

# IN THE NAME OF PHILANTHROPY

By O'Ryan O'Bryan

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The Dawsons were double cousins—first in days of calm, but second when storms swept over the land—girls, fourteen years old apiece, bright, fiercely energetic and up to date.

They owned two adjoining ancestral places well furnished with fathers and mothers, and from cellars to attics, particularly the attics, with chairs and things, and with servants to dust the chairs and things. They owned also one grandmother in common besides two or three others in severity.

Said their mothers, whom grandmother-in-common's illness called away, "How fortunate that school is in session; otherwise the girls might be lonely," a maternal euphemism resulting from long years of practice.

The term closed, however, without the mothers' presence to soften the blow. Grandmother-in-common's illness necessitated a longer leave of absence, which was granted in a characteristic message: "We're all right, little mothers. Stay as long as you please. Love to gram."

This was indorsed by the Fathers Dawson.

That was what the Fathers Dawson were for—to indorse. Although much absorbed in trying to double the output of the foundry without increasing the expenses, they still reserved the veto power at home. But the possibility of the overruling two-thirds vote led them to preserve the show of authority by indorsing, always and speedily.

The mothers were becoming uneasy. The daughters were becoming uneasy too. Usually when these restless fits came on the girls were tactfully guided into the paths of philanthropy. "Great executive ability" their mothers said they had, and indeed they could dress dolls or make scrapbooks for children's hospitals if necessary, but they just doted on sales.

When a sale was announced, their subordinates drew a long breath. The mothers fell to work with a will, echoing the remark of Rosa, the cook: "Now we know where we're at. I can stand on my feet all day makin' canny, an' I doesn' complain, but it's dese yere surprisin' dat gibs me de misery in my hid."

The restlessness now worked itself into a fever, and as it reached its height simultaneously in both girls they started on a run from their respective homes and met under the Linden tree on the boundary of their ancestral lawns.

In breathless duet they exclaimed, "Oh, Susannah, I have an idea!" "Oh, Hepsibah, I have an idea!"

Their names were neither Susannah (always spelled with an "h") nor Hepsibah. Their mothers in youthful ignorance of what good form would demand in a name later had called them Nellie and Gracie. The girls early came to despise these weakly cognomens, and when some Harvard authority in a proud spasm of reform changed their Uncle Harry's name to Henry without so much as saying by your leave they promptly said, "We'll change ours." Susannah and Hepsibah they became to each other from that moment. The fathers and mothers at first stoutly resisted, but might prevailed. The general public now knew no others.

"We'll have a sale—a 'fresh air' sale."

Then the embryo "lady board" put their heads together and gave their executive ability full play.

At night the Fathers Dawson's indorsement was called for.

"A sale? Certainly!" What a relief!

When the girls' signal lights greeted each other from their windows, each Father Dawson started for the telephone.

"My dear," said Susannah's father, "rest easy. A sale is on. They are quite capable of managing the Pan-American, you know, and they can this. The servants, both men and maid, must by this time be letter perfect."

When his turn came, Hepsibah's father said much the same thing.

The mothers embraced each other fervently. "The little dears," they said and slept the sleep of the unworried.

This was Friday. The sale was set for the next Wednesday. Grandmother-in-common was now recovering rapidly.

Tuesday night the mothers said to each other, "We're homesick."

"Wouldn't a surprise be fun?" "Let's go home. I should enjoy a sale when we haven't worked to get ready for it."

"We won't even telephone for the carriage. The girls will need all the help they can have."

This was true. A sale without the two faithful henchwomen called for manual labor as well as executive ability.

Thus it was that the waning Wednesday afternoon found the two mothers hurrying on foot up the street from the station.

"Look at all the people coming down the street," remarked Susannah's mother. "There must be a circus in town."

"Yes, or a fire somewhere. They all seem to be carrying something." "They are mostly women and look like the Plains people."

"Not all. There's Mrs. Gaines."

friend, and with smiling faces they stopped to greet her. To their astonishment, she only gave a vicious little frown to an out of date orange colored workbag hanging from her arm and walked by with averted face.

Not far behind her was another acquaintance from whom they received only a cold nod.

"What in the world! Do they think mother had the smallpox, or have the Dawsons failed, or what is the matter?"

"Oh, look at that woman! I do believe she has Grandfather Dawson's white bell hat. I know there isn't another in town."

"And that one with the silk waist hanging out of a water pitcher! There must have been a rummage sale."

The horrible truth flashed upon both at the same instant.

"My old rose waist!" gasped Susannah's mother.

"My Grandmother Pelham water pitcher!" moaned Hepsibah's mother.

There was no question now. Every one past whom their hurrying steps led them bore some half forgotten treasure seen only at housecleaning time.

They were women of fine sentiment, never willing to destroy anything about which fond memories could twine, and their large ancestral attics were filled to overflowing with what Rosa significantly called "heaps of plunder," the accumulations of several generations of Dawsons, Pelhams and Gaynors and the reappings of many Christmas harvests.

They rushed on, growing more and more sick at heart as they met here and there among the throng friends who dwelt within the circle of Christmas giving. When they reached the lawn, out of the tumult of their souls rose a bubble of pride that, awful as it was, the girls had displayed their usual executive ability.

Under the Linden tree sat Hepsibah, the cashier, with a goodly pile of money before her. Patrolling the grounds and keeping an eye on each grinning negro in charge of the heaps of goods, which had been carefully assorted, classified and grouped around the trees, walked Susannah, the general manager.

The mothers had been too long under the yoke to make a scene, but as they walked from one ancestral tree to another and read the gorgeous placards tacked to the trunks their emotions were many and deep:

"Shoemakers' tools used by Great-grandfather Dawson."

"Infant wardrobe of the Gaynor branch," mostly rags.

"Great-grandmother Pelham's wedding dishes," a most disreputable collection of pans and crockery ware.

"Great bargains in Christmas presents. Good as new; some never used."

At this finishing stroke the Mothers Dawson fled each to her own house and wept behind closed blinds. "They will never forgive us!" they sobbed. "No wonder Mrs. Gaines didn't speak!"

A sudden shower put an end to the sale. A little uneasy in their souls, the girls went in to report results. When the interviews were over, it was not the Mothers Dawson who came out with drooping heads. On the contrary, these emancipated ladies sped down the lawns and shook hands in solemn compact under the Linden tree.

Said Susannah's mother, "Hereafter I am to be boss of my own ranch."

"Same here," said Hepsibah's mother.

Then a blush of shame spread over their faces that even in this their hour of independence their speech should betray their daughters' influence.

"I mean that from this time forth I shall control the affairs of my own household."

"And I mean that the same conclusion has been reached by me."

They have a hard job before them.

**How He Kept Informed on Clocks.**

A far more or less general is the collecting of old clocks, from the tall grandfather variety to the curious timekeepers of foreign make. The garrets of old farmhouses from Maine to the Carolinas have been ransacked for the former, and there is many a man and woman in New York who keeps an eye on the pawnshops of the foreign districts for curious and ancient things from abroad.

"It is almost impossible to keep them all running," complained a woman who has two dozen aged and valuable clocks scattered through her Madison avenue home. "They seem to be in good order and run along for awhile, then all of a sudden they stop for no reason at all."

"I have found an old German who knows more about the ways of old clocks than any one in the city. I sent him my German prize a few weeks ago, and when it did not come back after the usual period of waiting I went to his shop. What do you think I found him reading?"

The friend did not have the slightest idea.

"It was a little German volume with a title something like this: 'Thirteen Hundred Reasons Why a Clock in Perfect Order Won't Run.'—New York Tribune.

**The Churchly Handmaiden.**

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Wells, wardens of a prominent city church, were not in accord concerning the new rector's introduction of extreme ritual into the service.

Mr. Edwards was aggressively on the rector's side. Mr. Wells quite the reverse, and on one occasion their difference of opinion cropped out in a lively though brief dialogue which incidentally suggests the possibilities for expansion of the servant problem.

Mr. Edwards, having exhausted his arguments on his unresponsive brother warden, said:

"At least you will own that art is the handmaiden of religion."

"Yes," returned Mr. Wells savagely, "and I wish religion would give her a month's notice!"

# THE GIRL OPPOSITE

... By Leslie Gray

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Sudden starting of the elevated train fairly jerked Alston Davis into a seat. His armful of papers slid to the floor.

As he stooped to recover them his glance fell upon the face of the girl opposite.

It was delicate and sensitive, framed in a soft mass of hair. There was something attractive in the clear pallor of her cheeks and the appealing droop of the mouth. Yet Alston smiled grimly.

"One of the clinging type that I despise," he said to himself. "The kind that scream at a mouse, and all women are more or less of that variety. It only shows how stubborn Ursula is when she argues that they have courage. Courage!"

But the girl must have become conscious of his contemptuous scrutiny, for a flush rose to her cheek and she turned toward the window. Thus admonished, Alston betook himself to his paper.

He had just buried himself in the stock quotations when the sheet was almost torn from his hand. Some one lurched heavily against him.

He looked up in surprise not unmixed with anger, but the aggressor was already part way up the aisle. It was a woman who staggered blindly up the car. Now she turned uncertainly so that he could see her face.

She was no pleasant sight. She was black haired, black browsed, middle aged and drunk. Dirt and grime had taken all vestige of respectability from her shabby clothes. A rusty black bonnet was perched rakishly on the back of her head. From beneath this gray-black locks straggled. On one cheek was the mark of a bruise. As she again lurched past, evidently groping for the door, her eyes were fixed on a glassy stare. Her lips muttered unintelligibly.

Alston's ear caught a sigh that was half a sob. The girl opposite was gazing at the woman with fascinated, fear-dilated eyes. Others in the car were watching—and smiling. Now, as a lurch of the train fung her into an

empty seat, there was an audible titter. Not a hand was raised to help her.

In a minute she was on her feet again, but the shock had turned her round, and she began a second labored passage up the car.

The girl had sunk into a miserable little heap. Alston watched her half pityingly, half anxiously. "She was just the kind of a girl to faint away," he told himself.

As the woman passed he caught among her mutterings the word "Twenty-third." Evidently that was the station where she wished to get off. Some one would have to help her. Who? The motorman stood stolidly on the platform between the cars. Alston comforted himself with the reflection that it was no business of his if a woman got so jolly drunk she could not take care of herself. City life superinduces a certain hardness.

To quiet his guilty conscience he turned again to the girl.

She, too, had caught the word "Twenty-third." It was the next station. She looked around appealingly. She was the only woman in the car. The men were engrossed in their papers or smiling broadly at the fun.

Her face whitened into determination. She got up hastily and touched the woman on the arm. The wretched creature turned aggressively, but something of the pain and pity in the young face seemed to pierce her befuddled brain.

"Twenty-third street," she said thickly, while a fatuous smile spread over her face.

"You want to get off at Twenty-third," the girl repeated gently. "Yes, I know. I will help you off."

Alston sprang to her side. "Let me help," he implored.

The girl turned to him defiantly. "No; thank you," she said in cool, even tones.

She drew her slender figure to its full height and took the woman's arm in hers. As she piloted the trembling figure down the long length of the car the

smiles died away. There was such unvelled contempt in her flashing eyes that every man cowered.

Alston watched her in shamefaced wonder. This creature of fire and passion, this avenging goddess, was very different from the shy girl who had shrunk before his gaze.

Almost before he realized the train had stopped, had started and Twenty-third was left far behind. The girl opposite did not come back to her seat. She had left the car with her charge. As he thought of the gray eyes that had not flinched during that journey down the aisle the satisfied look of the self-appointed judge had given place to a new humility.

"Alston, I want you to meet Miss Harcourt," his sister Ursula said as he strolled into her drawing room a night or two later. He saw a slender figure in pale gray and a delicate face framed in soft hair. His heart gave a great throb.

"You have often heard me speak of Elizabeth"—But she broke off in astonishment. A slow flush had crept up to the roots of her brother's hair, and, turning, she saw it was vividly reflected in the cheeks of the girl at her side.

"Oh, then you have met before? And I had been congratulating myself that I would be the first to make you friends!"

"Yes, we have met before," Alston answered unsteadily, in pity for the blushing girl, and he bent down in his courtliest manner and kissed a hand that trembled.

Ursula, observant sister, saw that explanations were due, so she stole away. Alston promptly sat down beside Miss Harcourt on the big divan.

"Can you forgive my impertinence in staring at you the other day?" he asked, too impetuous to waste time on preliminary conventionalities. "Oh, if you could only know how often I have thought of you since that afternoon and how I have loathed myself! Every man of us in that car was a cad, too fearful of public opinion to show that poor creature the commonest humanity. You put us all to shame by your courage. I dared not tell my sister that we were friends, but I want to be. Will you let me show you that I am not utterly a coward?" He held out his hand appealingly.

The girl gave him her hand. "I have thought about you, too," she confessed shyly, "but not as a cad. I was afraid that you would think me too forward. And I was rude too. You see, I recognized you from one of your photographs, and I knew you were not a coward. I knew I should meet you when I came here today."—She paused, and a rich tide of color swept over her cheeks.

Alston had meant to take her hand, but sudden intuition made him draw her to him instead.

"We shall be friends—and lovers," he whispered. And she did not say him nay.

**Painting a Prince in Slam.**

A well known New York artist, who has just returned from an extended journey in the far east, tells how he attempted to paint the portrait of a native prince in Korea:

"For more than three hours the prince sat motionless and without a word, like a statue. 'It is finished,' I told him at last, and he jumped up like a child and ran over to see the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and began to shake it in a most enthusiastic manner."

"Suddenly he became grave and stared at the picture in a mystified way. He looked and looked, and then peered around at the back of the canvas. He seemed horrified beyond expression.

"What is it? I inquired.

"You have not put in my jade ornament," said he in despair.

"I had painted his portrait full face, and as the Koreans have a strange habit of putting small buttons of gold, silver, jade or amber behind the left ear these, of course, did not appear."

"My explanations did not satisfy the prince, so I did a rapid sketch of him in profile, bringing in the jade ornament."

"That is all very well," said he, "but now where is the other eye?"

# A BUSINESS EDUCATION.

It is as Necessary For Girls as For Boys Nowadays.

Time: The usual period of helplessness after the death of the head of the family. His womankind, brought up with expensive education, have been taught that they should not bother their pretty heads about business, and now that they are left with very little ready money, a collection of debts and a lot of (to them) indecipherable hieroglyphics on paper the old, old question arises, "What shall we do?"

Why on earth do not parents give a practical education to their daughters? What if they do marry? Marriage is no security as things are nowadays.



"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

The husband is likely to fail, to fall ill, to die before he has laid aside anything, and then what is to become of the wife?

It is a waste of time to spend large sums on expensive music and drawing masters when not one girl in five has enough talent to make it worth while, but every girl is capable of being trained in business habits, and there is not the smallest reason why she should not be as intelligent and able in this branch as her brother.

That women have a good business capacity is plainly shown in France, where the greater part of the retail trade is in their hands. Let a father explain his business to his daughters that they may not despise the source of their income and that they may appreciate the value of money.

A father who has property in the shape of farms and other real estate would do well to interest his daughter in the management of such real estate, in the drainage of lands, the leases of houses, the collecting of rents, etc.

Such a practical training will make a girl a better wife, capable of helping her husband with her advice and counsel, and if she does not marry it will make her an independent woman, able to stand alone.

And, in any case, every girl, be her station in life high or low, should be taught a practical way of earning her living and of managing what income she has.

**Uses For the Baby Carriage.**

"Did you ever notice the uses to which baby carriages are put?" asked the observant man. "Just look at those children taking those puppies out for an airing. The youngest child was graduated from that perambulator less than two years ago. I'll bet. The carriage is somewhat rickety now, and a careful mother would hardly intrust an infant to it, but it makes a good plaything for the children."

"I see laundresses wheeling baskets of clean clothes home to their customers in baby carriages. It beats walking and carrying a big basket. Only this morning I noticed two poorly clad girls gathering odds and ends of boards thrown aside by carpenters who were building a house. They put their stock of fuel in a baby carriage. I suppose they will take the baby out in that same perambulator this afternoon."—New York Press.

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