

Politeness DOES Pay—You May Receive a Fortune Too



Elizabeth Hill, Iowa Waitress, Refused Tips from an Ethical Standpoint—and Got a Fortune from a Rich Patron.

It Isn't Always Just Luck—As Witness the Case of the Actress Willied \$100,000 by a Teacher She Befriended; the Waitress Who Got a \$10,000 Tip, and the Manufacturer Who Remembered the "Cop" Who Staked Him.



"They Leave the Place and Kidd Convinces Her That Decency Is the Only Safe Course."



Marie Shotwell, Whose Solicitude for a Lonely Old Woman's Welfare and Happiness Has Brought Her a Rich Legacy.

PERHAPS Grimm, the fairy tale manufacturer, was right, after all. Maybe there are good-hearted fairies who reward those who have done unto others as they would be done by. Perhaps some guiding spirit directs those grateful souls who, years after a kind act, return to reward the benefactor who may long since have forgotten his benefaction.

The news columns during the past few weeks have recited remarkable instances of rewards for kindness, showing that the age of chivalry and decency toward one's fellow men is by no means dead.

Episode One.

Passaic, N. J.—George Conroy, Erie conductor, on the main line, about to raise his hand to start the train out of Passaic, N. J. He sees an elderly man hastening down the street. He waits. The man makes the train. The train pulls out.

"Mighty decent of you," the man gasps. "You seem to make a habit of being decent, anyway."

"It's all in the day's work," laughs Conroy. "I know, Mr. Adams, that a man of your years wouldn't be running for a train unless he had a good reason to catch it. Anyway, I like to treat people the way I like to be treated."

"Yes, a big reason," replies J. J. Adams, rich shoe manufacturer. "If I had missed it I might have lost several thousand dollars on a big deal."

Conroy, as Mr. Adams observed, is known for his kindness to commuters. He is a cheerful fellow, too, with a sympathetic word for people in trouble. Years later, Conroy breaks the news that J. J. Adams has died and left him a fortune of \$15,000. Every commuter rejoices and says he is sorry he can't do as much himself.

Episode Two.

New York City, evening, October 12, 1912.—Miss Marie Shotwell, actress, is walking along Fifth avenue. She is in rather a bad frame of mind. A dinner engagement which promises a pleasant evening has been broken. At Thirty-ninth street she stops and listens to a woman spellbinder talking politics. Absorbed by the theories of the speaker, she does not notice that a woman, dressed in somber fashion, has edged close to her until she becomes aware that the stranger is actually leaning against her for support.

Conversation opens. The woman in the drab raiment confides to the actress that she is Mary Pierson, a school teacher. She says it in a voice of utter hopelessness, as if teaching New York school children were a sad and depressing task. But when the actress introduces herself, the tired look goes out of the eyes of the teacher and she exclaims:

"Oh, I just love all your kind!"

Friendship is established between the actress and the teacher. The actress takes the teacher for frequent visits into her sphere—into the world of high-priced dinners, and brilliant settings and merry living. The school teacher gives to the actress the soft speech of refinement and education and astonishes leaders of the stage, to whom she is introduced, by the brilliance of her conversation. The plainly dressed teacher is often in the lavishly appointed apartment of the actress.

Ten years pass. Mary Pierson, the



Patrolman Francis E. Caddell of New York City, Made Rich by a Man He Befriended in His Youth.



"The Plainly Dressed Teacher Is Often in the Lavishly Appointed Apartment of the Actress."

under the will of her friend, the drab, little school teacher, Mary Pierson whom she believed to be poor, leaves her a fortune in real estate appraised at \$100,000.

Episode Three.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Elizabeth Hill, waitress, 24 years old and pretty, is attending to her duties in the quick-lunch establishment in the railroad station. A stream of men pours in and out. Most of them are on the way to the Chicago stockyards. They've come from long distances but she knows nearly every one. Seldom does a face elude her.

An old man enters, one of those old men "whose age is as a lousy winter, frosty but kindly." He gets a bite to eat. He nods to the girl. She smiles recognition. He is "Old Man Dexter." Everyone knows the 78-year-old traveler. He's on the way to Chicago to sell cattle.

His bite finished, his check presented, the old man takes from a slim roll of bills a new dollar and proffers it to the girl.

"No! You know I never take a tip," she says. "Tips are not fair. Some day I might take a tip from a man who needed

the money for a wife, children or mother I get my meals here and a salary and that is enough."

"The same old story. You've told me that many times," laughs the old man. "And you also returned that check for \$100 I sent you. Well, I'll get you to take something yet."

Old Man Dexter boards his train. A month later, the waitress receives a bulky letter, registered mail. She opens it. A note reads:

"You deserve a better fate than working behind a restaurant counter. You are a real American and the only person who ever refused my tips. In the hills of Devonshire I have a wife and daughter buried. In memory of them and with my best wishes for the future I beg you to accept this remembrance."

Attached is a certified check for \$10,000 and the deed to 1000 acres of Nebraska grazing land.

Old Man Dexter returns to England, leaving no address. After finding this out, Elizabeth Hill accepts the gift.

Episode Four.

Toronto, Canada—One of those places

where the ceiling is low, the cigarette smoke is thick, and the women come to one's table at a wink or a nod. David S. Kidd, a tea salesman, slumming it.

A girl with the face of an angel, a girl whose life has not yet blotted out refinement and the earmarks of gentle rearing, comes to the table. Kidd looks at her face, then at the hard faces of the other women.

"I want you," he says to the girl. She throws her arms about his neck. But she is a neophyte at this game.

They leave the place—forever. Outside Kidd convinces her that decency is the only safe course and he stakes her to enough to make another try.

Fifteen years pass. W. G. Byrnes, father of Lucy Byrnes, whom Kidd res-

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"I Like to Treat People the Way I Like to Be Treated," George F. Conroy, Erie Conductor, Often Said. He Was Left a Bequest.



"No! I Never Take a Tip! Tips Are Not Fair!"