

WHO PAYS? TOIL and TYRANNY

EDWIN BLISS

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TWELFTH STORY PROLOGUE.

With wildly shrieking horn disturbing the very solitudes of the distant hills, and with pale and terror-stricken chauffeur bending over the wheel, the limousine of David Powers, millionaire lumber king, tore through the granite gateway of his beautiful residence and dashed madly along the shrub-bordered driveway toward the marble porch.

Powers himself—tyrant boss of a thousand underfed workmen—was on the steps. Anxiety was betrayed by every line of his working features.

Perry Travis, his legal adviser, was with him, and as the machine came to a sudden stop before them, its grinding wheels sending up a shower of fine stone and gravel, Powers was seen to pause and turn an instant toward the younger man as if for support.

He had heard the piercing, clanking notes of the horn long before the machine was in sight. He knew the temper of his men. He realized that his affairs were approaching a crisis. And he was afraid—afraid of the pitiful fear which comes over strong men when they realize that the confronting danger is of their own creation.

With trembling limbs the chauffeur climbed from his seat and averted his fear-distended eyes, as with unsteady hand he pointed to the broken window pane in the door of the handsome machine. The small round hole, with its pattern of radiating cracks, like a shattered and shattered mirror, told its own story. Nothing but a bullet could have made a break like that.

Mastering his own emotion with supreme effort, Powers stepped toward the machine, and with firm hand—for his was a will of iron—he opened the door. From out of the luxurious interior he lifted the inert body of his beautiful daughter and pressed her to his bosom—a bosom that was racked and torn with partly stifled sobs.

Gently—gently as when she had been an infant some twenty years ago—he carried her into the house and tenderly—oh, so tenderly he placed her on a divan.

David Powers sank on one knee beside the cot, and then slowly his body seemed to shrivel and sag, much like a half-filled bag of meal, as with a complete surrender to grief he threw himself prone upon the floor and uttered the single word,

"Dead."

Travis stood silently beside the stricken father, unable to think or move. The young woman who lay there a victim to the wickedness that the tyranny of her father had stirred in the breasts of his workmen, had been his fiancée, and his sorrow was but little less than that of the agonized parent.

David Powers was known as the man who never smiled during business hours. He was known as the man whose employees all feared him. He was known, too, as one of the most successful lumbermen in the business on the Pacific coast and all who knew him envied him. Stern, domineering, and with a genius for organization, he could get more work out of less men for smaller wages than any man in the state of California—that is, more than any man except one. And the man who excelled him as a driver of men, the man who could extract one more ounce of labor for one little less of wages was Jake Snyder, the chief foreman, pugnacious, hard as nails, flinty-hearted and entirely without sentiment.

Jake made an ideal driver for so exacting a boss as Powers. Watch him now on this morning several weeks before the shooting of Laura Powers. Watch him as he talks among the men there on the dock and on the boat. Note the feverish anxiety with which the men bend to their tasks when he glowers in their direction.

Powers had just driven up to his office in his high-powered six and had sent to Jake.

The millionaire was looking over the market column of the morning paper when his foreman entered and he never lifted his eyes from the absorbing sheet until the field commander had drawn his chair up close to his employer's desk.

There was no word of greeting between the men.

Pointing a pudgy finger first at the newspaper and then at the nose of his foreman, the millionaire spoke tersely and harshly:

The ugly smile was still on Jake's face when he left the private office and on the steps of the building he paused for a moment, spat on his hands and squared his shoulders, as if enjoying the prospect of trouble that he scented.

And, like most of those who look for trouble, Snyder found it. He had hardly left the docks to answer Powers' summons when Karl Hurd, delicate of face and hardly strong enough for the work he had been forced to accept, staggered back, dropped the piece of lumber he was handling and almost sank to the ground from sheer weakness. Too much work and not enough food was slowly killing him, and only the thought of his wife and daughter gave him strength enough to keep up.

Several of his fellow laborers came towards him and offered to help him. They talked with discontent over conditions that forced them to submit to the treatment that Jake and Powers meted out.

At a low warning shout from one of their number, all jumped to their places and were busy at work when Jake came around the corner of the nearest lumber pile—that is, all but Hurd.

"Here you, get to work and cut out that soldiering," yelled Snyder as he bounded across the low pile in Hurd's direction.

"Get to work now, not next week," he added as Hurd was slow in responding, emphasizing the words with a vicious kick.

Sudden, swift passion seized Hurd, and careless of all consequences—thoughtless as to what the future might hold for him—he lunged fiercely at his foreman, and struck him squarely between the eyes. His was the strength of desperation and the blow sent Jake reeling against the lumber pile.

The startled shout—half of amazement and half of approval—which greeted Hurd's action, as much as the sudden impact of doubled fist against human flesh, brought him quickly to his senses, and he stood for a moment staring at his dazed persecutor as the realization of what he had done was slowly impressing itself upon him.

And then fear seized him, and turning on his heel he fled—fled as if a thousand demons were after him—fled blindly up one lumber yard alley and down the other with the enraged Snyder, who had quickly recovered, dashing madly after him.

"Stop or I fire," yelled Jake, and then his revolver spoke—not once but three times in rapid succession, the vicious fire and the snipping bullets adding to the pandemonium that reigned in the lumber yard.

But Hurd fled blindly on. Stumbling, plunging, falling and rising again, he raced across the



"They're Pretty Near the Limit Now," Said Jake, "but We'll Speed 'Em Up a Bit."

rough, uneven ground, and reached the railroad tracks just as the interurban trolley bound for San Pedro whirled into view. With his last remaining ounce of strength, he made a desperate spurt and flung himself headlong on to the front platform of the rushing trolley. That he escaped death beneath the wheels was a miracle.

For just an instant Hurd lay prone upon the platform and then slowly drew himself up to a standing position. He was too relieved at his escape from immediate danger to give much thought to the fact that his job was probably gone—that he was out of employment. That a realization of his full plight would have come to him soon is possible, had not a sudden commotion in the interior of the car attracted his attention. Glancing through the glass door, he noticed Jake, the smoking revolver still in his hand, advancing along the center aisle of the car. His face was working angrily and every line of his ugly countenance cried out for revenge. He had been close upon Hurd's heels in the mad race and a duplicate of the wild lunge that landed Hurd on the front platform had catapulted him on to the back one.

The Powers lumber yard lay in low ground just east of the trolley right of way, and at the instant that Hurd, glancing into the interior of the car, saw his pursuer advancing upon him, the car was swiftly moving onto a

bank tellers. Save Harvey, the venerable German grocer whom I had asked to settle an account of long standing. Yet the days passed, the daily grind absorbed my energies, and when I was not collecting or tediously going over the stock in the dim recesses of the store, I was running errands in the wholesale district, treading the burning brick of the pavements, dodging heavy trucks and drays and perspiring clerks who flew about with memorandum pads in their hands, or awaiting the pleasure of

once driven out of a shop by an incensed German grocer whom I had asked to settle an account of long standing. Yet the days passed, the daily grind absorbed my energies, and when I was not collecting or tediously going over the stock in the dim recesses of the store, I was running errands in the wholesale district, treading the burning brick of the pavements, dodging heavy trucks and drays and perspiring clerks who flew about with memorandum pads in their hands, or awaiting the pleasure of

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the call for the police—and the strike. Of all this not a word had reached Laura. Of all this not a whisper, not a suggestion had found its way behind the beautiful vine-covered stone wall that surrounded the Powers estate. Not a syllable had been permitted to disturb the peace and serenity of the millionaire's palatial residence, and probably never would have, if the men at an open air meeting on the afternoon of Laura's party, had not appointed Tim Shand the head of a committee to place their grievances before the millionaire.

"We can never get to him at his office. We will see him at his home," Tim had shouted.

At last Tim and the angry Powers came face to face.

For a moment the two men glared at each other. And then Shand, with the self-command and eloquence that had made him a leader among the workmen, quickly made his plea for justice.

"We come to you, Mr. Powers, because we realize that you do not know what the men have suffered. We know that if you had realized the awful tyranny of your underling conditions would have been improved long ago. We ask you to take the men back under proper working

conditions. And (this firmly), we ask the removal of Snyder. Not for ourselves alone, but for our wives and children we appear. They are starving."

"Let them starve," was Powers' answer.

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Mina Hurd was a frail and delicate woman of twenty-five. A constant battle with poverty had left its marks. Far into each night she toiled with needle in a desperate endeavor to eke out the little family's slender income.

Bent over some hand-sewing, urging her weary fingers to unceasing endeavors to add to the slowly increasing pile of finished garments beside her, she hardly dared to raise her eyes from her work, when a commotion at the unpainted front door of the shabby cottage warned her that she was having visitors at an unusual time.

Two laborers appeared at the doorway supporting the half-unconscious Hurd between them. His head was covered with blood. His eyes were glassy. His feet shuffed and seemed too heavy for him to lift.

"Your husband's been hurt, ma'am," said one of the men, as guided by Mina, she half dragged, half carried the injured man to the scantily furnished bedroom and propped their stricken comrade in the shabby bed.

The happenings of the next few hours were as a dream to Mina. She had a hazy recollection that one of the men had called the kindly-faced and gentle Doctor Gray. She vaguely remembered having fed something to little Mina. She dimly sensed having helped Doctor Gray and one of the laborers dress her husband's wound. But from out the chaotic jumble of her tangled memory one thing stood bold and clear. It was the verdict of the doctor, spoken in gentle, kindly tones.

"Your husband has a severe injury to the skull. He cannot work for many weeks."

Followed days and weeks of desperate struggle for Mina, while Hurd slowly recovered his strength.

Came the day when Doctor Gray warned Mina that she would have to be careful.

"That cough will get you, little woman," he said as he kindly refused the money she proffered him.

"Hush, he will hear you," Mina whispered as she looked apprehensively towards the bedroom where Hurd had gone for his morning nap. His convalescence was slow and he needed all the rest he could get.

But her warning came too late. Hurd had caught the words and understood. In half an hour he was tottering from the house. In an hour he was at the gate of the lumber yard, asking to see his old antagonist. He was willing to risk another encounter with Snyder to save the health of Mina.

A new and surly gateman barred the way.

And he tried to force his way past the burly bully. The scuffle was short and decisive. Hurd was thrown, limp and panting, up against the fence. He

hadn't the strength of a half-grown boy.

So intently were the men watching each other that neither had heard the approach of Powers and his prospective son-in-law.

"What's the meaning of all this?" the latter asked.

"Please, Mr. Powers, I've come back to work. I've been laid up. I was hurt you know."

Recognition showed in the face of Travis.

"He's the man who assaulted Snyder," he said, turning towards the millionaire.

"You—you thug!" thundered Powers. "You can't work here. We have no place for disturbers like you. Get out."

Perhaps it was because of the anger aroused by his resentment against Hurd, perhaps it was because of the increasing extravagance of Laura made him desperate to increase his income, perhaps it was only because of pure cussedness, but at any rate Powers went straight from his encounter with his old employee at the gate to his office, sent for his worthy foreman, and issued the Sunday work order that caused the strike and filled hundreds of homes with want and poverty and starvation. And all during the weary weeks of the unequal struggle between capital and labor Mina Hurd lay slowly dying, while her husband sat helplessly by, subsisting on the charity of friends and buying medicine with the money Doctor Gray forced upon him.

If Laura Powers had been less thoughtless—less selfish—if she had taken an interest in the condition of her father's employees before the afternoon of her interrupted Colonial party, this tale of hardship and privation, this story of tyranny and toll might never have been written.

The day after the party found her starting out alone on a mission of charity and exploration. All night long the word, "starving" had been ringing in her brain, and she meant to find out for herself if the wives and children of her father's striking employees were really suffering.

And now driving slowly through the streets formed by the cottages of her father's men, she gazed with sickening heart at the signs of misery and distress that multiplied on every hand around her.

One particularly pretty child, sobbing as if her little heart would break, attracted Laura's attention.

"And what is your name, my darling?" she asked tenderly.

"Betty Hurd," sobbed the child.

"And why are you crying?" "My mamma's gone."

And following the persistent tug of the little one's hand Laura suffered herself to be led into Karl Hurd's house of sorrow and anguish; suffered herself to be led to the bedroom where the stricken husband, stunned by grief, sat staring down into the cold and sightless eyes of the wife who had offered herself on the altar of toil and tyranny.

Laura stooped to the little child, and gathering her in her arms she sought to give her some of that motherly comfort she would never know again. Yielding to an impulse she opened her purse and poured its contents into the hand of the little one.

Easily influenced as children are, Betty grabbed the money from Laura's hand and running gaily to her father's side she tugged at his sleeve and lisped in her childish prattle:

"See what the lady gave me." Dully Karl raised his pain-laden eyes and gazed dumbly at the pretty benefactor who stood at the foot of the bed in sorrowing embarrassment. Mutely he nodded his dumb thanks.

"I will be back to do what I can later." And Laura, sobered and chastened by that house of sorrow, slowly left that house of sorrow. But her unpleasant experiences were only beginning. Pandemonium reigned at the house three doors away—the house of Tim Shand—aggressive Tim Shand, champion of the men and the spokesman of the committee that had bearded Powers in his own home at the Colonial party the day before.

Furniture was piled high on the sidewalk and men wearing the badges of the sheriff's office were carrying more of it into the street despite the violent protests of the wildly disheveled Mrs. Shand.

Laura's interest was aroused, less by the spectacle itself than by the fact that Perry Travis, her fiancée and her father's legal adviser, was directing the work of the despoilers.

"And what does this mean, Perry?" she demanded in tones that compelled a prompt reply.

"These men are strikers. They must go. They won't work. We need the houses for others who will." His reply was jerky and stilted.

Widely as the men watching each other that neither had heard the approach of Powers and his prospective son-in-law.

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"These men are strikers. They must go. They won't work. We need the houses for others who will." His reply was jerky and stilted.

"But I thought these people had paid for their homes out of their wages," she persisted.

He remained silent, both to her question and to the insistent demands of Mrs. Shand, whose excitement and hysteria were growing with each passing moment.

"Answer me!" and Laura stamped her pretty foot in anger.

An hour passed—an hour freighted with frightful portent for the actors in the tragedy of toil and tyranny that is rapidly nearing its final curtain. In that hour Laura had found her father, and with arms around his neck had begged him to have mercy.

"You must take pity on your poor father," she had pleaded, and he had laughingly put her off. In that hour Mrs. Shand had stormed the meeting of the strikers in the vacant lot and had, in an impassioned plea of crude eloquence, lashed them into a fury for revenge. In that hour Karl Hurd, a vow for vengeance in his soul, had left the body of his dead wife and gone to join the maddened strikers.

Though he did not yet realize it, David Powers, for the first time in his life, had reached a point where events were getting beyond his control. A higher hand than his was dealing the cards. Fate had taken part in the game. And so it happened at the very moment that his daughter Laura had decided to slip from the house and go down herself and help the stricken families of her father's employees, the strikers themselves had decided to hold up her father's auto and give him the beating up they felt he so richly deserved.

Skillfully Shand disposed his forces at a point of vantage in a turn of the road just beyond the Powers mansion. The men were armed with clubs, and at a point in the boulevard where they were hidden until the auto was almost upon them, logs were thrown across the highway. Hurd volunteered to act as lookout, and Shand, not knowing that the half-crazed and sorely stricken man had craftily stolen the revolver from his own side pocket, accepted his services. "Go up near the gate and signal us when the auto starts!" were his final instructions. And so the stage was set.

Slowly the limousine drew out from the Powers estate. The millionaire had drawn the shades to protect himself from the insults and gibes of his men on the streets and Laura had not bothered to raise them. Out on to the road the machine swung and had just gathered full momentum when the chauffeur's heart was turned to stone by the orange tongue of flame that leaped from behind the trunk of a tree, by the ringing shot of a well-aimed gun, by the crash of glass in the body of the car behind him, and by the mad maniacal peal of laughter that echoed wildly through the afternoon air. As he brought the auto into a quick turn he caught one glimpse at a pair of strangely staring, unhalting eyes that peered at him from behind the trunk of the grand old tree at the roadside.

David Powers was an influential man in the community where he lived. Police had guarded his palatial home all during the strike. They were near at hand when the shooting took place. And so it happened that the exulting, grinning murderer was quickly caught and was dragged into Powers' library while the agonized millionaire, still in the first burst of his awful grief, was bending over the cold, dead form of his beautiful martyred daughter.

"Do with me what you will. I have had my revenge! The world has one less tyrant to oppress it," Hurd shouted. And then his eyes fell upon Pow-

ers. He started as if he had seen a ghost.

"You," he muttered weakly. "You, I thought—"

And then his eyes traveled slowly to the beautiful form on the couch.

"And she was kind to me," he sobbed. "She gave my Betty money. She wanted to help us and I killed her."

The words seemed to arouse Powers. For the first time he became conscious that he was not alone.

"You!" he shouted in his turn. His eyes blazed fury and he made one infuriated leap at the maniac before him. He would have killed the man with his bare hands had not the police and Travis restrained him.

And thus they stood a tragic group around the pier. And to each had been meted out his own appropriate punishment. Poor Laura had paid with her life. Travis had paid with loss of his fiancée—with the prospect of facing a blighted life until relieved by a merciful death. Hurd, in his wild pursuit of revenge, had paid by adding another sorrow, another remorse to his already overwhelming burden of woe. From David Powers had been exacted the greatest tribute. He paid with the life of his most precious possession—his daughter. For in the Tragedy of Tyranny and Toil as in the other great tragedies of life the weak must pay as well as the strong, the innocent as well as the guilty.

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THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

July 3, 1915.
German artillery furiously bombarded whole Franco-British front. French repulsed two attacks near Metzlar.
Teutons drove Russians beyond Por river and took Studzianki. Italians repulsed near Folazzo and Sagrado.
German submarine sank five British and one Belgian steamers. Russian submarine sank three Turkish vessels in Black sea. J. P. Morgan shot by Erich Muenster, German American.

July 4, 1915.
Hot artillery actions near Newport and Steenstraete.
Teutons attacked fiercely along the Bug and took heights near Krasnik.
Battle raging along Isonzo river between Caporetto and Gradiska.
General attack by Turks in southern Gallipoli repulsed by allies.
French steamer Carthage sunk by submarine.

July 5, 1915.
Germans took French trenches in Forest of Le Pretre.
Russians made desperate stand between Pruth and Dniester rivers.
Italians shelled Malborgeth and Predil.
Austrians defeated by Russians northeast of Krasnik.

July 6, 1915.
British expelled Germans from trenches near Pilekem held since April.
Teutonic drive in East slackened. Italians gained ground on Carso plateau and repulsed Austrian attacks.
Italy closed Adriatic to commercial navigation.

July 7, 1915.
Russians, strongly reinforced, checked Teutonic advance toward Lublin railway.
Austrians repulsed repeated Italian attacks on Dobrodo plateau.
Terrific bombardment of Gorizia bridgehead.
Allies won furious fight in south part of Gallipoli.
Italian cruiser Amalfi sunk by Austrian submarine.
U. S. government took over the Sayville wireless plant.

July 8, 1915.
French took 800 yards of trenches north of Souchez.
British repulsed German attacks near Pilekem.
Russians forced back Austrians north of Krasnik.
Teutons checked on lower Zlota Lipa river.
Italians repulsed attacks in Carnia.
Last German forces in South-west Africa surrendered to General Botha.

July 9, 1915.
British advanced north of Ypres. French made gains in the Voges near Fontenelle.
Italians bombarded Piatzow fort in Anselci valley.
Turks and Arabs threaten Aden.

Piety After Slaughter.
The familiar story of the sharp shooter who said after each shot, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" is matched by an incident described in Ian Malcolm's book, "The Pictures Behind the Lines." "The captain of our guns," says the narrative, "was a priest; his altar a few empty cartridge boxes. . . . First of all he told us to pray for all for whom he was going to offer the mass. Then he added, 'Particularly I recommend to your prayers the artillerymen who we have just destroyed, and be ready to say the "De Profundis"."

Satisfactory Test.
"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" said the old man. "Do you think you have the patience and endurance to make her a kind and indulgent husband?"
"Surest thing you know," replied the applicant for the son-in-law job, "I can button a collar on a shirt that's half a size larger, without getting angry, and—"

Not Guilty.
"We eat too much."
"We do."
"And we sleep too much."
"Yes."
"And we don't take enough exercise."
"Don't we?"
"Have you ever thought of the things?"
"No. I get up at six o'clock and frequently miss my breakfast in order to run three-quarters of a mile to catch a car."

Brought Out.
Miss Jane Addams contradicted Hull house, in Chicago, the idea of poverty and hardship are good factors of character.
"Adversity brings people out of the great philanthropist," said the "elbows."
The Modern Tourist.
"Did Mr. Chuggins keep a notebook on his travels?"
"Yes. But all he wrote in it was the number of blowouts he had and the amount of fines he paid."



Laura Visiting Her Father's Striking Employees.

BEFORE HIS RISE TO FAME

Noted Author Has Graphically Depicted Struggle of Youth to Get Foot-hold on Life's Ladder.

I did not shrink my task at the store, although I never got over the feeling that a fine instrument was being employed where a coarse one would have done equally well. There were moments when I was almost overcome by surges of self-commiseration and impotent anger. For instance, I was