

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE. Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye.

THE CRY OF THE MOB.

"Justice!" So shouted the mob at Springfield, Ill. Angered because a prisoner charged with a heinous crime—and now likely to prove his innocence—had been spirited away by the authorities, who anticipated a visit by the mob to the jail, a crowd of people grew into a raging multitude bent on bloodshed and rapine.

"Justice!" Thus it shouted as it pulled to pieces the business place of a private citizen who, in obedience to the law and ordered by the sheriff, loaned his automobile to carry the prisoner to a place of safety.

"Justice!" Vexing the heavens with raucous cry, the mob surged through "the bad lands," torch in hand, giving to the flames the homes of decent citizens with the property of the vile, making hissing the flames of Springfield with its hoarse, insistent demand for blood and doing tremendous damage that innocent taxpayers must pay.

"Justice!" Vexing its grim demand, it rioted in brutal wounding and killing of men, women and children, bringing a reign of terror to a whole city and sating its brutal passions in hellish torture and hideous death.

"Justice!" Night and day, day and night, went up the awful growl of the multitude, appealing for a moment its thirst for blood by dragging an inoffensive man of eighty years from his peaceful home, beating this white haired octogenarian as if he were a mad dog of the streets and then gloating over his hanging body.

Thus the Springfield mob, aflame with hatred of a race, drunk with vengeance, riotous, insane.

Let us look behind this hateful face of anarchy, foul with passion, lost to human instinct, murderous, and find some adequate cause for this outbreak of a maddened people.

Surely there must be some final cause—the slow, growing sentiment, settled into public conviction—else the terrible spectacle is meaningless.

There was a cause. For years the miscarriage of justice in the courts had been countenanced by sworn officials—for the sake of votes.

For years the release of known criminals on technical or political terms had winked at by those who were set for law enforcement.

Public sentiment had piled up behind the dam until the barriers gave way and the flood put to scorn the pious arms that tried to stop it!

"Justice!" The eternal years of God are hers. Somehow, somehow, some time, her verdict must be put into effect—if by no other means, then by the mob.

Does it pay? Does it pay to do wrong "according to law?" That is to say, if you should escape legal penalty does it pay to do unrighteously?

This generation, which inclines to put everything on the pay basis, ought to have interest in that question.

The penalty of the statute law is not to be compared with that of the moral law.

There is a barrier between you and a dishonest dollar, a dishonest deed. CLIMB OVER THAT BARRIER AT YOUR PERIL!

Some of you imagine, for instance, the command "Thou shalt not steal" is mere words! It is LAW—inflexible as any law of physics or mathematics.

It is not a law because it is in the Decalogue. It is in the Decalogue because it is a law.

Some of us fall just here. We fail to understand that THE PENALTY INTERESTS IN THE LAW.

The penalty will follow, you may be sure. Every note of the universe is leagued for its enforcement.

"Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

If you violate those laws you invite the sure penalty. If history proves anything it proves this: "SIN AND PUNISHMENT" GROW ON THE SAME STEM.

The sentence may be carried out in many ways. Eternal justice is not shut up to a single method. It has a thousand ways to punish.

The penalty may come through swiftness of mind or heart by way of remorse.

Or it may come through the shame of publicity.

Or by that gradual weakening of moral fiber that one day ends in legal apprehension.

Or through physical suffering. OR THROUGH THE CHILD.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Heredity is one of the patient officers of the moral law to do its bidding.

You cannot escape because you cannot get away from yourself. The needs of the sin are sown in YOU. The harvest must be reaped from YOU.

This generation needs the stern teachings of the law of moral compensation. A former generation may have been deterred from wrong doing, to some extent, by the preaching of hell fire and brimstone. In the reaction from this preaching to that of love and mercy the real terrors of moral punishment have been neglected.

Let it be thundered into the ears of men today, "The goal that sinneth it shall die." And THE DEATH OF THE SPIRIT is infinitely more to be dreaded than physical suffering in a literal hell.

It does not pay. Let the warning face every man who reaches wrongfully for a dollar, who betrays innocence, who robs in the guise of law protection, who wrongs his fellow man.

A SYSTEM BUILT ON LIES. The operations of the Chicago board of trade are conducted on a basis of pure fiction.

The government maintains an expensive crop report, but there is no connection between these reports and the prices on 'change.

The entire system of trading on the board is founded upon lies.

Here is one more proof: James A. Patten of Chicago, who has made millions by manipulating the market, while operating a recent wheat deal peddled all sorts of lies about wheat

crop. He shouted calamity. He gave the publicity to false stories about the rust and blight in the wheat belt. Secretly he bought wheat. But his traders and pit leaders persistently hid about the crop damage. Then one day Patten threw a scare that caused wheat to jump up 5 cents a bushel. By lying Patten made a million and half.

Of course when this gambler gained somebody lost.

For instance: John G. Lund of Minneapolis was a wealthy land dealer. He received reports about the crops from his local agents. They knew conditions and told Lund the truth. They denied the stories about the damage. On the strength of those reports—the truth—Lund sold largely.

On the day that Patten, with his lies, sent wheat up 5 cents a bushel Lund blew out his brains five minutes before the market closed. He was a disgraced and ruined man.

Patten made his cleanup on lies. Lund followed the truth and lost.

Nor is that all of the tale of ruin wrought by Patten in his campaign of deception.

Because of the fictions invented by Patten and his brokers the largest milling firm in the world went into bankruptcy, because it could not get wheat from the farmers at a reasonable price. The farmers knew the truth about the crop, but they followed Patten, believing he would force the price up. They held their wheat.

The men who followed Patten—the farmers excepted—made big money.

The men who followed the truth were ruined.

Mull over those two preceding statements and then ask yourself, "Is not that man deceived who thinks he can buy on the market and succeed by following the laws of supply and demand?"

It is all a pure gamble—with the dice loaded against you.

However, the "corner" is over. Patten and his coteries have pocketed their gains, while the losers hide away in the obscurity of their ruined homes.

The day is coming when government—the people—must strangle this monster of speculation.

It not only ruins individuals, it is a menace to business. It can threaten prosperity, destroy confidence, ruin industry and bring about disastrous panic.

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The First Boarder.

By Temple Bailey. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

It was so different from the usual summer boarding place that Denton stopped short and eyed doubtfully the wide lawn, the massive stone house and the garden flaming with June roses.

He even looked at the great mastiff that snarled toward him with a suspicious eye.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "are you in a fairy tale, or is this just an everyday fact?"

"Duke, come here," called a clear voice, and the dog bounded back to the porch.

Denton followed him. "Are you the princess?" he asked of the owner of the clear voice.

"The girl flushed and stared. 'I don't understand'—she stammered.

Denton laughed. "I beg pardon," he apologized, "for boring you with my facts. But this place is so beautiful that I thought I had stepped out of real life into fairyland and that the dog was the monster that guarded the gate and that you were the enchanted princess."

The girl's eyes twinkled. "I'm not a princess," she told him. "I'm your landlady."

Something of a disappointment crept into Denton's expression.

"Then you are Mrs. Carter?" he hazarded.

"Miss Carter," she corrected, and he looked relieved. "In the letter that I wrote you I signed myself 'Mehitabel Carter,' and I suppose you thought I had gray hair and wrinkles."

"The name did suggest them," he mused, watching her sparkling face.

"Every one around here calls me Belle," she explained. "But of course when one writes letters to prospective boarders one realizes that a dignified name is an asset."

"Certainly," he agreed and settled back in his chair, content to listen and look.

But his hostess was more energetic. "I'll show you your room," she said and led the way through the spacious hall and up the stairs to the second story.

When Denton came down a little later and found his landlady walking in the rose garden he said to her: "You needn't tell me. This is an enchanted castle. Who ever heard of white bathtubs and nickel trinkets and pond lily fringes and Circassian wall furniture for \$10 a week?"

A little anxious frown borrowed Miss Carter's forehead. "I was afraid I was charging too much," she said.

"You see, you are my first boarder."

It appeared on further conversation that there were to be six other boarders, and they were to arrive at 7:30.

"Five of them are maiden ladies," Miss Carter explained, "and I told them they might bring their cats and parrots."

"And the other one?" Denton demanded.

"Is a man," said Miss Carter, "and he wants to bring his automobile."

Denton gazed pensively across the garden toward the purple hills. "Alas," he sighed, "and I brought only a typewriter. The automobile is the dragon that I must slay."

"Stiffened a little at that," she said. "I don't think I quite understand," she said.

"Of course not," Denton agreed quite cheerfully. "I am a writer of stories I deal much in metaphor. It isn't to be expected that you would understand. But you will—some day."

He switched to other topics and learned that the beautiful house, with its beautiful furniture, had been the girl's summer home. That the failure of her father in business and his absence to fill a postoffice in the grocer made her decide that the house must support itself or be sold. So she had advertised for boarders, and with two old and trusted servants, she was to make it pay.

"We raise all of our vegetables," she smiled, "and we have our own chickens and eggs."

"Don't say any more," Denton begged. "I am hungry enough as it is without hearing of real milk and butter and eggs."

"She laughed. 'The train is due now,' she said; "as soon as the other boarders get here we will have supper."

Contrary to Denton's expectations, the six old maids proved to be delightful company. Three of them were teachers, one of them wrote for the magazines, one, having a private fortune, was something of a globe trotter, and the sixth, being domestically inclined, had brought the cat and parrot.

The one man was the object of Denton's special observation. His name was Nesselrode.

"He makes me think of a pudding," Denton remarked to Miss Carter.

"I don't think he looks that way at all," Miss Carter said indignantly. "I think he is very handsome, if he is stout."

"Oh, I don't mean his looks," Denton remarked resignedly. "But his name."

Nesselrode, however, proved to be very good company, and it became quite a matter of course that the two men should spin through the country every morning in the big motor car.

In the afternoon Nesselrode always took Miss Carter, and in the back seat he packed two and sometimes three of the old ladies.

"And I stay at home with the cat and parrot," Denton remarked indignantly to Miss Carter one evening when he had carried her off to the rose garden, "for the old ladies who don't go with you always take their dogs at that time, and if it wasn't for the cat and parrot I should die of loneliness."

"It's too bad," Miss Carter murmured sympathetically.

"Too bad," Denton fared. "It's preposterous. He takes me in the morning and here in the afternoon, and I haven't had an hour's comfortable conversation with you since that first day."

"When you thought I was a princess," said Miss Carter demurely.

"I still think you are a princess," said Denton ardently. He leaned toward her, and the moonlight showed his pale, eager face. "I still think you are a princess, and now that I have found you in your enchanted castle, I yearn to carry you away with me to my kingdom."

There was a rustle in the leaves be-

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hind them. Miss Carter sat up straight. "Who is it?" she cried sharply. "Who is there?"

"Polly, Polly," said a chuckling, wavering voice, "pretty, pretty Polly."

Then a deeper voice boomed beyond the bushes.

"Is that you, Miss Carter? I am looking for Miss Pierce's parrot."

"I can't even propose to you without his butting in," he complained to himself for a moment in a corner of the dark porch. "Say 'yes' before he finds us here, princess, and—"

"How do you know?" Miss Carter's voice trembled through the darkness.

"I do not know," he said softly. "I can only hope."

As he reached out his hand to take hers his fingers touched something warm and velvety.

"Purr—urr—up," came a confiding feline murmur just as Nesselrode's lumbering figure loomed near the steps.

"Did you see that pussycat come over here, Denton? I've been sent to look her up."

That night a burglar entered Miss Carter's house. Denton was the first to give the alarm, and he showed the family silver piled up in the middle of the table in the dining room, with the corners of the cloth tucked over it.

"I saw a light," he said, "I came—and I suppose he was scared away. I had not been to bed."

Miss Carter, very beautiful in a rosy dressing gown, examined the silver. "I think everything is here," she said.

"You are sure that nothing is gone from your room?" Denton asked.

"I might have gone there first."

Miss Carter flew upstairs, with the six old ladies at her heels. When she came down she was as white as chalk.

"My pearl necklace is gone," she said.

Denton turned to Nesselrode. "Perhaps you took your automobile and followed the man you might get the pearls?"

"But"—Nesselrode protested.

"There are no butts in the service of a lady," Denton reminded him gravely.

And after Nesselrode had whizzed away, and the six old ladies had retired to their rooms to talk it over, Denton detained Miss Carter.

"And when he had pulled down the shades of every window, and when he had closed the door, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the pearl necklace."

"His fall," he said, "in 'love'—"

"But she was no burglar," Denton declared. "I found the pearls on the porch after you went in, and that gave me the idea, and I mused up the things on the table. It was the only way that I could get to see you again tonight, and I couldn't stand another day of Nesselrode's monopolizing."

Slowly a subtle curved Miss Carter's lips.

"Any one would know you were a writer of stories," she said, "there were so many easier ways."

"I couldn't think of any," Denton said, "so I tried this."

And he turned toward her. "Nesselrode will be back presently. We must be quick. Oh, princess, is it 'yes'?"

Her cheeks were as rosy as her pretty gown.

"Of course when the prince storms the castle the princess surrenders."

As he kissed her they heard the "ching-chug" of the returning automobile.

Nesselrode came in, puffing. "Not a sign"—he began and stopped. The two people by the table were smiling radiantly.

"I am so sorry," Miss Carter said and held out her hand, in which glimmered a small, milk white object.

"I am so sorry that you are my driver for nothing, Mr. Nesselrode, but"—she hesitated and then went on steadily—"but—but Mr. Denton found the pearls!"

Circular Storms. Meteorologists are now agreed that what are called circular storms are not circular in the proper sense of the word. There is not merely a flow of air round, but also convergence toward a central area. There is also a large upflow over and near the central area, and an outflow above and descent of air in the outskirts of the storm area; hence the motion is successively complicated. It is also very variable, as squalls and gusts of the most violent character may alternate with strong but less destructive winds; also in the cyclonic storms of the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere the winds in the same quadrant of cyclonic storm and in the same general direction differ largely in their meteorological character.

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