

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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FROM SCRUBBER TO PRIMA DONNA. An expression by a Springfield (Mass.) man serves to show how flexible is our American society.

It is a man's duty to pay \$2.50 to hear Mrs. Olive Fremstad sing because, he says, the singer scrubbed the floors of his kitchen a few years ago.

This is the story: "I lived in Minneapolis from 1884 to 1889 and came to Springfield in 1889. In 1888 in Minneapolis we had our piano tuned by a man named Fremstad, who said he had a daughter whom he wished brought up in the American way and wanted us to take her in and teach her how to be a domestic.

"Well, we did this and paid the girl \$2.50 a week. Her name was Anna Olive Fremstad, who, I now see, is to sing in our city. In the earlier days I could hear her sing without paying a cent. It costs me \$2.50 now. I won't pay it."

Forsyth! Because a few years ago Anna Olive Fremstad worked in his kitchen at \$2.50 per week and warbled freely and without price this man asks the old, old, pharisaic question:

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and a prima donna is not without recognition save to the man whose floors she once scrubbed.

But this is not good doctrine in the republic "which spells Opportunity."

The Springfield man is not a good American. Does he think our society is, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable? On the contrary, it is very mutable.

Garfield put it well when he said in effect that our society is not like the society of Europe, which resembles the strata of the earth, each layer above holding the one beneath it down, but that our society is rather like the waves of the sea, where the lowest drop may rise and glisten on the top-most wave.

When she scrubbed the kitchen floors Anna Olive Fremstad was one of the lowest drops in the bed of society's great ocean. But she rose! And now she glistens on the top-most wave as Mme. Fremstad, whom to hear one must pay \$2.50.

That is the true American way. You can't hold the drop down. The boy who sells you a newspaper on the street today may be your son's employer twenty years from now.

The girl who rises high in society that some day your daughter will be glad to get an invitation to her receptions.

That Springfield man is a pebbles and a standpatter and a clam.

COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY. "To stay at home is best."

You may quote the homely old adage in vain to the girl whose ambitious dreams lure her away from the country place or the village to the city.

And often the girl who stays at home envies the girl who goes away.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. The dream of city life is like a glittering pageant in the shifting kaleidoscope of the girl's aspirations.

More and more the city shows up the pure womanhood and manhood of the country. Already more than half of the people of the United States live in cities, and the proportion grows larger yearly.

This is the law of it: The girl of town or country grows tired of teaching district school or clerking in the village store or staying on the farm. She goes to the city to realize her dream of life.

At the first she is delighted—enamored of the glare and glitter. Here, she thinks, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things seen in her visions.

Then comes disillusion. The awful loneliness of the crowd comes upon her. The sordid surroundings of her cheap boarding house, the comparison of her frumpy dresses with the tailored suits of well-dressed women—these things lead to heart aches and wretchedness. She is a stranger in a strange land.

Poor lassie! If she is made of strong moral fiber she will come through it all and save her womanhood and respect, but she will also grow a little wiser of heart and mind. In opposing her selfishness to the sordid selfishness of her world some of the bloom of innocence is likely to disappear.

If there is a weakness somewhere in her moral armor her very virtues of innocence and trustfulness may lead to her undoing.

To stay at home is best. To be sure, it is quiet down on the farm or in the village, but the monotony is as nothing to the aching loneliness that comes in the midst of strange crowds and there are a fullness of happy comradeship and a friendliness of contact among the home folks that are never to be found elsewhere.

Besides, should the country girl be able to win her way in the city and save her soul that has she gained over the home life?

Experience; that is all. And that experience may have been bitter but not a better world. She has had a few more clothes, a few more thrills of excitement. Even at the best she has accomplished a peace of soul that has been dearly bought. To stay at home is best.

THE BEST VICES. The working girl makes the best wife.

So says President Mary E. Woolley, head of Mount Holyoke college, one of the leading colleges for girls.

Which is an unusual admission from such a source. But true!

Statistics show that less than 50 per cent of women college graduates marry; also that those who do marry seldom or never have large families.

It stands to reason the working girl or the business girl should, as a rule, make a better wife than the highly educated girl or the girl reared in luxury or idleness.

When the working girl gets her home she appreciates it to the full. She has been accustomed to work for a stated number of hours six days in every week, subject to the orders of her employer. In her home she is her own mistress. She takes orders from no one; also she is able to arrange for

hours of leisure and relaxation. She feels that her lot is improved. The college girl or the girl who has been reared without work, on the other hand, feels that the labor of house-keeping is a burden. It is distasteful to her. She complains. She prefers a family hotel or a boarding house. And that way lies the divorce court or, at the best, domestic difficulties.

The business girl makes a good wife. She is accustomed to earn her living. She knows how many cents are in a dollar. She knows how to reduce the business of housekeeping to a system. Things run smoothly in her home, and she is a treasure to the husband who has a family.

Also, he said, the farmer's daughter usually makes an ideal wife. She has good health and good spirits and has been trained to housekeeping from her youth up.

Wives who are brought up to work are seldom found in the divorce court. This class of wives do not make the mistake of living beyond their husbands' means—a fruitful source of domestic trouble.

It is the girl who has been brought up to wash, or the girl who goes away to school, with no sympathy for the sacrifice of her parents, who has little conception of household economies or the ability or taste for housekeeping.

Now, this is no creed against highest education. There is a call and a career for the cultured, public spirited woman outside of matrimony.

But— It is nevertheless true that the real mothers of the race must come from the ranks of the working girls.

THE THREE SIDED PEDESTAL. Here, let us suppose, is a three sided pedestal or box painted upon one side red, upon another side white and upon another side blue.

One person from his angle of vision, looking at the pedestal and seeing but the one side, says: "The pedestal is painted red."

Another person, viewing the pedestal from a different point of view and seeing but one side, says: "No; the pedestal is painted white."

A third individual, looking at the pedestal from still another quarter of the compass, disagrees and says: "You are both mistaken. The pedestal is painted blue."

The three persons begin a discussion, each trying to convince the others that they are wrong, whereupon a fourth person walks entirely around the pedestal and, viewing it from all three points of view, stops the debate by saying: "You are all right, gentlemen, and you are all wrong, because—"

"The pedestal is painted RED and WHITE and BLUE."

Which illustrates the truth that much depends upon the point of view. Everything, all systems of truth, every human life, whatever you can see and judge and criticize—everything has its many sides and phases.

And in your judgment of anything whatsoever be sure you see it from every possible point of view. Because—

He who sees things from but a single angle of vision is apt to be narrow, provincial, prejudiced. He lacks the sweep of the broader vision, the horizon of the wider view.

Most debates occur because each debater sees only his side of the discussion and refuses to look upon the other side.

Most criticisms concerning the lives of men and women are made because only a single phase of character is seen, whereas a fuller knowledge of the life would reveal hitherto unseen excellencies.

Is it not so? And if so ought not the consciousness of it make all of us humble rather than proud, charitable rather than critical?

The most ignorant man in the world is the man who thinks he knows it all, and because of his ignorance he is boastful of himself.

Let us remember— The pedestal has more than one side. Before we are confident let us walk entirely around it.

HAPPY WE. We modern Americans are the most unhappy people on the face of the earth because we are the most prosperous people, because we are the freest people, because we are the most highly educated.

Professor Albion W. Small of Chicago University.

No-embarrassingly! The statement is untrue, and the reasons given prove the opposite—that is to say—

We Americans are the happiest people on earth because we are the most prosperous, the freest and the best educated.

Or, to put it differently— Most of the unhappiness suffered by the American people is because of lack of prosperity, lack of freedom, lack of education.

Truly we are prosperous. To put it in a sentence— We have but 7 per cent of the territory of the earth and but 5 per cent of its population, but we have twice as much life insurance as all the rest of the world's people and, if as much other people on earth put together.

And we are well educated. We have enrolled in our public schools 17,000,000 students, and there are 5,000,000 in the colleges and private schools, which brings the total up to 20,000,000 young people. We spend on this education \$200,000,000 yearly—more than the entire sum spent by five leading European nations, including England.

We are a free people. Making due allowance for inequalities and for abuses under our system we enjoy the largest measure of individual liberty ever known by any people in the history of the race.

Because of our prosperity, freedom and education we also enjoy in the highest degree all intellectual and spiritual pleasures, and we are the most progressive as we are the most humane of all people, so that, whether upon the physical, intellectual or moral plane—

The conditions of living in America make for happiness more so than anywhere else.

We are free to work and free to love. And those two conditions—the freedom to work at congenial tasks for a fair compensation and the liberty to love and marry whomsoever we choose regardless of social or financial obligations—these are ideal conditions.

Given such conditions, happiness is simply an individual problem. Free to do, free to be— Why should we be miserable? It is sufficient to say if we are unhappy it is largely our fault. It is not the fault of our conditions.

Professor Small is either cranky or crochety.

ARRIVAL'S DOWNFALL Out of Bitterness the Lovers Snatched Happiness.

By ESTHER AINSLEE.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

If Dalzell's store advertised a sale of silk dress goods in the Monday issue of the Rosemont Banner it was a certain that the paper's Tuesday night number would contain an ad. from Thompson's store across the street telling of bargains in satins, with a side line of embroideries, at which Rosemont smiled appreciatively and reaped her benefit.

The town was proud of the proprietors of the two leading dry goods stores, for most of the young men left for the adjacent big city when it came time to make their way in the world, but Malcolm Dalzell and Lewis Thompson within a year of each other set out down town to make a living in their home town.

Perhaps it were better to say Rosemont was proud of their enterprise, for Lewis Thompson was not the type to inspire affection in the hearts of his townsmen. A man cannot be blamed for his aggressiveness made him enemies where Malcolm Dalzell won friends by his mere cheerfulness and diplomacy. But each flourished on his own side of the street.

Not only were they rivals in business, but from the days of carrying school books there had seemingly been one girl in the world in the eyes of each, Milly Walwright, with the waves of soft brown hair and eyes that matched, with the sweet voice and appealing little ways.

Shrewd people even said the reason both boys stayed in Rosemont was that Dalzell, with the fickleness of the human race, had left the other a clear field with Milly, and Lewis showed plain preference between the two.

Lewis Thompson was a different man with her. Her mere presence smoothed and softened the aggressive young business man, and she smiled inconspicuously when stories of his cold shrewdness and overreaching deals came to her ears.

Yet unknown to herself Malcolm Dalzell occupied a place in her life from which no one could dislodge him. Milly was in the delicious and dreamy state of indecision which a girl always prolongs unwittingly. Life was sweet to her, and even the growing wildness of her younger brother, Dick, which was aging her father and mother, had not power to do more than depress her momentarily.

"It's only because Dick is young," she told her mother half indignantly. "He will see the mistake of his ways before he ever does anything really wrong. Why, Dick wouldn't be really bad if he abandoned his school."

She was great chums with the handsome eighteen-year-old brother, and because she did have faith in him the girl turned to her always in his rare spells of repentance. At present he had gone to work in a bank in the next town, six miles distant.

The Rosemont Banner had two columns of description, speculation and denunciation when Thompson's store was robbed. Malefactors were rare in Rosemont, and the night watchman's work was perfunctory, but nevertheless Lewis Thompson discovered a black window blind open and nearly \$200 worth of silks and laces missing.

Three weeks later he was reduced to exploring rage by the discovery that again his store had been entered. This time a hundred dollars' worth of goods vanished. In his wrath the owner of the store telegraphed for a city detective and established a night patrol for the block. The city detective looked important, smoked good cigars of the leading citizens, who wanted to tell him their pleasant time and departed with dark hints as to future developments.

"At any rate," Lewis Thompson said vigorously, "with Maloney on hand as a watchman the thief won't get another chance!"

"It's hard luck, Lewis," sympathized Malcolm Dalzell with his business rival. Thompson regarded him coldly. Of late Milly had been in Dalzell's company more than he liked.

"Thanks," he said. "It's funny the thief doesn't attack your premises, Malcolm. I don't understand such favoritism unless it's because he knows where the best goods are." He smiled somewhat maliciously as he made the remark.

"Superiority has its drawbacks," he then, Dalzell said quietly, holding his temper. He understood Thompson's grudge against him and could afford to be magnanimous, for he had begun to cherish a certainty that he had discovered Thompson with Milly. For her he would endure much.

Lewis Thompson did not relax his vigilance these weeks went by. One Thursday night, as he made one of his personal trips of inspection, about 1 o'clock he started for his store on a run after finding the watchman, Maloney, knocked senseless at the corner. And he was rewarded. The revolver in his hand covered the dark form of the man standing at the rear window with the faint gleam of a dark lantern on the floor beside him.

Yet even Lewis Thompson was speechless when after his trembling fingers had turned on the rear light he saw the man before him was none other than Malcolm Dalzell, who stood white and quiet facing his captor.

"I—I can't comprehend," Thompson almost stammered, still covering the man with his revolver. "You—of all people!"

The man before him moistened his lips. "Lewis," he said at last, "will you believe me if I say, in spite of this, I'm not the robber—that it's just unfortunate circumstances that have brought this about? Will you?"

Lewis Thompson, recovered his coolness, and he laughed shortly, sarcastically, glancing significantly at the dark lantern, the fallen jimmy, the goods piled at hand for removal.

"I don't see any one but you, Dalzell," he said curtly. "You've got to take your medicine. You can plead kleptomaniac, you know. Rising young business men, say circumstances, no need to rob—why, of course, it's kleptomaniac!"

There was a little triumph edging into his laugh as what this meant to his rival dawned upon him. And it was likewise dawning upon his cap-

tive, who shut his jaw when the marshal, hastily summoned, almost refused to obey Thompson's command to take the prisoner to the jail.

"Go ahead, Smith," was all that Malcolm Dalzell would say, and he walked to the lock-up with his head in the air.

The whole town shared the sensations of Smith the next morning, and the Rosemont Banner exhausted all its heavy black faced type that evening and paused only for absence of more space. It was paralyzing, however, this downfall of a man like Malcolm Dalzell, one of those crook creeping out of hidden tendencies that sometimes destroy the world's best.

The three days that intervened before his preliminary hearing drew lines in Dalzell's face, and he walked that usually it takes ages to bring. Yet he maintained those close shut lips and, further than stating he was not guilty, refused to talk.

When he faced his friends and neighbors at the preliminary hearing there was a trace of proud defiance in his glance that yet was strangely hurt, for on many faces he read a dawning wavering in allegiance to him.

Much talk had bred suspicion, and every one knew of the long rivalry between the two men. What more natural than that Dalzell should attempt to harass, to ruin his opponent? So they waited for the sensational disclosures.

The sensation came. As usual with sensations, it was quite different from what was expected. This white faced girl with eyes reddened by tears, who suddenly presented herself struck pity from the heart of the hardest. She spoke rapidly, breathlessly.

"Malcolm did not do it!" she protested, with tight clasped hands. "If he would tell I will, now that I know the truth! It was Dick, my brother, and Malcolm, who also was watching, saw him and entered Thompson's store to save him, to get him away, to help him, and when Lewis Thompson came upon him—he, Malcolm, would not tell because—"

Milly Walwright's voice died away, but the end of the sentence was furnished by Malcolm Dalzell's quick step to her side and hiding her tears on his shoulder. Both had made their sacrifice for each other and out of the bitterness had snatched happiness. And Rosemont, with the fickleness of the human race, left the other a clear field with Milly, and Lewis showed plain preference between the two.

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