

There's One Range That's Always Good



Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy."

Reynolds & Son, Barre, Vermont

The Times' Daily Short Story.

HIDE ME

(Original.)

The waves were coming in huge bills, striking the rocks beneath the lighthouse and breaking over it in clouds of spray. From a cottage set just beyond the reach of the highest monster a young girl descended to the entrance of the tower and was about to enter when, looking aside, she saw a man coming on, rather, running along the narrow roadway. When he came up there was a wild, hunted look in his eyes, a look that excited all the pity of her tender young heart.

"Hide me!" he gasped. She did not wait to hear his reasons, but, placing a key she held in her hand in a door opening into the lighthouse, unlocked it and motioned the man to follow her. Mounting a circular stairway, she led the way to the light room. "Here you will be safe," she said. "I was coming to light the lamps when you appeared. No one is allowed in this tower except the keeper, my father. He is away at present, and I am taking his place. When I go down I will lock the door below, which is of iron and not easily forced. Besides, no one would dare to force an entrance into a place owned by the government."

While she spoke she was lighting the lamps, casting glances at the stranger and following his eyes out to where he was watching for his pursuers. He was young and would have been handsome were it not for his haggard appearance. As soon as the last lamp was lighted the girl passed out of the room, and as she did so the man caught her hand and kissed it, but spoke no word. A few minutes later the bolts on the door below shot forward. The girl dropped the key in a crevice of the rock and hurried on up to the cottage.

She had barely time to sit down by a window and take up some sewing when two men appeared and stopped at the cottage.

"Have you seen a man pass here," asked one of them, "a good looking young fellow, with a crazy look in his eye? He has escaped from a lunatic asylum, and we got on the track just below here. There's a big reward offered for him—a thousand dollars." The girl's decision must be made instantly. If the man was a lunatic there was every reason for her to surrender him both for the good of society and his own welfare. Besides, a thousand dollars was to her a sum far beyond what she had ever dreamed of possessing. On the other hand, might not these men be mistaking the truth in order to induce her to surrender one whom they were endeavoring to take for some infraction of the law, or might they not have some private reason for persecuting him?

Writing.

An ingenious individual has calculated that the length of the average word is an inch, and, allowing for the curves of the letters in writing such a word, the pen travels about three inches. A fairly rapid writer turns off about thirty words a minute. This makes the pen cover something like 150 yards an hour.

Advances of Education in Mexico.

The poor child of Mexico may now pass from his letters to the highest diploma entirely at government expense, and the government hopes shortly to make education compulsory.

"No," she said without a moment's hesitation. "Now, see here, little girl," said the spokesman, "the patient could not possibly get beyond this point, and you're hiding him. Here is my badge as a keeper of the — insane asylum, and you need have no doubt that if you surrender him you will only be doing a duty. Besides, think of the reward."

"He hasn't been here," said the girl without a blush at the falsehood.

"I see that we shall have to take the case into our own hands," said the man. And he stalked through the cottage, looking in every corner, closet and under every bed. There were but half a dozen rooms in all, and no great time was required to prove that the fugitive was not in the house. Then the man turned to the lighthouse. Crossing the road, he went to the door and, finding it locked, demanded the key.

"My father took it away with him," said the girl. There was a sound of wheels on the road, and a man in a buggy drove up to the lighthouse. He was an aristocratic looking man, though of a dissipated appearance, about fifty years of age.

"Well?" he asked, looking at the men. "We've tracked him here. I think this girl has hidden him in the lighthouse. She says her father has taken the key away."

The man in the buggy looked fiercely at the girl and, reaching back to his hip, drew a revolver and pointed it at her. "Go and unlock that door," he said, "or die!"

In one way at least the girl's work was from this time easier. She made up her mind that the fugitive was not wanted for a legal purpose, but for some kind of persecution. She stood looking into the man's eyes, apparently unmoved. Lowering the pistol, he offered to pay her \$5,000 if she would surrender the man they wanted. This had no more effect than his threat. The man looked at her searchingly for a moment, then said to the other two: "She's not hiding him. No girl could stand such tests. He must have gone on. Come." And, whipping his horse, he disappeared, followed by the keepers on foot.

In one of the splendid country seats on the eastern end of Long Island dwells a gentleman who when a young man was through the instrumentality of his uncle, who was next in heirship to his nephew's large estate, adjudged insane and confined in a lunatic asylum. There is a story current that he escaped and was hidden by his wife, an attractive woman, beloved by her peers and the poor of the neighborhood; that she was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper, and the young man, when he had proved his sanity and secured his estate, took her from a cottage near the lighthouse and placed her in a mansion. But this all happened so long ago that no one troubles himself about the lady's pedigree.

The Korean Bride.

A Korean bride must be as mute as a statue on her wedding day. Should she say a single word or make any sign in lieu of speaking she would be ridiculed by her family and friends and lose caste forever. Yet her husband will taunt her and try to provoke her to speech.

New Work For Tramps.

A new occupation is opening for tramps in England. They station themselves near a police trap and warn approaching motorists of danger and as a result are rewarded with donations of small pieces of money.

ENTERTAINING ALASKANS.

First Visit of Young Indians to a Modern City.

Not in a long time has Seattle, Wash., entertained a more interesting party than the thirty young Americans who came down on the steamer City of Seattle the other day and saw for the first time the big buildings, the street cars, railroad trains and other things that go into the making of an American city, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

These thirty young people are Alaska Indians, who were on their way to the Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania, to be educated in the ways of the white man at the expense of the government. Every boy and girl in the party was born in Alaska, and some of them bear historic names.

Though they walked the paved streets of a city for the first time in their lives, not for an instant did they show any surprise, and before they had been in the city two hours the boys of the party were down around the depot watching the trains come and go and visiting the docks to see the big ships. Nearly all of the young Indians come from the Ketchikan district, and all of them understand and speak English. Quite a number of them are nearly white and have none of the facial characteristics of the Indian of the northwest. They were seen on the streets on an exploring tour.

The peanut vendors and fruit stands caught their eyes at once, and very soon every one of the boys carried a bag filled with something to eat, while he took a good view of the business district of the city. The totem pole in Pioneer place made them feel right at home, and they paid their respects by gathering around that monument from an Indian graveyard and pointing out to each other the different animals and birds represented.

A riot was nearly precipitated when an interested observer asked a boy of sixteen if he was a Siwash.

"Who you calling a Siwash?" he inquired, while the blood leaped to his face. "You call a man a Siwash and you get shot."

The man in search of information hastened to appease the wrath of the young fire eater by assuring him that he meant no offense and that he merely wanted to know what tribe he belonged to.

RICE AND ROSES.

Practical and Sentimental Side of a Wedding Innovation.

The following editorial on an innovation at a recent English wedding appeared in the Chicago Tribune:

Brides come and go, and when they go it has been the custom from time immemorial to throw rice after them. The fashion of going away gowns changes from year to year, but the nuptial cereal that finds its way into the creases of these gowns remains ever the same. But at a recent English wedding in high life a deviation was made from this time honored custom, and the departing pair were pelted with dried rose leaves. Of course this innovation has its practical and sentimental side.

On the practical side it will appeal to those thrifty housewives who have deplored the number of possible puddings that have gone to waste at weddings and have sadly estimated the number of hungry mouths that they might have fed. Of course rose leaves have something of a sentimental suggestion, but the fact that dried rose leaves are used would seem to imply that romance had entered the sear and yellow leaf stage, and then again the question arises, How is it possible to throw a thing of such richness and unsubstantiality as a rose leaf? Yet no doubt if this custom is permanently adopted in England it will soon find its way to American wedding celebrations.

Hereafter it will be the scent of dried rose leaves rather than the presence of rice that will betray bridal couples, and do what these interesting individuals will to hide their idleness and newly marriedness the scent of the roses will cling to them still.

Ghosts.

According to the English theosophist, C. W. Leadbeater, ghosts are classified in seven types. These are: Thought forms, elves, churchyard ghosts, astral impressions, double of living man, animal apparitions and the genuine ghost.

Sweden.

Of the inhabitants of Sweden nearly four-fifths still live in the country.

THE LESSON OF THE STEEL TRUST

Facts About the Largest Industrial Corporation.

OBJECT OF ITS ORGANIZATION.

The Dominant Motive Said to Have Been Personal Rather Than Public—Namely, to Buy Out Carnegie—Its Capitalized Value Declared to Have Been Calculated and Not Taught—What the Public May Learn From Its Promoters' Scheme.

The United States Steel corporation is thus discussed in the World's Work for November:

The United States Steel corporation was organized by men who were regarded as the strongest financiers and promoters in the world. It is the largest industrial corporation ever organized. Its products are the very basis of commerce. Although their prices have shown great fluctuations—Mr. Carnegie has called the steel business a pauper and millionaire industry—they are the first necessity of commerce. It was possible, therefore, to organize a great steel and iron business not so as to prevent, but surely so as to provide against, trade depressions, for there is no business about which there is fuller knowledge.

And there were many facts about the colossal steel corporation that were admirable and attractive. For one thing, it began at once to publish much fuller reports than most corporations have published. It inspired unusual confidence from the beginning. This was to be, if there ever could be, a great industrial corporation which should really take advantage of the economies of consolidation and be managed for the benefit of the stockholders. The greatest financial organizer of our time, perhaps of any time, was identified with it. Its first president was a man in the full vigor of youth who had had a remarkable career in this business. The great company was launched as no other ever was.

But it was the handwork of the promoter after all, as hundreds of other great corporations are. The dominant motive in its organization was not the better manufacture of iron and steel nor its cheaper manufacture nor the better handling or marketing of the product nor the steadying of its price, although all these motives played a part. No great improvement has been made in processes or in management by the new corporation. But the dominant motive was to buy out Mr. Carnegie. It was a personal motive rather than what may be called a public motive. It was not the improvement of the industry nor primarily the protection of the owners of these great mills, but promoters' reasons.

In the organization of it definite, conservative values were not set on the property. On the contrary, it was valued at its earning capacity in prosperous times—its maximum earning capacity. Much more than half its capitalized value was fictitious. The whole amount of its common stock—\$500,000,000—was water. It represented no real, tangible value, but a calculated value based on earnings at the very maximum rate in prosperous times.

But the purchasers of this stock were not plainly informed of this fact. Every man had to dig this information out for himself and calculate for himself the chance of its permanent or possible value. But the inference was, since honorable men were at the head of the company, that there was a reasonable expectation of continuous dividends on the common stock.

It soon came out that enormous sums were required as fees for the underwriting syndicate. In other words, the promoters took a heroic profit for their risk and trouble. Promoters do not work without pay, nor do great bankers take heavy risks for nothing—truly, but from the beginning of the world no such promoters' profits as these had ever been heard of.

Making great organizations is an exciting game. Few men have heads cool enough to resist such excitement. The president of the great company soon lost his head. He was soon buying and selling a great steel plant on his own account at a fabulous profit. But the business of the great company went on in a prosperous way, and its millions of dividends were paid quarterly. Then a plan was made to convert some of its stock into bonds, leaving the rest of the stock, of course, at a disadvantage. Was this an intimation that a time might come when the stock would receive lessened dividends or no dividends at all? The public began to be suspicious, and the stock began rapidly to fall in the market.

The iron and steel trade has fallen off somewhat, not greatly. It is prosperous yet. But the high tide of the last two years is receding. When the time for declaring dividends comes the dividend on the common stock is cut in two—one-half of 1 per cent per quarter is declared instead of 1 per cent on the common stock.

There were some time ago more than 25,000 persons who had bought this common stock alone—bought it because they were led to believe that it had a good chance to continue to pay 4 per cent dividends a year. Now they are told truly that the directors are conserving their property by cutting the dividend in two, and they are reminded at the same time that they were very simple dupes ever to buy this stock with the expectation of any dividends at all, which also is true.

The greatest corporation in the world, then, under the most distinguished

management, is very like many another. It was a promoter's scheme. In its organization there was a great "take off." Some of its officers were caught in the speculative whirlpool and discredited. Its whole issue of common stock is on a speculative basis. The public may learn at some time that the organization of factories and mills and industries on the basis of expected earnings in good times is an economic error. This is a gambler's doctrine pure and simple. The fundamental, lasting, economic fact is that organization on such a basis is a capital error. Earning capacity at any given time is a shifting sand bar. There must be something more substantial than this at the base of industrial organization when it becomes wholly honest.

CHANCE FOR SPOONERS.

Councilmen of Janesville, Wis., Favor Kissing on Schoolhouse Steps.

Lovers may continue their "spooning" on the school steps at night at any of the public schools in Janesville, Wis., without interference on the part of the police. That decision was recently reached by the common council. The victory was a complete one for Alderman Edward Connell, who from the start has championed the cause of the lovers.

Mayor A. O. Wilson and Alderman Mathewson were in favor of appointing the janitors of the public schools as special police so as to do away with the disturbance at night caused by those who fill late at night kept people awake by their kissing and laughter.

Alderman Connell is the only member of the Janesville council who is not enjoying wedded bliss, and for this reason the married city fathers thought that he was better posted on this kissing nuisance than they were. Alderman Connell thought it was useless to appoint the janitors of the different schools as special police. The lovers were doing no harm and were merely enjoying themselves as no doubt many of the aldermen present had done in their younger days. In their vote that followed every one of the aldermen voted with Alderman Connell.

To a reporter Alderman Connell said: "I used to be a boy myself, and it was not many years ago that I used to visit these same schoolhouse steps. Of course I don't favor any couples kissing so loud that they keep the neighbors awake, but from what I have learned by looking into the matter I find that the neighbors have had but few instances where lovers' snatches have kept them awake longer than midnight."

BEGGAR'S SOCIAL STATUS.

He Wondered If It Would Be Lowered by Going to Jail.

"Will my status in society be lowered if you send me to jail?" was a somewhat peculiar query which Alexander Norman put to Magistrate Cunningham in the Central police court at Philadelphia the other day. Norman, who is a cripple, had been arrested a few days ago charged by Agent Benjamin H. Marsh of the Society For Organized Charity with being a vagrant, says the Philadelphia Press.

"Your status in society, I should think, would not be increased if you went to jail," said the magistrate. Agent Marsh said he believed Norman was a confirmed beggar and that the police had a record of him in New York. He asked the court to hold Norman for a further hearing in order that he might have his photograph taken and sent to New York.

"Oh, no, I won't do anything like that," said the magistrate. Marsh then proceeded to question Norman. The latter appealed to the magistrate to dispose of his case without further delay.

"Do I have to answer the man's questions?" asked the prisoner. "Not if you don't want to," replied his honor.

"Then I won't answer them. Please send me to jail." The defendant, who was previously much concerned about his social status, was then sent to the house of correction for six months.

A Mother's View of Gibson's Pictures.

"Charles Dana Gibson and other artists whose specialty is the American girl have much to answer for," declared Mrs. Evelyn B. Ayres in her lecture on "Health and Beauty" at the recent convention in Syracuse of the New York State Assembly of Mothers. "They are responsible for the atrocious attitudes affected by young women today." Mrs. Ayres is professor of physical culture in Syracuse university, and she was illustrating the modish kangaroo walk. "It will take thousands of gymnasts and instructors to undo its ill effects. The Gibson pose is brimful of self-consciousness and angularity."

The Football Girl.

Eyes that are clear as the sparkling air; When the frost sprinkled forests flame; Cheeks all aglow with the daintiest red; Wind tossed hair round a graceful head, Bonny and blithesome beyond compare—Hail to the queen of the game!

There are courage and hope in her eyes so brown; And she raises the blue flag high; And, winning or losing, till all is done She is true to her colors and cheers them on; With the Yale blue violets in her gown, Fair symbol of loyalty.

There is much that is dear in the victor's prize— Honor, applause and fame— But when the strife ends in a victory The first and the best which the winners see Is a swift flashing signal from beauty's eyes. A smile from the queen of the game.

Then here's to the maid who begins her reign; When the dead leaves race and whist! Heavy and loud is the praise I bring; For fairest of all is the maid I sing; So fill up your glasses and pledge again A toast to the football girl! —Raymond W. Walker in Kansas City Star.

In the game of health: SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

At all grocers

Indian Girls as Servants.

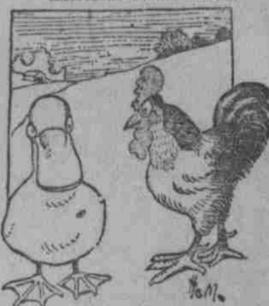
As a result of experiments made by Major S. W. Campbell, agent of the Lapointe Indian agency, which embraces numerous Chippeway reservations in Wisconsin and Minnesota, Indian girls promise to aid in solving the servant girl problem in the northwest. The major in an interview at Duluth, Minn., says that many of the Indian girls are now doing housework in good families and in every case are giving great satisfaction. He passes upon the applications for the girls, and they are allowed to enter none except comfortable and respectable homes. They are thrifty, quick to learn and eager to acquire thorough knowledge of civilized housekeeping.

In a Hurry.



"So you asked old Crusty for his daughter, eh? How did you come out?" "Through the window!"—New York Journal.

Memories of Childhood.



The Rooster—What? You're my long lost brother? Get out! The Duck—Sure, I am! Don't you remember when I tried to teach you to swim and you were afraid of the water?—San Francisco Examiner.

A Paradox.



Poll—Auntie is getting quite a paradox, ain't she? Moll—How do you mean? Poll—Why, she's putting on flesh and running to waist at the same time.

Nothing Lost.



Freddie—You said you'd bring me some candy if I'd be good. Uncle—I'm sorry, Freddie, but I forgot all about it. Freddie—Well, I'm glad I forgot to be good.—San Francisco Examiner.

ARE YOU SORE? USE **Paracamp** Relieves Instantly or Money Refunded. **SORE FEET, BUNIONS.** Prevents Swelling, Allays Inflammation. It Cools. It Soothes. It Cures.

Sold by D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist," 262 North Main St., Barre, Vt.