

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY BOBBY TERRILL CO.



SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, a man who had stolen from her father. He was supposed to be a canoe-maker, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat, announcing her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place, Helen and Miss Patricia were in the garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love for Helen was unrequited. He was supposed to be a canoe-maker, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat, announcing her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place, Helen and Miss Patricia were in the garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love for Helen was unrequited. He was supposed to be a canoe-maker, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat, announcing her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place, Helen and Miss Patricia were in the garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love for Helen was unrequited. He was supposed to be a canoe-maker, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker.



announced. He lounged into the dining room, drew his chair to the table and covered a biscuit with camembert with his usual inscrutable air. "I think it is better," he said deliberately, "to be an ass than a fool. Have you any views on the subject?" "None, my dear Buttons," I have been called both by shrewd men. "So have I, if the worst were known, and they offered proof! Ah, more and more I see that we were born for each other, Donovan. I was once so impressed with the notion that to be a fool was to be distinguished that I conceived the idea of forming a Noble Order of Serene and Incurable Fools. I elected myself the grand and most worthy master, feeling safe from competition. News of the matter having gone forth, many persons of the highest standing wrote to me, recommending their friends for membership. My correspondence soon engaged three typewriters, and I was obliged to get the post-office department to help me break the chain. A few humble souls applied on their own hook for consideration. These I elected and placed in the first class. You would be surprised to know how many people who are chronic joiners wrote in absent-mindedly for application blanks, fearing to be left out of a good thing. United States senators were rather common on the list, and there were three governors; a bishop wrote to propose a brother, bishop, of whom I spoke in the warmest terms. Many newspapers declared that the society filled a long-felt want. I received invitations to speak on the uses and benefits of the order from many learned bodies. The thing began to bore me, and when my official stationery was exhausted I issued a farewell address to my troops and dissolved the society. But it's a great gratification to me, my dear Donovan, that we quit with a waiting list."

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Yes; but it is a mere coincidence. It was a good hiding place for him, as well as for us."
"It is very unfortunate for all of us that he should be here. I had hoped he would bury himself where he would never be heard of again!" she said, and anger burned for a moment in her face. "If he has any shame left, I should think he would leave here at once!"
"It's to be remembered, Miss Holbrook, that he came first; and I am quite satisfied that your father sought him here before you and your aunt came to Annandale. It seems to me the equity lies with your uncle—the creek as a hiding place belongs to him by right of discovery."
She smiled ready agreement to this, and I felt that she had come to win support for some plan of her own. She had never been more amiable; certainly she had never been lovelier.
"You are quite right. We had all of us better go and leave him in peace. What is it he does there—runs a ferry or manages a boathouse?"
"He is a canoe-maker," I said, dryly, "with more than a local reputation."
Her tone changed at once.
"I'm glad; I'm very glad he has escaped from his old ways; for all our sakes," she said, with a little sigh. "And poor Rosalind! You may not know that he has a daughter. She is about a year younger than I. She must have had a sad time of it. I was named for her mother and she for mine. If you should meet her, Mr. Donovan, I wish you would tell her how sorry I am not to be able to see her. But Aunt Pat must not know that Uncle Arthur is here. I think she has tried to forget him, and her troubles with my father have effaced everything else. I hope you will manage that, for me; that Aunt Pat shall not know that Uncle Arthur and Rosalind are here. It could only distress her. It would be opening a book that she believes closed forever."
Her solicitude for her aunt's peace of mind spoken with eyes averted and in a low tone, lacked nothing.
"I have seen your cousin," I said. "I saw her, in fact, this morning."
"Rosalind? Then you can tell me whether—whether I am really so like her as they used to think!"
"You are rather like!" I replied lightly. "But I shall not attempt to tell you how. It would not do—it would be too embarrassing. There are times when even I find discretion better than frankness."
"You wish to save my feelings," she laughed. "But I am really taller!"
"By an inch—she told me that!"
"Then you have seen her more than once?"
"Yes; more than twice even."
"Then you must tell me wherein we are alike; I should really like to know."
"I have told you I can't; it's beyond my poor powers. I will tell you this, though—"
"Well?"
"That I think you both delightful."
"I am disappointed in you. I thought you a man of courage, Mr. Donovan."
"Even brave men falter at the cannon's mouth!"
"You are undoubtedly an Irishman, Mr. Donovan, for I am sorry we shan't have any more tennis."
"You have said so, Miss Holbrook, not I!"
She laughed, and then glanced toward the brown figure of Sister Margaret, who was silent for a moment, while the old clock on the stair boomed over the half-hour and was answered cheerily by the pretty tinkles of the chapel chime. I counted four pony leaves that fluttered from a bowl on the book shelf above her head and lazily fell to the floor at her feet.
"I had hoped," she said, "that we were good friends, Mr. Donovan."
"I have believed that we were, Miss Holbrook."
"You must see that this situation must terminate. There are now at a crisis. You can understand—I need not tell you—how fully my sympathies

He with my father; it could not be otherwise."
"That is only natural. I have nothing to say on that point."
"And you can understand, too, that it has not been easy for me to be dependent upon Aunt Pat. You don't know—I have no intention of talking against her—but you can't blame me for thinking her hard—a little hard on my father."
I nodded.
"I am sorry, very sorry, that you should have these troubles, Miss Holbrook."
"I know you are," she replied, eagerly, and her eyes brightened. "Your sympathy has meant so much to Aunt Pat and me. And now, before worse things happen—"
"Worse things must not happen!"
"Then we must put an end to it all, Mr. Donovan. There is only one way. My father will never leave here until Aunt Pat has settled with him. And it is his right to demand it," she hurried on. "I would have you know that he is not as black as he has been painted. He has been his own worst enemy; and Uncle Arthur's ill doings must not be charged to him. But he has been wrong, terribly wrong, in his conduct toward Aunt Pat. I do not deny that, and he does not. But it is only a matter of money, and Aunt Pat has plenty of it; and there can be no question of honor between Uncle Arthur and father. It was Uncle Arthur's act that caused all this trouble; father, like father would make no good use of his money—I will grant that. But think of the strain of these years on all of us; think of what it has meant to me, to have this cloud hanging over my life! It is dreadful—beyond any words it is hideous; and I can't stand it any longer, not another week—not another day! It must end now and here."
Her tear-filled eyes rested upon me pleadingly, and a sob caught her throat as she tried to go on.
"But—" I began.
"Please—please!" she broke in, touching her handkerchief to her eyes and smiling appealingly. "I am asking very little of you, after all."
"Yes, it is little enough, but it seems to me a futile interference. If your father would go to her himself, if you would take him to her—that strikes me as the better strategy of the matter."
"Then am I to understand that you will not help; that you will not do this for us—for me?"
"I am sorry to have to say no, Miss Holbrook," I replied, steadily.
"Then I regret that I shall have to go further; I must appeal to you as a personal matter purely. It is not easy, but if you are really very good friends—"
She glanced toward Sister Margaret, then rose and walked out upon the terrace.
"You will hate me—" she began, smiling wanly, the tears bright in her eyes; and she knew that it was not easy to hate her. "I have taken money from Mr. Gillespie, for my father, since I came here. It is a large sum, and when my father left here he went away to spend it—to waste it. It is all gone, and worse than gone. I must pay that back—I must not be under obligations to Mr. Gillespie. It was wrong, it was very wrong of me, but I was distracted, half crazed by my father's threats of violence against Aunt Pat—against us all. I am sure that you can see how I came to do it. And now you are my friend; will you help me?" and she broke off, smiling, tearful, her back to the balustrade, her hand at her side lightly touching it.
She had confidence, I thought, in the power of tears; as she slipped her handkerchief into her sleeve and waited for me to answer.
"Of course Mr. Gillespie only loaned you the money to help you over a difficulty; in some way that must be

careful for. I like him; he is a fellow of good impulses. I repeat that I believe this matter can be arranged readily enough, by yourself and your father. My intrusion would only make a worse muddle of your affairs. Send for your father and let him go to your aunt in the right spirit; and I believe that an hour's talk will settle everything."
"You seem to have misunderstood my purpose in coming here, Mr. Donovan," she answered, coldly. "I asked your help, not your advice. I have even thrown myself on your mercy, and you tell me to do what you know is impossible."
"Nothing is so impossible as the present attitude of your father. Until that is changed your aunt would be doing your father a great injury by giving him this money."
"And as for me—" and her eyes blazed—"as for me," she said, choking with anger, "after I have opened this page of my life to you and you have given me your fatherly advice—as for me, I will show you, and Aunt Pat and all of them, that what cannot be done one way may be done in another. If I say the word and let the law take its course with my uncle—that man who brought all these troubles upon us—you may have the joy of knowing that it was your fault—your fault, Mr. Donovan!"
"I beg of you, do nothing! If you will not bring your father to Miss Pat, please let me arrange the meeting."
"He will not listen to you. He looks upon you as a meddler; and so do I, Mr. Donovan!"
"But your uncle—you must not, you would not!" I cried, terror-struck to see how fate drew her toward the pitfall from which I hoped to save her.
"Don't say 'must not' to me, if you please!" she flung back; but when she reached the door she turned and said calmly, though her eyes still blazed:
"I suppose it is not necessary for me to ask that you consider what I have said to confidential."
"It is quite unnecessary," I said, not knowing whether I loved or pitied her most; and my wits were busy trying to devise means of saving her from the heartache her ignorance held in store for her.
She called to Sister Margaret in her brightest tone, and when I had walked with them to St. Agatha's gate she bade me good-by with quite as demure and Christian an air as the sister herself.
CHAPTER XX.
The Touch of Dishonor.
I was meditating my course over a cheerless luncheon when Gillespie was

Hereditary Criminality by WARREN W. FOSTER



HE best way to train a child is to begin with his grandfather," is a remark attributed to that genial philosopher, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and its wisdom is apparent to all students of the history of crime and criminals.
Whether crime is caused by heredity, environment or just "happens" is a much-mooted question. The potency of heredity as a causal factor of crime is doubtful to the casual observer, who is of the opinion that all depends on environment. But "atavism," or the tendency of nature "to return to type," has come to be recognized generally by scientists and historical and anthropological research, undoubtedly prove its existence.
As the criminal stands at the bar and receives his sentence, inquiring him behind the prison walls, little is known of his past, even less is learned of his future by the world at large. The average of mankind may know one or two or possibly three criminals, but in all probability does not know the "pedigree" of even one of them. Looking backward, we find that we have outgrown the friends of our youth whose "pedigree" or ancestry we did know, and so cannot trace them further. This it follows that whether heredity is the cause of crime cannot be ascertained by present common experience. There seems no doubt, however, that it can be determined by statistical research.
Formerly the theory of the criminal law was retribution—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; he who has sinned must be punished. But the advancement of scientific knowledge has furnished the foundation for a new system of penology, which has at least upon the statute books, taken the place of the old. The trend of the law for many years has been toward the amelioration of punishment and largely because the nation has become a better understood and it is felt that he who needs not so much punishment as proper instruction; and, moreover, because it is now believed that the purpose and intent of our criminal law should be to cure the criminal of his criminal tendencies and to restore him to righteous living.

Under the old theory of "responsibility" whoever or whatever sinned was deemed responsible for the crime, and in the middle ages even animals were tried and punished. Invertebrates, also, were not exempt from punishment, which was at least upon the statute books, taken the place of the old. The trend of the law for many years has been toward the amelioration of punishment and largely because the nation has become a better understood and it is felt that he who needs not so much punishment as proper instruction; and, moreover, because it is now believed that the purpose and intent of our criminal law should be to cure the criminal of his criminal tendencies and to restore him to righteous living.

the transmutation of private revenge into public revenge. At one time or another nearly every fenshild cruelty has been tried as a crime cure. "To make the punishment fit the crime," to quote a popular opera, disregarding the idiosyncrasies of the individual, has been the creative principle of much of our penal law, and such even today is the common opinion of the masses. History, as Lydston points out, shows that when capital punishment was inflicted for slight offenses, as was once the case, instead of decreasing crime it increased it by brutalizing the people, while the elation of public executions offered a suggestion to the vainglorious criminal of the means whereby he too might occupy for a brief moment the center of the stage. Happily the present tendency of the administration of the criminal law is to ascertain first what is wrong with the individual and then to apply a remedy seemingly likely to cure the wrong. "There are no crimes, only criminals," said Lacanage, and that indicates the line along which criminal law and lore must develop if we are to improve mankind.

The level of criminality is rising and has been rising during the whole of the present century throughout the civilized world. In France it has risen several hundred per cent.; so also, for several kinds of serious crime, in the states of Germany, while in Spain the number of persons sent to perpetual imprisonment nearly doubled between 1870 and 1883. In the United States the criminal population has increased within 30 years, relatively to the population, by one-third. Criminality is much like insanity. Among primitive races, like insanity, it is rare. But the rising flood of criminality should not bring pessimism; rather should it spur us on to the great task of social betterment, as a profound thinker has observed. Education will not rid us of criminals, for there are already, as we know, many educated criminals. Punishment alone as a specific for crime is a failure. Both education and punishment are but factors in the reformation of the criminal.

To a large extent the child is molded before he is born. There is no invariable fatalism in the influences that work before birth, but it does make a great difference whether a man is well born and starts happily or whether he is heavily handicapped at the outset of the race of life—in a word, whether he is born free from vices of nature or whether the contrary is the fact. There is much evidence to show how greatly the welfare of the child depends on the general physical and emotional health of the parents and that the child's fate may be determined by some emotional trouble at conception or during pregnancy. Take the remarkable case of Jesse Pomeroy, who as a boy, committed several murders of little children with a brutality that was fenshild, for which he was incarcerated for life in a Massachusetts prison. It was commonly reported and believed that the bloodthirsty impulses of the boy were the direct result of parental influences, the mother, it is said, having when pregnant been

much about the shambles where her husband, the boy's father, was a butcher, and the sight of the blood having thus worked out in the child.
The begetting of children is the highest of all human functions and carries consequences that beggar description. It is well, therefore, to remember that every falling away from health, every new strain or break in man or woman may lay an additional burden on a man or woman yet unborn, perhaps wreck a life or a succession of lives.
Carefully drawn statistics of 4,000 criminals taken from the Elmira reformatory show that drunkenness existed in the parents of 38 per cent., and probably more. Dr. Christian, of the Elmira reformatory, reports that of 8,000 prisoners received there during the last eight years 19.9 per cent. were tuberculous, 43.7 per cent. were affected with some form of mental disease, and that 37.4 per cent. were mentally defective. Marro finds that on an average 41 per cent. of the criminals he had examined had a drunken parent, as against 16 per cent. for normal persons. A large number of criminals investigated by Rossi belonged to criminal families. Dr. Allison, superintendent at the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Criminal Insane (New York), is impressed with the frequency with which very serious crimes, especially murder and violent assault, occur in the same family. Morrison reports that among the inmates of English industrial schools 51 per cent. are either illegitimates or have one or both parents dead or are the offspring of criminals.
A further proof of the potency of heredity is shown by the investigations of the Rev. Dr. Stocker of Berlin. He traced 834 descendants of two sisters who died in 1825 and found among them 76 who had served 116 years in prison, 164 prostitutes, 106 illegitimate children, 17 pimps, 142 beggars and 64 paupers.
Assuming it, then, as proved, first that the aim of all criminal law and procedure is public protection against crime, and, second, that criminal tendencies as well as virtuous tendencies are transmitted by inheritance, does there not follow, as the night the day, the logical conclusion that criminals ought not to be allowed to propagate their species?
By "criminal" is meant, of course, that class best described as "instinctive criminals," who have an instinctive propensity to crime and to whom many authorities refer as "born" or "congenital criminals" and who are possessed of an ingrained malignity of disposition.
If, then, it has been shown that heredity is the most potent source of crime and that society should protect itself by preventing the further breeding of criminals, how may society accomplish this?
Various methods have been suggested, among them a rigid regulation of marriage, which shall prohibit the criminal from mating, segregation or colonization of the criminal, and vasectomy. It may be possible by legislation to diminish marriage, but doubtless the effect would be to increase the number of illegitimates, thus augmenting instead of diminishing the "mischief." The segregation or "colonization" of the criminal, thus making impossible the commingling of the sexes, is approved chiefly by those who have apparently never known of vasectomy. As a matter of fact it has been tried by the law for time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—four what else is it than imprisonment within four walls, and has this not already proved its inefficacy?
Coming, then to vasectomy, a subject in which an increasing number of state legislatures is becoming interested, the physician furnishes a method of sterilizing the criminal.
This method is in actual operation in at least one state. In March, 1907, the Indiana legislature passed a bill authorizing sterilization.
There appears to be a wonderful unanimity of favoring opinion as to the advisability of the sterilization of criminals and the prevention of their further propagation.
Will public opinion justify the use of this remedy in the case of desperate and incorrigible criminals? While scientists have studied this subject, fraught as it is with appalling public importance, popular ignorance touching it is amazing. It certainly deserves the most careful consideration of all who are interested in the diminution of crime and the uplifting and betterment of the human race.

When the Phrenologist Fell

His Knowledge of Horses Was Evidently a Weak Point.
Mayor Reburn of Philadelphia told at a dinner a horse story.
"A farmer visited a phrenologist," he said. "He had heard that the phrenologist thought of buying a horse. He had his head examined and his bumps revealed surprising things."
"Your tastes are the simple, homely and pure tastes of a farmer," said the phrenologist, "and a farmer I take you to be. Am I not right? Ah, I thought so. You are unready and faltering in speech; you find it difficult to express the simplest ideas. You are sadly deficient in judgment and have no knowledge of human nature. Your innocent and trustful disposition renders you an easy dupe to design-

ing men, and your own perfect honesty prevents you from either suspecting or defrauding any one."
The phrenologist the following week bought a horse from the farmer. The horse was knock-kneed, it was 29 years old, it had a bad temper, and it balked. Though the farmer had only paid \$15 for the animal, he secured without difficulty \$150 from the phrenologist for it.
"It's wonderful," said the farmer to himself, as he hastened toward the bank to deposit the money—"it's just wonderful that a man should know so much about men and not know a thing about horses!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Same Old Games

The boys and girls of the present day who become enthusiastic over the newest games would be surprised if they could discover how closely many of the old-time pastimes resemble our own, says the Chicago News.
The Eskimos of the frozen north, the Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London, of Boston and of Philadelphia, have one kind of thing in common. They are taught that the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought

between the rivalnines of Montezuma, king of Mexico, and Nezahualpilli, 'tzin of Texcoco.
The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip top, and quoits, and baseball, and pitch penny, and blind man's buff, and hide and seek, and jackstone, and follow my leader, just as do the boys of today. The girls were experts at 'cassoway,' and swinging, and dancing, and hoops, and dice throwing, and ball play, and in Sparta even at running, wrestling and leaping. Tobogganing

is as old as ice and snow, and when you play at cherry pits you are only doing what Nero and Commodus and young Themiocles did ages ago in Rome and in Athens.
Spread of Rural Delivery.
It is only a few years since rural delivery was in the experimental stage, yet the number of routes in operation will soon reach the 40,000 mark, and the appropriation for its maintenance during the present fiscal year is \$35,573,000.