

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 17, 1913.

LEARN TO DO BY DOING.

The past summer 297 boys in Toledo's central high school worked during vacation and the classification of their earning power, according to the number of years they had studied, throws some light on whether an education pays.

Thus 132 freshmen earned an average during the vacation of \$42; 128 sophomores, an average of \$58; 92 juniors, an average of \$75, and 41 seniors, an average of \$102.

That, however, isn't the only test. Many of the boys are still earning money outside of school hours; and here, again, the higher classes get the greater pay. The average weekly earnings of 99 working freshmen is \$2.75; of 95 sophomores, \$4.35; of 55 juniors, \$4.50, and of 26 seniors, \$5.25.

The principal of this school thinks it is part of his job to encourage the boys to certify to the efficiency of his teaching by demonstrating a capacity to earn money. Therefore he has made extra effort to find jobs for them.

The first thing he did was to make a list of all the large employers in Toledo and let them know that he had a superior lot of lads who could be drawn upon at need.

Now we have it that there is dissection at the capital, among the senators and deputies, and that a portion of the former are declining to heed the calls and demands of the dictator.

The progress of affairs in that particular quarter of the world, as one follows it from day to day, begins to look more and more like a game of chess. Senator Huerta is entitled to credit for his shrewdness.

Now if Toledo would surround his school with workshops in which these boys could work as they studied and GET PAID THE FULL VALUE of their work, wouldn't it be a fine thing for the boys of Toledo and for the town?

We're ready to wager that Principal Gayman could do as good teaching in a workshop as he now does in the splendid school building over which he presides.

For the schooling which counts isn't chiefly in books, but in WORK and in LIFE and the way to get it is to LEARN TO DO BY DOING.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

The recent burning of the steamer Volturo at sea reminds me of a somewhat similar disaster in the last century only, instead of ten other ships racing to the domed vessel's rescue, the only ship that saw the fire kept on her course on account of the greed of the captain.

The captain who refused to give aid had a cargo of cotton in the hold of his ship which he owned himself, and had learned from a passing ship that it would be the first cotton to be received in Spain for a long time and would command a tremendous price.

About two days out from Spain, all on board saw a light in the distance and after a while, could see through glasses that it was a ship on fire. Crew and passengers joined in demands that the captain hurry to the rescue.

He told them that it was probably too late then, and rushing below, locked himself in his cabin. Later when he came on deck, he turned his back on the direction in which the burning ship was located until told that it had gone down.

Arriving in Spain, he received a fortune for the cargo of cotton but some time afterward picked up a paper in which he read that a man of war had been burned with 200 people on board. Two had been rescued by a ship that came along later and told of the boat that had passed without giving aid.

A London critic says: "Tango dancers wear the corrugated brow of unaccustomed mental effort." Who? maybe it promotes brain as well as shank effort!

"Do your Xmas shopping now. Buy your wife a snow shovel!" is the young middle west editors are brightening up holiday trade.

"The attitude of John Lind is one of expectancy," says a Mexican dispatch. That's our platform, too, Johnny.

CHIMNEY STARTS BLAZE. The fire department was called Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock to the residence of W. Grindle, 734 W. LaSalle av., where the roof of the house had blazed from a spark from the chimney. Damage amounted to about \$10 and was fully covered by insurance.

The department was called to 420 S. Michigan st. at 10:30 Sunday morning where a burning flue had alarmed the residents of the house. The fire was extinguished without damage to the property.

people who placed him there, and hence his colossal failure. His frequent return to the "old haunt" might be construed as some evidence of that high self-regard.

Be all this as it may the suggestion furnishes a good lesson. While election to office is a personal honor for the man elected, it is never wise for an official to over-indulge himself in that phase of it.

In such cases it is for a man to swell up and put too much stress upon personal wishes, imagining that it was because of them that he came to his position, rather than because the electorate had felt in confidence that he would do what the people wished to have done.

The first duty of a public official is to honor the electorate. His duty is one of service, which should be self-satisfaction enough and the official who pursues the course of service generally has enough to do without doting upon personal greatness.

ELUSIVE HUERTA.

Victoriano Huerta, provisional president and artful dodger extraordinary of the Republic of Mexico, may be in hiding somewhere but he continues to be heard from.

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Also that there wouldn't be many truants, sluggards or boneheads in attendance—the dullest would find something into which to throw their creative energy and by which to be inspired.

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A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of 'The Perfect Tribute, etc.'

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(Continued From Saturday.) CHAPTER XVII. The Strange Boy.

Two years slid past noiselessly, unnoticed, and it was vacation time; it was August of the year 1824. The Valley of the Jura was all about on a sea of scarlet poppies. They grew higher than the corn, and the wind tossed the waves of them against the sunlight, and the sea of them glittered silver, pricked with a million golden points; then the wind tossed the thousand, thousand waves back toward the sun, and the land-sea was shadowy, streaked with flame unendingly. The little river—the Cheute—rushed down between the fields of gold and scarlet in its immortal hurry, murmuring over the stones. The old chateau of Vignolles, built on a hill back behind the corn fields and smiled in hot sunlight at the two thousandth ocean of color which had washed the land up to its crumbling cliffs, since the Roman governor piled the gray stones.

A tall lad of 14, another boy, slither, quicker, darker, and a little girl of 11 in a short white dress, wandered through the ruins, talking earnestly now, silent now, filling the grim place with curious laughter again. Alixe and Francois and Pietro were growing up; the general already grumbled words about kittens turning into cats, as he looked at them. Yet the general was excited in his soul with each one, at whatever age, and glad of each day more of this long unconscious childhood in which they had lived to one another as closely and frankly as if they were real sister and brothers.

Today was the first complete day of the vacation; for till now Francois had been at the farm, working hard with his father at the harvesting. This morning he had come over to spend a week at the chateau. And without arrangement, only because it was their oldest and most fascinating playground, they had strolled along the steep hillside, into the road that led to the pastures at the foot of the mountain and then to the gate, barring out wagons and cattle, the gate of the fence which enclosed the old chateau.

The grass was green on the high mound under which lay heaped the stones of the Roman tower. It was long, and waved in the breeze; the ugliness of the barbarism and cruelty of those days lay buried on the right were the granaries where the wicked governor had stored the grain wrung from the country people; over the steep wall to the left was the opening to the corridor which led, as all the world of France knew, for centuries, to the treasure house; it was there that the phantom, the great dog, appeared. The children told the old story to one another; they rebuilt as they talked the peace of the summer afternoon, the old war castle; they raised its long walls and placed its narrow windows and machicolated its roofs—in the young minds a dream of the old place rose complete under the new chestnut trees of only two or three hundred years' standing.

"Just behind the great stone there," Alixe formulated, "was the dog's bedroom. Of course, a great monster like the dog had his own bedroom—yes, and office, too—and maybe his dining room."

And the joke was enough on that lazy day of vacation to set peals of laughter ringing through the ruins. Alixe stopped laughing suddenly.

"Who is that?" she demanded. Her eyes lifted to the hill rising behind the green mound, and the eyes of the others followed hers. A young man, a boy, was coming lightly down the slope, and something in his figure and movement made it impossible even at a distance that it should be any one of the village. Strangers were not common in quiet Vignolles, and why should a stranger be coming over the mountain? The children were silent as they watched the figure drawing closer; it seemed as if an event of importance was about to happen.

Rapidly the boy sprang down the mountain-side; they could see him plainly now; he was two or three years older than the boys of the chateau; he was short, slender, compact, with a thin aquiline nose, with something about him which the country-bred children did not understand to be that subtle quality, presence. He saw them, and came forward, and his cap was off quickly as he clung to Alixe. But when he looked at the three, it was Francois to whom he spoke.

"Is this France?" he asked.

"But yes, Monsieur. Francois answered wondering, and in a moment he wondered more. The strange boy, his cap hung from him, dropped on his knees and kissed the grass that grew over the Roman governor's foundations. With that he was standing again, looking at them unshamed from his quiet gray eyes.

"It is the first time I have touched the soil of France since I was seven years old," he stated, not as if to excuse his act, but as if he were stating something historical. And was silent.

The children, going over this day's event many times after, could never remember how it happened that they talked so much. The strange boy talked very little; they could not recall that he asked questions, after his first startling question; yet there was Alixe, the very spirited and proud little Alixe, anxious to explain to the stranger made a low bow and spoke in the gentlest friendly tones.

"I am Alixe," she began—and stopped short, seized with shyness. Was it courtesy to explain to the young monsieur about his distinguishing father? Or was it bragging? She found herself suddenly in an agony of confusion, for all of them were laughing their quick young laughter at her brief statement. Then the stranger made a low bow and spoke in the gentlest friendly tones.

"It is enough. It is a charming name, Mademoiselle Alixe. I believe I shall now think the most charming name in France."

And Alixe, blushing furiously, yet felt a satisfactory conviction that she had not been at all stupid.

"She has more of a name than that, however, Monsieur," Alixe Francois stepped across the grass and stood by the little girl, her knight, unconscious of the part he played. "It is a very grand name, the other one. For our seigneur, the father of Alixe, is Monsieur the Baron Gaspard Goursaud, a general of Napoleon himself,

he was indeed with the emperor at St. Helena."

Francois had no false modesty, no self-consciousness; he felt that he had placed Alixe's standing now in the best light possible. The strange boy felt it, too, it seemed, for he started as Francois spoke of Napoleon; his reserved face brightened and his cap was off and sweeping low as he bowed again to Alixe more deeply. Francois was delighted. It was in him to enjoy dramatic effect, as it is in most Frenchmen. He faced about to Pietro.

"This one, Monsieur," he went on, much taken with himself as master of ceremonies, "is Monsieur the Marquis Zappi of Italy. His father also fought for the great captain."

The quiet strange boy interrupted swiftly. "I know," he said, "of the Italian corps under Prince Eugene, the name well, and I had Pietro's hand in a firm grasp and was looking into the lad's embarrassed face with his dreamy keen eyes.

The children, surprised, were yet too young to wonder much that a boy scarcely older than themselves should have the army of Napoleon at his fingers' ends; he gave them no time to think about it.

"One sees without the names, that you are of the noblesse," he said simply, embracing the three in his sleepy glance. He turned to Francois. "And you, Monsieur the spokesman? Are you also of a great Bonapartist house?"

Francois stood straight and slim; his well-knit young body in his military dress was carried with all the assurance of an aristocrat. He smiled, his elegant smile into the older boy's face.

"Me—I am a peasant," he said cheerfully. "I have no house." Then into the silence that fell he spoke simply. "There are no officers of my family, no battles where my name was known." The controlled glance of the stranger rested on him attentively. With that the look of Francois changed in a flash; his eyes blazed as he threw out both hands in a strong gesture. "I shall you do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte."

(To Be Continued.)

WHY NOT?

(San Francisco) object to calling their city "Frisco." Why not call her "Frisco"? Erethren, what's the harm? Good old San Francisco. Will not lose her charm. Just because you name her "Frisco" because I believe that I know surely that I shall you do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte."

Lovers whisper pet names. Mothers breathe them low; Would you, then, forget names Which were given so? "Frisco" is a tender. Phrase of lovingness; Why should it offend her? Wherefore bring distress?

Why not call her "Frisco"? She'll be still the same Good old San Francisco Under any name. Bright and brave and brisk, Oh, Sweet is she—and true; Why not call her "Frisco"? As the lovers do? It makes no sense. Why not call her "Frisco"? Where's the harm in "Frisco"? Why not call her "Frisco" as the Rovers do? —BERTON BRALEY.

Rubber stamps and alphabets made by H. A. Pershing, 230 S. Michigan st., room 6, over Burke's.—Adv.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER. Disciplining Della.

That Della was an excellent cook, a rapid worker, and scrupulously clean, was quickly shown. But she was very sulky and wanted to do the work in her own way without interference or instruction.

For the first two days Helen left her undisturbed. It was the third morning that she took a couple of the baby's dresses and a tiny wooden sack and laid them on the kitchen table.

"As soon as you are through with the dishes I should like you to wash these up. You can use the white soap and tepid water—don't have it too warm."

Della neither answered nor turned around. Helen went back into the nursery feeling that the warlike had begun. "Would she wash them out or would she not? She purposely refrained from going into the kitchen for several hours. When she did Della was calmly polishing the silver, and the baby's clothes lay untouched on the table.

"Why, Della, you forgot those little dresses—I would like them washed at once."

Della's only answer was a more vigorous polishing of the silver. And when Helen heard her leave the kitchen to await developments.

At 1 o'clock Della came to her door with a curt: "Your luncheon's ready, ma'am."

It was a delicious little luncheon of salad toast and fruit. But Helen could not enjoy it for wondering, "had she washed out those things?"

Della refused to surrender. It was not until after, when Helen heard her leave the kitchen, that she ventured in again. Everything was in perfect order and the place was exquisitely clean. The shades were drawn to show that the work was done for the afternoon. But there on the corner of the table still lay the little dresses. Della had not touched them.

It was an unmistakable defiance. She had said, when she came, that she expected to do no washing, and now she was calmly refusing to do it. Helen was angry—very angry. She would make her come back and wash out those dresses.

She started towards Della's room and then stopped. Did she want to risk bringing things to an issue in this way? Should Della refuse, now, she would have to discharge her. And she did not want to do that. She resolved to wait until Della went back to the kitchen, to get dinner. She was more than ever determined that she should be obeyed. Della had carried off successfully her refusal to wear a cap. But her disobedience must end there.

It was half past four when she again heard her moving about in the kitchen. When she opened the door Della was comfortably seated at the table peeling potatoes. "Della, did you forget to wash out those little dresses?" No answer.

"Did you forget about those dresses?" Helen repeated sternly. Della mumbled something about "not doin' washin'."

For only a second Helen hesitated. Then she walked over, took the pan of potatoes from Della's lap and said very quietly: "You had better wash those out now. I want them to dry before night. I'll peel the potatoes while you're washing them."

A Critical Moment. It was a critical moment and Helen was uncertain as to the outcome. Della was taken entirely by surprise. She started to speak, then stopped. There was something in Helen's quiet determination that made her realize this was final. Silently and sullenly she took up the little dresses and prepared to wash them out.

"You had better wash the little jacket first," said Helen pleasantly, and don't have the water warm enough to shrink it."

Della's sulky silence was somewhat disconcerting. But having won her point, Helen, womanlike, was prepared to be generous. She wanted to say something to make Della feel less sullen and resentful.

As she was trying to formulate just what to say, the telephone rang. Helen dropped the potatoes and hurried to answer it. It was Warren, Uncle Joe and Aunt Sarah were in town and were coming up to dinner.

"Oh, Warren, with this new girl—and so sullen and obstinate! We can't have them today!"

"Well, you know Aunt Sarah—she won't go to a restaurant. You'll have to get up some kind of a dinner. They have some shopping to do, and won't be there much before 7."

Helen hung up the receiver indignantly. She was perfectly willing to have Uncle Joe and Aunt Sarah to dinner if they would only not her, but they never did. And this time it was most inconvenient. She wished, now, that she had postponed the washing of the baby's dresses. Della would be more than willing to prepare a company dinner now.

Della Washes the Jacket. When she returned to the kitchen, to her amazement she found Della again peeling the potatoes. The jacket had been washed, and hung up behind the range—but the dresses were still untouched. Helen wavered between anger and an inclination to laugh. She was beginning to realize that the disciplining of Della was more difficult and illusive than she had thought.

In a flash, she decided for the present to completely ignore the dresses.

"Della, Mr. Curtis has just telephoned that we are to have two guests for dinner. We'll have to have something extra—some other kind of meat. There will not be enough of those veal cutlets."

"I can make them into a veal pie," suggested Della promptly, and with surprising cheerfulness, "and there's enough tomatoes for some cream tomato soup."

"Oh, that will do nicely," said Helen gratefully. "Now, if we only had something else for salad; there's only one head of lettuce."

"I can make an egg salad," said Della; "there's enough lettuce for that. And I'll stir up a sponge cake—and make some white jelly."

"But will we have time to do all that?" asked Helen.

"Oh, yes. If you'll fix the table I'll tend to the rest."

It was plainly a hint that she wanted to be left in undisturbed possession of the kitchen, and Helen was only too glad to comply. So she gave her attention to the dining room. She put another leaf in the table and set it with the best linen and china. Only once did she glance into the kitchen. Della, with her face radiant was heating up the sponge cake, while the other things were in various stages of preparation. Helen went in to dress herself, confident that the dinner would be a good one.

A Marvelous Dinner. And it was. Uncle Joe was enthusiastic over the meat pie. Aunt Sarah was eloquent in her praise of the sponge cake. Everything was delicious. And Della served it perfectly with a beaming face instead of a sullen face.

Plainly she was in her element. The preparing and serving of a company dinner was evidently a thing she really enjoyed.

And Helen decided to discipline her no more. If she could so excellently prepare a hurried dinner, the wearing of a cap and the washing of a few baby dresses was, after all, not so important. And possibly the realization that no amount of disciplining would ever make Della do either of these things helped her to this decision.

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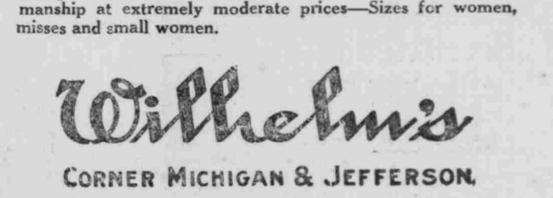
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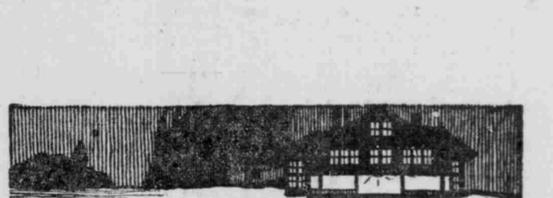
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