

# IN DEFERENCE TO MRS. GRUNDY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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On one side of the hall Doris Wright practiced scales in the wonderful voice that was, some day, to astonish the multitude.

On the other side of the hall Philip Wentworth painted pictures and dreamed dreams of fame.

Now and then at twilight the artist would lay down his brush and listen to the singer. It was at this time that she allowed herself a rest from the monotony of her work, and sang.

They did not know each other. Occasionally he caught glimpses of the slender figure in black, and once she had said "Good morning" as she passed him on the steps. She had raised a barrier of reserve, however, against any closer acquaintance, and he had been forced to content himself with the sound of her voice when she sang.

As the summer came on he worked little. He was not a painter of summer scenes; he chose rather the gray days of the fall and of winter, and was at his best with mist and rain effects and the dreary everyday life of the streets.

Perhaps it was because his subjects were so somber that he needed the joy and freshness of her young voice. At any rate, he learned to depend upon it and to miss it when she went away. So much did he miss her during her two months' vacation that his greeting was involuntary as he met her on the stairs.

"I am so glad to see you back." She hesitated and stopped. There was a little flush on her cheeks. "It seems good to be here," she said. "I missed your song," he told her; "it was as if a bird had flown away."

After that they established a good comradeship which limited itself to the greeting on the stairway, an ex-

change of the daily paper, or a short walk together to and from the car. Further than that she would not let him go. She never asked him to her room nor accepted an invitation.

He learned, however, that she was a little country maid, whose wonderful voice had attracted the attention of those who knew, and she had come to the city to win for herself fame and fortune. As yet she was unspooled, but he, knowing the world, feared for her future.

Gradually he assumed a protective attitude toward her. Without her knowledge he watched over her. When her lessons kept her late at night, he managed to be near her as she went through the lonely streets. At last he knew that he loved her, that she was the one thing that made bright his lonely life.

He did not tell her, for he felt that there could be as yet no answering response, but he dedicated himself to a watchfulness which should shield her from harm. Gradually she began to turn to him for advice; she seemed to feel instinctively a security in his friendship.

One night she rapped timidly at his door. When he opened it he saw a vision in soft shining white. "I am invited," Doris explained, "to the opera and afterward to supper."

"I want to ask you," she hesitated, "whether it is considered proper in the city for a girl to go to a late supper unchaperoned?"

He smiled. "I am not a book on etiquette," he told her, "and in Bohemian circles almost anything passes—but for you—I wish you would ask some older woman friend to go."

"But I haven't any woman friend," she said. "I should have to stay at home."

"Would that be so hard?" he questioned.

"I have so little fun." Her eyes were wistful. "I am young, you know."

"Yes, it's hard," he considered a moment, and then laughed. "I'll provide a chaperon if you say so."

"Who?" she demanded.

"Go back to your room," he said, "and wait. In a few minutes I'll bring the lady."

In every studio there are properties of all kinds. It happened that a few months before he had painted a pic-

ture of a venetian grande dame. The gown in which he had costumed his model was one that he had picked up abroad, of dull green velvet with a broad lace collar. He was of slender build, and when he had tried it on it fitted him perfectly. There was a gray wig in an old trunk and the transformation of himself into a stately lady was complete. If the roses in his cheeks came out of his paint box, what then? He was not the only old lady who did not depend upon nature for her color.

When Doris saw him she gave him a little startled cry. "Why, where did Mr. Wentworth find you?" she demanded.

His voice, answering her, gave her the key to the situation, and she broke into ripples of laughter. "How did you manage it so well?" she questioned.

"I used to play girls' parts in the 'Paint and Powder club' at home," he stated. Then he broke in a whining falsetto. "Does that sound like an old lady?"

Again she went off into gales of laughter, but ended with a serious question: "Shall I really be better chaperoned by two men than by one?"

His answer was given in his own voice, deep with emotion. "I shall watch over you as carefully as your own father or your mother," and his smile was reassuring.

Doris telephoned to her escort that there would be two instead of one, and received a somewhat gruff reply. Evidently the idea of the chaperon was not pleasing.

All that evening Wentworth watched over her. He did not like the fashionably dressed man who was with her, and he did not like the restaurant where they went for supper. It was ultra-Bohemian, and Doris was like a violet in a bed of tulips. He spoke little, and the man who was entertaining them did not know that behind the stately old lady exterior was a lynx-eyed lover who guarded jealously his sweetheart's honor.

He saw that Doris was restless and felt herself out of place, and, at an early hour, he suggested in his funny falsetto, that it was time to go home.

The other man contended that it was early, but Doris, shrinking from the noise and clamor of the great gaudy room, stuck to the decision of her chaperon.

"Please put us into our taxicab and let us go," she said. "I am very tired."

No one would have dreamed as the car sped through the quiet streets that in it were a man and a woman happy in the companionship of each other, filled with the love of each other and of life. The world saw only a gray-haired matron and a girl with eyes radiant with youth and happiness.

"How good you are to me," Doris said as they walked together through the dim hallway. "I should have been so frightened if I had not had you tonight."

"I wish I might take care of you always," Wentworth said, and having admitted that much he was carried away and found himself pleading his case earnestly.

It was a strange scene, but so serious were they that they did not realize the incongruity. It was only as Doris said "Yes" that the strangeness of it struck her. "But I cannot marry my chaperon," she protested and laughed.

The old lady in the velvet gown flung off her gray wig and showed the crop of dark curls that crowned Wentworth's handsome head. "I have misquered long enough in deference to Mrs. Grundy," he said, "but now answer me, Doris, will you marry me?"

And still with laughter in her eyes she answered "Yes."

Reward of Merit.

The motor car was obstinate. It wouldn't budge. Industrious, the man in waterproof cap and goggles turned the crank handle; but without result. He turned and turned and turned. Then he paused.

"Twist it agen, Alfered!"

"T're a 'oss!"

"Go it Johnson!"

Thus the crowd.

But to such gibings he was deaf.

Once more he hopefully seized the crank and turned it strenuously. No effect. Again he paused to remove his cap and regain his breath.

Observing the action, an elderly gentleman stepped forward and dropped a coin on the upturned cap.

"Thank you, my man—thank you!" he murmured. "It's the only street organ I ever saw that didn't send me nearly deaf with its noise! You deserve a copper!"—Answers.

As to Absent Friends.

There is an unfortunate tendency with some people to talk in a disparaging way about absent acquaintances. "Oh, she's very nice, but—" and this "but" often leads up to a quite unnecessary and unkind comment. The golden rule to observe in talking about people is to speak exactly as though they were present, says Home Notes. Everything gains by repetition, and not always favorably. Bishop Beveridge once said: "Resolve never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back," and faultfinders and flatterers would do well to bear this in mind.

The Reason.

"They have named the baby after Uncle Belshazzar." "Has Uncle Belshazzar money?" "Do you suppose they 'kidd' the name?"—Pittsburg Post

# IT MAY BE NO BETTER

SPECULATIONS ON QUALITIES OF RELIGION OF FUTURE.

Will Be More Definite and Dogmatic Than the "Advanced" Faith of the Present, Is Opinion of One Writer.

Theorists concerning the religion of the future usually plant themselves upon one of two assumptions: that the religion of the future will necessarily be better than that of the past; or that it will be characterized by fuller allegiance to certain views now held by exponents of so-called "advanced thought."

We see no reason for knocking under to either of them, says the St. Louis Republican. It does not necessarily follow, because all things change, that they must need change for the better. Architecture in Paris in the thirteenth century was so infinitely superior to the architecture of the present day as to be impossible of comparison with it. Oratory in the United States senate in 1820, just 81 years ago, was so far beyond the oratory of today in form, finish and inner spirit that it is difficult to realize that the body is the same in function and method of selection of membership. The violin Antonius Stradivarius made in Cremona in the early years of the eighteenth century are unmatched in the workshops of today, either here or elsewhere. No present day builder can equal the cement mixed by Roman artisans in the time of Constantine.

Now we make bold to prophesy that the "religion of the future" will have more of definiteness than the "advanced faith" of the present. It will demand more of its votaries. It will be—inevitable if you will—more dogmatic.

The religion of "advanced thought" suffers from too much width, like a shallow river smothered among sandbars. It has "broken the shackles of dogmatism." Very good; but it has failed to substitute for them any definite obligation or tie to anything else. It stands for "progress"—toward what it cannot tell for the life of it. It believes in "the uplift of humanity." But what is uplift? And what is the thing that humanity ought to be uplifted toward? It is silent.

"Advanced thought" goes on the assumption that with widening of vision comes necessarily happiness of spirit. It has evidently never read the lives of the philosophers. It goes on the assumption that the champion of advanced ideas will, in his age, be honored of all men. It evidently has not pondered the history of the martyrs. It ignores death, inherited disease, and the apparent lack of connection in this world between the service rendered by life and the reward returned by its own age, whether in the form of gold, praise or love.

The religion of the future will have a less of the spirit of revolt. It will be humbler and have a keener sense of its responsibilities. It will ask fewer questions, and strive to answer more. A youth once told Charles G. Finney that he did not need the formal service of the church; he went forth into the Ohio forests, and worshipped here. "Young man," demanded Finney, "what do you do when it rains?" The religion of the future will concern itself with the devotional possibilities of wet days more than has the "advanced thought" of the present.

Tracing Growth of Iceberg.

"When I was in the Arctic," once said General A. W. Greely, "I found an aged iceberg in which the yearly stratifications of growth could be traced with great accuracy. I measured them, and by careful calculation was able to discover that the oldest layers of that ice probably dated back to the years when Solomon was building his temple! That temple, massive as it was, has utterly perished, and men differ as to its exact site. But that ice was still in existence when I was in the polar seas and it may be there yet. You see a bit of fresh-water ice, once immersed in a salt sea that has a constant temperature of about 23 degrees, cannot very well perish. It is in a sort of perpetual cold storage plant, colder than its own melting point. And that accounts for the long endurance of what, in our climate, would have lasted perhaps but a few brief seconds!"

Russia Is Roadless.

Russia is a roadless land. It is inconceivable to the foreign visitor who has ever left the beaten track of the railways in Russia now a great empire can have subsisted so long and so successfully amid the competition of the rival states beyond its borders without even a pretense at roads.

The secret, of course, lies in the fact that for five or six months in the year Nature herself provides roads over the greater part of the expanse of all the Russians, admirable smooth, glassy roadways over hardworn snow. The traffic is further cheapened over these roads by the substitution of a sledge runner for the wheel and axle. This brings the cost of land carriage as near the cheapness of water borne freight as possible, and it is the principal reason why Russia, in the Twentieth Century, is still a roadless land.

Always Dodging.

"You are afraid to go along a country road at night?"

"Yes. Every time I hear a hoot owl I imagine it's some new kind of an automobile shriek."

# SHE FINISHED HER DRINK

Fifty Years Had Intervened but the Courteous Old Gentleman Came to the Rescue.

It was at a reception of the twentieth century kind that the white-haired man and the little old lady with the point lace collar were chatting in a corner where the palms stood. They belonged to the present day only because they lived in it and tried to make its interests theirs, but when you looked at the little old lady you immediately thought of lavender and rose jars. You knew also that the white-haired man would kiss her finger tips in deference when he left her unless somebody from the modern throng restrained him, and you knew he was talking to her in phrases that belonged to a day of gallantry that had gone.

Once during their chat the little lady tapped his arm with her fan, just as they always do in story books, and said: "Ah, but you're forgetting I'm an old woman. On the 21st day of this very month I shall have been married fifty years!" and she drew back from him and looked into his face with gentle blue eyes that might have belonged to her granddaughter. "The very first taste of champagne I ever had," she went on, "was at a little party I attended just before my betrothal. I sipped a tiny bit from the glass—and oh! it was good! Then, for some reason or other as I turned aside, my glass was taken away and I never had the remainder of that delightful drink." And the little old lady sighed in retrospect.

The crowd in the reception room moved closer and soon the two were absorbed by it and disappeared.

On the morning of the 21st of the month two parcels were among the mail delivered to the little lady of the point lace. One was a box containing a small golden spoon and with it the cards of the white-haired man and wife, and their formally expressed "congratulations upon her anniversary." In the other package was a note in an old-fashioned hand and a bottle of champagne of the size that holds a single glass.

"Finish it, dear lady," ran the little note—"that glass they took away from you fifty years ago."

Becoming a Nurse.

If a girl can find employment in her own town or city, she can work up from the bottom until she achieves results and is earning a salary commensurate with her talents; but unless a girl can do this near home where she can be with her family, the wisdom of finding work which will give board as well as a small compensation, is apparent. I have had many inquiries about nursing as a profession. The girl with a high school education, or its equivalent, has in this work a chance for noble occupation and, if she has talent, a salary that is larger than in many other forms of work. While in training, a nurse is given a small sum for incidental expenses; this allowance varies in different hospitals, but ranges from \$6 to \$14 a month. If a nurse is really ambitious, she will take a post-graduate course at some large hospital, then possibly a course in stenography, so that if opportunity should come she will be fitted to be secretary or surgeon. Many of the great surgeons who operate in private hospitals have their own nurse with them at all operations, and of course these positions are well worth striving for.—The Housekeeper.

Strange Are Fancies of the Inventor.

Necessity may be the mother of invention, though of this there is recurring doubt, but evidently that stern goddess concerns herself only limitedly with patents. Among the 970,000 patents at present registered the Patent Office Gazette finds numerous examples whose conception no necessity could be brought to foster.

Here is a strange one that was actually patented—a scheme for controlling horses by electricity. If the animal balks, a powerful and well placed shock will make him spring forward in spite of himself. If he tries to kick, his muscles will be cramped by a paralyzing charge of electricity. Instead of bridle and reins, the all powerful current may be used to give him a shock on the left cheek in order to turn into the right fork of the road, or on the right to make him take a left turn. Instead of sawing away at the lines, the driver may sit back in comfort, and, by means of push buttons, "typewrite" the beast into submission.

Forgot His Pearls.

A Dublin magistrate has given judgment in the matter of some pearls which have been in the hands of the Dublin police since 1905. These pearls forty-seven in number and valued at \$1,500, were originally deposited with a firm of Dublin jewelers by a man who never returned to claim them, and the firm handed them over to the police. The magistrate directed that if the owner did not claim the pearls within six months they should be sold by the crown at the expiration of that time.

Justice and Judges.

A New York judge, it will be remembered, recently declared unconstitutional the new law that an automobilist, having run over a pedestrian, must stop and leave his name. The judge said that the automobilist had a perfect right to run away and leave his mangled victim to bleed to death alone for the reason that, in criminal cases, no man is obliged to bear witness against himself.

James Halden Wilkes, president of the Street Defense society of Atlanta, discussed this legal decision at the society's last meeting.

"And that," he cried, hotly, "is called justice. Well, indeed, it was a search after justice once defined as a blind man looking into a dark room for a black hat that isn't there."

Dramatic Criticism.

Kin Hubbard, the Indiana humorist, once was assigned to cover a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hubbard had his brain-child, old "Abe Martin," report the play. This was the critique: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played down 'n' Melodeon hall last night. The dogs was good, but they had poor support.—Everybody's Magazine

The Soothing Thought.

"Now that we've spent so much money fixing up the house, perhaps you won't go away," said her husband, hopefully.

"Oh, yes, John I will, but," she added, encouragingly, "I'll be more cheerful about coming back."—Harper's Bazar.

# PA AS PIANO MOVER

GODS ON HIGH OLYMPUS THEN TAKE VACATION.

Heads Army That Looks Like Advance Guard of South American Revolutionary Movement—Then Look at the Piano.

When papa attempts to move the piano the gods of high Olympus take a vacation; and Jove says: "Come on here, Juno—you don't want to see that. Get your things on quick. Hang it, woman, does it take you all day to pin your hat on?"

For when papa moves the piano it is always either upstairs or downstairs—never on a plane.

He goes forth into the highways and the hedges and collects a few highwaymen and hedge scoundrels to help him and, followed by his army that looks like the advance guard of a South American revolutionary movement, attacks the piano.

O, why do they make pianos so heavy? Why can they not nail handles on the ends so that one may get a hold? The top is too high to afford a hold, and the bottom is too low.

Observe papa. He has measured the piano and the stairs. The piano is 33.234.235 inches wide at the widest part and the stairway is 34.765.760 inches wide with two turns and a small landing half way up. Half plenty of room.

Papa and the hirelings wheel the piano to the foot of the stairs and boost up the end on the lowest step. This makes it necessary for papa and one of the hirelings to climb over the railings to get at the front end of it. Then as they spread their feet and lift, the other hirelings push awkwardly.

"WAIT A MINUTE!" yells papa, "you are mashing us!" Then as they pause one of the pushers howls madly:

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" he shouts. "We can't hold this bling-blamed thing up all day!" Another heave, and the piano is up three steps, and papa has sat down forebly on the steps no less than three times.

Then the piano rocks and weaves and scratches the varnish off itself and off the stair railing. Mamma yells a warning—a tearful yell. Papa says something he should not.

"Go on! Go on!" he shrieks at the helpers. "All together now—UP!" The piano is heaved upward, taking off a long crinkled strip of wall paper as it goes, and at last rests on the upper floor.

It is scarred and marred. So are papa's knuckles. So are mamma's feelings. So is the wall paper and so is the railing.

But the piano is upstairs and papa thrusts his aching hands into his trousers pockets and distributes money.

"I wouldn't pay a cent!" walls mamma. "Look at my piano!"

But papa is looking at one of the movers, and the mover is looking at papa and mentally likening papa to a shrimp, and papa in this case is a mind reader, and pays gladly, even hurriedly.—Dallas News.

Raised the Price.

Judge Hiram C. Flack of West Liberty said the other day to the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, speaking of the notorious disfranchised vote sellers of his native Ohio:

"Some of these men, I understand, even claimed that they didn't know it was wrong to sell one's vote. They were worse, then, than the voters of Cashel."

"All the voters of Cashel used to sell their votes, and a reform candidate once got the preachers of the town to preach against the sin of such scandalous conduct."

"The day after these sermons the reform candidate said to a party leader:

"Well, how will the election go?"

"It will be close and difficult and expensive, sir," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" said the candidate.

"Well," said the party leader, "the boys didn't understand that vote selling was a sin before, and they always let their votes go for \$2 apiece; but, now they know eternal damnation is awaiting them, I understand that every man jack of them has put up his price to \$4."

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# THE SCRAP BOOK



AN \$800,000,000 INDUSTRY.

A point of great interest is the manifold values of the by-products of the cotton industry. The cotton fibre is chiefly used for the manufacture of cloth, while the by-products are used for many different purposes. For instance, the portion of the cotton fibre that remains on the seed (the lint, as it is called) is taken off in the manufacture incident to the use of the seed and is used for a variety of purposes. It is sold at a much lower rate than the other, and used for stuffing pillows, horse-collars, and cushions, and, stranger to say for adulterating shoddy. The idea of a shoddy being adulterated is somewhat amusing, but that is a fact. It is also used for making fine writing paper and for the manufacture of gun cotton and a number of other purposes. Then there are the uses of the seed itself, the manufacture of the oil and the value of the hulls and cakes for feeding purposes. So that we have here an industry which represents in its total value more than \$800,000,000.

HOW PAPER CAME TO BE MADE.

Long years ago a Japanese walked through his pretty garden to his home; his hands were clasped behind his back and he was thinking, as he crossed the bridge to pluck a fresh wistaria blossom that hung just over his head. This little gentleman had a great many parcels to send out from his shop every week, and he had always wrapped them in silk; but this was expensive material and he needed something cheaper for his purpose. All at once a wasp came flitting toward him, but he thrust it away that it might not nip his nose, and lo! there at his hand was a wasp's nest! It was made of thin wood pulp, softened into a thin paste by the jaws of the insect, then formed and left to dry. "Why can't I do that same thing?" thought the Japanese merchant. "Get certain wood, form it into a pulp by means of water from the river and make something like this wasp's nest in consistency to wrap about my packages." And this was the way paper was first discovered.

A RECORD LAW SUIT.

A suit in which a French woman, Mme. Cotton, is the present plaintiff, is unique in the annals of long-drawn-out cases. This lady is the legal heiress of a goldsmith who in 1658 lent the government of Venice 800,000 crowns, the present value of which, with interest, is estimated at about \$4,000,000. The heir of the original lender was a Frenchman, Jean Thierry, who died before the loan was repaid. There was a lawsuit over his succession, and Louis XIV. claimed the estate, and annexed the French portion of it. The suit was still dragging on at the time of the directory, when Bonaparte forced Venice to repay the loan. Since then France has been the custodian of the Thierry estate. The government has been sued dozens of times, but to no purpose. Now, Mme. Cotton is suing the government of Austria and Italy, as well as that of France, because each in turn has owned Venice.

ORIGIN OF "PLAGIARIST."

To appropriate, that is, steal, the literary work of another to use it as one's own thought, the child of one's own brain, is plagiarism, as everybody knows, yet few are acquainted with the derivation of the word or know that the plagiarist is literally a child-stealer. Among a certain class of criminals in Rome in the time of the earlier Caesars, there existed the damnable custom of stealing children and selling them as slaves. According to Roman law, the child stealers, when detected, received as a part of the penalty for their crime a severe flogging. As the Latin word *plaga* signifies a stripe or lash, the ancient kidnappers were termed "plagiarii"—that is, deserving of stripes. So both the crime and the criminals received their names from the castigation inflicted.

A NOVEL INN.

"No intoxicating liquors have been sold here for seventeen years, and will not as long as the present owner is alive," said Mr. James Blenkhorn, when applying at Richmond for the transfer of the license of "The Layton Arms," at East Layton. Applicant said it was simply to keep the license on. They might apply for one when Mrs. Maynard Proud, the owner, died. The license was granted. The property was so willed to Mrs. Maynard Proud that the license of the house had to be kept. Being a great temperance advocate, she refused to have intoxicating liquors sold there, and for seventeen years she has paid for the magistrate's certificate. The house is now used as a temperance hotel.