A Young Man's Record

By Jeanne Olive Lotzeaux

When a young man has been in love for a year, when he has been blushingly told to "ask papa," when he has asked for an interview that he may do that same, when he has no reason to believe that "papa" favors him, when the moment for that interview is at hand—well! That young man would rather charge up San Juan hill five times than knock at the library door and face the within. But for the girl bracing him he might leave the house bareheaded.

Harrison Forrest, twenty-three years old, late of Harvard, athletic, baseball, swimming, some thoughts of law, good family, good fellow and intending to settle down and leave wild oats behind him—that is the young man!

Miss Prue Wilson, twenty, daughter of Banker Wilson, very much in love, afraid of her dignified father, not a bit afraid of her mother, hoping dad will consent, but afraid he won't, in which case it is suicide, cheeks scarlet, heart going pit-a-pat—that is the young woman!

It is the crisis of two lives and no earthquake can postpone it.

Mr. Forrest knocks at the library door. Mr. Wilson bids him enter and he is lost to the view of the girl in the hall. According to precedent she should rush back to the parlor and sit down and shiver and tremble and recall her "Now I lay me down to sleep," but—she does nothing of the sort.

Like a nice, sweet girl she advances to the library door and kneels down and applies her eyes to the keyhole to see and hear what is going on in that fateful room.

"Mr. Wilson," begins the young man as soon as his head stops swimming. "I have asked for this interview to tell you that—"

"You needn't tell me," interrupts the banker, as he holds up a finger. "I have it all here!"

And Mr. Wilson takes a manuscript from a drawer and says:

"I have known for a long time what brought you to this house and have

"Applies Her Eyes to the Keyhole."

made something of an investigation, so as to be ready for you. It is by no means complete, but I will read what I have:

"Played football and was an oarsman in college. Was never perfect in a lesson. Had the reputation of being a slugger.

"Came near being expelled on several occasions for pranks. Said pranks consisted in damaging property and slugging policemen, with tearing down lampposts as a side issue.

"Cleaned out one table d'hote and two saloons in New York and was stabbed in the arm.

"Ran away with a professor's auto and damaged it. Paid the damage, but guyed the professor.

"Raised a row on a New Haven train.

"Was the principal feature in an amateur boxing contest. Left his man insensible.

"Saved a man in Boston from drowning, but slugged two policemen 15 minutes later.

"Family well to do and respectable.

"Young man may turn to law, or he may turn to the prize ring."

"Said to dote on his mother, but was fined $25 for rooting up a sidewalk at Fall River."

Mr. Wilson read that far and then laid the report aside, and looked at the young man for a long minute before saying:

"And now you may go on with what you came in here to say."

"That—that report is true, sir," was the reply in a trembling voice, "but please don't believe me vicious. It was what they call exuberance of spirits. When you were a young man—"

"I was not troubled that way, Mr. Forrest!"

"But—but—"

"When do you enter the roped arena to meet all comers?"

"But I'm no slugger. All these things just happened so. I have put them all behind me."

"Until you meet the next policeman! Mr. Forrest, you came to ask my consent to wed my daughter. I cannot give it."

"But if I change—if I have changed—if I do not slug any more—if I am no longer troubled with exuberance of spirits—?"

"Please consider this interview at an end, Mr. Forrest. I hope for your mother's sake you will change."

"And he gave his consent!" whispered Miss Prue, who was waiting in the hall for her lover to reappear.

"No, and he never will! He thinks I'm a slugger and a loafer."

"How dare he! How dare he!"

"Oh, he dared, all right. He didn't seem a bit embarrassed over it. He same as called me a prize fighter."

"And you so gentle that you wouldn't hurt a fly! Well, we won't elope, and we won't commit suicide. You just wait. That father of mine is going to get a talking to."

The father got it, but it did not change the situation, except he hoped that Mr. Forrest, for the sake of his parents, would give up slugging and take to the law and become a credit to the bench and bar. If he did this, and after five or ten or fifteen years, proved that he had recovered from his exuberance of spirits, why he might come around and talk.

Miss Prue was not found dead at the end of a rope in the garret next morning. They don't do that way now-a-days. They write a little note and smuggle it out of the house and then have a feeling that their angel grandmother is looking down from heaven and will somehow bring things around all right. In this instance, Miss Prue's angel grandmother was on the spot and saw her way clear.

Mr. Forrest did not call again. He did not propose an elopement nor plan the death of the banker. If he was a slugger he was an honorable one. Besides, he also had a grandmother up there. She was a hustler and schemer when alive, and he believed he could depend upon her now.

Mr. Wilson was interested in a marble quarry, and occasionally drove out there to see how things were going. There had been a cut-down in the wages of the men. Too much money was being sent back to Italy. Two weeks after breaking Mr. Forrest in two he started to visit the quarry and settle the trouble if he could, and Miss Prue accompanied him. At about the same time the despairing lover started out from somewhere in his auto for a spin. His route passed the quarry.

The banker arrived to find seven or eight hands hanging around and grumbling, while a dozen more had packed up and departed. A strike had been declared. He stood up in his auto and orated. He showed that a cut in wages always made the wage-earner more economical, and was therefore a good thing, and he was going on to prove several other things when the men made a dash for him and hauled him out of the machine. They had just begun to pound him up right-smart when another auto arrived on the scene, and he had a dim remembrance of hearing his daughter cry out:

"Oh, it's Harry—my Harry! Oh, Harry, they are killing dad!"

This was the situation that the two angel grandmothers brought about. Couldn't be better. Mr. Harrison Forrest was out of his machine and slugging away, one, two, three, inside of ten seconds. The enemy went down. The enemy clubbed and slashed at him. The enemy was punched until it fled. And Mr. Wilson sat up in the road and saw it all, and heard Miss Prue's words of commendation and exultation. And when the enemy had been lambasted the banker arose and extended his hand to the young man and quietly observed:

"I thought you were to quit slugging!"

"But this was a special occasion, you see!" was the reply

"Oh, I understand. Well, you might call this evening and make it another special occasion, and I shall expect you to take up law the very first thing in the morning."

And Miss Prue reached out and patted her father on the shoulder. "You are the best ever," she said.

MAKES ANALYSIS OF BREATH

Professor Courtade of Paris Declares That Exhaled Air Contains Mass of Solid Particles.

The ultra-microscope has enabled Professor Courtade of Paris to analyze the human breath far more minutely than it has ever been done before. In a report to the Medical society of Paris he says that exhaled air contains not only gases, such as nitrogen, carbonic acid, water, vapor, etc., but also a mass of tiny solid particles, some motionless and others mobile.

The latter, he surmises, may include bacteria, both rod-shaped and globular. The presence of minute bits of cell tissue (epithelium) in the human breath he regards as positively proved.

The process followed by the investigator in his experiments was very simple. It was only necessary, he says, to examine a glass plate on which exhaled breath had been allowed to evaporate. Under the ultra-microscope he observed collection of dust composed of as rich a variety of substances as that left by evaporated drinking water.

Doctor Courtade hopes ultimately to be able to lay down a new standard of health by a series of comparisons of what he calls the "breath dust" of healthy and unhealthy persons.—New York Sun.

How He Lost.

"Why did she give him back his ring?"

"They were discussing feminine loveliness and she remarked that, of course, there were lots of more beautiful girls than she in the world."

"And she got angry because he disagreed with her. What an unusual'—"

"Naw, the chump didn't disagree with her! He said: 'That stands to reason.'"

Money and Marriage

By Maude Parsons

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

William Douglass, manager of Thornybrook, strode to the telephone and rang three times. A lovely voice, with a little yawn in it, answered.

"May I see you a few moments, Miss Anne?" queried Douglass. "It's a matter of importance."

"Yes, William," returned the lovely voice. "Come right over."

Anne Thornton, owner of Thornybrook, awaited the manager in a sun-flooded room in the handsome old house. Miss Thornton was good to look upon. In a ruffled, trailing morning gown, and with dewy eyes that looked forth contentedly on a pleasant world, she was ravishing.

Or so thought William Douglass, anyway. William was in love with his employer.

His homely, trustworthy face was pale and his eyes were dark-dinged. He had not slept much for two nights trying to decide on just what he was going to say. Now he found his speech curiously hard to deliver.

"Miss Anne," he began.

"Yes," encouraged Miss Anne, in a tone of voice she reserved for Douglass alone.

"I am going—I have decided—that is, we—you have a chance to buy some more stock of the Du Quoin National bank."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It is a good buy." William, on familiar ground, was not embarrassed now. "The bank's well managed and is making money."

"Then buy it, William. You know I trust all those things to you, anyway."

The unhappy William perspired. "That's what I came to see you about. I've—I've been thinking about the back farm. Shall we pasture it again

"How I've Longed to Call You 'Billy,' She Said."

this summer, or plow for corn? We'd better decide, if this weather is going to stay."

Without, the low hills were taking on a tender greenery, and two robins made love under the window. Miss Anne, being young and wholesome and pretty, was pulsing beneath the call of spring—and William was talking about plowing!

"Whatever you think best, William." And then, suddenly turning her dark eyes full upon him: "What did you really want to see me about, William?"

Douglass gasped and floundered. Then, rising, he placed a little package of papers in her hand, and said:

"Here's a statement of things—of your money and stocks and your farms. I'm going to—to leave, Miss Anne."

The old clock in the hall ticktocked off ages of silence. Douglass kept his stubborn glance on the sunshiny landscape beyond the broad window. Miss Anne studied the top of her little slipper.

"Going away," she said at last, as if to herself. "You are really going to leave us! Why, William?"

"It's a private matter. I'd—well, I'd rather not say, Miss Anne."

"Is it salary, William? You know I've tried to make you take more."

"No," returned Douglass, decidedly. "I'm paid more than I'm worth, now."

"But you've done splendidly, William. When we hired you as manager, mother and I had no idea of burdening you with our financial affairs, too. And now we're depending on you to make our investments."

"It's all right, Miss Anne. I've liked to do it."

"Uncle Robert says you've made us richer than ever. And a share of that is yours—"

"No," said Douglass, and he meant it. "It isn't money."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Thornton, plaintively. "We've been very happy togeth—" If William had not been so busy watching the love-making robins he would have noticed a little blush tinge his employer's cheeks as she substituted: "Everything's been so harmonious."

"I know, Miss Anne. That's what makes it hard to go. I never can thank you for your kindness. Those papers will explain things to the new man."

"William," interrupted Miss Anne, "please sit down again. I want your advice—for a friend. You're not going to leave us right away?"

"Oh, no; I can stay for—for a little time."

"Three months—four months?" The girl leaned forward eagerly.

"We—ell, I hardly think so. I want to get established before the summer is too far advanced."

"Oh." A pause. "So you're going into business?"

"Ye—es; that is, I think so."

"Is that so personal that you didn't want to tell me?" There was an accusing emphasis on the "me."

Douglass did not attempt to answer.

"One of my girl friends doesn't know just what to do, William. You see, she's—she's—in love."

"Oh!"

"That 'Oh' was dreadfully noncommittal, William. Aren't you interested?"

"Why, yes, certainly, Miss Anne."

"Well, she doesn't know whether the young man is—is in love with her or not."

"Can't she tell?"

"She isn't sure. She thinks he likes her, but—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, there are complications, William. She is rich, and the young man is poor. She feels he's to proud to speak."

"Oh."

"Well, what is she going to do? She's—she's cried herself to sleep, I'm afraid, a good many times; and yet there doesn't seem to be any way to make him speak."

William looked up. The dark eyes gazed innocently and perplexedly into his own.

"There isn't any way, I'm afraid," he said, with an unconscious sigh. "If the man has self-respect, he can't be a fortune hunter. He must make his own way before he can ask the girl to be his wife."

"She's thought of that, too. But it seems so foolish! They may have to wait years, and grow old and withered while he makes a lot of money they don't need. Isn't marriage an equal partnership? Why hasn't the wife the right to bring money to the union as her husband?"

"From an impersonal standpoint, she has," replied William, "but if I were that young man I would feel as he feels. He cannot in honor speak while his motives could be misconstrued. Her friends would say—"

"Bother her friends!" Miss Anne looked confused when she realized the emphasis she had put on the three-words, but only for a moment. Then she added: "That's the way she feels. She says she has a right to her own happiness, no matter what people think or say. She is satisfied he is not a fortune hunter; that he is upright and honorable, and the man nature intended as her mate. Why can't he be sensible and speak?"

She leaned forward in her chair, her lips dropping in childlike perplexity. Douglass got up hastily and backed away. He did not want to lose his carefully acquired grip and make a fool of himself. That's why he was leaving Thornybrook—to keep from making a fool of himself. He fumbled his hat and turned to the door.

"He can't, that's all," declared Douglass, when his hand had closed on the knob. "It's an impossibility, Miss Anne. If you were in his place you'd realize—" He stopped; he was confusing the other man's case with his own.

"Don't you want to know who the girl is?" asked Miss Thornton, unsteadily. She had risen and her fingers were intertwined.

"Why, yes." Douglass somehow felt the name of that girl to be the most important thing in the world. The robins had ceased their billing and cooing to listen. But he feared Miss Anne's words would be drowned by the thumping of his heart.

"It's—it's—" Her voice died away. And then it began again, broke and went on to a triumphant conclusion:

"Oh, Billy, you stupid, stupid boy! It's—it's Anne Thornton!"

Douglass stared unbelievingly, saw in her face what he had never dared to hope to see and dropped his hat. He rushed back.

The next moment she was in his arms, half-laughing and half-crying.

"How I've longed to call you 'Billy!'" she said.

"And how I've longed to call you—darling!" said he.

Give Up Secret Societies.

Secret societies have been abolished at Mount Holyoke college by a combined vote of the society members and the faculty. These secret societies had been in existence in Mount Holyoke for more than twenty-five years. The dramatic club of the college has bought the American rights of the pastoral play, "Fair Rosamond," with a set of costumes and properties for production. This play was first given by Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral players at the Cannizaro Woods, Wimbledon common, England. The American rights were later bought by Mrs. John V. Pruyn of Albany, who allowed the play to be given only when the proceeds were for some hospital work. After Mrs. Pruyn's death it was decided to sell the American rights and stage properties to some college organization rather than to a professional company. This play will probably be presented at the May day celebration.

Accepted.

"The position requires a high degree of courage. We must know that you possess it."

"Well, sir, I ran a moving picture show for six months in a college town."

Temptation

Brewer shrugged his shoulders a little angrily, for the idle remark irritated him.

"It's so," persisted the speaker. "You've the best chance on earth to be dishonest if you wanted to and never be suspected. Lucky for the banks—and lucky for you—that you're honest!"

The words repeated themselves in his mind as Brewer walked along. Crayfoot was right. Brewer, an expert man on safes, time and time again again held the secrets of bank vaults in his mind, with no man to stop him should he choose to dispose of the night watchman and, opening those vaults, relock them after helping himself. It was indeed lucky that he was honest.

With the speculative smile still curving his lips he turned in at the Guthries' house, springing up the steps with the eagerness which was always his when Gertrude Guthrie was near.

As she came toward him, smiling, Brewer thought again, as he had thought innumerable times before, how all things beautiful should be hers by right—beauty of surroundings, of garb, of jewels. That she should be wasted in obscurity seemed a crime—and the Guthrie family was in only moderate circumstances, with all the longing of those poor for generations for the power of wealth.

That evening he discovered that excitement swayed Gertrude's parents. Evans, the millionaire, had of late shown marked preference for Gertrude's society. So in her mother's heart a wild hope had sprung to life. Brewer, who always had been cordially welcomed before, felt a chill in the air.

"You forget," Gertrude's mother told her when she had promised Brewer that she would go with him to the theater the following evening, "you forget that Mr. Evans said he might call."

Brewer, watching the color come and go on the girl's face with a queer, choking sensation in his throat, knew that to Gertrude also Evans was a glittering prospect.

Walking slowly homeward, thinking it over, he could not blame her. With the possibility of losing her, desperation began to tinge his thoughts. He was still going over the same weary round mentally the following day as he worked on the time lock of the Eastern bank. Into his musings, clear and sharp like a stroke, floated Crayfoot's idle suggestion as to his chances to enrich himself.

His hands trembled as he worked on. Once or twice he glanced, half frightened, into the interior of the vault, where he had no right to go. Strange thoughts disturbed his brain and his lips tightened into a line as he planned—for it could do no harm to plan. It really was very simple. The only drawback was that eventually suspicion would narrow down to him. By then, however, he could have his plunder safely concealed. They could prove nothing and Gertrude would believe in him.

This thought brought the first chill, for how could he face her, she believing in him? He remembered her trustful eyes and breathed hard. Then he remembered Evans and again took up his planning with tightening lips.

There was a queer medley in his brain several nights later when he again sought Gertrude. He had a mad fancy that he could better crystallize his plans if he were in her presence and could hear her voice. Since temptation had beset him he had existed in a daze, thinking, planning, always planning.

His eyes were feverish as he bent toward the girl when conversation lagged. "Gertrude," he asked, huskily, "would you give up Evans—would you marry me if I had money—and could give you things?"

Startled, she looked at him and then she smiled, the half sad, tender smile women give those for whom they care in spite of all.

"But you'll never have money, Louis," she told him. "You are not one of the kind of men who get rich."

Brewer saw only the smile. "I shall be, I tell you!" he said. "And then—you'll marry me?"

She drew back and her face whitened as her eyes searched his haggard face.

"No," she almost whispered, "no, because if you came to me with a fortune in your hands, Louis, I'd know that you hadn't got it honestly."

As Brewer gazed into her eyes he felt helplessly that they saw far down into the secret recesses of his soul, were reading the blackness of the thoughts there. He felt that she was shrinking from him in a dawning horror. His face dropped into his hands.

It was as from a distance that he heard her breathe his name. "Louis," she said, haltingly. "I don't understand. Why should you so misjudge me? Why should a question of wealth enter into the subject of my—marrying you? If I cared, you know? Do you think so poorly of me as that?"

The man, raising his head, saw her breathless, flushed with the effort of her words, with that little smile of tenderness and self giving. A loathing of himself, of the sin that was seared on his soul, overwhelmed him, swept him out into the full current of life again.

"Oh," he breathed, as he bent over her hands. "Give me time! Give me a chance to show what I can be, Gertrude, with your help!"

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