

TOO MUCH WARNING

If Parents Had Not Preached Harry Might Not Have Done It.

By DONALD ALLEN.

Once upon a time a man of some financial substance, but of a good deal more dignity, saw in the papers that the son of a man a great deal like him had married an actress and thereby broken his mother's heart and caused his father to hang his head in shame. The "actress" was a chorus girl on a salary of fourteen dollars per week, and she spent her money for chocolates and left her poor husband to bear all the expenses of the flat on his ten. When he could no longer do so, having been disowned by his father, the wife ran away with a butcher who wouldn't give even his best customer a chunk of cut meat.

Mr. Frayne didn't take on so very much about this affair, it being his busy day, but when he read the same sort of affair again three months later, with the addition that the ruined husband had hung himself to a bedpost, he turned to his wife.

"And we've got a son growing up," he said.

"Yes, and he's now twelve years old," was sighed.

"Do you think I had better speak to him about it?"

"I would. You cannot begin with a boy too early."

And so young Harry Frayne was called into the library and told these two cases, and learned that they were only two out of hundreds of like ones, and then the question was put to him with all parental sternness.

"Young man, would you marry an actress?"

"But I never saw one, papa," was the puzzled answer.

"That makes no difference—would you?"

"I—I guess not."

"If you ever do, sir, I shall disown you."

"Then I won't."

No one in the Frayne household, unless it was the cook, who would have married an actor right off and taken her chances of being chopper up with an axe the next week, ever attended a theater. It therefore happened that when young Harry had reached the age of twenty-one and was starting for Chicago to enter a railroad office, his father did not think it necessary to post him on any more tragedies of the theatrical profession.

"I shouldn't hang around the vestibule of a theater if I were you," he said by way of advice.

"No, sir."

"Because an actress in front of the house is just as dangerous as one on the stage."

"Even if you don't speak to her?"

"Even so."

"Miss Barrymore dangerous?"

"I have said that they are all dangerous."

"But why are they, father?"

"Be careful, sir, or I shall think you are taking an interest. I will answer this one question for you. It is because they eat late suppers and receive bouquets from brokers. If you do not care to read evenings, there is the Y. M. C. A."

A wooden-headed man would be prepared for the natural sequence. The evening of the young man's arrival was spent in his room. The next one found him at a theater. He entered with fear and trembling. He was rather surprised that at least six actresses were not on hand to welcome him. Such as were in the play on the stage acted with just as much propriety, and he quickly observed that they were far better looking than the girls in the audience.

"Why, there are rich people here and nice people!" said young Frayne to himself as he looked the house over. "I wonder what father and mother are so down on actresses for."

And for the next year, except when his father visited Chicago, it was always two nights a week at the theater and sometimes three, and then the young man had an actress pointed out to him on the street or in a restaurant, but he thought them more reserved than any other class. It was months before he happened to be introduced to one, and then by accident and not by her stage name. They had a few minutes' talk and though her face and voice seemed familiar, it was when he saw her on the stage again that he fully identified her.

Young Frayne had good society backing, and the more he talked with people of social standing about theatrical people the more he wondered at the opinions held by his parents. It was at a gathering of distinction that he again met Miss Bell, and they sat together long enough to become quite well acquainted.

It was then that the young man learned from her own lips that he had made the acquaintance of an actress and no chill ran over him, nor did he find himself gasping for breath. He found her not only winsome but broad-minded and well educated and well posted.

"And ever since my boyhood I have been taught to dread them," he said to himself as he walked home that night.

His father and mother arranged that when he had his summer vacation they should go away together, and one day in July found them at a Lakeside hotel. A day or two later brought Miss Bell, though she had no idea that he was there. There were guests that knew her, and

people were discussing her before young Frayne had a hint of her presence. It came from his father and mother first.

"Well," said the former as the trio sat by themselves, "I was given to understand that this was a select hotel."

"They seem very nice people," replied Harry.

"You don't mean that a lot of foreigners have arrived?"

"I mean that at least one actress has arrived, and the guests are gathering around her like flies about sugar."

"Mercy me!"

"I believe that most of the theatrical people take a summer vacation," said Harry in a voice he tried to make careless.

"But to come here," gasped the mother.

"Perhaps it is only to pay a call on someone," hopefully observed the father.

"Did you learn the name of the actress who has set the hotel all aflutter?" asked Harry after a moment.

"A Miss Bell."

The young man's confusion betrayed him. He knew that being acquainted with an actress would be accounted a deadly sin in the eyes of his parents. The mother's look was one of pity and censure, and the father looked as stern as a judge about to sentence a murderer as he demanded:

"Harry, do you know this person?"

"If it is Miss Bell, the actress of the city, then I know her," was the reply.

"Have you been to the theater in Chicago?"

"Plenty of times."

"You were introduced to this person—by whom?"

"By my hostess at a fashionable function. Miss Bell is received in the best society."

"They must have queer society in Chicago," said the mother.

"You have disobeyed me, sir!" exclaimed the father, "and you must take the consequences."

With that father and mother went away to talk the affair over by themselves.

Could they hire a blackhand to blow Harry up with a bomb, and perhaps the actress with him? Could he be kidnapped aboard a vessel bound for China, and given time to repent before he returned?

To think that their Harry—Harry Frayne—who had been brought up to say his prayers—to have his Sunday school lessons dead-letter perfect—to obey his father in everything—to think this boy of theirs had not only attended a theater, but had become "mashed" on an actress, and would become her prey. When they reflected upon all these things they found themselves cast into desolation.

In this condition of mind they went out for a stroll along the shore of the lake. As other guests were strolling, too, and as they did not find the privacy desired, they entered a boat and pushed out a few rods from shore.

Mr. Frayne knew as much about handling a rowboat as he did about the stage, and as he finally picked up the oars to row a little he wobbled and rocked and dipped, and as he was receiving a heap of gratuitous advice from twenty different persons it turned turtle and over they went in water ten feet deep.

There was no other boat handy, and as no man among those on the bank wanted to wet his summer suit and be called a hero, there would have been a tragedy but for a lady coming back in a boat alone after a row across the lake. With half a dozen swift strokes she reached the victims as they rose to the surface together, and a hand held either up until help could come.

Was the lady Miss Bell, the actress, who had made prey of the son, and was now inconsistent enough to save the parents? Even so.

It was a triumphant procession to the hotel. It was Miss Bell again who acted as first aid to Mrs. Frayne and general adviser to the husband, and at the end of two hours both patients were doing as well as could be expected. In fact, they were doing better. They had thanked the rescuer over and over again, although aware of her profession, and now they were saying to Harry, who had been taking a long walk to get used to the feeling of being disowned:

"There isn't one woman in a thousand that would have been as cool about it as Miss Bell, and she seems a perfect lady in every respect."

"But why shouldn't she be?" asked Harry with some irritation. "I must tell you both that people will think it is you two who need reforming a bit."

"Harry," said the father, "I'm not going to disown you."

"Thanks, father."

"And your mother and I will go to the theater to see Miss Bell play."

"And if you two should fall in love—" said the mother.

"But one of us has already!" was interrupted.

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The Complete Conquest.
This is the headquarters of General Puffpuffsky.

"Who are those learned gentlemen who look like college professors?"

"Oh, they are etymologists who have been brought along to give Russian names to all the towns and cities captured by the Russian army."

Atonement.
He—Miss Mayme, I did wrong and I want to make restitution. Will you help me?

She—Certainly, Mr. Smithers.

He—Then let me give back the kisses I stole from you.

HIGH STANDARD OF WRITING

Professor Pays a Tribute to Newspaper English, Which Is on the Whole Deserved.

"I well remember the pleasure with which, as a young man, I heard my venerable and practiced professor of rhetoric say that he supposed there was no work known to man more difficult than writing," said Prof. George H. Palmer, formerly of Harvard university. "Up to that time I had supposed its severities peculiar to myself." He goes on to recount the advantages which children of today enjoy over those of his own generation, and hopes that some of them will find the language he has used about the difficulty of writing extravagant. Then he says:

"Let me say, too, that since frequency has more to do with ease of writing than anything else, I count the newspaper men lucky because they are writing all the time, and I do not think so meanly of their product as the present popular disparagement would seem to require. It is hasty work, undoubtedly, and bears the marks of haste. But in my judgment in no period of the English language has there been so high an average of sensible, vivacious and informing sentences written as appears in our daily press."

"With both good and evil results, the distinction between book literature and speech literature is breaking down. Everybody is writing, apparently in verse and prose; and if the higher graces of style do not often appear, neither on the other hand do the ruder awkwardness and obscurities. A certain straightforward English is becoming established. A whole nation is learning the use of its mother tongue. Under such circumstances it is doubly necessary that anyone who is conscious of feebleness in his command of English should promptly and earnestly begin the cultivation of it."

Hungry Man's Mistake.

Prof. Sigmond Freud, the eminent German scholar, has made a study of lingual blunders, spoken and printed, and has embodied the result in his book, "Psychopathology." As an example of blundering speech, caused by subconscious cerebration, he gives the following:

"A wealthy, but not very generous American host, invited his friends to an evening party. Everything went well until about midnight, when there was an intermission for supper. To the disappointment of many of the guests, there was no real supper; instead, they were regaled with thin sandwiches and lemonade."

"As it was during a presidential campaign, the conversation turned upon the different candidates, and as the discussion grew warmer, one of the guests, an ardent Progressive, remarked to the host, 'You may say what you please about Roosevelt, but there is one thing he can always be relied upon to do; he always gives you a square deal.' He meant, of course, to say a 'square deal.' The assembled guests burst into a roar of laughter, to the great embarrassment both of the speaker and of the host."—Youth's Companion.

A Surgeon With "Sand."

The doctor suggested that if I could let him have a couple of men to direct those wounded men who could walk he would send them back to the Chateau of St. Marguerite, where the ambulance lay, three miles to the rear.

He had been working at least forty-eight hours, without cessation, but refused to stop ministering to the wounded, although by now his work had been supplemented by the arrival of two infantry surgeons. One of the new medics noticed that our surgeon was in no condition to be on his feet. A temperature of 103 degrees was the record of the thermometer. Examination presently revealed a bullet wound.

Under cross-examination our little doctor admitted he had been hit three days before.—A Captain of Royal Irish Dragoons in Collier's Weekly.

Bibles Sent to the Front.

Distribution of Bibles in Germany, Austria and Bohemia in the last few weeks has exceeded all records. Workers have discovered no fewer than ten different tongues in the camps and trenches. Great care has been exerted to keep from view all Bibles printed in English.

The American Bible society is active in the field and has some co-operation from the American Board, of Boston, and the Religious Tract society of London. The British and foreign Bible societies have also been engaged in the distribution, workers in some cases traveling many miles to reach great numbers.

A depository for Bibles in Budapest has been exhausted. From Constantinople, one of the greatest agencies of the American Bible society, no word has come recently.

Extent of All the Russias.

Russia's extent may be gauged by the fact that European Russia is in itself larger than the other 19 states of the continent taken together, and when we include Asiatic Russia, western Europe shrinks into insignificance. The Russian empire comprises one-sixth of the total land area of the world.

It is four times the size of the continent of Europe, 42 times the size of France, nearly three times the size of the United States without Alaska and 70 times the size of the British Isles.

There are 175,000,000 Russians, and yet Russia is the most thinly populated of the great countries.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

IS HE SUPPOSED TO ESPOUSE ENTIRE FAMILY?

Consensus of Cases Seems to Show That He Actually Marries His Wife and All Her Relatives—How It Works.

"Does a man marry his wife's family?" He claims he doesn't. But a prominent society woman declared not long ago that he does, no matter what he thinks about it, and more recently a prominent college professor made the same statement.

Looking around among one's acquaintances, for evidence, it is a pretty general fact that the wife's family is more in evidence than the husband's. One hears more of the wife's kin, and the children seem to be better acquainted with relatives on the maternal side.

When mother's relatives come a-visiting they are made much of and given the run of the house. If any of father's relatives have the temerity to invite themselves for an extended visit there is a chill in the home atmosphere and nobody acts natural—least of all father, who is made to feel that he is imposing upon the good nature of his overworked spouse.

The wife's relatives feel that it is not only their right but their bounden duty to butt in, no matter what the circumstances. And usually the butting is accepted meekly and endured more or less amiably by the entire family. Any husband who is a gentleman will do his kicking away from home, or, if he cannot contain himself at the moment, go down and poke the furnace and commune with the cat.

And yet, on the whole, the wife's relatives seldom do the amount of damage that a husband's relatives can do, once they determine to make themselves felt.

When a husband's mother decides that his children are not being brought up right, or that his wife is extravagant or a poor housekeeper, etc., and that her interference is necessary, real trouble starts, not only for the man's wife but even more so for the man himself. His mother-in-law would never dare to attempt what his own mother will do to him.

The wife may have a ne'er-do-well brother who occasionally comes and camps upon her hospitality. But if the husband has such a brother, nine times in ten the brother has married and expects his more prosperous relatives to support a wife and numerous progeny.

As for fathers-in-law on both sides—they don't count appreciably. By the time a man becomes a father-in-law he has been so well trained into his proper sphere that he wisely refuses to mix in any kind of family affairs that do not concern his finances. Anyway, there is usually a chord of sympathetic understanding between a man and his father-in-law, while every wife knows the wiles that will blind her father-in-law to her for ever and aye.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How Doctor Abbott Prepares Sermon.

My method of preparation for my sermon or address is to consider, first, not my subject, but my object—that is, what I want to accomplish. Next I consider what thoughts and what organization of those thoughts will be best fitted to accomplish that object. And, third, in arranging those thoughts I endeavor to make of them not a chain but a river, to make my argument cumulative not merely logical, so that the last thoughts will be not merely the conclusion but the climax of the thoughts that have gone before. This I generally do without the use of pen or pencil. Usually, however, I jot down in a notebook or on a sheet of paper the major points in the address after I have arranged them in my mind, though I never have this paper before me in speaking. It is much more important to keep my mind in touch with my auditors than in touch with my theme.—Lyman Abbott in the Outlook.

Domesticated Geography.

You can wander around Metz (Indiana), and Gibraltar (Pennsylvania), and Belgrade (Missouri), and Dunkirk (Maryland) without being shot as a spy. If more scholarly associations beckon, what say you to London (Texas), Stratford (Connecticut), Oxford (Idaho), Heidelberg (Mississippi) and Cambridge (Maine)? If you love art and architecture, lie away to Milan (Tennessee), Florence (Utah), Vienna (South Dakota), or Versailles (Kentucky). And if you seek the antique flavor of Athens, or Pompeii, or Venice, or any other venerable ruin—

But what's the use? We have it all in America; just run over the map and take your choice. Geography is the finest of indoor sports this year, anyhow.

Barrels of Booty.

Sol. Sodbuster—Hear about the robbery down 't' 5 an' 10-cent store last night?

Hiram Hayrack—Nope. D'they git much?

Sol. Sodbuster—Yep. They was in there two hours and carried away nearly a dollar's wuth o' goods.—Puck.

Rather Indefinite.

Guest (in restaurant)—Waiter, you don't mean to say this is spring lamb?

Waiter—Yessah; dat's what it am, sah.

Guest—Um! Spring of what year?

GULLIBLE PEOPLE ARE MANY

All Sorts of Fake Schemes Successfully Floated Prove Credulity of Humanity.

Human credulity passes all limitations. Before me lies a newspaper story from Chicago: A man was on his way to a savings bank to deposit \$145. Two smiling strangers met him, fooled him with the story that they had "a magic handkerchief" which would double the stranger's money if he would fold his bank bills within it. After the operation, the strangers told him to watch the handkerchief and see his money grow. They disappeared. They had his money and the handkerchief contained waste paper. Does this sound impossible?

Here is another story, even more improbable, but true. In New York a company, appropriating the name of a well-known corporation, advertised to sell its shares at a bargain, and fixed a price that was just twice the stock market price. A circular was sent to the Italian quarter intimating that a great opportunity was presented for workingmen to secure an interest in a wonderfully prosperous railway, that only a few shares could be had, and that they must be bought at once. A rush was made for the stock, although every daily paper printed the quotation of the same security at half the price at which the swindlers were offering it. The police put an end to the game. If people are so credulous, it is surprising that the post office authorities report that \$150,000,000 a year is taken from the gullible by dealers in fake securities? If Wall Street did this kind of wretched business, it would deserve reprobation.

None of the cheap mining, oil, plantation, real estate and similar schemes could get a foothold in the stock exchange because, before a stock can be listed, it must submit a detailed report and show that it represents a legitimate enterprise. This does not mean that occasionally a stock is listed that should not have been, but it means that, as a rule, listed securities have merit. Nor does listing mean that they will advance in price. Securities only represent business institutions subject to the laws of trade, but chances of profit in the purchase of listed securities, or those that are sold by representative bankers and brokers, rather than by irresponsible peddlers, should be the choice of every one who has money to spare.—Leslie's Weekly.

Keeping Men Out of Mischief.

To keep its men out of mischief a big coal company inaugurated the garden habit among its miners. Result? Pay day sees far fewer fights, much less money spent for liquor and a larger sum carried home to the wife and children. I learn from the manager that besides these immediate effects many of the miners are now able to raise a considerable part of all the vegetables their families eat.

Some of the large iron and steel companies divert their men with music. C. M. Schwab is patron saint of a great band at Bethlehem.

There are four bands or drum corps at the Cornwall Ore banks, and the Frick company goes the limit in mixing music with coke, having 14 bands at its various works.

Give men something pleasant to do, and they will spend less money and time for things that are unpleasant.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sooths Tooth; Fires Bed.

John Wolf, a rural mail carrier of Ebensburg, Pa., has demonstrated that an electric light bulb will cure a toothache and then some. Wolf was walking the floor with a toothache of the jumping kind, when the bright idea struck him. Wrapping a towel around an electric light bulb attached to a long cord, he got into bed, pressing the bulb against the aching molar as a warming pad. The device worked magically. The suffering stopped and wolf fell asleep.

Shortly after midnight, the mail carrier dreamed there was a fire and that he was fighting his way through smoke and flames. He awoke to find the bed burning. He sprang to safety and gave the alarm, but before firemen arrived the house was almost gutted.

Prayed He Might Fight Again.

Here is an extract from a letter from abroad—never mind the nationality:

"Louis is still here on sick leave. He was awfully battered up and is so nervous he can't hold his hands quiet for a moment. It was the concussion of a bursting shell that flung him against a stone wall, you know. He was in the hospital a month. He is getting a little better now, and every morning and evening I hear him praying. 'What in the world are you praying for?' I asked him. He had hard work steadying his voice. 'I—I'm praying,' he stammered, 'that the war won't be over before I can get back.' What are you going to do with a spirit like that?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Woman Is a Marrying Woman.

The alarmist assertions that the spread of "feminist" doctrine is going to destroy the home are disproved by statistics. More women marry today than did in 1900. There has been a gain of nearly 2 per cent in the number of marriages of women over fifteen in the last 20 years.

Among the 30,000,000 married women whom the last census takers report, only 185,065 had been divorced. Ida Tarbell calls this a "small per cent of disaster" and says that there is no other human relation that can show anything like so large a statistical proof of success.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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FOOD INSTINCTS.

If all men and women had sufficient work, mental and physical, to give them healthy appetites and the means to gratify them with simple foods, the greatest happiness of the greater number would be established on a thoroughly sound basis. We only expect pleasure and comfort to be experienced where ancestral habit through long ages of use has established a sensory track to a center and where that sensory center is permitted to function freely within the scale of its development. Happiness consists essentially in the free and normal use of our functions and any restraint in the normal use of those functions must inevitably lead to unhappiness and ill health.

If a flock of hens is confined in perfectly sanitary quarters of limited area and fed what we believe to be a perfectly scientific balanced ration, there will still be a deterioration in the general physical stamina of the group. They will appear dejected and unhappy, and will mope around and grow fat and indolent; also there will be a material drop in egg production with a clearly defined tendency to an abnormal mortality during incubation. The individual metabolism of the flock is thrown out of adjustment by the unnatural restraint and the lack of work. If, however, means are adopted to compel the hens to work for their food, definite signs of deterioration are postponed for a great many generations.

Life itself is very tenacious and resistant and if the changes are not too abrupt, any given species will quite easily adapt itself to practically any condition. Under insanitary conditions, of course, the deterioration of a strain is marked and quite abrupt; but even under the worst states imaginable, normal incubation being permitted, chickens will survive, the line quickly and simply adapting to the environment. This is true of the human species. It is stated that the last annual report of Doctor Thomas, health officer of the Finsbury district, London, England, just published, shows that in Finsbury district, the most congested of the London boroughs, where 6,000 families live and sleep in 6,000 rooms, babies are immune to the filth diseases.

"Some of these babies," says the report, "as soon as, or even before, they are able to crawl, are placed on the sidewalks early in the day, to be watched or nursed by a girl of four or five years of age. They are true gutter children. Sometimes the immature nurse falls asleep wearied by her task, and the baby crawls to the other side of the road, heedless of traffic. Both are filthy and gutter stained. But they seem to live. In fact, the stock from which they have sprung rises superior to the ordinary diseases of childhood." The problem of humanity in general is largely a matter of quality rather than of quantity and to secure this requires thought on all sides. Expert breeders of chickens and of other lower organisms, both animal and vegetable, appear to have learned a solution, at least, they make practical application of principles productive of highly desirable results, while humanity at large ineffectually seeks a life solution by means of "eugenics," or some other equally vague method.

A properly fed organism is always an efficient organism. If chickens, dogs, horses, cows or men are properly fed they are efficient machines and if they are not properly fed nothing else can make them efficient. With chickens the ration and work determine the quantity and the vitality of the eggs, and once hatched or born, as with all other organisms, individual success becomes a matter of food—building material. A deficient diet with chickens produces many peculiar results.

Of course, the hen does not know, as we do, or as we can and should—that carbonic acid, water, ammonia and salts from the inorganic world are manufactured into complicated proteins, starches, gums, fats, salines and water combinations suitable for animal consumption. Neither, probably, does she know that the animal world, including herself, takes in these proteins, amylaceous matters, fats, salts and water of vegetable construction, and extracting the energy from those particular combinations for individual use, converts them back into carbonic acid, water, ammonia and salts all readily available for plant food again.

The hen does not know these things as we do, but the writer knows from personal observation that the average hen will make a vastly harder struggle to correct a deficient diet than will the average human being.

The hen doesn't bother about the color of food, but if she feels badly she seems to know instinctively that something is missing and hunts it up.