

# SNOWBALLS

By Littell McClung

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James Merchant, "Professor" Marchant his scholars called him, despite his youth, longed to be out of doors. Inside his room in the Latin school it was warm and comfortable. The janitor had done his best that day and the radiators were throwing off an unusual amount of heat. Outside the air was cold and clear and the snow, a foot deep, lay sparkling like a jeweled mantle in the afternoon sunshine.

When the last class was over Marchant arose with a yawn and began to put on his overcoat. All the boys had rushed out into the snow—all save Walter Beale, a handsome, quick-witted lad of fourteen.

"Well, I suppose you are going for a slide this afternoon, Walter?" questioned his teacher pleasantly.

"Nope," rejoined the lad. "Going snowballing today, professor," he replied. "There's going to be a snowball battle between the Latin school and No. 33."

"You don't say?" queried Marchant, at once interested. "I hope the Latin school drives No. 33 off the field. We beat them in baseball, you know."

"That we did," agreed Walter, "but we wouldn't if you hadn't been pitching against Professor Hanson. And we won't beat 'em this time if you don't come along and help us. The boys told me to ask you about it. We certainly do want you, professor, for Professor Hanson is going to lead the No. 33 army."

"The boys really do want me, Walter?" asked the teacher, joyfully.

"You just bet they do, professor," exclaimed the boy. "They've just got to have you, that's all there is to it!"

"Then I'll go," announced Marchant, taking off his overcoat. "Wait till I get my sweater out of the closet."

The next moment teacher and scholar joined a throng of boys kicking their way through the snow to an open lot near the school on which two snow forts had been built. The young warriors hailed their teacher with cheers and pressed forward to the

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scene of impending battle. Already the forces of No. 33 were on hand, led by their captain, Professor Hanson.

"Hello, Hanson," cried Marchant, when he caught sight of the rival leader. "You out for blood again? Remember what we did to you on the diamond last spring?"

For answer the cohorts of No. 33 yelled defiance at their opponents and scurried out of the fort to gather a fresh supply of missiles. The leaders met and it was agreed that ten minutes should be given for the making and storing up of ammunition. Both sides retired to their ramparts, which were about fifty yards apart, and each boy began to make snowballs as fast as his fingers could work. The sun was shining brightly and the melting snow on top made balls of icy hardness. Piles of the missiles were stacked up behind each fort, and on signal the battle began.

Led by Marchant and Hanson, the boys sallied forth, and in a few seconds the air was full of flying bullets of snow. A large crowd gathered on the adjoining street to witness the contest.

Smarting from memories of defeat on the diamond, the boys of No. 33 made a concerted rush on their opponents and drove them, scattered and running, behind their fort of snow.

But Marchant called to them to rally and save their ammunition for a charge. Though stung by the shots they had received, they responded to his appeal. Hands and pockets full of

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## Geniuses That Went Broke

Financial Acumen Has Not Always Accompanied Possession of Great Ability.

The parallel case of Sir Walter Scott naturally comes to mind when one reads how Mark Twain lost his life's savings in the collapse of the publishing house in which he had invested them. There is, however, a close parallel nearer our own time, but not so well known. Twice in his career Sir Arthur Sullivan, after building up a tolerable fortune, was placed in the same unenviable position as was Mark Twain when, in 1895, his "rainy day" balance disappeared in the failure of a concern in which he was interested. And the famous composer met financial disaster with the same equanimity as did the author.

By far the greater of the two financial disasters which overtook Sullivan happened in 1882, and the news reached him under very dramatic circumstances. In that year "Iolanthe" was produced, and, as usual, its composer conducted the first performance.

On the day fixed for the production the bankruptcy was announced of the firm in whose keeping Sir Arthur had entrusted all his securities, and he was just as he reached the composer's box. "In a moment," says Mr. Lawrence, his biographer, "the result of the work of a lifetime and of economy had been swept away. From the monetary point of view, he had to begin again, beginning all over again. But, unmoved by his ill fortune, he conducted the first performance of 'Iolanthe' that night."

There may be some disagreements as to what constitutes our national sin, but there will be substantial accord as to who are our national sinners.—Charleston News and Courier.

"It must be hard to have a bunch of relatives to buy presents for," says the Philosopher of Folly. "How do people think up so many cheap things that look expensive?"

## ISSUED HIS ORDERS

JUDGE GARY COMMANDED AND THE PRESIDENT OBEYED.

Some Inside Information Regarding the Panic, and How Wall Street Used Its Influence With President Roosevelt.

All the secret history of the panic and how the frenzied financiers and trust magnates were at their wits' ends to stem the torrent of bank failures that threatened to engulf the financial pyramid will probably never be known. But some interesting details keep coming to light showing the close connection between politics and finance and how impossible it is for a Republican administration to escape aiding Wall street when called on.

"When the financial panic was at the height of its fury," says that good Republican authority, the New York Press, "former Judge Gary, the real executive head of the steel trust as the chairman of the most important committee of the great corporation, astonished the secretary to the president by bursting into his private office and demanding to see the chief magistrate immediately, but commanding Loeb, first of all, to get up J. Pierpont Morgan on the long-distance telephone. The faithful Loeb was so dumfounded that for a while he was speechless. He stared at the steel man, gasping for breath and flushing with excitement. Then he recovered his dignity and frigidly, becoming again the stern guardian of the inner sanctuary, the unrelenting circuit between the people and their president.

"My dear sir," he protested, "but you have no engagement with the president. I shall be pleased to make one for some future date." Gary exploded with a deafening roar. "The tottering business and financial world," he shouted, "has made the appointment for me, and it has made it for now, this minute!" Loeb tried to soothe him. "If you will be seated," he said, "I will inquire of the president whether he will be sufficiently disengaged to see you today." Judge Gary took a grip on his voice and his passion. "Never you mind about his being disengaged," he said. "First of all you connect his private telephone with J. Pierpont Morgan's in New York. Then hold the wire when you get it. Then you go in and tell the president what I say—that there is just one way to save every bank in the country and the Republican party from extinction. I'm here to show it to him, and there is no time to lose."

Loeb took another glance at the flashing eye and distended neck muscles of the steel monarch, gave hurried instructions for the long-distance telephone connection, and darted into the withdrawing office of the chief magistrate of the nation. In a moment he returned and led Judge Gary along the path to Mr. Roosevelt. With precipitation they passed through the outer cabinet chamber, thronged with patient waiters, and slipped behind the folding doors between that and the inner room, which had been cleared of others for the advent of Gary. Loeb retired, leaving the head of the greatest country in the world and the head of the greatest corporation in the United States to take up the business of stopping the widespread crash of financial institutions.

"What conversation took place between the two, what words were exchanged over the telephone between the White House and the banking structure at Wall and Broad streets this writer cannot attest. The whole affair consumed only a few minutes. Judge Gary emerged from the interview and hurried away on his return to New York. Almost before he crossed the doorstep of the executive offices it was known in Wall street that the steel trust would take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, that this would save a great banking institution which was loaded up with that stock, that thereupon the tobogganing market would cease its slide to the bottom of nowhere. When some one asked whether this merger would not bring the United States government down on the hastily conceived and executed monopoly, the ticker tape showed it would not—telling the story with rallying prices and the restoration of confidence. Nobody wanted any other explanation; nobody cared."

Even our reforming president seemed unable to withstand the requests of the steel trust magnates and this perhaps explains why Mr. Roosevelt did not recommend to congress the revision of the tariff. The steel schedule gives to the trust the highest protection and no Republican politician, dare he president or congressman, dares to disobey its commands.

When a congress spends so much money that its Hales and its Tawneys can't tell within \$95,000,000 how much it is, a time has come for a paring down.

Showing Difference in Parties. A Republican judge of Philadelphia, with Pennsylvania railroad attachments, has decided that it would be confiscating to make the railroads charge two cent passenger rates, or even 2 1/2 cents. A Democratic judge and a Democratic governor of North Carolina have put the 2 1/2 cent passenger rate in that state into execution, and the Democratic governors of Alabama, Texas, Arkansas and Virginia are fighting for rate reduction. This is mentioned to show the difference between the parties.

May Be Trifling. "I have just received a note from my husband saying that he has left me forever."

"And you are feeling worried?"

"Indeed I am, he is such a joker that he may not mean a word of it."

Money and the Man. "Money," remarked the moralizer, "does not make the man."

"True," rejoined the demoralizer, "but a little thing like that doesn't worry the man who makes the money."

## A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.



Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: "My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

## A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

## Unflattering Truth.

A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The five children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased acclamation. The good doctor felt duly flattered, but rashly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the better truth.

"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad, for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrid medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you, always, 'cause you made us stick out our tongues. We stuck 'em out awful far!"

## A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy your self a glass of a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5¢ everywhere. Send 2¢ stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## What's the Answer?

We're ready to quit! After sending two perfectly rhymed, carefully scanned, perfectly sentimental pieces of poetic junk to seventeen magazines and having them returned seventeen times, we turn to the current issue of a new monthly and find a "pome" modeled after Kipling's "Vampire," and in which home is supposed to rhyme with alone, run on page eleven with all the swell curlicues ordinarily surrounding a piece of real art. If poetizing is a gift we are convinced that this poet's must have been. As for us, we are on our way to the wood shed to study the psychology of the ax or any other old thing that hasn't to do with selling poetry to magazines.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Exception. Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home? Artless Parlor Maid (smiling confidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is out this afternoon.

The morning after is responsible for many good resolutions.

## Controlled Newspapers.

The *Aitchison Globe* says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the *Globe* is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—*Emporia Gazette*.

## THE REASON.



Spick—The doctor has given him up. What's the matter with him?

Span—Impecuniosity I guess.

## It Is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the month-to-month recommendation given Cascarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade pirates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

## Well, Wasn't He Right?

The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is that that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know. It's the gas meter."

## Annie Telford, "Queen's Nurse," of Ballyntray, Ayrshire, England.

Writes as Follows:— I have great pleasure in testifying what a valuable remedy in various Skin Troubles I have found Resinol Ointment to be. I have used it in extremely bad cases of Eczema and in poisoned wounds, and always with most satisfactory results. I have the highest opinion of its curative value.

Tactful. A woman with a pronounced squint went to a fashionable photographer. He looked at her and she looked at him and both were embarrassed. He spoke first.

"Won't you permit me," he said, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature." Beacon.

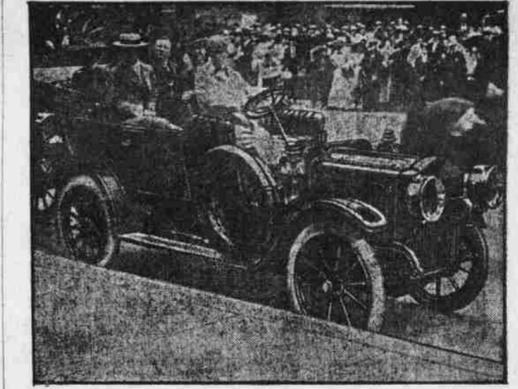
For Red, Itching Eyelids, Crusts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Muring Eye Salve. Aseptole Tubes—Trial—5¢. Ask Your Druggist or Write Muring Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Whether the church shall stay in the world depends not on whether the world will support it but on whether it will serve the world and save it.

# ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his every word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

Immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clamor at the Travers Island Clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

## DOING THE THING RIGHT.



Mr. Parvenue—Going to church this morning?

Mrs. Parvenue—No, I've got a headache.

Mr. Parvenue—Then call the butler and send him. The family should be represented.

## TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT

After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Tabs (Antiseptic tablets for the foot-bath) in the water. It will take out all soreness, smarting and tenderness, remove foot odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Tabs instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot nervousness of the feet at night. Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder into your shoes. Sold everywhere 25¢. Avoid substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Tabs mailed FREE or our regular size sent by mail for 25¢. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## "Foot-Tabs for Foot-Tubs."

An Answer in Kind. "How did the trouble in the family start?"

"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."

"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"

"She did. She threw the lamp at him."

## Real Reform.

Knecker—What is your idea of municipal government?

Bocker—First provide an auto and then create an office to fill it.

## Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

## It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.

There is always room at the top and in a Masonic lodge a man has to work up to it by degrees.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. &c. &c.

Some men are so shrewd that nobody can believe their honest.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for their relief, much quality.

Many a fellow's lofty ideals extend no further than highballs.

## Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE! Must bear signature: *Wm. Wood*

## Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. It's a kindly small center of His Grand Valley and bright light; railroad, canal, court house, bank, school, brick business houses. People needed to build it great resources, rich enough to make you rich. Write for booklet G. Quick. Chapin Terrace Co., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 29-1910.



# You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.