

The Reward

By Hester Vaile Deane

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Quick, Marcy, the medicine!"
"Is it another bad spell, Mr. Tresham?"

"No, I'm better now," said Gregory Tresham, after taking a deep draught of a cordial the doctor had left. He sank back among the pillows gasping for breath, but the momentary stimulus had given him strength and the waxy color in his face partly disappeared.

"I had better go for the doctor," suggested Lucius Marcy, but the old man nodded his head negatively.

"It would be of no use," he said. "My hours are pretty near numbered, lad. There is something on my mind, Marcy, and yet I hesitate to speak it to you."

"Surely I will honor whatever you may impart or direct me to do," replied Marcy.

"I know that you have been a faithful honest help to me, Marcy, and that is why it cuts me deep to think that I must do something that may look like ingratitude."

"Speak out, Mr. Tresham," encouraged Marcy. "You owe me no special gratitude. Your kindness and appreciation have repaid me for anything I have done for you out of the ordinary."

"Well, Marcy, I made my will last week."

"I did not know that."

"It is at the lawyer's, and it leaves you everything I have."

"You astonish me," said Marcy sincerely. "I do not deserve such consideration. You have no relatives, Mr. Tresham?"

"None I care for or who care for me, and, if I had, I would look first to those who have been by my side and have made my declining years comfortable. No, no, Marcy—for five years you have been a true and loyal servant. More than that, like a son. But



The Voice Died Down.

there is something, there is something—"
The old man faltered, his eyes closed and his mind wandered. After a few moments he seemed to again get the connection.

"Oh, yes," he spoke low and mumbly. "It was of Hester Vaile I am thinking. Poor lass! I have wronged her. Two years before you came she was my nurse, like an own daughter. She was my dead sister's child. I promised to care for her. She was sensitive, proud spirited. I was high tempered, unjust. I spoke bitter words to her. I taunted her with waiting for my property. She gave me one look of reproach and then she left. I have never seen her since. Then you came and oh! what has become of her to whom I promised protection? I made a will in her favor once, but I changed it in your behalf—in your behalf—in your—"

The voice died down, a convulsive shudder crossed the old man's frame. His jaw dropped. In alarm Marcy ran to the nearest neighbor to telephone for the doctor. He was too late. When he returned to the house Gregory Tresham was dead.

Marcy missed him, for he had been a kind and indulgent friend. He had trusted implicitly in Marcy, giving him the entire management of the little farm. The village lawyer came to see Marcy one evening a week later. He announced to his client that he was the sole heir to the farm and that a thousand dollars in the bank had also been left to him.

All those days Marcy had been thinking over the last significant utterance of Gregory Tresham. It was obvious to him that the old man, had his strength lasted longer, would have suggested some change in his will to favor Hester Vaile.

"Mr. Morse," he spoke out now, to the infinite amazement of the lawyer, "can that will be destroyed?"

"The will—destroyed?" repeated the attorney, marvelingly—"why, what do you mean?"

"Well, can it?" persisted Marcy. "Certainly not—it is on record."

Marcy proceeded to tell Mr. Morse of the incident attending the last moments of his employer. He stated definitely that he could not think of accepting the legacy, when unmistakably the dying intention of Mr. Tresham was to leave it to the girl he had driven from his love.

"Nonsense! sentiment! ridiculous!" stormed the hard-headed lawyer. "A whim of his delirium, that about Hester Vaile. You are entitled to what you've got, and, as I am glad to say, for your own good, you cannot change the bequest."

All the same Lucius Marcy quietly went to the city the next day and paid an advance fee to an information bu-

reau to try and locate the long-absent Hester Vaile.

Then he bought a ledger and a day book. Every night Marcy put down the expenses and receipts of the day, and one item always: "Cash for one day's labor, Lucius Marcy, \$1.50."

"We have located Hester Vaile," came a telegram from the city finally. "Await orders."

"Send word that she is wanted at her former home with Gregory Tresham," was the return wire which Marcy sent.

He was working at digging a drainage trench for the garden one day when an automobile drove up. A lady alighted, young, handsome, but her face was that of one who had seen sorrow.

"I am Mrs. Newland," she spoke. "I was sent for," and then, as she noted a puzzled look in Marcy's face, she added—"but, perhaps, I am best known here as Hester Vaile."

"That is right," bowed Marcy in his frank, direct way. "Will you take a seat on the porch, please," and, seated, also, he told his story.

"I have kept the place just as it was as a worker for you," he explained. "If you wish me to remain—"

He paused, she was staring at him in a strange way.

"You mean to tell me," she faltered "that you wish to give your property to me?"

"As Mr. Tresham desired on his deathbed, certainly," gravely responded Marcy.

She continued to stare at him. Then he noted a dim moisture come to her eyes. She addressed him:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Let me go into the old room where I used to sit with Mr. Tresham. Let me rest—rest after all these years of turmoil and sorrow. Ah, dear old home—would that I had never left it!"

She came out at the end of half an hour. She put her hand in his own at parting. She looked steadily into his eyes.

"You are a good man," she said. "I will see Mr. Morse and send you word of my decision."

"Thank you," bowed Marcy.

The lawyer came to see him that evening. He recited a strange story. Hester Vaile had married a man of large wealth who had left her a fortune, but, as well, a legacy of mistreatment and neglect. She was a widow. To her the humble farm home as a value was less than a trifle, but its memories—

She came back to her poignantly now. She lingered at the town with an old friend for nearly a month. She was wont to come to the little farm and wander over it and talk with Marcy of the later life of her old uncle.

And then one day she broke down, tired of the hollow worldly life that awaited her in the city. His heart went out to hers. He tried to console her.

Perilous pity! Sweet sympathy; longing love!—through these the world-weary Hester came to be mistress of the only true home she had ever known.

MERCIFUL NURSE TO MANKIND

Charity Follows Heels of Calamities and Walks in Wake of Ravages of War.

As a merciful nurse to mankind, Charity springs up in desolate places, cheerily and heartily bestowing beauty under most adverse conditions. It follows at the heels of calamities and visitations; it walks in the wake of the ravages and atrocities of war; it comes after the fall of the thunderbolt, after the concussion of the earthquake. It rides the tempest, the whirlwind, the flood, the tornado, and in the hours of threatening anger and disension it covers up the scars of the past and thrusts prejudices and "vested rights" away in the blackness of midnight darkness.

"The charity who lays the coin in the beggar's hand," the charity who takes the orphan in its arms, houses the naked, feeds the hungry and lifts the fallen. We find it, as the late Urton B. Hunt once remarked, "standing at the prison gate, as it seeks those who have violated the laws of God and man, to counsel and aid in a proper reformation; we find it in the bowels of the earth, in the forest, upon the mountain top, in the shop and counting room, upon the green fields, in the valleys and upon the streets the wide world over—wherever sorrow and misfortune has placed its blighting grasp, it brings comfort to the tortured soul and spreads its rays of hope and encouragement."—"Friendship, Charity and Benevolence," George Leon Varney, in National Magazine.

Right About Face.

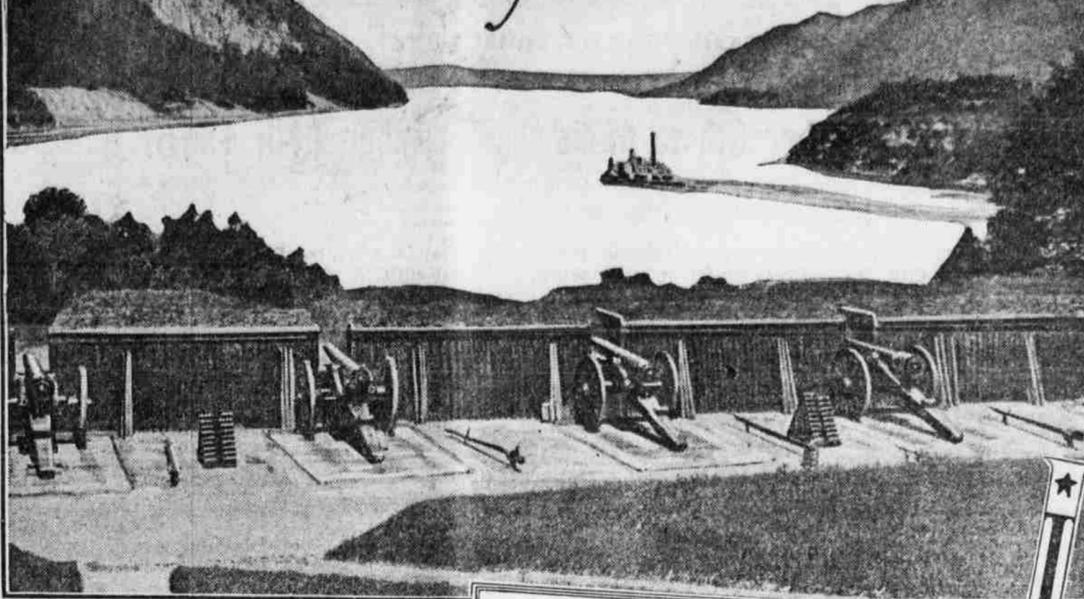
It is time to face about, to begin thinking of farming as man's earliest and noblest vocation, and of the country as the garden which the Lord commanded Adam to "keep and to dress," which may be properly interpreted as to conserve and to beautify. Thus we may cause it again to become what it should be, what it was ordained to be—man's natural abiding place and the means of sustenance to which cities in their proper relation are only market places for the exchange of commodities, and to which manufacture, transportation, industry and commerce are but the useful servants.

Teutons Use Willow Herb as Hemp. German manufacturers have discovered that the willow herb which grows wild in Germany and also in this country and is commonly regarded as a weed can be used satisfactorily as a substitute for jute and hemp. They are encouraging the cultivation of the plant. The wild willow herb plants have been gathered extensively by school children during their vacations.—The Pathfinder.

A War Oddity.

On perusing a letter handed to him in Mesopotamia, Private Philip Nowell of the Somersetshire regiment, discovered that it had been written by his schoolgirl sister, who, in accordance with the practice of her schoolmates, had merely addressed it to a British soldier, leaving its destination to chance.

Why West Point Cadets Sing "Benny Havens, Oh!"



LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM WEST POINT

The famous old ballad has been sung for nearly a century by the cadets of the United States Military Academy. Its history makes good reading

We'll never fall to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh!

Wherever Duty called they went, their steps were never slow—
With Alma Mater on their lips, and "Benny Havens, Oh!"
"Benny Havens, Oh!" is the epic of West Point. It is a story in song, the story of West Pointers and their sacrifices for duty, honor, West Point and country.

This old academy of West Point, laid out on a rugged shelf overlooking the majestic sweep of the Hudson, has many prized traditions, unsullied, inalienable, but none more sacred to her sons than that of Benny Havens. Go to Cullum Memorial hall at West Point and read in imperishable letters of bronze the story of her sons. She has seen them march out of her sallopparts singing "Benny Havens, Oh!" and seen them brought back while minute guns were echoing among the granite hills that surround her. The history of West Point is closely interwoven with that of our country; West Pointers have written bright pages in the annals of the land.

Their blood has watered Western plains and Northern wilds of snow,
Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing wind e'er blow;
Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you know,
The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico.

Wherever duty has summoned them West Pointers have carried "Benny Havens, Oh!"

The story of Benny Havens is almost as old as that of the academy itself. Many, many years ago, in 1824 to be precise, Benny Havens took up his residence on the southern border of what then constituted the post of West Point. Almost immediately he and the cadets became friends.

He was a genial soul, generous, and of good company and an inimitable spinner of yarns, and he invariably piled his visitors with buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Soon his refreshments acquired such fame that cadets often slipped away from their duties and made their way to Benny's retreat, where they found oblivion for their disciplinary woes. Almost every night after taps saw half a dozen daring cadets, who should have been in bed, gathered around Benny's bountiful table.

Only for a short time did Benny's fare confine itself to buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Grog and wine were added to the menu, an addition whereby Benny's popularity increased tenfold. About this time the West Point authorities, who had previously shut their eyes to Benny's liberties, decided that the time had come to declare a blockade on Benny in so far as cadets were concerned, and consequently Benny's haven of delight became "off limits" for the future generals and punishment was meted out by those caught running the blockade. Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Confederate states, had the distinction of being among the first batch of cadets court-martialed for midnight revels at Benny Havens'.

Benny was warned that his generosity to cadets was demoralizing to discipline and that unless he called a halt summary proceedings would result. He was unable to refuse those few cadets who "ran it out" to his home and finally he was expelled from the post shortly after 1829, taking up his abode at the base of a high cliff near the river's edge about a mile below West Point. Here he lived in a small frame house until his death in 1877 at the age of ninety. He was buried in Union cemetery, about midway between Highland Falls and Fort Montgomery on the West Point road.

Many men who rose to fame after leaving West

Point—Grant, Fitzhugh Lee, Sherman, Custer and others—spent happy hours in Benny's retreat.

In 1838 Lieut. Lucius O'Brien of the Eighth United States Infantry paid a visit to Cadet Ripley A. Arnold, who was then a first classman.

Arnold introduced O'Brien to Benny Havens, a warm friendship at once springing up between the two. In the academy at this time were John Thomas Metcalfe, who after graduation studied medicine and became one of the foremost surgeons in the country, and Irvin McDowell, who commanded the Union forces at the first battle of Bull Run. Both Metcalfe and McDowell were great friends of Benny.

Benny Havens, Lieutenant O'Brien, Metcalfe and Arnold together composed the original five verses of the song "Benny Havens, Oh!" and set it to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." An obituary notice of Doctor Metcalfe says: "He had an early taste for versifying, and with skill at the guitar and a good tenor voice, composed many a ditty to pass away the idle time. It was thus that he wrote the celebrated song 'Benny Havens, Oh!'"

It is not what would be called good poetry. Some of it is crude. Today there are about 50 verses, almost all of which were composed before Benny's death in 1877. Class after class added a verse. In the waning years of Benny's life almost every night the cadets sang them through, crowding round Benny, with glasses full, while their host led them with his fiddle and his low clear barytone. This fiddle, by the way, is still in possession of an old citizen of Highland Falls.

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To sing sentimental we're going for to go,
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Soon came along the Mexican war to furnish inspiration to the cadet poets. Several verses were added to the poem in commemoration of the deeds of those whose gallantry carried the American flag from Vera Cruz to the heights of Chapultepec, overlooking Montezuma's ancient capital. Two of these are:

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose rough and ready blow
Struck terror to the rancheros of braggart Mexico
May his country ne'er forget his deeds and ne'er forget to show
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, Oh!

To the "veni, vidi, vici!" man to Scott, the greatest hero,
Fill the goblet to the brim, let no one shrink to go,
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes
And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, Oh!

The civil war saw stressful times at the Point and the cadets turned their attention to sterner things than poetry. The ranks of the corps were thinned by the loss of the Southerners, who went home to take up the cause of their respective states. Many of those from the North and South, who had been friends of Benny, fell on the field of glory—Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and a hundred other places were stained with the blood of West Pointers.

There was little gaiety at Benny's during the stern four years, for Benny was getting old and the almost daily news of the loss of his former friends on the battlefield robbed him of his old-time lightheartedness.

Some of the verses of the poem which were written just after the war are lost. There seems to be only the following intact:

"GUARD MOUNT" AT WEST POINT

We'll drink to Grant and Sherman and to the subs also;
To Thomas, Meade and Sheridan (these come in approval)
We'll toast them all with goblets full at Benny Havens, Oh!

Early in 1860 Gen. Winfield Scott died. For him this verse appeared:

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heart-felt woe
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, Oh!

During the last year of Benny's life came the stunning news that Custer and his men had fought their last fight. James E. Porter, Harrington and others, lieutenants and West Pointers all, perished with that gallant band. Not until Benny had died did these verses appear in memory of Custer and his command:

In silence I tear your glasses; a meteor flashes out
So swift to death brave Custer; amid the battle's shout
Dead called—and, crowned, he went to join the friends of long ago,
To the land of Peace, where now he dwells with Benny Havens, Oh!

We'll drop a tear for Harrington and his comrades,
Who fell with love to see the deeds that glorified their graves;
May their memory live forever with their glories present glow,
They've nobly earned the right to dwell with Benny Havens, Oh!

Some of the other verses are fraught with the magic spirit of West Point—that spirit that is best summed up in the words, "Duty, Honor, Country, West Point," which are part of the motto of the academy.

Nowadays at West Point every cadet memorizes the first three verses of "Benny Havens, Oh!" The first has already been given; the other two are as follows:

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
May we cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battlefield the lights of heaven shall glow
We'll never fall to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh!

May the army be augmented, promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
Wherever duty called they went—their steps were never slow—
With Alma Mater on their lips and "Benny Havens, Oh!"

Wherever duty has led them West Pointers have sung "Benny Havens, Oh!" Since Benny's death these verses have appeared in commemoration of the deeds of West Pointers in all parts of this country:

Their blood has watered Western plains and Northern wilds of snow,
Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing wind e'er blow;
Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you know,
The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico.

From lava beds and Yellowstone—the story never waned,
Wherever duty called they went—their steps were never slow—
With Alma Mater on their lips and "Benny Havens, Oh!"

It is the old, old story of West Point and they who know it well love best to tell it. It will never die; it is as firmly fixed in the highlands of the Hudson as the academy itself.

To the army's brave commanders let now our glasses glow

A portable dark cabinet for photographers that has been invented consists of a stand surrounded by a hood, which is closed around the waist of a person using it.

A third hand has been provided by a German inventor for a watch to enable it to be used as a compass by the well-known method of aiming the hour hand at the sun.

What is believed to be the only nut-berry forest in the world is in India, covering about 10,000 acres and being used only for fuel and timber.

Tests of the air in crowded sleeping quarters on modern warships have shown it purer than the atmosphere of barracks or average residences on shore.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

DESTROY BEAUTY OF CITY

Cards and Placards Have No Place in Streets of Any Well-Ordered Community.

Political ambitions are becoming so much an obstacle to civic beauty that the aesthetic souls of many communities have been on the verge of rebellion for some time past. When a man becomes obsessed with a desire to shine in public life he announces his matchless virtues by means of flaring cards and placards. These cards are placed at every point where the human vision might be expected to dwell. Does one pause to enjoy the grandeur of a rural scene, he is reminded from every tree and rock that "Smith is the people's choice for constable," or that "Jones stands for the square deal." The outrage is heightened by a series of homely visages showing the aspiring ones in various poses of vanity.

Vandalism is a strong term, but is it too strong for such practices? The worst part is that it is perennial. The bounteous crop sown at election time is permitted to remain the year around. By the time the elements have succeeded in destroying one crop, another has put in appearance. Cards may be found in any grove—the cards of men who have been politically dead for years. It may have been proved at the polls that the erstwhile "people's choice" was not any one's choice; yet he must be regaled with the placards on every tree and eminence.

Minneapolis, whose finer sensibilities have been aroused, will have no more of this. Hereafter, candidates will have to proclaim their virtues in some other manner. Defacement of scenery by homely visages and trite slogans will be inhibited by law. At an election now impending, most of the candidates have agreed to keep their placards out of public scenic places. Others are to be arrested. The example set by Minneapolis is a worthy one.—Portland Oregonian.

TROUBLES OF LARGE CITIES

Land Ownership in Europe Carries Responsibilities That Are Unknown in This Country.

In Europe extensive land ownership frequently involves municipalities in unprofitable disputes. A large town, owning a parcel of land in a nearby township proposes to build a hospital on it. The project is not pleasing to the township; its council prepares a building plan for the district, and runs a street through the proposed hospital site. Berlin itself was, only a few years ago, treated thus by a suburban neighbor. Electoral laws are severe; disenfranchisement is sweeping in effect. Under the "three class" method of apportioning the voting power, a taxpayer in the "first class" may have thirty times as much voting power as one in the second, and 400 times as much as their "third class" neighbor. Again, municipal governments are business agencies with most liberal charters. They build barracks—in the larger cities the average number of persons housed in one structure runs from Frankfort's 20 to Berlin's 77—and these structures are material of a purely speculative business which cannot be regarded as a healthful influence physically or politically in the city's life. These things and a hundred others of similar nature do not condemn German municipal government any more than the peculiar excellences of the system constitute a condemnation of the British system in which those particular excellences are lacking. But they do bring out the difficulties of government and emphasize the fruitlessness of comparison of systems.—Exchange.

Window Seats Make for Comfort.

One of the details of planning which should not be overlooked is the matter of window seats, of which there can hardly be too many in a home. In every bay window where possible a window seat should be constructed, and so constructed as to be useful as well as ornamental; that it use covers in the top, neatly hinged and so arranged that they may be easily opened to permit using the space under the seat for the storage of things which it is desired to have handy and for which there seems no other convenient place.

Around the fireplace there is nothing more attractive and comfortable looking than a nice built-in seat, and cover, as the space beneath is very useful for storing the kindling wood and occasionally a few big sticks as well, when it is not convenient to use a wood box or basket beside the fireplace.

Wide Streets in Uruguay.

Cities that are worrying over narrow streets and sidewalks may take a lesson from the recent action of Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, which has passed an ordinance requiring that all buildings be erected at least 32.8 feet from the boundary line, except in the business district, where 31.12 feet spare frontage must be allowed for walks and parking, and must be entirely free from steps, balustrades and ornaments.

His Hobby.

"Carson is always denouncing the latest popular fads and the people who take them up. Hasn't he any fads of his own?"

"Only one."

"And that is?"

"Himself."

Much Greater.

Veily, he that cleans up his own premises at this season of the year is greater than he who talketh about having the ability to run a city.—Los Angeles Times.