

FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES

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"There's no place for her to go but Barney's," said the first voice in his conscience, "and she mustn't go there, because wif Barney's feelin's he might bif her when he first set eyes on her before he had time to tink about it. She wouldn't go nowhere else. She's too desparin like. She'll jest sit here till de cop finds her. De Jerries will take de kid away from her, and she'll get de island for vagrancy. It'll be de worst ting dat ever happened to Barney. Everybody knows dat he was de beginnin of her trouble by introducin her to Jim. Tink of it, Red—Maggie Muller, what used to help her brudder boss de gang, a vagrant on de island! Why, Barney will look like t'irty cents after tomorrow. He won't be able to hold up his head even. His gang will go to pieces. Dis is where you win, Red."

But, striking against this sentiment and, as Red thought, slamming it hard



Barney admired him intensely.

against the ropes, there was another voice—a voice that was not born of revenge or Ryan street. It was so different from any ordinary kink in his philosophy that Red gave it a hearing just from the very novelty of the thing. It seemed to be coming down with the snowflakes. Perhaps it was, "Red," it said, "dis isn't right. I say unto you forgive your enemies." You don't have no sister, Red, but ef you had and she lived in de Bend it's like as not she'd be unfortunate, and ef she was she might be sittin here in de snow, wif her baby in her arms at dat. How would you like de cops to git her and take her child away, Red? I say unto you forgive your enemies."

"Fiercer and fiercer grew the fight inside Red. A good many times the voice from the Bend had the best of it, but as it was about to win that other something would pick itself up from the center of the ring with marvelous vitality and would deliver a fierce upper cut at its antagonist. "Red's face was getting drawn and twisted. He pulled his cap well down over his eyes and turned up his coat collar. "Sit here till I go away and tink," he said to the shivering woman before him. He took out a cigarette and tried to light it. His hand trembled so that two matches went out in quick succession in the attempt. As the third one sputtered and glimmered and then died away in his shaky fingers he flung the cigarette into the snow. "What's de matter wif me?" he said angrily to himself. He walked up to the corner and leaned against the lamppost. "Dis is where you win, Red," said voice No. 1, but voice No. 2 caught the blow on its left and dealt that invincible right hander with "I say unto you forgive your enemies."

"Here's somethin wrong wif me," said Red thoughtfully as he looked up the street. "Sure dere is." But that one glance settled it.

Slowly crunched up the snow two blocks away. Policeman Hogan was coming up Ryan street. Red knew very well that Hogan was never in a good humor on nights like this and that he wouldn't stand much back talk when there was a chance to make vagrancy arrests. If anything was to be done, it had to be done quickly.

"I say unto you forgive your enemies." It was a knockout blow. Red made one wild dash down Ryan street to Maggie and her child. "Come wif me," he said gruffly. "I'll see you tru dis."

Maggie looked up with her big blue eyes at Red's face. They were beautiful eyes, in spite of the tear stains, still. "Don't go back on me, Red," she said as he helped her to rise from the doorstep, "please don't, just fer de kid's sake."

Even then his whole life's philosophy showed signs of returning animation. He glanced nervously over his shoulder to make sure that none of the gang was in sight. "What would dey tink of me, Red McGann, takin care of Barney's sister?" he thought. "Dey'd have a perfect right to kick me as a traitor."

that it was a very easy matter to dodge down an alley, the end of which was barricaded with ash barrels, and make their way out to the Bowery.

Up Albemarle street, through Dog alley, they trudged, Red holding the baby in his arms. In front of the square brick building Red halted. "Dis is it, Maggie," he said. "Dis is where you got to go."

"But you can't do it, Red," she pleaded. "It's after seven o'clock, and you know what Cephas is—". She did not finish her sentence, but Red understood. He saw the point she was trying to make.

For more than 50 years St. Cephas' shelter for indigent women has stood at the end of Dog alley. It is constant referred to as a model among charities. A long while ago somebody of another who had a good many sins to account for died and left a snug sum of money to found St. Cephas'. The original theory of the original board of trustees was that St. Cephas' doors should always be open to any poor woman or child who had nowhere else to go. St. Cephas' did not undertake to keep unfortunates permanently. It simply gave them a shelter where they could sit down and think of how to take the next step.

St. Cephas' had visiting directors and resident directors and treasurers and corresponding secretaries and neatly printed reports and rules, especially rules. St. Cephas' has become as much a part of the life of the Bend as the police station or street sweepers. Four women are in charge. Very precise, proper persons the four women are. You can see them any Sunday afternoon with their prayer books under their arms on their way to a church up town. Every succeeding generation of precise, proper women who have preceded St. Cephas' has added to its rules until now they form a long document which hangs beautifully engrossed in a gilt frame in the vestibule. The rules are the joy and pride of the precise women, and to see that they are not violated is one of their chief cares.

The rule which particularly concerned Red was the one which carried his little living burden up the brown stone steps was that no one could under any circumstances be admitted after 11 o'clock. It was a rule of 30 years' standing—or framing. No matter how many cots were vacant at St. Cephas', no matter how desparin the applicant who knocked on the door at 11:10, she could not be admitted because of the rule, "and what's the use of having a rule if you break it."

With the inexorable firmness of the rule Red was perfectly familiar. Under ordinary conditions he would have no more dared to pass that door after 11 o'clock than he would to punch a policeman, but conditions were not at all ordinary that night, and so he ventured.

With a strange thumping of his heart against the inside of his waistcoat Red put his hand on the button of the electric bell at St. Cephas' door. There was no answer, so he repeated the performance. Then he bore down heavily on the button and kept it ringing for two minutes. In the stillness of the snowflakes and the night Red could hear the faint buzzing ring far, far away inside of St. Cephas'.

"I wonder ef dey'll call de police?" he thought to himself.

Once he was inclined to desist and run for it, but one glance at Maggie and the little pale face in his arms flinched that thought. He stood his ground and kept on ringing the bell.

There was a slight rustling inside the vestibule. A panel in the door opened, and a woman's face appeared at the opening.

"What do you mean by disturbing the whole household at 2 o'clock in the morning?" she said sharply. "Go away or I'll call an officer."

"I want to get dese two in here," said Red stolidly.

"Well, you can't do it. Will the people in this neighborhood never learn that we don't receive any one after 11 o'clock at night?"

She raised her hand to the panel and was about to close it, but Red prevented her from doing so by putting his fist through the opening.

"I want to ask you, lady," he said, "ef dis here St. Cephas' is a Christian buildin'?"

"A what?"

"A Christian buildin'?" Red repeated.

"Why, of course," she replied. "I don't exactly know what you mean. I wish that you would explain yourself."

"Cold as it was, Red felt the drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead under his cap visor.

"Well," he said, and the words came slowly and hesitatingly, "I don't exactly know de meanin myself, but once I heard a feller preachin on Sunday in Ryan street, and he was a-tellin me about Christians and sich t'ings. He says dat all de Christians dat live in Christian buildin's come from de man dat use to walk around a long while ago, bein kind to people. He was awful kind to everybody, and I happened to tink dat ef he was here now he wouldn't turn away dis woman and child, especially on a night dat's as cold as dis."

She let go of the knob on the panel. In all her life among the rules and regulations of St. Cephas' she had never been addressed that way before. She looked into Red's tense, tightly drawn face as he went on. "But I have an order argument fer you, mum. My name is Red. I'm Red McGann of de Ryan street gang. Who is it dat broke a pane of glass in your parlor window two weeks ago? It was de McGanns. Who threw your ash barrel into de area? It was de McGanns. Who comes around de corner at 2 o'clock in de mornin and tells us dey wakes up all de women what sleeps here? It's de McGanns, my gang. Dey do it because I tells dem to do it. Now, look a-berre, mum, ef Red McGann tells dem not to do it dey wouldn't, and you'd be let alone. Now, if you take dis woman and her kid in here tonight I give you my word wif never miss no more ash barrels nor nothin. Ef you want to know more about me, you can ask de police. Dey knows me. Dey's friends of yours."

It was more of a homiletical address than Red had made for a long while. He was positively exhausted by the effort. He withdrew his hand from the panel opening and stared intermittently at Maggie and the woman, who was the model of propriety and precision.

It is hard to tell which part of Red's appeal carried the day. A purist might

have said that his references to his leadership constituted a kind of black-mail. But, be that as it may, she handed a ticket out through the panel to Red.

"Take this to the back door," she said as he clutched it eagerly. "I will make an exception to the rule in this case."

Red felt a sense of victory keener than any hard fought battle with the Butterick place gang had ever given him. There was a glimmer of hope in Maggie's face that hadn't been there for many days. Together they entered the warm and comfortable reception room of St. Cephas'.

A certain hauteur had taken possession of Red. He had won a hard fought battle and determined to have some of the joys of victory.

He looked around loftily at the row



Red held it up under the lamppost.

of cots in the room into which they were led by the night caretaker. "It isn't at all healthy," she said, "for people who work hard all day to be waked up at 2 o'clock in the morning to let in worthless trash." Red understood the soliloquy.

"Yes," he mused in return, "it's pretty tough, but it is a good deal tougher fer to have to walk around in de snow and have to die of cold and hunger; dat's what it is. I like dis bed," said Red, selecting one of the cots with the air of a master of the situation. "It's not too near de stove, Maggie, dis is fer you."

By this time the night caretaker had made up her mind that she was dealing with an extraordinary person. She made no more protest and busied herself making the cot ready for the mother and her child.

"Red," said Maggie, "how can I ever thank you?" Tears were flowing fast out of her big blue eyes. "You're all right, Red, though nobody in Butterick place ever knew it."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Red, with an airy manner. "I'll look out fer you, even ef you are Barney's sister. I know a chophouse on Forty-second street where dey need a girl to help wash dishes. De barkeep dere is a friend of mine, and I'll give you a strong recommend. You needn't say anyting about your troubles of your own want to. Good night."

Out among the cold, silent snowflakes again Red trudged on.

"There it is again," he said, and he listened.

Out of the silence of the night it seemed to be sounding a sort of psalm of victory.

"But I say unto you forgive your enemies."

There is a deal of sound sense in the proverbs of a nation. Earl Russell defined a proverb as being the wif of one man and the wisdom of many, and the aptness of this is well shown in the following from the Spanish. "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." The thought is as old as the race of mankin, but ages passed before one man hit upon the happy expression of it. This saying from the Chinese is a whole homily on pride in one sentence. "When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are longer than the roots."

For a concise expression of the lofty aspirations of youth and the sober achievements of riper years take this sentence from Henry D. Thoreau. "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

Did Not Know What Was Going On. There is a fact about the French Revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the horrors around them. There was no reign of terror for them. They lived veritable recluses in their quiet suburban houses, hearing nothing, reading nothing of the turmoil which started and terrified the nations. One wonders much what manner of people these oysterlike folks might be. Nothing sounds more incredible today. Yet there are many things in history not half so well authenticated, though history is curiously silent on so strange a circumstance.

Temperament and Exercise. Careful tests and observations made at the Yale psychological laboratory have demonstrated the importance of studying individual temperament before prescribing a system of physical exercise. A nervous temperament, for example, requires a different treatment from that required by a phlegmatic temperament, without regard to the physical condition of the subject.

The mental factors are more necessary than the muscular in the development of strength. A nervous person should never be required to take heavy exercise. A phlegmatic person, on the contrary, requires it. The phlegmatic temperament indicates reserve energy in both muscles and nerve cells, while the nervous temperament has less reserve power, but greater ability to use the energy at hand.—Philadelphia Record.

His Ignorance. "I am always putting my foot in it," said Mr. Cumrox sadly.

"What's the trouble?"

"I am always displaying the fact that I have no taste or refinement. Mrs. C. asked me which of two gowns I preferred, and I immediately betrayed my ignorance. I admired the one which cost at least seventy-five dollars over the other."—Washington Star.

Two Faults. "You hunt too much," said Louis XV. to the archbishop of Narbonne. "How can you prohibit your curates from hunting if you pass your life in setting them such an example?"

"Sire," said Dillon, "for my curates the chase is a fault; for myself it is the fault of my ancestors."

A SERPENT'S APPETITE.

His Meal of a Rubber Boot Was a Dismal One.

From a gentleman who was at one time a resident of Brazil comes a remarkable story about a snake that he encountered in the woods one day which followed him with much persistence.

"Sitting on a stump, I became aware of the approach of a huge snake," writes this gentleman. "He must have been 15 feet in length. There was no doubt the snake was about to attack me."

"Without hesitating for a moment I discharged my two barrels. For a short time the reptile raged furiously, and I climbed a nearby tree. I had hardly reached the first boughs when I saw the snake approaching the tree, and it climbed up behind me."

"Higher and higher I went. Higher and higher came the serpent. My heavy rubber boots were a great drawback to my climbing, so I tried to get rid of them. I took one off and dropped it, and just as I had the second in my hand the snake reached me, and I, in my desperation, tried to shield myself with the rubber boot."

"Then the snake made a dash and, getting hold of the boot, turned and descended the tree. I was saved, but I had not the courage to leave the tree before my friends arrived. I told them of the adventure I had and rode home minus one rubber boot. Of his snake-snip nothing could be seen."

"A few weeks later on another hunting trip we found in the road a big dead snake, terribly swollen. We cut it open and found, to our astonishment, my rubber boot not in the least injured."—New York Times.

PELTS AS CURRENCY.

MINKS AND OTTERS WERE LIKE UNTO GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The days when muskrats and coons and foxes and wolves and bears were the people's money, so to speak, in New York State.

The man of leisure from New York city who had been lazing away a fortnight or so of his not particularly valuable time at Kysierick, in Ulster county, N. Y., had made up his mind to return to his haunts in the metropolis and nonchalantly tossed the tavern keeper a one hundred dollar note out of which to take pay for his bill. The landlord could not change the note. Neither could Deacon Blimber, who was by.

It was not until it had been sent all about the neighborhood that any one was found with currency enough on hand to "break" the bill. Farmer Bencks had just received pay for his season's later crop and had change for more than \$100.

"It beats all, an' it's singular," said the landlord as he counted out the New Yorker's change, "what folks goes an' does wif all their ready money. There don't seem to be no currency no more—no currency—circulatin' at all."

This seemed to be Deacon Blimber's opportunity.

"You orto be here, then," said he, "when my folks settled, somethin' like seventy-five years an' more ago. There was currency enough then, I want to tell ye. It wa'n't silver, though. Nor it wa'n't gold. Nor it wa'n't paper. It was pelts."

"The circ'latin' mejum of de deestic in them days run from muskrat clean up to bear. There was minks an' there was otters, an' the man that could manage to harvest plenty of them critters was the man that stood way in the money market. But it wa'n't every one that could gether in minks an' otters, an' so muskrats an' coons an' foxes an' wolves an' bears was the real circ'latin' mejum in them days."

"Minks an' otters was what you moxt call government bonds. Muskrats an' coons an' foxes an' wolves an' bears was the people's money, so to speak. If you went to the tavern an' planked down your muskrat skin, you'd git your snuffler of rum and tawny, but you wouldn't git no change. If you planked down a coon skin, though, you'd git your snuffler an' two muskrat skins change."

"A feller that went in wif a coon skin he was to'fable wif fied, but wif a foxskin or a wolfskin he could shop around quite some. A man wif a b'arskin—oh, well! Nobody didn't ask no questions about a man that had a b'arskin wif him when he went tradin'."

"I didn't seem partic'lar queer in them days the way things was run on that pelt currency, but I've an idee I'd strike folks a leetle singlar nowadays. T'vars to me I'd have to snort out laughin' my own self ef a feller should come to me an' say:

"'Deacon, I'm a leetle financially embarrassed today. Ken you lend me the foxskin for a couple of days or so?'"

"That surely would make me snicker ef I heard it now. An' to hear some shoppin' gals on today like I use to hear it many a time I bet would set me to gigglin' like all possessed. Somethin' like that, fer instance, over yender to Uncle Silas' store:

"'How much fer them air cowskin boots, Uncle Silas?'"

"'Them? Why, a fox an' a coon.'"

"'Leetle high, Silas. Can't stan' it. Give you three coons fer 'em.'"

"'No. Can't be did nobow. Best I ken do is three coons an' a muskrat.'"

"'That'd be funnier to me than a nigger show now. An' somethin' like this would bust my buttons. I know it would:'"

"'Deacon, ken you give me change fer a wolf?'"

"'Yes, but I'll have to give you all muskrats.'"

"'But we didn't tink nothin' of it in them days, 'cause it was reg'lar business. That circ'latin' mejum was a leetle onhandy in one way, though. Folks had to carry their currency around in a bushel bag if they was out to do much cash business, an' if they was b'arskin men, why, Judas preachin', they had to carry it in a wagon."

"'But them days of pelt currency was the good old days, I tell you. Still,' said the deacon after a pause, "I dunno but I ken manage to slide along just as cheerful in these days of gold an' silver an' paper currency, even though it is all pervadin' skeerce."—New York Times.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

A full grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

The horse has no eyebrows.

There are 4,500 muscles in the body of a moth.

The Dorking fowl is the only living bird which in its adult condition possesses five toes.

SHORT STORIES.

The large and heretofore useless pest bogs of California are now planted in celery.

An admirer of Professor Virchow recently offered him a very rare curiosity—a green frog with five legs.

The United States circuit court holds it unfair competition to garble a rival concern's letter to the public's misunderstanding.

Milwaukee is laying cement curbs and gutters in the place of the customary stone, and the experiment is said to be wholly satisfactory.

British consols draw more interest than United States 2 per cents, but are at a discount of 7 per cent, while our 2 per cent bonds command a premium of 8 per cent.

A secret movement for annexation to the United States is said to be going on in Central America, mainly in Salvador, Nicaragua and Guatemala, among men of property.

The annual appropriation for the expenses of the president's office, including the president's salary, compensation for his clerks and secretaries, the furnishings of the White House and the maintenance of the grounds, is less than \$300,000 a year.

An Alton (Ill.) woman has started a crusade against men who will not work and support their families. She wants an ordinance passed requiring such men to be arrested and put at work on the rock pile, with wages. The money she would turn over to the families for their support.

THE FASHIONS.

White cloth costumes have made their appearance at afternoon receptions.

Blossoms of Irish crochet lace of fine workmanship are fashionable for the evening.

Antique lace and embroidery form the trimmings of the up to date woman's costume.

The newest stockings instead of having openwork at the ankle have the lace effect from the upper part of the stocking to the shoe top.

A favorite costume for evening wear is made of black lace with incrustations of colored or white lace. Any original ideas may be carried out in this way.

Fancy waists of flowered chiffon—as, for instance, a white waist sprinkled with tiny rosebuds or forget-me-nots—are among the most dainty styles of the season.

A simple yet popular adornment for the neck is a broad straight band of velvet. Sometimes a color to combine with the costume is worn, but usually the band is of white or black.

Long gloves have become popular and are worn with reception costumes. These gloves are made of glacé silk well as suede, and the long wrists are drawn in wrinkled effect over tightly fitting sleeves.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

The new Theatre Francaise in Paris covers three acres of ground and is the largest in the world.

A Paris biscuit manufacturer has hired a brigade of canvassers to parade the streets of the city mounted on stilts.

A moving sidewalk, such as was operated at the late exposition, has been proposed on five of the principal streets in Paris, to cover a circuit of six miles.

A distinctive badge has been adopted for the French military balloonists in the somewhat odd form of an anchor with wings, which is embroidered upon the sleeve.

Paris has always paid \$13,500 a year to the detectives who guard the president of France, but has just refused to do so any longer, and the national government has assumed the task. Twelve detectives are hired for the purpose.

Paris is to erect sixteen new statues, preserving to public memory Garibaldi, Baudelaire, Pasteur, Gounod, Balzac, Spuller, De Musset, Boule, Jules Simon, Verlaine, General Dumas, Alexandre Dumas fils, Garnier, Auguste Comte, Daudet and Hugo.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Wood ashes and bone dust are good fertilizers for strawberries.

There is no farm crop that draws up on the soil so lightly as fruits.

Generally the quince is too weak to have more than one shoot at a bud.

Heliotropes may be grown in the winter if care is taken to give frequent showering with water.

Pruning of the grapevines should not be done when the ground is frozen. In fact, there should be no handling of the vines in frosty weather.

The best material to use as a fertilizer around young peach trees is wood ashes. After they are two years old an application of ground bone may be given with benefit.

The clusters of eggs that may be found on apple tree limbs should be picked off during the open winter in winter and thus prevent the hatching of the tent caterpillar.

PITH AND POINT.

People don't realize how many leavers there are until there is a fire.

In the eyes of those who don't like you you are always too old to act playful.

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His Florent Found of Tears.

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over at the samples, asking the price of each.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

"I told him if he would indicate what he wanted I might arrange it."

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to get married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sitting in her grave weepin'."

"I was touched at the homely story of grief and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired."

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it'd cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want?"

"I said it would."