter, and I found myself wondering as the train would start again on its slow journey how many of these bright and innocent faces there would be at the next station to greet us. It would indeed take some time, I thought, to get a proper estimate of these people, whose clothes would indicate that they belonged to the farming and laboring classes, but whose conversation, accent and grammatical phrasing would lead one to believe they represented a class better educated and with more culture than one is likely to discover in such out of the way counties as those through which we were now passing.

By degrees the few passengers who had taken this train got off, and toward the end of the journey there was no one in the coach but a venerable looking old gentleman and myself. He wore a long frock coat and an old fashioned silk hat. He represented a type I had begun to know and recognize. He seemed well known along the road. It was "Howdy, Colonel Turpin?" at every station now, and some one always asked, "How's Ellen?" His clean shaven face would wreath itself in a smile as invariably he would make answer:

"Ellen's well, but between the cooking and the music she has little time left to frolic with you young people."

"It's her own fault," said some one at one of the stations, "for all she has got to do is to choose which farm she prefers, that of Squire Hawkins or Jim Wadley's Hollyhurst." At this there was a burst of merriment from the young people in the wagons.

"Don't be putting such notions in my Ellen's head just now," he would laugh back. "Ellen and Bud have their old father and mother to look after for awhile yet, to say nothing of the Pines."

"Bud can do that by himself," called out one youth. Then he suddenly turned red and hung his head as he saw the girls casting their eyes from one to the other and laughing.

"I dare say there are others of us who have used that argument to Ellen before this and many a time," added another boy scarce out of his teens, "so you need not bother to repeat it, colonel."

By the time our train had started again I had determined to introduce myself to the colonel, for I saw material in him for a letter. By way of opening operations I asked him the distance to Oglethorpe station, where I had expected to leave the train.

"About five miles, sir," he said, and, with a courteous, old fashioned bow across the aisle, he added, "May I ask if you are bound there?"

I told him that was my destination He then continued:

"If it be not too impertinent, may I ask you what takes you to such an out of the way place? You are not a lawyer from Atlanta, are you, sir?"

There seemed to me to be a note of alarm in the question, and he appeared greatly relieved and his face brightened visibly when I told him that I was not a lawyer and was visiting Georgia for the first time. I soon learned the cause of his anxiety as to the matter of my profession, for in a confidential whisper, which could have been heard throughout the car had there been others in it, he said:

"When smart looking young men like you come up this road they bring trouble with them usually and as often leave more behind, sir."

"How is that?" determined to burrow as deep as possible in this antebellum soil, which I believed to be rich from the wild and uncultivated growth of experience. "Don't smart looking men often come up this road?"

"Hardly ever but to foreclose some poor devil's mortgage." Here he began to laugh immoderately, and when his risibles had subsided sufficiently to explain, for I was somewhat surprised at his sudden burst of merriment, he said:

"I'll bet you a pine knot all sawed up against a bushel of potatoes that at a half dozen stations bets are being made right now that you have come up to foreclose the mortgage on the Pines. That's my place, you know. I'll have a good laugh at their expense when I go down the road again."

"Are all the plantations about here mortgaged?" I asked.

"Mostly," he said. "I know my plantation is, and heavily, too, but most of the planters don't like to acknowledge it. Old Bill Hollins vowed his wasn't for ten years, and then one day a fellow looking about like you came up and closed him out. He was so ashamed at being caught in a lie that he moved out of the county and has never been back since."

"I sincerely hope, sir, that your frankness in the matter may be rewarded by an indefinite delay in the foreclosure proceedings," I said, deeply touched at the honest avowal of the old gentleman, who, I saw, felt much deeper on the subject than he would have liked me to think.

"I don't know," he said; "I can't tell. Up to this time Bud has been able to meet the interest regularly, and as long as he does that I suppose we have little to fear."

[To be Continued.]

A FUGITIVE

By EDWARD STAGER

I lived in a brick row in the city in a comfortable house of my own.

The street against which my house backed was largely occupied for shops. The building whose rear confronted the rear of my house was occupied below for millinery goods, while girls worked above on the goods sold in the store. The third story seemed to be used for sleeping rooms for the girls who worked on the premises during the day.

One afternoon when I came home and stood looking through my bedroom window I saw in an upper window of the house back of me a young girl who differed entirely from those I had been used to seeing there. In the first place she was singularly beautiful, in the second she was dressed like a lady, and in the third her features seen through a pair of opera glasses were of a very refined type. She was evidently in a room by herself on the third story and was working at trimming hats.

Why was that high bred young woman there working in that fashion? She must have been educated, and educated girls when they occupy positions don't usually take up manual labor. The bee of curiosity had got into my head and kept a continual buzzing. I watched the girl till nightfall, when she shut her window, and the first thing in the morning I looked for her. She was there working again the same as the day before. For several days I kept feasting my eyes upon her, when one day, suddenly turning her face in my direction, she saw me looking at her through my glasses. Having her face in focus, I saw a frightened expression come over it. She withdrew from the window, and, though I often looked for her, I did not see her there again. I cursed myself for a fool in not keeping back where she could not have seen me.

Her disappearance showed me that if the bee curiosity had effected an entrance into my head an arrow of love had been shot into my heart. I was astonished at the loneliness that came over me. The night after my mother's funeral, when I found myself for the first time alone in the house, I had been oppressed by the solitude, but this sensation was different. Then there was something lost that I had no idea of regaining. Now that which had been shut off from my vision I felt must be restored to me.

In the financial center of the city I had heard rumors of trouble on the part of a certain wealthy man who had been speculating. Being a banker, the matter had come to my ears long before its publication, since the bank in which I was employed had made large loans to the speculator and was therefore interested in his getting out of his difficulty without a failure. His embarrassment was kept as quiet as possible. Nevertheless I learned that if he didn't pull through he would be prosecuted criminally. Meanwhile he was working night and day to bring about an adjustment.

One evening while dining with the cashier he told me that, while there was criminality in the case of this man who owed us money, it was not he who had committed fraud, but a member of his family, who had disappeared with securities that he was interested in keeping out of the reach of the law. But he added that the police had got on to the fugitive's hiding place and expected to make an arrest very soon.

What it was that induced me to put this information and the girl of the hat factory together I don't know, but I did. My romance would not permit me to think that she had run away with securities to which she had no right. I believed that she was acting with her relative to extricate him from his complications. At any rate, if the hat girl was this person the police were after I proposed to warn her. Leaving the cashier after dinner, I made straight for the building in which I had seen her.

I was received by the woman who ran the establishment. I asked to be permitted to see the lady who occupied a back room on the third story. The woman looked at me suspiciously and said there was no one occupying either of the back rooms on that story. This confirmed my suspicion that the girl I had seen was in hiding.

"When did the girl who has been working there at a window for several days go?" I asked, giving the woman a searching glance. I saw by her expression that she felt the game was up.

"Let me see her," I added in a confidential tone. "I have news for her in which she is greatly interested."

"Are you a friend of hers?"

"I would serve her."

She led the way to a salesroom, then went upstairs and came down with the girl in question. She was what I suspected her to be. Her father was in trouble, and she was helping him. I proposed to give up my house to her and the woman who was harboring her for another hiding place. The offer was accepted, and they went there at once, I going to my club. They had not been gone an hour before the police went to the millinery factory to make the arrest.

By this bit of financiering that was executed by the daughter the father pulled through, paid dollar for dollar and saved his good name. I now manage the estate he left, for I am the husband of his only heir.

Lighting a Cigar.

A Spanish cigar maker came to town with some fine cigars and some notions of his own about smoking them. He produced one that was rolled to a beautiful point and made the barest puncture in its smoking end. Then he struck a match and held the flame eight inches under the tip. He began to draw, and presently the tobacco was burning.

"It's a sacrilege," said he, "to compound the burning of wood with the burning of tobacco."

It can be done. Get a cigar, not necessarily Spanish, try it in secret at a closer range and win a few small bets from your friends.—Chicago Post.

An Economical Mother.

Small Katherine, who had been forbidden to touch the ink bottle, had accidentally spilled its contents not only all over her mother's desk, but on the rug. Her mother, on discovering the state of affairs, had expressed more surprise than pleasure. When the father of the family returned at night his little daughter met him at the door and asked:

"Papa, how much does a bottle of ink cost?"

"Oh, about 5 cents."

"Five cents!" exclaimed the aggrieved youngster in a tone of deep disgust. "And to think that mamma would make all that fuss about one little bottle of ink!"

Squid Ink Bag.

Ancient ink was made by a squeezing out of dead cuttlefish after the body was perfectly relaxed. Painters got their sepia from this same squid's bottle. This likewise is the true source of the genuine and original india ink, for which there has never been any satisfactory substitute found. The ink bag is big as a man's thumb and can squirt six feet, darkening more than a hogshead of water, so the squid can make unseen a dart and dash and get away when squid eating sea fish come around.—New York Press.

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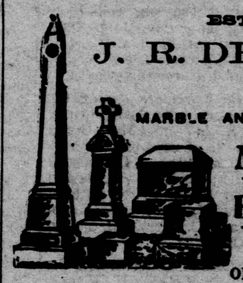

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the County of Thurston.

Rebecca B. Hinchcliffe, plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth Ann Doherty, Mason Hinchcliffe, Thomas Hinchcliffe, jr., Abe Hinchcliffe, June Benson, Arzie Jacobson, Mable Biles, Harold Hinchcliffe, George Hinchcliffe and Mildred Hinchcliffe, defendants.

State of Washington to the said Abe Hinchcliffe, defendant:

You are hereby Summoned to appear within sixty (60) days after the date of the first publication of this Summons, to-wit, within sixty (60) days after the 14th day of June, 1912, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court, and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorneys for the Plaintiff at their office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court.

This is an action brought by by the plaintiff to correct the description in a deed of Thomas Hinchcliffe, now deceased, to her real estate and you are made a party thereto because of your interest therein by reason of your being a son and a heir at law of the said Thomas Hinchcliffe, deceased. The said real estate affected by this action is situate follows, to wit:

The west half of that certain tract of land conveyed by Rebecca B. Hinchcliffe and Thomas Hinchcliffe to Elizabeth Martha Ann Doherty by deed dated February 6th, 1888, and recorded in Vol. 16 of deeds at page 343, records of Thurston County; the tract of land hereby intented to be conveyed is more particularly described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point three chains and ninety links (3.90 chains) north and three hundred and sixty (360) feet east of the southeast corner of the Edmund Sylvester Donation Claim in Section twenty-three (23) Township 18 N. R. 2 W, from which point running North 112 feet to the southwest corner of the said land conveyed to the said Elizabeth Martha Ann Doherty, for a starting place, thence north 112 feet; thence east 60 feet; thence south 112 feet; thence west 60 feet to the place of beginning.

TROY & STURDEVANT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Postoffice address, Box 355, Olympia, Washington.

Office address, Suite 4, Byrne building, Olympia, Washington.

First publication June 14, 1912. 7t.

Order to Show Cause.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the county of Thurston.

In re the estate of Annabelle Farquhar, deceased.

The petition of R. J. Axtell, the administratrix of the above entitled estate praying for leave to sell the east 46 feet of lot 6 Block 3 of Maple Park addition to Olympia, Washington, being the real estate of of the estate of the above named deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of the said estate, and it appearing from the said petition that it is necessary that such order be entered, it is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to show cause in the above entitled court at Olympia, Washington, in the court room of the court house of Thurston County, therein, on the 22d day of July, 1912, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. It is also ordered that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks prior to the said date.

Dated this 17th day of June, 1912.

JOHN R. MITCHELL,
Judge.

Date of first publication June 21, 1912. 5t.

Order to Show Cause Against Sale.

No. 1510.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for Thurston county.

In the matter of the estate of Miles Fowler, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented and filed by C. H. Gulberson, Executor of the Estate of Miles Fowler, deceased, praying for an Order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said Estate, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said Miles Fowler, deceased, and all persons interested in said Estate, appear before this Court on the 22d day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the court room of this Court, at the Court House in the City of Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, then and there to show cause why an Order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

And it is further Ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once each week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in the "Progressive Democrat," a newspaper printed and published in Pierce County, Wash., and in the Washington Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Thurston.

June 13, 1912.

JOHN R. MITCHELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Date of first publication June 21, 1912. 5

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