

"The more moral impulse in me is of no force unless it can be translated into action. It is immoral to propose for the United States something that is not of benefit for the whole United States. It is immoral to promote legislation for your business unless it is also for the interest of the rest of the country. Our government is not a paternal institution."—WOODROW WILSON.

## WE ARE ENTITLED TO KNOW WHO OFFERED INSPECTOR CONDON \$50

WHO OFFERED SCHOOL INSPECTOR CONDON \$50 FOR HIS VOTE IN FAVOR OF THE RETENTION OF WALES C. MARTINDALE AS SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

This is information that the school inspector should give Prosecuting Attorney Shepherd at the earliest possible moment.

WHOM DID THE MAN WHO OFFERED SCHOOL INSPECTOR CONDON \$50, REPRESENT?

It is for Prosecuting Attorney Shepherd to find this out as soon as he learns the name of the would-be briber.

And it is for the prosecutor to learn how many OTHER inspectors and WHAT other inspectors have been approached.

The Times would say here that it does not believe Supt. Martindale would countenance an act of the nature made public by Inspector Condon.

The Times believes Mr. Martindale would be quick to expose and denounce any such act in his behalf.

It is due Mr. Martindale as much as it is due the public that the prosecutor be given all the information Inspector Condon may give him, that this fellow who looks so lightly upon the important office of superintendent of schools and upon the responsibility of a school inspector in that connection, may be dealt with as the case deserves.

In absolving Mr. Martindale as an individual, however, we are not absolving Martindaleism nor overlooking the desperate plight of those dependent upon Martindaleism for their public jobs as they see the once powerful political machine about to be disconnected from the motive power.

What fearful henchman of Martindaleism offered Inspector Condon a paltry \$50 that he might remain secure in the possession of his own plum, though the future of Detroit in its dependence upon coming citizens in school today be at stake?

Let us know.  
Let everybody know.  
And let this product of school board politics of the past hear from the law as a warning for the future.

The matter of whether Superintendent Martindale is to be deposed or continued in his office will be settled tonight, unless a deadlock should develop in the vote of the inspectors.

The Times has declared for a number of years that the best interests of the Detroit schools demand the retirement of Martindale.

Not that it is lacking in executive ability, but because the schools have not been given the full benefit of the ability he possesses; also because there are better equipped EDUCATORS than he for the scholastic requirements of such an extensive public school system as Detroit possesses.

His administration has been unsatisfactory because the necessity for looking after the parts and keeping in repair a political machine has required time and attention that should have been given the schools.

The existence of this machine has resulted in a lack of efficiency in the schools; the putting of school children in charge of instructors who are incompetent except when it comes to hustling for the right kind of votes on election days.

The political machine known as Martindaleism has not only proved a detriment to the schools, but has reached over and become an influence in city politics outside of the schools, and in country, state and even national politics.

Against its existence the people have declared in certain terms.

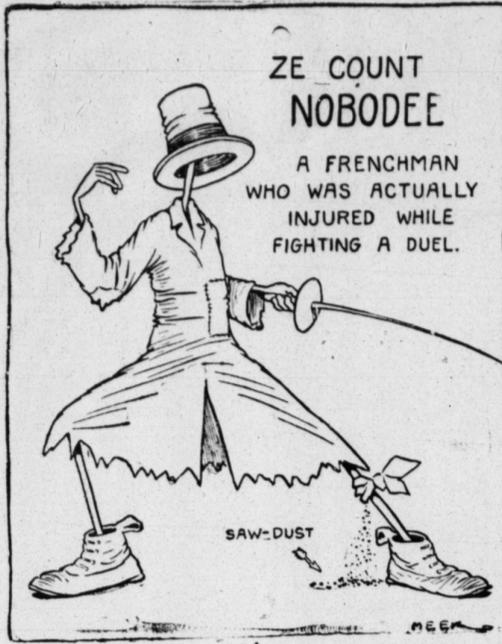
In the last school election they won a victory that meant the end of Martindaleism if the men elected at that time remain true to their pledges.

If these men remain steadfast and unswerving, Supt. Martindale will be dismissed tonight, and Martindaleism will be at an end, to the glory of the schools and the city.

If they forget, and disappoint those who put their faith in them and elected them, it will be to the shame and disgrace of their citizenship, and through them to the shame and disgrace of Detroit.

The vote will be watched with interest, intensified by Inspector Condon's story of attempted bribery.

"NOBODY"—By Meek.



### From Another Point of View

And yet this hot weather is exactly what was to be expected.

However, we don't look for this third party to be exactly a crowd.

Has the congressional boom of Arch Standpatter Guy Miller been aviating?

Now the Turkish towel hat for women. By whatever name the male end of the house gets hung up for it, as it were.

We might say to the voters of the Seventh district that the name of John J. Bell, candidate for congress, rings true with progress.

Owing to the shifting around at headquarters the police reporters, occupy a room with the transient officer. The city editor wants us to state that so far as Heine is concerned it would consider it a favor if he kept there.

### Dr. Gladden and Tainted Money

The Foreign Mission Board of the Congregational church had accepted \$100,000 from Mr. Rockefeller. Dr. Gladden was lying in Ohio and had been living there for more than 20 years at that time. Ohio is the home of Standard Oil. Dr. Gladden thought he knew how that money had been made. He did not think it had been made in a Christian way. He did not think a Christian missionary society could accept money from such a source, unprotestingly or otherwise, without sponsoring the methods by which it had been acquired; that it was only a step from defending the use of Mr. Rockefeller's money to defending Mr. Rockefeller, and from defending Mr. Rockefeller to defending his monopoly and perhaps creating a sympathetic relationship between the church and that form of big business which was also bad business. Especially did he think that, now when the whole ethics of corporation conduct were under scrutiny and when it was essential that the voice of the high and true, it was a fatal weakness for the church to compromise herself in any way upon the issue.

Dr. Gladden said these things in his review. He wrote them in a letter to "The Congregationalist"; he put them in a paper and came to Boston and read them before a committee of men who had decided to protest and demand that the money be returned. This demand had already been used, the impression standing that the money had been tendered by Mr. Rockefeller without solicitation. Mr. Rockefeller, as can be guessed, was not enjoying the scolding of his gift any too much, and it was adding insult to injury to give the impression that he volunteered it. He stirred things up with a sharp stick, and the missionary secretary admitted with confusion that they had been angling for the gift for nearly two years.

At this the eagle eye of Washington Gladden gleamed. Again he whetted his pen. Here was a real live snake. He would scotch it. The Triennial Convention of Congregationalism was to be held in Seattle. Dr. Gladden appeared on the scene, the right side of his loose-hanging frock coat bulging with a huge roll of well-chosen remarks which he intended to make upon the subject of tainted money. He was the moderator of the convention;

he was the recognized dean of the Congregational ministry and the authoritative voice of the newer ethical consciousness in America; yet rumors reached him that no place would be found on the program for him to speak upon his chosen theme.

"They had better hear me," remarked the old man, grimly, with tempered patience in his tones, "because if they don't I'll say it louder somewhere else."

And the managers evidently felt this way about it. They made a wry face but took their medicine. Dr. Gladden began his address by introducing a resolution to the effect that: "The officers of this board do neither invite nor solicit donations to its funds from persons whose gains had been made by methods morally reprehensible or socially injurious." Dr. Gladden followed this with a great speech which was received by the audience with every demonstration of approval, yet the only fate his resolution attained was to be laid on the table.

Moreover, his phrase "tainted money," which he had first used a decade before in the title of a magazine review of one of Walter Besant's books, had swept over the country. It was pronounced on every lip, heard in every pulpit, employed in every editorial sanctum. It is doubtful if any single utterance ever turned so many glaring searchlights at once upon questionable business methods. Undoubtedly many a man who took satisfaction in the great wealth he had attained, stung to fresh thinking by the accurate winging of those words, fingered his gold with less satisfaction, and found the purpose to expiate his ill getting by its better going framing in his heart.

Shortly after Dr. Gladden's return to Columbus he was officially informed that it had been decided by the American board to solicit no more money from such sources. Again the old fighter had won his battle.

Over the bitter theological controversies of his early life we pass lightly. Dr. Gladden, it need hardly be said, was a theological insurgent. He protested with all his soul against some of the horrors of the old-time creeds. To his name the stigma of heresy promptly attached. He was a marked and lonely man. Just to be in his company was to throw the taint of suspicion upon a minister's stand-

ing. In those days, when Gladden's heart was sad and all but bitter, out of his loneliness he wrote the hymn, "Oh Master, Let Me Walk With Thee," which is today sung through all Christendom.—From Collier's.

### Deceived By His Style

When Charles A. Cotterill was making an automobile tour in northeastern Ohio not long ago with a member of congress, the machine got stuck in the mud, and the party invaded a farmer's house with a request for dinner.

"I don't know you," said the congressman to the farmer, "and you don't know me, but you elected me to congress, and now I want you to give us a dinner."

The farmer and his wife furnished an elaborate meal, and it was when the repast was half over that the countryman, with a worried look, exclaimed to his wife: "Mommie, you didn't give Mr. Cotterill a napkin."

"Oh, yes," said Cotterill quickly, "here it is," and he took it out of his lap and held it up for all to see. "Oh!" apologized the farmer, "I thought you didn't have one because you didn't have it on."—Popular Magazine.

### WHY GET ANGRY?

Stop a moment and give thought to the evil effects of giving up to temper.

Something goes wrong; you can't have what you want, or do just as you would like. Your brothers and sisters are not always careful of your feelings; you don't want to leave your book to do an errand for your mother. You think it is Robert or Jennie's turn; and you get "mad" and say mean, hateful things to your mother. You don't feel at all comfortable, and you make everybody else uncomfortable; and the worst of it is that next time it will be easier to lose control of your temper; every time you get angry you increase a bad, a very bad habit.

The wise man in our bible says: "He that hath no rule over his spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

Remember that there is danger in giving way to anger. Probably few of the crimes that land men behind prison bars have been thought out and planned beforehand. An unreasoning flash of temper has prompted many, and brought upon the sinner one, not only the punishment of the law, but a lifetime remorse.

I knew the mother of eight children, who, when a child old enough to reason showed signs of temper, used to tell the culprit to fill his or her mouth with water and hold it while counting ten. The plan worked well in that family in teaching the habit of self-control.

The Tale of a Bill. By Jingo! but I'm feeling blue. For I've not had a single sou Since I escorted Dolly Bright Unto the show the other night. I cannot help but get a chill Whenever I think upon that bill. Now here it is in black and white. Something fierce? You have it right! Taxi fare and tip to driver. Got away with one whole. \$5.00 Tickets, second row (quite nifty). Also opera glass. 3.50 Cost the whole of. 50 And then a feed at Rector's. Shucks! I wish I'd kept those 7.00 When we came out I did contrive To slip the doorman. 75 And then a small bouquet I bought. For that I only coughed. 25 At last for starting home 'twas time. We took the subway train. 10 Then, heavens! I was in a pickle! I had to ask her to driver. To get back home. That night I swore I'd be "live one" nevermore Hereafter for no girl alive. Will I spend. \$16.55 —Homer Crox in Judge.

NOW POP KNOWS. Father—Why is the roof of the mouth called the palate? Sonny—Because that's where the tongue sleeps at night, I guess.

The MAN in the BROWN DERBY by WELLS HASTINGS Author of The Professor's Mystery Copyright, 1911 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.



### CHAPTER XXXI. (Continued.)

"I might have been there yet, for all I know, if it hadn't been for that Rasphain's son of his. Under one of Rasphain's threats I signed a paper which I have since thought was my will, and, for a time, I lived in mortal terror lest my brother should make away with me altogether. Then, by great good fortune, he was called away for a day or so, and his son, who was always hard up, came in to see me.

"Erskine needed a good deal of money, and he needed it right away; so that I was able to make terms with him. He had come prepared, with a fountain-pen and a check-book, but this was my opportunity, and for once I stood fast, deaf to any threat that he might make. I agreed to let him have twice the amount he wanted on one condition, and one condition only. My condition, naturally, was my freedom. He was afraid to do it at first, sorely as he needed the money, but desperation and his natural criminal bent finally suggested a way that was satisfactory and fairly safe for both of us.

"He had at one time half completed a course in some medical college and still retained one or two friends among the more unscrupulous members of his class. Through one of them he obtained a body, and with it a certificate that I had died of an infectious disease; so that I was out of the house, and my funeral over, before his father's return. It was a beautiful plan; for it left me free to go where I liked as long as I kept the secret of my identity, and I think that until my brother went to the bank the other day with his papers as executor, and found that I, in the flesh, had withdrawn all my funds, he never suspected anything. I hadn't been dead much more than a week when I met you in that cafe, Mason, and took you up to my rooms, where you gave me news of Nancy. You almost killed me with it, but I think I managed to hide it. As it all turned out, my dear," he said to Nancy, "I could not be better pleased, but I shall never get over being ashamed of myself. I ought of course to have got you right away from my brother, but I could think of no harm that could come to you, and I put it off a little. It was a dreadful and cowardly thing to do.

"I don't know whether you can understand it, child, but I hope you can. It is many years since I have been a man of action, and I am afraid my moral courage suffered sadly. Long years of absolute confinement made me timid as well as weak. I was free, free at last in the great wide world, and I did not know how to get on. I planned a little while to take legal steps, which should secure freedom for us both, but at the very first I didn't dare. I had been told I was insane for so long, that I had come, myself, to mistrust my mental balance. What, I thought, if it were really true, they were able to lock me up again? It takes some little time for a man to get back his courage. I spent my first week of freedom buying everything I saw in the shops. It was childish of me, but I had so often thought of doing it. Everything you saw in that room, Mason, was brand new. I had a revel of buying."

He gave Nancy a great hug and chuckled. "But the beautiful part of it was the suggestion of the whole affair. Erskine had seen how easy it was to shut some one up and say that he was insane. I am sorry it suggested his way of kidnapping you, daughter dear; but have found a greater love and happiness through it and it has all come out all right. You and Mason will be the closer for it all your lives. But the joke of it all, that he tried it successfully on his own father; that he gave him a taste of what I suffered so many years. I could almost forgive him his other misdeeds for that."

"But where are they now, father and son?" I asked. "Well," said Jared Bond, "I had proof of their rascality, evidence enough to send them both to jail, some of which you gave me, Mason, so that, as soon as I got back to New York, I put detectives on them. In spite of their quarrel their mu-

tual apprehension drew them together. My brother Ephraim, although he waited for my death for the bulk of my money, has nevertheless, in the last five years amassed quite a tidy fortune; and three days ago he and his precious son set sail for parts unknown where, I think, they will have the sense to remain."

"I wonder if they took the boat with Doctor Mayhew," I said.

"I hope so," said Nancy's father; "my brother would be so pleased to make the unprofessional acquaintance of his jailer."

"I think," said the doctor, appearing in the doorway, "that Mr. Ellsworth has talked quite enough, and that you and I, Mr. Bond, had better be on our way back to the city; particularly as Mrs. Ellsworth has some news for her husband, which I think it only fair she should have the pleasure of telling him in private."

"And it's really so?" said Mr. Bond getting to his feet.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think we may safely say it is so."

Mr. Bond turned at the doorway. "I'm selling the old house," he said, "and getting another much more cheerful, and with a pipe organ in it and the best private aviary in America. Nobody's asked me for my blessing yet, but you have it, my children. I am coming back again tomorrow or the next day. When Mason is strong enough I want to have a business talk with him. Good-by, Nancy, my dear. You have the best thing in the world, love and a good husband."

As her father talked, Nancy had sat as I have seen children sit at a festival, supremely happy, but half dazed by the very complexity and multiplicity of their happiness; for his father of hers, now alive and well, even vivaciously humorous, had been for years only a memory to her, a memory and sorrowing anxiety. To have him so suddenly restored, to have the remembered dear one given back, not as she had been taught to think of him, but as she recollected him and had last seen him, seemed a miracle scarcely credible. From time to time her fingers would touch him softly with a little familiar caressing gesture I had come already to recognize, a gesture full of tenderness, as if she reached out to assure herself of the tangible reality of the loved one. Held close to his breast she studied with enraptured eyes the kind, old face so long held reminiscence dear, turning them only at last that they might seek out mine, and share with me the new-found, half-incredible, overwhelming joy. Strangely enough she let him go almost in silence, as if by old custom there was no need of spoken words between them.

When he had gone the good looking down at me, and together we listened until the drone of the automobile died away in the distance; then, quite simply, Nancy turned, and coming over to the bed, knelt on the floor beside me.

"I think," she said, "no one has ever been as happy as I am. Was happiness enough to have you, Mason, but now I am so glad for you; for I know how foolishly I has troubled you. You know, dear heart, that when he shot you, your hands were, frightfully scalded. When the surgeon came he said that there would have to be an operation, that, if you were to get well, little bits of healthy skin must be planted on the burned surface. Mrs. Lothrop and I both offered our hands, and I thought it would be so sweet to be able to help you a little that way. But the doctor would have none of it. He said that, as you had a fever, the grafting would be a very difficult process, and that the only sure way of success was to take little pieces from various parts of your own body. And he did it, Mason, oh, the thinnest pieces in the world; so that it did not seem to me as if it could possibly do any good. But it did, Mason; your hands are half well already, and a miracle has happened. The doctor wants to write a paper about it. They may, perhaps, be a little scarred, but your hands, dear love, are going to be as you would want them, as white as other men's."

A little sturdy breeze was rustling the branches outside the window. It rattled at the shutters and then gleefully tore one of them open, letting into the room a flood of the late May morning sunshine, that shone in glory on Nancy's bent head, lighting her tear-bright eyes like summer heavens. In spite of her half-fearful protest, I raised my bandaged hands and drew her close, until her lips touched mine.

The End.

### When Hight Found Helper

F. S. Hight, the manager of the Willard hotel in Washington, had a plumber at his house for several days plumbing around. Hight noticed that the plumber had no helper with him. He talked to the plumber about this lapse, and called the attention of his own family to a situation that he had never observed before—a plumber plumbing without a helper. Also he spoke about it to various persons round the hotel.

Presently the bill came in. In it were charged, with great care, and particularly, a large amount of materials, and then occurred this line: "For plumber and helper, \$96."

Hight sent the bill back and suggested that as there had been no helper with this expensive plumber, it was his opinion that the bill was subject to revision in that item.

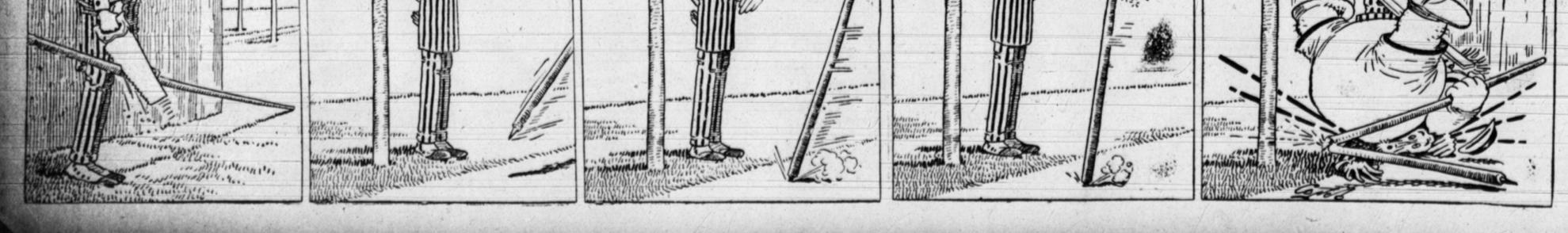
He received this reply: "Dear Sir: It is quite true the plumber's helper was not at your house, but he helped round the shop getting the tools ready and so forth."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Eliminating Bryan

Tired and worn out after the exhausting work of being voted 46 times as a unit by Charles F. Murphy, Gov. Dix announces that "Bryan should be eliminated from the party." That is exactly what Mr. Ryan, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Murphy and various other predatory patriots undertook to do when the Baltimore convention was organized, and as a result of their peerless leadership, Mr. Bryan became the dominating power in the convention.

Eliminating Mr. Bryan from the party is a formidable task, and perhaps his excellency had better not undertake it at this time. Besides, the Hon. John A. Dix is going to have his hands full for a few months to keep himself from being eliminated from the governorship of New York.—New York World.

BORROWING TROUBLE. Some of your hurts you have cured, And the sharpest you still have survived. But what ornaments of grief you endured From evils that never arrived! —Ralph Waldo Emerson.



The Pole Vault at the Olympiad Furnishes a Thriller Not on the Program By Condo