

A VISION SPLENDID

By MARY CARTER BLAKE.

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Once Abel Day had a dream that he never forgot. From that hour he was a changed man. He did not tell of his dream to wife, son or neighbors, but he cherished its details until there was a secret chamber in his mind to which he could retreat when fancy so inclined, and revel in its idealism as might a poet, or a painter, or a pure, innocent girl in her first rapt love visions.

Abel was a carpenter, earning only a fair living, getting old and only a part of the building contracts going. His son, Alton, had managed to educate and Alton was cut out for an engineering career. Abel sighed and looked longingly whenever he viewed the spot they called home. Never was there such a site. By rare good fortune he had been able years ago to secure a twenty-acre plot of ground just at the edge of the town. It included a little lake, some timber, a rocky glen, and its highest point overlooked the landscape for ten miles.

A more picturesque and commanding spot the whole countryside did not contain. It became the dream of his life to some day erect a house worthy of those magnificent surroundings, a house big enough to take in the poor widowed sister of his wife with her seven little ones, to spend his later years amid the rare beauties of nature, and this ideal was his promised land.

But the years passed by and the old ramshackle cottage remained as it was. Abel got poorer and poorer. His plans for old age began to fade. To keep going he had to raise a few extra vegetables for sale. He took



The Shout Aroused Him.

charge of the town opera house to secure an added stipend. Thence, in fact, came his "splendid vision."

Perhaps conditions exactly united to arouse his imagination upon that special evening. As the manager of the country opera house, he had to see that it was opened and closed. An opera was being given. It was a brilliant picturesque composition, well delivered and the star, a Miss Amie Winthrop, was the principal singer.

It had been restful and delightful to the old man to listen to her beautiful singing. The company had brought with them some attractive scenery. There was the glamour of vernal beauty combined with palatial magnificence. When the entertainment was over, old Abel sat down on the stage to rest a bit before turning out the last light. The glare and glitter had made Abel dreamy. He slept.

There came a vivid vision. It was of the old homestead, replaced by a roomy mansion. There were broad porches, an observation tower. There was a lovely hedge, swings, a tennis court. He dreamed that he sat in a comfortable hammock, while his little nephews and nieces disported on the lawn. Supreme contentment was his lot. Then, suddenly, shriels there rang out the appalling scream of—"Fire!"

The shout aroused him. He ran outside to see the hotel with which the theater connected going up in smoke. Someone spoke of victims imprisoned on the upper floor. The brave old man breasted the dense smoke to reach the second floor. There he was driven back by belching flames.

He staggered, choked, blinded, to stumble over a senseless form lying across the landing. It was that of a woman. He had just sufficient strength to lift her and bear her to the street. "The singer—Miss Winthrop!" breathed a bystander and she aroused to wince with pain. Her ankle had been broken in a fall down the third-story stairs. She could not walk. The hotel was doomed.

PROBLEMS OF COMMON LAW

Times Have Changed Since the Great Authorities Wrote Learnedly on the Subject.

In the early history of the common law, when recorded precedents were far less numerous than they are today and when learned glosses and commentaries were few, it was more nearly possible for an industrious lawyer to know them all. Just as Dr. Samuel Johnson ventured to write a dictionary of the English language out of his own head, so did William Blackstone and James Kent attempt to state the entire common law. He would be a bold and an ill-advised man who would attempt to do either today.

In their day it was possible to regard the opinion of a judge in a litigated case as the last word upon the subject of his decision. So, also, the opinions of the few learned commentators, like Coke and Blackstone and Kent, were regarded with much greater veneration than are the opinions of their modern successors.

"Get a conveyance of some kind," ordered Abel, still supporting her. "She must have shelter and she is welcome to my poor home, if it's good enough for her."

So, Highlands had a guest. Mrs. Day tended the stricken singer as would a mother. Alton, home twice a week, saw her and loved, but silently. The delight of old Mr. Day was to sit evenings and hear the patient-singer. She had to cancel her engagement for the season and remained at Highlands for six weeks.

Her bright sympathetic nature won the old man completely. One evening when they two were alone, he told her of his vision. After that, more than once she made him tell it once again.

The day she left, Mrs. Day cried over her as though an own daughter were going away. Alton was there. She looked once into his eyes. She read their secret and loved her own. Then she flung her arms about the old man's neck.

"Dear, dear friend!" she said fervently, "I shall never forget you."

And then, between kisses, she whispered in his ear:

"The vision splendid—wait, hope! It shall come true!" and was gone, and with her sunshine seemed to depart from the lonely house.

One year went—two years. Alton had secured a job with a construction firm, but liberal compensation and a permanent establishment were a long way ahead. He never forgot the beautiful songstress. Mrs. Day mourned for her. The old man recalled her sunny face with love and longing.

One stormy day a great cyclone swept through the district. The Day family chanced to be in town. When they returned home they found the old house a heap of ruins.

Then the old man and his wife sought a temporary home with the widowed sister of Mrs. Day. They were made dearly welcome, though the flour barrel was not always full.

It was four months later when an automobile halted outside the lowly home where the old couple fretted and pined to get once more upon an independent domestic footing. A flashing form leaped from the machine.

"Father Day!" she cried, "dear, dear mother of mine, the only one I can remember, I am back to you! You are to come—come! Oh! the joy of this moment!"

Amie Winthrop was so excited she was incoherent. She had won wealth and fame. She had arranged for a new home for her dear old friends, she said, back in their native village. They must come and see it.

As they neared old familiar scenes the eyes of Mr. Day became misty. Then, as they turned past a dense grove, there was Highlands.

"Look, oh, my cherished dear!" cried the exultant Amie.

"The splendid vision!" gasped the old man, spellbound.

Yes, there, upon the old site, was the mansion he had dreamed of—porches, hedges, swings, tennis court—all ready for the children! Money had done wonders in the way of speedy construction.

"It is your home—yours!" spoke Amie, "and enough behind it to make your last years the best years of your life."

He could scarcely comprehend it all. He could not realize the deep love and devotion of this peerless friend, who had devoted her life to reward him for all he had done for her.

The days went by, the children came, then Alton. Amie lingered. She was waiting—waiting for the man she had worshiped for over two years, to tell her that she was to him the one star in his firmament of love!

Cruel Treatment.
Thomas A. Edison smiled when reference was made at a dinner to cruel and barbarous treatment, and said he was reminded of an incident along that line.

Some time since a pretty young wife brought suit against her husband for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, and when the case was called the first petitioner was put on the witness stand.

"You say in your petition, madam," interrupted the judge at one interval, "that your husband treated you with great cruelty."

"Yes, sir," was the soft and meek rejoinder of the witness, "he was cruel to me very often."

"In what particular way?" asked the judge. "I want to hear some specific cases."

"In many ways," answered the petitioner. "One of the worst things he used to do was to say things to me on the telephone, and then hang up the receiver before I could answer back."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Couldn't Feaze Her.
"Someone played a dirty trick on Widow Jenkins."

"Zasso!"

"Yes. They turned out the lights in the church at her third wedding and then gave her the laugh when she found her way up to the pulpit in the dark."

Charms for Good Looks.
On St. George's day, Serbian ladies evoke the aid of charms as a means of improving their looks. The girl who wishes a white face places a bouquet of flowers under a white rose tree and allows it to remain there for a night, whereas those who prefer rosy cheeks place blooms under a red rose tree, and in the morning the flowers thus "charmed" are thrown into their baths.

Can Be Overdone.
"Practice doesn't allus make perfect," said Uncle Eben. "A man dat continually kickin' gits so he can't make it nowise interestin'."

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry Has a Musical

SAY! DID you ever stray away from home on an evening and go to one of those parlor riots?

Friend wife called it a musicale, but to me it looked more like a session of the Mexican congress in a boiler factory.

They pulled it off at Mrs. Luella Frothingham's, over on the Drive. I like Luella and I like her husband, Jack Frothingham, so it's no secret conclave of the Anvil Association when I whisper them wise that the next time they give a musical evening my address is Forest Avenue, corner of Follage Street, in the woods.

The Frothinghams are nice people and old friends and they have more money than some folks have, but that doesn't give them a license to spoil one of my perfectly good evenings by sprinkling a lot of canned music and fricasseed recitations all over it.

The Frothinghams have a skeleton in their closet. Its name is Uncle Heck and he weighs 237—not bad for a skeleton. Uncle Heck is a Joe Morgan. His sole ambition in life is to be draped over a gold chair in the drawing room when there's high-class company present.

For that reason the Frothinghams on state occasions put the skids under Uncle Heck and run him off stage till after the final curtain.

On some occasions Uncle Heck breaks through the bars and dashes into the scene of refinement with merry quip and jest to the confusion of his relatives and the ill-concealed amusement of their guests.

This was one of those occasions. Early in the evening Jack took Uncle Heck to his room, sat him in front of a quart of vintage and left the old geezer there to slosh around in the surf until sleep claimed him for its own.

But before the wine was gone Uncle Heck put on the gloves with Morpheus, got the decision, marched down stairs and into the drawing room.



Then Claribel Let Down Her Hair and Proceeded to Give Us a Mad Scene—and It Was.

where he immediately insisted upon being the life of the party.

Uncle Heck moved and seconded that he sing the swan song from "Lo-he-grin," but his idea of a swan was so much like a turkey gobbler that loving friends slipped him the moccasins and elbowed him out of the room.

Then he went out in the butler's pantry hoping to do an Omar Khayyam with the grape, but not finding any he began to recite, "Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew; I was a blacksmith, Cap'n; yes, and a good one, too! Let me sit down a minute, a stone's got into my shoe—"

But it wasn't a stone, and it didn't get into his shoe. It was a potato salad and it got into his face when the Irish cook threw it at him for interfering with her work.

"I'm discouraged," murmured Uncle Heck, and presently he was sleeping with magnificent noises on the sofa in the library.

There were present at the battle in the drawing room Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Martha; Hep Hardy and his diamond shirt studs; Bunch Jefferson and his wife, Alice; Bud Hawley and his second wife; Phil Merton and his third wife; Dave Mason and his stationary wife; Stub Wilson and his wife, Jennie, who is Peaches' sister, and a few others who asked to have their names omitted.

The mad revels were inaugurated by the Pippin brothers, who attempted to drag some grouch music out of guitars that didn't want to give up. The Pippin brothers part their hair in the middle and always do the march from "The Babes in Toyland" on their mandolins as an encore.

If Victor Herbert ever catches them there'll be a couple of shins chord-chokers away to the bad.

When the Pippin brothers took a bow and backed off into a vase of flowers we were all invited to listen to a soprano solo by Miss Imogene Glass-face.

When Imogene sings she makes faces at herself. When she needs a high note she goes after it like a hen after a ladybug. Imogene sang "Sleep, Sweetly Sleep," and then kept us awake with her voice.

Then we had Rufus Kellar Smith, the parlor prestidigitator. Rufus was a bad boy.

He cooked an omelet in a silk hat and when he handed the hat back to Hep Hardy two poached eggs fell out and cuddled up to Hep's hair.

Rufus apologized and said he'd do the trick over again if someone would lend him a hat, but getting doing. We all preferred our eggs boiled.

Then we had Claribel Montrose in select recitations. She was all the money.

Claribel grabbed "The Wreck of the Hesperus" between her pearly teeth and shook it to death. Then she got a half-Nelson on Peaches' "Raven" and put it out of business.

Next she tried an imitation of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." If Juliet talked like that dame did no wonder she took poison.

Then Claribel let down her back hair and started in to give us a mad scene—and it was. Everybody in the room got mad.

When peace was finally restored, Mrs. Frothingham informed us that the rest of the "paid" talent had disappointed her and she'd have to depend on the volunteers. Then she whispered to Miss Gladia Hungerschnitt, whereupon that young lady signalled her way over to the piano and began to knock its teeth out.

The way Gladia went after one of Beethoven's sonatas and slapped its ears was pitiful.

Gladia learned to injure a piano at a conservatory of music. She can take a Hungarian rhapsody and turn it into a goulash in about 32 bars.

At the finish of the sonata we all applauded Gladia just as loudly as we could, in the hope that she would faint with surprise and stop playing, but no such luck.

She tied a couple of chords together and swung that piano like a pair of Indian clubs.

First she did "My Old Kentucky Home," with variations, until everybody who had a home began to weep for fear it might get to be like her Kentucky home.

The variations were where she made a mistake and struck the right note. Then Gladia moved up to the squeaky end of the piano and gave an imitation of a Swiss music box.

marks, which in their original state form the basis of a Scotch ballad called, "Loch Lomond."

Bud's system of speaking the English language is to say with his voice as much of a word as he can remember and then finish the rest of it with his hands.

Imagine what Bud would do to a song with an oatmeal foundation like "Loch Lomond."

When Bud barked out the first few bars, which say "By yon bonnie bank and by yon bonnie brae," everybody within hearing would have cried with joy if the piano had fallen over on him and flattened his equator.

And when he reached the plot of the piece, where it says, "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," Uncle Peter took a drink, Phil Merton took the same, Stub took an oath and I took a walk.

And all the while Bud's wife sat there, with the glad and winning smile



He Immediately Insisted Upon Being the Life of the Party.

of a swordfish on her face, listening with a heart full of pride while her crime-laden husband chased that help less song all over the parlor, and finally left it unconscious under the sofa.

At that point Hep Hardy got up and volunteered to tell some funny stories and this gave us all a good excuse to put on our overshoes and say "Good night" to our hostess without offending anybody.

Hep Hardy and his funny stories are always used to close the show.

"John," said Peaches after we got home; "I want to give a musical. May I?"

"Certainly, old girl," I answered. "We'll give one in the nearest moving-picture theater. If we don't like the show all we have to do is to close our eyes and thank our lucky stars there's nothing to listen to."

"Oh! aren't you hateful!" she pouted.

Maybe I am, at that.

Didn't Wait to Learn Details.
A gentleman, clad in a plug hat and an air of determination, together with sundry other garments not necessary to enumerate, uprose on a dry goods box at the most prominent corner in the village and, holding aloft a vile and wriggling serpent, invited, in stentorian tones, all good people within the sound of his voice to gather around him for profit and entertainment.

"What d'ye 's'pise is comin' off?" inquired a citizen, addressing the Old Codger.

"D'know!" snarled the veteran. "Probly he's some infernal office-seeker who is going to promise, if we elect him, to get rid of all the snakes in the county by eatin' 'em. Anyhow, I'm going home." G'day, Ellsworth"—Kansas City Star.

Lost the Point.
Jones, who appreciates a joke, but, like many others, cannot repeat one with any degree of success, heard for the first time the joke about the dog being the most musical of animals, "because he wears a brass band round his neck," and determined to spring it on the first party of friends to which he was invited. The time came, and he electrified his victims with the exclamation, "I say, I've a really good one!" He asked, "Why is a dog the most musical of animals?" They gave it up. "Because," announced Jones, triumphantly, "he wears a brass collar round his neck."

Slightly Mixed.
The ex-bishop of Manchester, the late Doctor Moorhouse, was one of the happiest and wittiest of churchmen, and was never more pleased with himself than when telling a good story. One of his favorites was that of the old lady who startled a missionary on his return from India with a question which showed how dangerous a little knowledge is. "Pray, my lord," said she, "is it true that in India you call the female converts zenanas and the male converts bananas?"

Black Foxes Hard to Raise.
Cannibalistic tendencies developed in captivity by that valuable fur-bearing, the black fox, have caused a serious drawback to the fox-raising industry of Prince Edwards Island, where 300 farmers are engaged in the business. Pups are frequently eaten by their parents, and there are also instances of females being killed and partially eaten by their mates.

One Explanation.
A reporter on a country paper had visited the court for a number of days in succession without raising a story and he complained: "What's the reason there is no crime stuff around here any more, judge?" "Kaint tell, bub, jesn't 'it constable is gittin' a little bit laxative," answered the justice.

Sensible.
"The greeting 'How are you?' doesn't seem to me to represent any sincere and sensible inquiry," remarked the man who thinks hard about trifles. "That is true," replied Miss Cayenne. "When I meet several people I know I am always tempted to say 'why' instead of 'how.'"

IN DARK LIBERIA

THE very name of Africa has been a subject of much discussion. It is believed that the name is derived from the Latin word "aprica" (meaning sunny), or from the Greek word "aphrika" (without cold).

The nickname "Dark Continent" has lost much of its significance. The Bible long ago called Africa "the Land Shadowed with Wings." Mr. Henry M. Stanley stamped it as the Dark Continent. Another man called it the Land of Blinding Sunshine. As I have traversed its jungles and pathways, many times I have called it the Land of Winding Ways, writes James R. Morris in the Christian Herald. When the perspiration has flowed down over my face and body until every thread upon me has been drenched in the warm, moist climate, I have named the country "the Land of Natural Baths."

Africa is a remarkably beautiful country. Its coast lines are picturesque, graceful, fascinating, alluring. Its seaport towns and cities are usually clean, pretty and reasonably healthy. Equatorial Africa has, until the last two decades, been called the White Man's Graveyard, but clean living, quinine, mosquito netting, sobriety and sanitary improvements have made Africa a place where one cannot only exist, but live in as much comfort, take it all in all during the year, as in the city of New York, and

ily be printed on one single sheet of paper.

The rivers of Liberia abound with fish, and were it not for the series of fine falls or rapids, from fifteen to twenty miles back from the sea, the rivers might be navigable for hundreds of miles. The woods abound with game of many varieties—the vicious bush-ow, deer, leopards, elephants, civet cats, golden cats, monkeys in almost endless varieties, and other game. In the far interior lions and other big game abound.

On a recent trip to the hinterland, where I had been invited by King Monah, son of the powerful King Pomo-rah, as we sailed up the river in the little boat, with our serious friend, Solomon Hill, the owner and captain, a clerical and solemn-looking little man in a frock coat so long that it reached to the tops of his shoes, and whose collar and garb stamp him as a preacher, came to me and introduced himself as a presiding elder, having a large number of churches under him.

He asks very cordially: "What might your name be?"

"My name is Morris."

"Where you be from?"

"The United States," I answered.

"I live at Louisiana."

"Where is that?" I ask.

"On the St. Paul river." Just then everybody jumped up at the report of a gun and a heavy splash was heard



AT CAPE PALMAS, LIBERIA

with some advantages in favor of Africa.

Life is simple, placid, calm, and not so complex. The work life is not strenuous. The people do not rush and drive as they do here at home. If you try to hurry a man who is working for you, he will calmly tell you: "One day be not all de days, daddy!" And you stand rebuked, for you know he is telling you the truth.

Liberia Most Attractive.
Four and a half years ago the New York Colonization society sent me to the west coast of Africa to study the conditions of life in America's little colored child over the sea, Liberia.

Morocco, Algiers, Senegal, Bathurst, Konakry, Sierra Leone, Togoland, Nigeria, Kamerun, East and South Africa are beautiful and attractive, but the little struggling republic of Liberia is to me the most attractive spot in Africa.

Monrovia, the capital city of the republic, is picturesquely situated on Cape Mesurado, and is a city with about 15,000 inhabitants, many of whom live in beautiful homes, some very costly.

Liberia has a number of fine settlements, peopled by either colored Americans or their descendants, who have done a remarkable work in planting farms, building homes and establishing a civilized community and a decent government on the west coast of Africa. They have been greatly condemned by both Europeans and some short-sighted Americans, whose actual knowledge of Liberia could eas-

ily be printed on one single sheet of paper.

as a large alligator, badly wounded, flopped into the water.

Rev. Presiding Elder borrows my fountain pen and begins to write vigorously. But only for a few moments, when he gets into a theological boxing match with several men, who I learn are "Revs." also. This title has a peculiar fascination for many in Africa. Everybody loves a title, and if one who has "Rev." to his name can raise eight dollars and send to Texas or some other place and get a "D. D.," he adds six inches to his coat-tails, and his importance and egotism grow to the proportion of a foot to the inch.

In a Revival Meeting.
Friends meet me at the headquarters of the river, and an invitation is extended to attend a revival meeting in a little church near by at night. A serious young man was preaching from the text, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," etc. We were late, and missed part of his eloquent sermon, but we heard him say: "What fo' you dun cum heah? Why yo' gwine cum to dis meetin'? Is yo' yo' wanderin' feet in de way dat leads to distraction? Is yo' feet on de Rock of Ages? What is yo' gwine to do to ebber?" In de place whar de Good Book say de saints an' gwine! Or is yo' gwine to be shut up in de fire an' de flames?"

"Yo' must git all combusted together and seek de Lawd wif all yo' se hearts, an' bring yo' piccan (children) an' yo' frens to de Lawd. Do it one time (at once) befo' it an' ebberlastin' too late."

How to Live.
It is the hardest thing to live just the right way on this green earth. For instance, here is one of Thomas Davidson's twenty maxims, "Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven;" that is, be without a law. But if it were possible, and one saw wherever he went what is good because he himself is good, this old world would change to heaven immediately—to him. So the way for one to be happy, rich, noble, pure, honest, brave, true, calm and all the other virtues is just to start a little heaven in his own account and fill it full of his own beautiful life. People will laugh at this idea, but it is all as practical as picking up a stone or breaking a stick. The great sin of this world is putting off to heaven what can be done on earth.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Had No Faith in Lawyers.
"Do I believe in lawyers?" said the little man, bitterly. "No, sir; I do not." "Why not?" asked his companion. "Because a lawyer never says right out what he means," retorted the

small man, viciously. "He twists things about so. Suppose he wanted to tell you that two and two make four, he'd begin: 'If by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition we desire to arrive at the sum of two added to two, we should first—and I say this boldly, without fear of contradiction—I repeat, we should find by that particular arithmetical formula herebefore mentioned—and, sir, I take all responsibility for the statement I am about to make—that the sum of the two given added to the other two would be four.' No, sir," finished the little man, coldly; "I do not believe in lawyers."

To Make Bandages.
Bandages can be prepared from the good parts of worn sheets or pillow slips if perfectly clean. Roll six to eight yards in length are most convenient—one inch wide for fingers, two inches for feet, two and one-half to three inches for head and arms and four inches for legs. A good way of keeping them in condition for use is to seal the rolls in a perfectly clean glass fruit jar.