## HOW CARNEGIE SELECTED LIEUTENANTS

APPARENTLY TRIVIAL INCIDENTS INFLUENCED THE IRONMASTER IN HIS CHOICE

bluntly asked the question:

"What influenced you most in the selection of your lieutenants in the steel industry?" "Apparently trivial incidents," was the

Inconfe reply. Then, after a moment's pause, he added by way of explanation:

"I watched young men with whom came in contact, and whenever I ran across one who, all unconsciously, by ome small action or word uttered in ordinary conversation, made me feel that he had the qualities demanded in my business, I gave him a chance to prove that he really had them. And when he did, then he became one of my lieutenants, and in return for his assistance I endeavored to let him have a fair share in the profits of my business."

This, in brief, is the story of the selection and making of the so-called Carnegie

Charles M. Schwab is one of these men. James Gayley, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, is other. Thomas Lynch, successor of H. C. Frick at the head of the world's biggest coke company, is a third; Mr. Frick himself a fourth, and William E. Corey, the youthful president of the Carnegie Company and the Carnegie Steel Company, a fifth. Then there are H. P. Bope, Daniel M. Clemson, A. R. Peacock, F. T. F. Lovejoy, W. W. Blackburn and Thomas Morrison, a Carnegie cousin brought over from Scotland and given a humble position in a millyard Andrew M. Moreland, George Lauder, Albert C. Case and Joseph E. Schwab. brother of Charles; Lawrence Phipps. who, though a nephew of Henry Phipps, Mr. Carnegie's life-long partner, had to start at the bottom and work up with men who had no rich relatives; A. R. Hunt, W. E. McCausland, who began life as a messenger in a mercantile agency

A Remark That Led to a Fortune. The incident that led Mr. Carnegie to elect A. R. Pencock, formerly holding the important post of purchasing agent of the Carnegie properties, as a lieutenent, is typical of the manner in which the majority of the members of the famous group were picked out.

office, and many others.

Mr. Peacock owes his millions to a remark that his last employer liked.

Twelve years ago Mr. Peacock was salesman for a New York decorating house. At that time Mr. Carnegle arecorating that he wanted done in the Fifth-avenue mansion that he recently discarded for the more magnificent one farther up the avenue. He asked the rm that had Mr. Peacock in its em-loy to send him samples of wall paper, and Mr. Peacock was assigned to take

The salesman's manner of displaying the samples and conducting business so favorably impressed the prospective cus-tomer that a few days later, when he wanted to inspect more samples of wall paper, he expressly requested that Mr. Peacock be sent with them. His second talk with the salesman pleased Mr. Car-negle more than the first, and just as Mr. Peacock was leaving, the millionaire apropos of nothing that had gone

Young man, you will be rich some Mr. Peacock laughed.

"Mr. Carnegie," he answered, "If I thought so, I'd be willing to give the man who helped me to riches a liberal Mr. Carnegie's reply all but took away

ne hearer's breath:
"I'll take you at your word. Go to your employers, resign at once, and come with

Mr. Peacock did as he was bid, and, fortune is conservatively estimated at

H. C. Frick not long ago named Mr. Peacock as one of the 30 men in Pittsburg who are worth this sum and over He has recently moved into a new house which cost \$1,000,000; and which is said contain the finest interior woodwork any private residence in America.

Daniel M. Clemson is another of these fortunate two score men. He got the good-will of Mr. Carnegie, and, ergo, his millions, because he cauld shoe a horse

well and wasn't afraid of work. Mr. Clemson was bora on a farm in Central Pennsylvania. When he was 9 years old he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. The recompense was all that he could eat and an occasional suit of homen. He blossomed out as an accom-thed "smithy" on his 19th birthday, his pay was still his board, he went out into the world to seek his fortune

What can you do?" asked the super-

"Shoe horses," was the reply.
Mr. Clemson shod horses so well and
so many in a day that when Mr. Carnegle was inspecting the mine, the super-intendent said:

That fellow shoeing horses over there is the fastest and best man in the shop. He's not afraid of work, either; he'll work all day and all night, if necessary,"
"Give him a chance in the mechanical department," ordered Mr. Carpegie.

Mr. Clemson soon had charge of all he mining machinery. Next he became the mine superintendent. In 1885 he was transferred to Pittsburg. owned by the steel trust, and is head of a natural gas company which has under ase \$8,000 acres, operates 130 wells and produces 40,000,000 cubic feet of gas each day in the year. He still lacks a year of being 50. Like the great majority of

Pittsburg's men of money, he is com Andrew M. Moreland, former secretary the Carnegie Company, owes his present financial position to his ability

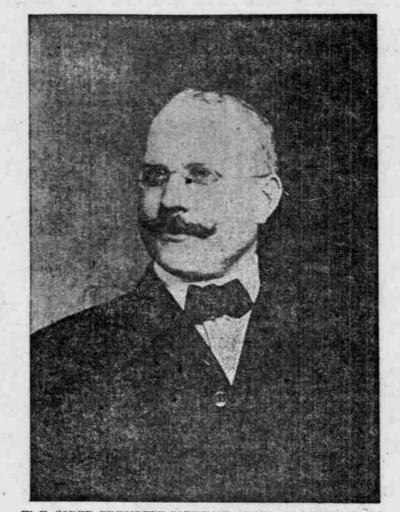
send and receive telegraph messages with lightning-like rapidity and unerring ac-This accomplishment softened Carnegie's heart towards him, for Carnegie, himself a splendid telegher, thoroughly appreciates one, erefore, Mr. Moreland did not long remain an operator on the private lines connecting the Carnegie plants with one another and all with the New York office of the great fronmaster. First thing he knew he was rising rapidly in the steel

the present secretary and treasurer of the Carnegie Company, and also second vice-president of the Carnegie Steel Company, started in and attracted attenwithout the aid of outside influence. Blackburn had been a clerk in a country store in Central Pennsylvania before he went to the Carnegie mills, and there he had picked up a knowledge of business principles that shortly caused his new employer to see evidences of splendid business acumen in him. After that this poor hay of a poor form that this poor boy of a poor farmer went forward gradually, and, when Mr. More-land resigned the secretaryship of the truthfully be called boy millionaires, for each is still in the shady side of middle

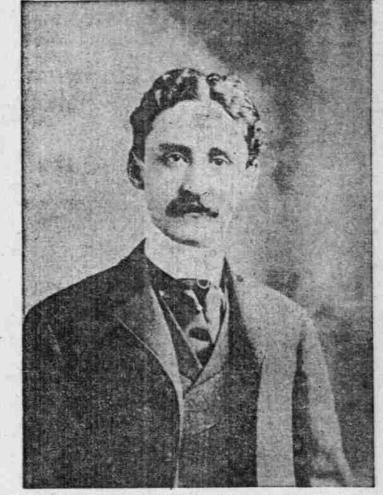
these two ambitious employes had to work hard to keep the good will of their employer and get a share of the profits. How closely the Carnegie group was



W. W. BLACKBURN-SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE CAR-



GAN BY TRUNDLING A WHEELBARROW.



ANDREW M. MORELAND, MADE A CARNEGIE LIEUTENANT BE CAUSE HE WAS AN EXPERT TELEGRAPHER.

following incident:

Mr. Moreland, when auditor of the company, was summoned to New York to consult with his commercial master. At dinner Mr. Carnegie set wine before

"No, thank you, I don't drink," sa't Mr. Moreland Later on Mr. Carnegie brought out the cigars.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," said Mr. Moreland. Still later in the evening Mr. Carnegie proposed a game of cards.

"No, thank you, I don't play cards,"
said Mr. Moreland.

Mr. Carnegie looked at his guest, "Tell me why you don't do any of these things?" he drily requested.
"You've kept me working too hard all these years; I've had no time to learn,"

was the reply.

Mr. Carnegle thought a moment.

"Andy," he said, "I'm going to give Mr. Carnegie thought a moment.

"Andy," he said, "I'm going to give ou a three months' vacation. Now, for the reputation among his associates of of the United States Steel Corporation.

kept down to business is shown by the heaven's sake, go off somewhere and being close of mouth. In this position was pushing a wheelbarrow in the yards world's biggest coke company, was partly

learn to do something besides work."

The Carnegie Company one day advertised in the newspapers for a bookkeeper.

F. T. F. Lovejoy, while working in a laundry, had picked up a good knowledge of accounting. accounting, and so, when he read the "want ad.," decided to apply for the po-sition. By good luck he managed to ar-rive at the manager's office ahead of all other applicants, and, after a short in-terview, was given the position. The lucidity of his balance sheets at once attracted attention, and then step by step he began rising until he attained the secretaryship. This he held until he took sides with Mr. Frick in his controversy with Mr. Carnegie, and then he was suc-ceeded by Mr. Moreland. Mr. Loveloy is said to be in the 100 mm. said to be in the \$19,000,000 and over class. H. P. Bope, who, although not quite so young in years as Mr. Blackburn, is still on the sunny side of middle age, was selected by Mr. Carnegie to be the com-

Mr. Bope came into intimate and confidential relations with Mr. Carnegie, and He wheeled so much more iron in a day his proved ability to guard business se- than the men at his cibows that he was crets gave him his golden opportunity, which has yielded him \$3,000,000.

When Albert C. Case, now of New York where many of Pittsburg's moneyed men have moved in late years, attracted Mr. Carnegle's attention, he was con-nected with the Pittsburg office of a big mercantile agency. One day he gave the Carnegie Company a piece of information that saved it several thousands of dollars. Shortly after that he was asked how he would like to become the head of the credit department of the Carnegie plants. For five years thereafter he handled the credits, and in that time only nine one-thousandths of I per cent of the many millions of dollars involved was lest Only a few years ago William E. Corey, president of the Carnegie Company and

of one of the Carnegie mills in Braddock. soon made a foreman over them. Then his employers noticed that he got three times as much work out of his men as the other foremen, and at the same time the men worked harder without any grum-bling and swore by their new and youthful boss. Corey was straightway picked out by Mr. Carnegie as a promising and valuable acquisition and given constantly

widening opportunities.

He worked hard, studied at night to improve his public school education, and In time became an expert chemist and an armor-plate authority. He was made su-perintendent of this mill and that department, and invariably increased the out-

put. When Mr. Schwab resigned to become president of the Steel Trust, Mr. Corey was the only man considered for his successor at the head of the Carnegie Comcessor at the head of the Carnegie Com-peny and the Carnegie Steel Company. Thomas Lynch, the young head of the terests in the Connelisville coke region.

recognizing Mr. Lynch's worth, helped to place advancement in his way.

Irishman, had put him through the com-mon school, and started clerking in a wholesale grocery store. After a few near his home, and became a clerk in the company store of O. A. Tinstman, who had coke ovens in the neighborhood. When Mr. Frick secured the Tinstman property a few months later, he put Mr. Lynch in charge of the store, because, forsooth, he was its only clerk. Mr. about \$2,000,000. Lynch made the store pay, and as a re-suit he was told to superintend the vari-Schwab became one of Mr. Carnegie's

brought forward by Mr. Carnegie, al- into the coke regions and all sorts of though Mr. Frick found him. But after trouble resulted. The riotous element held the latter had done this, Mr. Carnegie, full sway and mine and county officials hid themselves because drink-crazed strikers swore they would kill the first American who attempted to interfere with their an-archistic doings. Everybody was scared— Mr. Lynch went to Pittsburg from a country town in Southwestern Pennsylvania, where his father, a hard-working everybody except "Tom" Lynch. Despite Irishman, had put him through the common school, and started cierking in a would walk into the midst of a group of strikers and order them to scatter to their homes, and they obeyed. He did more to weeks' trial he was discharged. He drift-homes, and they obeyed. He did more to ed to the little coke town of Broad Ford, quell riots in the Connellsville region than a dozen officials. So Mr. Lynch was made superintendent of everything that Frick and Carnegie owned in the coal and cole line. Five years ago, when Mr. Frick retired, Mr. Lynch took his place as president of the coke company. He is worth

ous company stores of his employer. Soon | most trusted lieutenants has already been

THOMAS G. FISK.

## THE LITTLE GOD AND DICKY

Way. Because people never do carry them so. I don't know why.

"Now, here's your coat. Well, I can't

"Well, see that you don't stay long. Remember what it is this afternoon." He turned like a stag at bay.

"What is it this afternoon?" he de-

ed victously. "You know very well."

"See that you're here, that's all. You've got to get dressed."

"I will not go to that old dancing school won't. And I won't?" "Now, Dick, don't begin that all over again. It's so silly of you. 'You've got to

"Because it's the thing to do."

"Because you must learn to dance." "Why?"

"Every nice boy learns."

Why?" "That will do, Richard. Go and find

your pumps. Now, get right up from the floor, and if you scratch the Morris chair I shall speak to your father. Aren't you must expect to be hurt if you pull so. Come, Richard! Now, stop crying-a great boy like you! I am sorry I hurt your elbow, but you know very well you aren't crying for that at all. Come along!"

His sister fitted by the door in an en gaging dishabille, her accordion-platted skirt held carefully from the floor, her hair in two glistening, blue-knotted pigtails. A trail of rose-scented soap flitted through the hall.

"Hurry up, Dick, or we'll be late." she called back, sweetly.

"Oh, you shut up, will you!" he suarled She looked meek and listened to his de privation of dessert for the rest of the week with an air of love for the sinner and hatred for the sin that deceived even her older sister, who was dressing her. A desperately patient monologue from the next room indicated the course of

vents there.
"Your necktie is on the bed. No, I don't know where the blue one is. It doesn't matter. That is just as good. Yes, it is. No, you cannot. You will have to wear Because no one ever goes without.

'Many a boy would be thankful and glad to have silk stockings. Nonsense-your legs are warm enough. I don't be-lieve you. Now, Richard, how perfectly ridiculeus! There is no left and right stockings. You have no time to change. Shoes are a different thing. Well, hurry up, then. Because they are made so, suppose I don't know why.

"Brush it more on that side—no, you can't go to the barber's. You went last week It looks pretty well. I out it? Why, I don't know how to trim hair. Anyway, there isn't time now. It will Stop your scowling, for goodness sake, Dick. Have you a handker-chief? It makes no difference, you must carry one. You ough, to want to use it. Well, you should. Yes, they always do, whether they have colds or not, I don't

"Your Golden Text! The idea! No. you cannot. You can learn that Sunday be-fore church. This is not the time to learn Golden Texts. I never saw such a child. Now, take your pumps and find the plush bag. Why not? Put them right with s. That's what the bag was made Well, how do you want to carry Why, I never heard of anything so silly. You will knot the strings. I don't care if they do carry skates that way-skates are not slippers. You'd lose them. Very well, then, only hurry up. I bly. It was Dickey's custom to hurl should think you'd be ashamed to have himself at the colored bunch nearest him. them dangling around your neck that

"Oh, out." he murmured, with what a vaudeville artist would call a good imitation of a person wishing to appear blamelessly forgetful of something he remembers the something he remembers the solution of the Miss Dorothy says. Take another little girl. Yes, you must. I shall speak to your father if you answer me in that way, Richard. Men don't dance with their sisgirl.

> He slammed the door till the plazza shook, and strode along beside his scan-dalized sister, the pumps flopping noisily on his shoulders. She tripped along cor tentedly—she liked to go. The personal-ity capable of extracting pleasure from the hour before them baffled his comprehension, and he scowled flercely at her, rubbing his silk stockings together at every step, to enjoy the strange smooth bow-legged gait that distressed his sister beyond words.

"I think you might stop. Everybody's looking at you! Please stop, Dick Pendle ton; you're a mean old thing. I should think you'd be ashamed to carry your slippers that way. If you jump in that wet place and spatter me I shall tell papa —you will care, when I tell him, just the me! You're just as bad as you can be,

shan't speak with you today?"
She pursed up her lips and maintained a
letermined silence. He rubbed his legs together with renewed emphasis. Ac-quaintances met them and passed, unconlous of anything but the sweet picture of a sister and a brother and a plush bag going daintily and durifully to dancing school; but his heart was hot at the injustice of the world and the hypocritical cant of girls, and her thoughts were ousy with her indictment of him befor the family tribunal—she hoped he would He jumped over the threshold of the

long room and almed his cap at the head of a boy he knew, who was standing on one foot to put on a slipper. This de-stroyed his friend's balance, and a cheer-ing scuffle followed. Life assumed a more cheerful aspect. In the other dressing-room his sister had fluttered into a whispering, giggling, many-colored throng uzzing and chucking with the rest, sh idjusted her slippers, and perked out her ows, her braids quivering with sociabil

rowding bunches to the polished floor. Hoping against hope, he had clung to be beautiful thought that Miss Dorothy would be sick, that she had missed he train-but no! there she was, with her shiny high-heeled slippers, her pink skirt that pulled out like a fan, and her silver whistle on a chain. The little cilcking astanets that hang out so sharply in he

and beyond a doubt The large man at the piano, who al-ways looked half asleep, thundered out the first bars of the latest waltz, and the

Their eyes were fixed solemnly on Miss Dorothy's pointed shoes. They slipped and slid and crossed their legs and arched their pudgy insteps; the boys breathed hard over their gleaming collars. On the right side of the hall 30 hands held out their diminutive skirts at an alluring an gle. On the left neat black legs pattered

digently through mystic evolutions.

The chords rolled out slower, with dramatic pauses between; sharp clicks of the castanets rang through the hall; a line of toes rose gradually toward the hort-zontal, whirled more or less steadily about, crossed behind, bent low, bowed, nd with a flutter of skirts resumed the

A little breeze of laughing admiration circled the row of mothers and aunts. "Isn't that too cunning! Just like a little ballet! Aren't they graceful, really,

The whistle shrilled. "Ready for the two-step, children!" A mild tolerance grew on Richard. If dancing must be, better the two-step than anything else. Any one with a firm inten-tion of keeping the time and a strong arm

Hetherington, a large, plump girl, with a fremendous braid of hair. She was a size too big for the class, but everybody liked to dance with her, for she knew how, and piloted her diminutive partners with great skill. But she had been snapped up by the 6-year-old Harold, and was even now guiding his infant steps

sweet?" said somebody. Involuntarily he turned. There in a corner, all by herself, little girl was gravely performing a dance. He stared at her curiously. For the first time, free from all personal connection with them, he discovered that

She was ethereally slender, brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-skinned. A little fluffy white dress spread fan-shaped above her knees; her ankles were birdlike. The foot on which she potsed seemed hardly to rest on the ground; the other, pointed outward, hovered easily-now here, now there. Her eyes were serious, her hair hung loose. She swayed lightly; one little gloved hand held out her skirt, the other marked the time.

grasped one of the loops of her sush in the back, stamped gently a moment to get the time, and the artist sank into the Don't they do it well, though! See

those little things near the door! caught, as they went by, and his heart What's your name?" he asked abruptly

after the dance, "Thethelia," she lisped, and shook her hair over her cheek. She was very shy. "Mine's Richard Carr Pendleton. My father's a lawyer. What's yours?"

"I-I don't know!" she gasped, obviously

sidering flight. He chuckled delightedly. Was ever such engaging !diocy? She didn't know. "Pooh!" he said grandly. "I guess you

Don't you, really?" She looked hopelessly at her fan and shook her head. Suddenly a light dawned in her big eyes.

"Maybe I know," she murmured. "gueth I know. He—he'th a really thtate!" "A really state? That isn't anythingnothing at all. A really state?" He frowned at her judicially. Her lip quivered. She turned and ran away.
"Here, come back!" he called, but she

"That will do for today" they surged into the dressing-rooms, to be buttoned up and pulled out of draughts and trundled home She was swathed carefully in a wadded slik jacket and then enveloped in a hooded Mother Hubbard cloak. She looked like an angelic brownie. Dicky ran up to her as a woman led her out to a coupe at the curb and tugged at the ribbon of her

Where do you live? Say, where do you?" he demanded. Her hair was under the hood, but she hid her face behind the woman "I-I gueth I live on Chethnut street," weman laughed.

"Why, yes, you do, Clasy," she re-roved. "Tell him directly now." She put one tiny finger in her mouth "I-Igueth I live on Chetnut thtreet," she called as the door slammed and shut

plush bag to carry, and opened a running criticism of the afternoon. What made you dance all the time with Clesy Weston? She's an awful baby-a regular 'fraid cat. We girls tease her just as easy— Do you like her?"
"She's the prettiest one there!" he said

His eister stared at him. "Why, Dick Pendleton! She's not! She's so little—she's not half so pretty as Agnes, or—or lots of the girls. She's such a baby. She puts her finger in her mouth if any-body says anything at all. If you ask her a single thing she does like this: 'I don't He smiled scornfully. Did he not know

Heavens! Was ever a girl so thick-headed as that sister of his? Brains, technical knowledge, experience of the world—these he had never looked to find in her; but perceptions, feminine intuitions—were they lacking, too?

"I should like" be said to ble and a moment on the side of the bed.
"Papa doesn't want you to feel to dear." she said. "He knows the

What? Why, of course not! Men don't

go calling in pumps Your best shoes will little do. Are you crazy? A straw hat in Feb-are?" ruary? You will wear your middy cap. Now don't argue the matter, Richard, or Seated opposite her on a hassock, their mothers chatting across the room, his assurance withered away. There was nothing whatever to say, and he said it, ade-

quately perhaps, but with a sense of deepfortably at each other. "And he has never condescended to have anything to do with little girls before, so we are much impressed." why did not the hassock yawn be-

im as if he were a piece of furniout of doors; in a room with pictures and cushions a man is at such a disadvantage. "If you'll come over to my house, I'll show you the biggest rathole you ever saw—it's in the stable!" he said desper-It was a good deal to do for a girl,

"Oh! Oh!" she breathed, and her eyes often come out, though," he added hon-

"No! No!" she whispered revoltedly. hate ratths! I dreamed about one! had to have the gath lit! Oh, no!" Frightened at this long speech, she cooked obstinately in her lap, though he

tried persistenly to catch her eye and chattered meaninglessly. She would not look at him; at his wits'

ends, he played his last card. If she were of mortal flesh and blood, this would uli pups are? Do you?" She nodded vigorously.
"Well, you know their tails?"

She nodged uncertainly, "You know they's just little stumps?"
"Oh, yeth!" she beamed at him. "My Uncle Harry'th got a bulldog. Hith name th Ell. He liketh me. Well, see here! Do you know how they make their tails short? A man bites 'em

off! A fellow told me—"
"Oh! Oh! Oh!" She shuddered off the hassock, and rushed to her mother, gasping with horror.
"He thayth—he thayth— Broken sobs of "Eli! Oh, Eli!" filled

the parlor. He was dazed, terrified. What had happened? What had he done? He was shuffled disgracefully from the room; apologies rose above her sobbing; the door closed behind Dicky and his mother. Waves of rebuke rolled over his trou-"Of all dreadful things to say to a poor, nervous little girl! I am too mortified. Richard, how do you learn such dreadful, dreadful things? It's not true."

"But, mamma, it is! It truly is! When they are little a man bites them off. Peter told me so. He puts his mouth right "Richard! Not another word! You are disgusting-perfectly disgusting. You trou-

He retired to the clothes-tree in the side yard-there were no junipers there-and cursed his gods. To have made her cry! They thought he didn't care, but, oh, he did! He feit as if he had eaten a cold, gray stone that weighed down his stom ach. The cat slunk by, but he threw noth

nard puppy rolled inquiringly into the hedge, stuck there and threshed about

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Dickey skirted the row of mothers and aunts cautiously. Heaven send Miss Dorothy was not looking at him? She seemed to have eyes in the back of he seemed to he seemed

little note and tell her how sorry you

mother's hand and kissed it up to her lace ruffie. The cold, gray stone melted away from his stomach; again the future stretched rosliy vague before him. In happy dreams he did the honors of the ole to a sweet, shy guest,

In the morning he applied himself to his note of apology; his sister ruled the lines on a beautiful sheet of paper with a curly gold "P." at the top, and he bent to hi task with extended tongue and lines be tween his eyes. He carried her the note with a sense of justifiable pride "It's spelled all right," he

cause every word I didn't know I asked Bess, and she told me." I am going to send you some flowrs.

am sory they bite them of but they do. hope you will not hafto lite the gas. are all well and haveing a good time. with much love I am your loving son.
RICHARD CARR PENDLETON. "Bess did the periods, but I remembered

the large I's myself," he added comfort ably. "Is it all right?" His mother left the room abruptly, and he, supposing it to be one of her many suddenly remembered errands, was merci-fully unconscious of any connection between himself and the roars of laughter

Just as it is, mind you, Lizzie, just as it is!" his father called after her as she came out again; and though she insisted that it was too absurd, and that som thing was the matter with her children, she was sure, nevertheless she kissed him with no particular occasion, and held her peace nobly when he selected a hideous purple blossom with spotty leaves, assist-

ed by the interested florist. His offering was acceptable. That day most fearlessly, offered him a camel ani-mal cracker! True, the most obvious pro-jection was bitten off, and that process is the best part of animal crackers He gave her in return a long-cherished canetop of polished wood, cut in the

shape of a greyhound's head, with eyes of orange-colored glass. She seemed almost to appreciate it. He had been offered a white mouse for it more than once.

For two long months the Little God le ilm along the primrose way. The poor fellow thought it was the main road; had yet to learn it was a bypath. Bu the Little God was not through with him Her brother, an uninteresting fellow at first, had improved on acquamtance, and though he scoffed at Dicky's devotion to his sister—thinking her a great baby—he had come to consider him a friend. One day, late in April, he led Dick out to a deserted corner of the grounds, and for the sum of a small red top and a blue glass eye that had been a doll's most winning feature, consented to impart to him a song of such delicious badness that it had to be sung in secret. He had just learned it sung in secret. He had just learned it himself, and the knowledge of it admitted one to a sort of club, whose members were bound together by the vicious syllables. Dicky was pleasantly uncertain meaning, but it contained words that cur tom had banished from the family circle They crooned it fearfully, with faces with faces averted from the house, and an exhilarating sense of dissipation.

Yellow belly, yellow belly, come an' take Yes, by golly, when the tide comes int As he slipped back to the house alone, practicing it furtively and foretasting the loys of imparting it to Peter the stablehelolessly, but he said nothing to frighten | lightly on one foot, she waved her bon-

how she did it? Had he not seen that adorable dinger, those appealing eyes?
"And she can't talk plain! She/lisps—truly she does!"
It he thought of supper—they had spoken of cinnamon rolls and little yellow custards—but without the usual thrill. What was the matter? Was he going to be sick? There seemed to be no outlook to life—one thing was as good as another.

At night his mother came and sat for a moment on the side of the bed.

There seemed to be no outlook to life—one thing was as good as another.

At night his mother came and sat for a moment on the side of the bed.

She looked elish.

"Why not? Dicky thingth it," ahe said with a happy smile. She had a heavenly habit, left from babyhood, of referring to her interlocutor nd occasionally to herself in the third

"But girle muetn't sing it," he warned her sternly. "Don't you dare to-it's a

She danced further away.
"Dicky thingth it. Thithy thingth it," she persisted, and as he scowled abo pursed her lips again. Yelly belly, yelly belly-

"I won't sing it! I won't!" he cried des perately, "I won't if you'll keep still! So there! I tell you I won't!" She stopped, amused at his emotion, All ignorant of his sucrifice, all careless of his

herole defense of her, she only knew that

she could tease him in an entirely ne And the Little God, knowing that Dicky would keep his word, and that Peter would never get the chance for the scandalized admiration once in store for him, strutted proudly away and polished up his chains His victim was secure.

Her brother, on learning the facts, suggested slapping her well-good heav and having nothing more to do with for a mean, sneaking tattle-tale. Here was an opportunity to break his bonds. But to those who have served the Little God it be no surprise to learn that it was on that very evening that he made his really engaged like her Uncle Harry and Mise Merriam, and in a little while and set up housekeeping in the guest

"That's what Miss Merriam is going to do," he explained, "and Clasy's grandma is sorry, too; it doesn't leave her any place for company but the hall bedroom. But they've got to have the room, she e poses "That will do, Richard! You are not to

repeat everything you hear. And I am afraid I need the guest chamber. What should we do when Aunt Nannie comes?" "Oh, Clssy could have her crib right in the room. She wouldn't mind Aunt Nannie." he replied superbly, "She always sleeps in a crib, and she always will. A bed scares her—she's afraid she'll fall out, I could sleep on the couch, like Christmas

over, they merely urged him to wait. It was that very night that he reached the top of the wave, and justified the Little God'e selection.

He came down to breakfast rapt and quiet. He saited his outmeal by mistake and never knew the difference. His sister laughed derisively, and explained his After his egg he spoke.

"I dreamed that it was dancing school. And I went, And I was the only fellow there. And what do you think? All the little girls were Cecella." "You don't suppose he'll be a poet, do

you, Rich? Or a genius or anything," his mother inquired anxiously, "Lord, no?" his father returned. "I should say he was more likely to be Dick knew nothing of either class. But the Little God knew very well what he was, and was at that moment making out

Postni Card Vignettes. What Presidents' pictures are used on

McKinley's head iston the postal cards of the latest issue for domestic use. Liberty's head is on the cards for foreign use. In the past Jefferson's head has man, Cecella appeared suddenly from he-hind a large tree. She was all smiles—she was not afraid of him any more. Dancing simply taking a new picture when they peen used several times. There is no definite time for a change, the officials