

# ALL'S FAIR

BY WIM OSBORNE

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**M**ISS BETTY PENNINGTON was a bit too young, and a bit too buoyant, and she had had too many chances to think too seriously of marrying. She had led the youth of Frankfort Plains a merry chase. There was not perhaps a man—an eligible man—who had not made love to her or who had not attempted it. But she had led them on, and then—had sent them off. They went. There was too much humor in Miss Betty, too much of wit and laughter to make them essay a second-time proposal. One by one they stood rejected. Miss Betty would merely toss her youthful head, and laugh, and laugh, and laugh. Two of them, however, would not do. Mr. John Masterson was one and Tommy McClenahan was the other. Masterson clung to her with a bulldog tenacity; he did it because he had many of the characteristics of the bulldog. Miss Betty would laugh at Masterson until he began to growl, and then she would watch him raze and storm with wide-open eyes.

"Do that again," she would suggest. And Masterson would do it. He couldn't help it. He gnashed his teeth with rage. But he always came back. Tommy McClenahan didn't cling to Miss Betty. He simply followed her about, watching her with frank, honest eyes. They walked the fields one day and Miss Betty, in a spirit of mischief, ran away from Tommy. She had a ghost of a show at that, but Tommy let her run until she was well tired out; then with that easy spurt of his which has won him medals after medal in collegiate games, he sprang to her side, and obeying a sudden impulse, caught her in his arms. Ordinarily he would not have dared to do this. But there was something about Miss Betty's color, and her sparkling eyes, that just made Tommy do it.

"I couldn't help it," he gasped. And then he stopped. For she was looking straight into his eyes with an expression that he had never seen before. Tommy thought it was worth while. He braced himself and spoke. "Betty—Betty—Betty," he implored. "I've asked you now for the fifteenth time, and I'm asking you again. I can't help it. You must marry me. I won't take no for an answer."

Miss Betty drew herself away. She still looked at Tommy McClenahan. "I—I have promised Mr.—Mr. Masterson," she said slowly, "that I would marry him."

Tommy touched her on the arm. "No, no, Betty," he exclaimed; "you can't mean it."

Miss Betty went on, "That I would marry him if his team, the Frankforts, won the tournament game at the county fair. I will be fair and square, Tommy. I will go further—I promise to marry you if your team wins out and gets the prize. No—no, that's all; won't discuss it. You know what I do, and I shall do nothing else."

"But, Betty," pleaded Tommy McClenahan, "you—you know my team can't win. It never has and it can't now."

Miss Betty smiled. "Then," she said archly, "so much the better, Tommy, for Mr. Masterson."

Tommy said nothing further. He strode along by her side with his glance upon the ground. "It's the man whose team wins the game, Tommy," she said at parting. "By George," muttered Tommy to himself later, "she knew we couldn't win. I thought she liked me better than I do."



"YALEVARD YALEVARD YALEVARD" CRIED HALF A HUNDRED STRANGERS



## UNDER FALSE COLORS—By W. Hines

**O**GDEN could not recall having lost any uncles lately, and it was a distinct surprise to be greeted as a nephew by the stern-featured old man in the puffing automobile. "Come here, you young rascal," the old man almost shouted as the automobile drew up to the sidewalk. Without knowing why, Ogden went. Perhaps it was curiosity, perhaps it was because he did not happen to think of anything else to do. At any rate, he stepped up to the automobile and took a good long look at its occupant. "Get in here at once," said the old man. "Why?" asked Ogden. "Why?" repeated the old man. "Because I tell you to do so. Here I have been looking for you for the past two weeks and now you want to run away when I find you. That is a pretty way for an only nephew to treat his uncle!" "So you are my uncle?" said Ogden, quizzically. Then the spirit of adventure, which had been his guiding star all his life, seized possession of him and he stepped into the vehicle, which started, puffing, down the avenue toward Washington square. On the way down he puzzled with himself as to the part which he was acting or rather being forced to act. As nearly as he could gather from the conversation of the old man, he was his nephew Rodney. The last name had not been introduced into the conversation. Rodney seemed to have come from the West for a visit and to have left the house without warning, after a more or less violent quarrel with his uncle. "What did you want to run away for, you young rascal? The girl is certainly as pretty a girl as you will find

in the whole country, sir. It was only to be expected that she should show some coquetry about accepting you, but I am surprised that any nephew of mine would be such a fool as to run away from a pretty girl. Why did you do it, sir?" The old gentleman was very irate. Taking his cue from the fragmentary information furnished him by these remarks, Ogden, resolved to carry through the comedy, straightened himself up and remarked, with his most dignified air: "Because I trust that I am too much of a gentleman to force my attentions in any quarter where they are not wanted."

He had read this sentence in some old-fashioned book and thought it might go well with his elderly uncle. The old fellow looked rather pleased and said: "I should have understood it, my boy. The sentiment does credit to your blood and your breeding, sir. But my heart is set on this match. Just tell the girl you won't take 'No' for an answer and she will come around in time. Eh, Gad, sir, when I was your age I would have been delighted with the coquetry she has used on you."

By this time the automobile had come to a stop in front of one of the old houses along the north side of the square and the two passengers alighted. Entering the house the old man, with Rodney in tow, made for the drawing-room, where they could hear some one playing on the piano. The room was rather dark, but as they entered the light was good enough for Rodney to make out the uncommonly pretty girl seated at the piano. She got up hastily as they entered the room and ran to greet the old man. Then she turned to Ogden and said: "So you have come back, Cousin Rodney? I was under the impression that you had left the city."

Feeling rather ashamed of himself for carrying on the deception, but overpowered by the desire for adventure, Ogden sat down and joined in the conversation, fencing carefully for time whenever he was asked a question the answer to which might betray his identity. Whenever he got a chance he stole a glance at the girl. He fancied once or twice that he detected a flicker of amusement upon her face. She was evidently watching him, narrowly, and the conviction grew upon him that she suspected he was an impostor. The girl was certainly a beauty and he could not understand why the real Rodney had been callous enough to run away from her society, even if he had found his presence more or less unwelcome.

By and by the old gentleman excused himself upon the plea that he must take his regular afternoon nap, and left the two young people alone. The moment he was safely out of hearing the girl broke into a peal of laughter and said: "Did you think he fooled me?" She was taking it very nicely, thought Ogden, and he braced himself up enough to say: "No, I knew you recognized my imposture. But, believe me, I am not an intentional impostor. Your uncle picked me up on the street and swore up and down that I was his nephew. It would not have been proper to accuse him of falsehood, so I just came along."

## THE MIND OF A GROWING CHILD

**A**NY parents are apt to forget that a child has a body. This body has organs. In this particular it differs from unorganized bodies. The young child seems to be a mere animal. Its body differs from that of the vegetable not only in composition, but in method of nutrition, in having sensation and in being able to move from place to place. But the child is more than a mere animal. In body it differs from other animals by having two hands, two feet, a chin, by being able to stand erect, and in that it has a higher type of brain.

The brain is the organ of mind. A child's brain differs from that of other animals in such a way as to give entirely different results, both mental and moral. Because of these differences the child is able to improve. This ability to improve makes possible the improvement of the race. The bee of to-day builds as did the first bee. How different the work of man now from what it was at the beginning!

By differences mentioned we are able to separate the child from all other animals. We also have seen that a child is what it is because of its peculiarities of mind and body. Consideration of both is important, that more importance may be attached to the development of the right kind of bodies and minds.

A parent needs to know but little of anatomy, as it is a mere description of different parts of the body. Physiology tells us the use of each part. Hygiene gives information as to the proper care of the different parts. Every parent should understand the important facts concerning the existence and care of the different organs. This is especially important with such as the digestive, the bony, the circulatory, the nervous, the muscular, and with the provisions

made for purifying the blood by breathing. A careful study of these will prove interesting knowledge for every parent. Any school book on physiology and hygiene will give all the information needed.

It is very important, then, that having realized that the child is an animal with certain advantages over other animals, the parents should strive to make the child a strong animal. But little will ever be accomplished by most children unless care is taken to provide them with strong bodies. To do this parents will need give attention to a number of important matters.

## HIS PROXY—By L. B. Lewis

**O**ST of the particulars of this story can be found on file in the State Department at Washington, but the said S. D., for reasons best known to itself, has never given them out for publication. The President may make a mistake in appointing a Consul, but the State Department never makes things worse by making public the man's shortcomings.

There could have been only one reason for appointing James Hartman as Consul at San Escondido, which you may imagine to be one of the South American states. "Jim," as he was generally called, had some influence in State politics and had used it on the right side. Socially he had no standing; as a business man he was known to be crafty and unprincipled. It was a third-rate appointment to a third-rate consulship, but it was good enough for Jim Hartman. In fact, it was what he selected and pulled strings for.

Only three miles from San Escondido were the mines of the American Mining and Smelting Company, of which Hartman was a large stockholder. Every three or four months for several years past there had been strikes and rows, and the feeling against the company was widespread and bitter. This had not extended to the consulate, as the appointees had no business interest, but Hartman had hardly taken possession of his office when he began using it as a safe as he could for the benefit of the stockholders. There were many ways in which he could and did favor the company, and his position soon became generally known and increased the bitter feeling. He realized it, but defied public sentiment. So long as the Secretary of State did not bring him to book he did not care for what others thought or said.

Jim Hartman had been Consul for six months, dividing his time about equally between Uncle Sam and the American Company, and drawing an income from both, when a new strike leader came to the front. He was a man who had traveled in the United States and learned a thing or two. For instance, he had learned that throwing down tools and walking off in a peaceful way seldom or never won a strike. There must be bitter speeches—denance of authority—denunciation of property. He made the bitter speeches. He got the laborers more defiant and excited than they had ever been before. Then he planned for a strike and destruction of prop-

erty, and this included Consul Hartman. The laboring men of that State would show the great United States how they regarded her by chasing her Consul at San Escondido from his office and then hauling down and trampling upon the Stars and Stripes. His plans were well laid, and a part of them worked all right. That any of the details miscarried was not his fault, nor yet that of the Consul.

One morning Jim Hartman received a visitor whose card bore the inscription, "Thomas Holmes, Colorado, U. S. A." Mr. Holmes was no gentleman. That is, he explained that he had been a prospector, laborer, miner and several other things, and was even then looking for something that might pay him a couple of dollars per day until he could get a new hold with his feet. He had been landed from a steamer with only \$3 in cash in his pockets, and the card he sent in was a written address in pencil. He was talking with the Consul about the mines near at hand and begging for a job, when the telephone rang and the superintendent of the American said over the wire: "Hell broke loose here half an hour ago. Men all went on a strike, and are now destroying everything within reach. When they get through here they are going to march into town and make it hot for you. Better vamose at once."

"What's up?" asked Holmes of Colorado, as the Consul turned to him with a pale face.

"Strike at the mines, and the fellows are coming here to do me up."

"But you are the Consul."

"That won't play any part."

"But the American flag flies over your head."

"They'll tear it down and drag it through the gutters. I've got to get out within five minutes if I want to save my life."

"See here, man," said Mr. Holmes, as the Consul walked about grabbing up books and papers and storing them in the vault, "it strikes me that you are a fishworm instead of a man."

"What the devil would you have me do? Stay here and be torn to pieces by a frenzied mob? There is no soldier here to protect me, and when a South American mob starts in to do violence it doesn't stop at anything. These strikers will hang every American in San Escondido before noon."

"I'll bet dollars to cents they don't," was the sturdy reply. "So you propose to evacuate the position before you are attacked?"

"I propose to get out of this in the next three minutes."

"Then Uncle Sam made a mistake in sending you down here. Have you any firearms around?"

"There is a Winchester and ammuni-