

A Lucky Mistake

By A. G. SHERWIN

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"I am hungry, sir. If you could spare me a few cents—"
 "There's a nickel—go and get a drink with it, of course!"
 "I'm not a drinking man, sir—" but the tall, well-dressed benefactor had swung on his way.

Thad Brown sent a "Thank you, anyway" after the vanishing figure and started for the town center. Five cents was not much, but it would buy a loaf of bread, and he was desperately hungry. Then, amid the sweet appetizing scent of the bakery he gave a great start, as in return for his "nickel," after inspecting it closely and glancing suspiciously at his customer, the proprietor counted out four dollars and ninety-five cents on the glass-topped case and pushed it over to Brown.

"Eh, what's that for?" inquired the latter in amazement.

"Your change, of course. Didn't you give me a five-dollar gold piece. Or maybe you thought it was a twenty or a double eagle!" insinuated the speaker sarcastically. "There's the five," and he showed the coin to Brown, who stood stupefied, but



"Maybe You Thought It Was a Twenty."

finally took up his half-dozen rolls and the change and went outside.

"The man made a mistake—gave me a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel," promptly decided Brown. "I've got to find him."

Brown nibbled at the rolls as he started on his quest. He gave up the task after an hour's steady tramping. He did not, of course, know his benefactor's name. He could barely describe him, for the gift had been bestowed in the dusk of the evening. Still, he would know that stalwart form and the anxious, but pleasant face which he had noted momentarily.

Brown slept in his customary bed that night—a convenient barn loft. He had tied the four dollars and ninety-five cents in a corner of his rag of a handkerchief and had stowed it in an inner pocket. He was hungrier than ever when he woke up, but he did not disturb the little hoard.

Brown did some work in a garden and earned his breakfast. Then he started on his quest anew. He had seen better days, he was not a tramp, although his benefactor had treated him like one. Time was when Thad Brown had a home of his own. There had come sickness, bereavement, displacement in a piano factory. He lost his job, and, with the sole equipment of a tuning key, had started out to make a living.

Sometimes there were plenty of instruments to tune, but slack times came in between. The present was one of many occasions where Brown found nothing to do. He had never been driven to ask for charity before. Through it all he was strictly honest. The four dollars and ninety-five cents did not belong to him. It was a trust, therefore, and as such he regarded it.

It was the morning of the second day after he had received the five-dollar gold piece that Brown was passing by a small hotel on the principal street of the town. Twenty feet away he saw a man stepping into an automobile. In a flash Brown recognized him—it was his kindly almoner of forty-eight hours previous.

"Hey—one minute, please," he shouted, and rushed for the curb, but the chauffeur had received an order and the car flashed down the street beyond hail or halt.

Brown went into the hotel and questioned the clerk. The latter regarded his well-worn clothes and was reticent. He scanned his face and opened up. The man Brown described was Mr. Alvin Thorpe, guest for two days past, a stranger in the town. Did not know when he would return—prob-

ably by noon, he supposed. It was an hour after midday when Brown went back to the hotel. The clerk announced that Mr. Thorpe had returned, paid his bill and was going away on the afternoon boat. However, he believed he was still in his room—No. 17, third floor.

Up the stairs Brown proceeded. He located No. 17. He knocked—no one responded. He tried the door—it was unlocked and he pressed open the door to find the room untenanted.

"This Mr. Thorpe has gone to the boat already," decided Brown. "Well, maybe I can catch him before it leaves."

Brown turned to leave the room when he was met at the threshold by a boy. The latter looked excited and worried. He burst instantly into an incongruous announcement.

"I'm awfully sorry," he babbled forth, "but there is an answer to the note you sent yesterday. And I lost it, and was afraid to come and tell you. And I sneaked home and kept out of your way. And just a little while ago I found it—see, down inside the lining of my coat. Look, there's the slit in my pocket it must have gone through. And there's the letter, and I'm awfully glad I found you," and thrusting an addressed letter into the hands of Brown the lad bolted with a relieved face.

"Hold on!" challenged Brown, but the boy was down the stairs three steps at a time.

Brown gazed at the letter. It was directed to "Mr. Alvin Thorpe." More need than ever to overtake the departing visitor to the town. Brown got to the street. He made for the wharf where the river boats docked. The favorite was just pulling out into mid-stream.

"Stop—she's off!" yelled a wharf-hand as Brown in his urgency and excitement ran on to the sizzling gang-plank, just pulled free of the steamer.

Splash!
 Over into the stream Brown went. The swell of the boat drew him towards the central current. He made a speedy decision. He swam toward the turning side of the steamer. A deck hand threw a rope to him. Brown was dragged to the deck, panting, dripping, surveyed with marvelling regard by the passengers.

"What now?" bellowed the captain, advancing blusteringly, but Brown had dashed the water from his eyes and was staring keenly about him. He made out Mr. Alvin Thorpe, seated alone near the rail. He ran up to him. He drew the old handkerchief from his pocket. He untied the knot.

"You gave me a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel, as you supposed, the other evening, and there's the change," announced Brown breathlessly, and he pressed the wet coins into the hand of Mr. Alvin Thorpe.

"Well, well, well—of all the honest men!" began Mr. Thorpe, recalling his pensioner and then staring as Brown drew from his pocket the letter he had received at the hotel. In a moment Brown saw that the address on the envelope had startled Mr. Thorpe. As the latter perused it his handsome face broke into a smile of the most wonderful delight.

"Where did you get this?" he challenged quickly, and Brown explained.

Mr. Thorpe hastened in search of the captain of the steamer. He bribed him to make a landing so he could return to the town. He motioned to Brown to follow him to land.

Very briefly he made Brown understand that he had come to the place to make up a quarrel with the young lady he loved. The delayed letter, an answer to his, had sent him away, intending to never return, but Brown had saved the day.

"My friend," said the grateful Thorpe, "you have proved yourself a jewel. You say you are a piano tuner?"

"Yes, sir," assented Brown. "Well, I shall lodge you at the hotel at my expense, get you a new rig, and—why? I'll buy you a little piano factory and start you in business for what you've done for me!"

Questions on Evolution.

"The Word and Way" says concerning the theory of evolution: "Notwithstanding the bold and boastful claims to the contrary, the 'missing link' is still missing, so far as any evidence yet adduced is concerned. Man began as man. The sheep has always been a sheep. The hog has always been a hog. The grasshopper has always been a grasshopper, and the flea has always been a flea. In the absence of any proof to the contrary, this is the logical inference. The universal law that everything produces after its kind has never been proved false. Why, if the theory of evolution be true, has there not been some observable and provable evolution within the limits of human history? Why have the hog and the sheep and the horse and the hornet and the doodlebug ceased evolving? Any way, if this theory be true, will it not follow eventually that everything that is will evolve into something else? Aren't the figs and dates, the camels and goats, just today what they were 2,000 years ago? And if they are today what they were 2,000 years ago, why not what they were 10,000 or 100,000 years ago?"

Thrown In.

"How much is this old point lace?"
 "That lace is \$1.95 per yard, madam, and we include a nice legend about it having been in the family for generations."

Not So Bad.

"A penny for your thoughts, chirped the young lady."
 "Well, I've had worse offers from publishers," responded the poet.

IS PART OF HUMAN NATURE

Love of Outdoor Life Has Been Planted Deep in the Breasts of Men and Women.

Whether it is an evidence of our barbaric instincts or not, the fact remains that the love of outdoor life lies deep in the breast of every man, woman and child. Camping is the popular vacation pastime. Young and old enjoy it. It is no longer necessary to go out into the woods and sleep in a "lean-to" or open shed, upon a lot of wily boughs, for in these days, at any sporting goods depot, one can find an outfit, from mattress to tent, which will give him, in camp, almost the comforts of home, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. A couch and a shelter are both desirable wherever one may be, not only from the standpoint of comfort, but of health.

The demand for camping places is being met everywhere—at the seashore. Presumably the vogue for camp life was first stimulated by the old-fashioned camp meetings, a few of which still remain as centers of religious exaltation, in the groves, "God's first temples."

So great has the demand for camp resorts become that states like Wisconsin and Michigan, which are filled with lakes where bass, pickerel, pike and muskellunge abound, offer camp sites at a nominal rental. Individuals or families can have a tract in the forest reservation of Wisconsin, for the erection of tents or temporary structures, at a yearly fee of \$2 per person, or \$5 for a family, or an individual or club may lease five acres or more for a period of from one to twenty years, with privilege of renewals, at annual rental of from \$10 to \$50.

To those who love the life outdoors nothing commends itself from the standpoint of health more than a few weeks' outing along the seashore or in the woods. Where a family cannot leave home for a week or two, a pleasant picnic in the woods, a few miles from home, will make the week's end a joy to be looked for with increasing appreciation. There is something in the atmosphere of camp life that brings out the best things in our nature. A few days in the sunshine, with an occasional shower thrown in, will do all of us good.

American Medal of Honor.

Americans of average information know about the Victoria cross, the Iron cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. These are rewards of heroism which would mark a man above his fellows even in this foreign land.

But how many Americans know what a medal of honor is?

How many Americans know that the modest American soldiers who wear the medal of honor wear a decoration that is among the rarest and most difficult to win among military honors?

The Cross of the Legion of Honor, established by Napoleon in 1802, and while founded to signalize deeds of special daring in war, was after given freely for civil distinction. Nearly forty thousand German soldiers were decorated with the Iron cross in the seven months of the Franco-Prussian war, while in the more than half century since the creation of our honor roll only 2,058 have been granted, including Civil war grants, and of these nearly nine hundred were given under a mistaken reading of the law.

The holder of the medal of honor must have distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity, at the risk of his life, beyond the call of duty. This standard, which bars out action, however brave, in the course of duty, and includes only acts of daring which a man might refuse or avoid without rebuke, is said to be unequalled.

Advertising in Belgium.

Poster advertising on boardings in England are often bad enough, and the boards stuck up in fields by our railway lines are an abomination. But the apotheosis of the blatant advertisement is surely to be found in Belgium. Practically the end of every house within view of the line at stations between, say, Antwerp and Namur, and even on as far as Luxembourg, is plastered over with lettering in the vilest colors. Personally, I would never touch the thing advertised in this abominable way, but one can imagine one's self going into a cafe and the subconscious memory sending to the lips the name of some insistent Schiedam or liqueur. Belgium is certainly the most industrial country in Europe and the most advertising. One has the feeling that the entire nation is run as a commercial concern.

Most Economical Woman.

Most men are not blessed with such a treasure of a wife as is Langley, remarks Harper's Magazine.

"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," confided Langley to a friend one night, with profound pride. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor car."

"Great heavens! Do you mean it?" exclaimed his friend.

"Surest thing you know. She hangs cheesecloth over the gasoline exhaust and packs away her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

To Take Up Something Else.

"Is that a fact that the patrolman on this beat is going to quit the force, Katie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What's the trouble?"
 "No trouble, ma'am, only he's been taking up things around here for so long and now he's going to take up something else."

BET LAST CENT ON ROULETTE

American Refugees in Ostend in Dire Distress Financed by Lucky Turn of Wheel.

A San Francisco real estate firm has received a letter from a client telling how he replenished his purse by risking his last coin at roulette, when his appeals home for money were fruitless on account of conditions following the breaking out of hostilities in Europe. He was in Ostend when the actual fighting began, and had been traveling in Europe for some months. For obvious reasons his name is withheld. The letter says, in part:

"We had made Ostend our objective point, considering it the most favorable point for awaiting developments. The morning after our arrival there a complete paralysis of the financial situation established itself, nothing available had any circulating value; checks, letters of credit, the American Express company or travelers' checks, or even Belgian paper money, all shared the same fate. That evening our limited capital consisted of eight francs in my pocket. Of course, I had depended upon my letters of credit.

"We went in silence walking down the ocean shore. Both myself and wife wondered where we would go next, and what would become of us, when we came upon a brilliantly lighted kursal. It occurred to us we might correct our fortune by staking it all upon the roulette wheel. At the most it couldn't render our lot any worse than it was. To our horror, however, the inscription, 'five francs entree,' confronted our eyes. That would leave us but three francs in our pockets. Once again the situation was saved by my wife. From the bottom of her hand satchel she produced a five-franc piece, which she had laid away during the fat years, looking forward to contingencies. So in we marched, and, after having got on to the arithmetic of the gambling table, we selected No. 23 to decide our fate.

"The wheel whirled round and round, and it became black before our eyes, but in our ears it sounded like poetry, and when it stopped I hadn't hands enough to gather the money. My number had won, and they paid me 35 for 1. Remembering it was easier to make money than to keep it, we proved ourselves worthy of the honor by withdrawing from the ring, and sought our exit, feeling once again we were able to take care of ourselves for a day or two."

Studying Health Insurance.

The National Civic federation has instituted inquiries into the methods in foreign countries of insuring wage earners against misfortune, and as a result the social service department of the federation is considering the desirability of recommending legislation to provide for compulsory insurance for illness.

A committee has been in London to study the operation of the national insurance act of Great Britain. Employers were asked about the cost of the insurance and its relation to business. Wage earners were asked to give information regarding the effects on wage rates, on the conditions of employment, and on their general welfare. Changes in the cost of poor relief and any reduction in the death rate from preventable diseases were investigated.

This general survey will prepare the way for an investigation by a commission next spring, when an effort will be made to bring together all information which will serve social insurance purposes in the United States.

The Next Great Man.

They are de-Anglicizing Berlin, even in the matter of hotel names. Well, if it comes to signboards, what of our own "King of Prussia?" About half a dozen such in London still commemorate Frederick the Great, and over all England you may still find widespread the tavern glory of the victor of Rosbach. Shall we proceed to paint them all out, as has just been done at Barnet? One recalls Goldsmith's tale of the alehouse keeper of Islington, who made of his French King sign a "Queen of Hungary." "Under the influence of her red nose and golden scepter he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favorite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration." Now, who is the "next great man" that shall emerge from the fog?—London Chronicle.

Objects to Milk Pasteurization.

Dr. Ralph Vincent of the Manchester (England) Infants' hospital says that pasteurization cannot be relied upon to kill tuberculosis bacilli and claims that in his experience children fed upon boiled or condensed milk have been more prone to consumption than those fed on raw milk. One of his arguments against sterilizing milk is that we do not pasteurize butter, although it is a raw milk product. He wants to prove that, although harmful bacilli exist in raw milk they are useful in destroying other harmful bacilli in the liquid.

Mean Brute.

"My, my," exclaimed Mrs. Gabb, as she looked up from the newspaper, "it says here that a girl wrote her name and address on an egg and secured a husband. What do you think of that?"
 "Rats," growled Mr. Gabb. "Marriage always was a shell game."

NEAR DEATH IN QUAGMIRE

Realism Carried to Excess by Actor in His Efforts to Secure an Effective Film.

All persons engaged in the production of photoplays at some time or other in their career are confronted with serious dangers. But it is rather doubtful if any have had a more exciting and narrow escape from death than G. L. Trimble, a leading man with the Lubin company.

In a recent picture staged near Point Pleasant, N. J., the role enacted by Trimble called for his sinking into the quagmire. The cameras were trained on him and the actors were ready for the scene. Everyone was impressed by the realistic manner in which he sank into the swamp until suddenly they became aware that he was shouting for help. A rope was thrown over the limb of a nearby tree and it took four men to release Trimble's 235 pounds from the mud. A fellow actor, Peter J. Lang, had a narrow escape while placing the rope under Trimble's arms.—Popular Mechanics.

Big Fish Frightened Her.

Fact and fiction mixed when Kate Price, heading a company of players under the direction of Capt. Harry Lambert, sailed to Grassy Point, Jamaica bay, to take a number of scenes for "Fisherman Kate." Miss Price, who had never felt the "pull" on a line, became much interested in the operations of the crew of the boat, who were enjoying themselves in true fisherman style, one of the other of the members frequently landing a "catch." Miss Price, with her characteristic energy, demanded an outfit and soon was not the least interested fisherman aboard. She jumped from fishline to camera focus and back again, eagerly waiting an hour for a bite, and was ready to give up in despair when there was a tug on her line, and disrupting the usual serenity of a happy family party by her excitement she landed a four-foot man-eating shark. Giving one look at the fish, Miss Price screamed and ran. The boat rill was in her way, but that made no difference to the comedienne. When rescued she made two remarks: "Gee, I went down so fast I bumped bottom," and "When I go fishin' again I'll walk in off the street and get them where they are packed in ice."

Extends Scope of Work.

The Church and School Social Service bureau, an organization founded for the purpose of presenting systematically educational and religious motion pictures, high-grade comedies and clean dramas, of which Dr. Frank Crane is secretary, has become allied with the duke of Manchester's International Education league. Doctor Crane is a prominent figure in church and literary circles. He has held pastorates in Chicago and Worcester, Mass., ultimately leaving the pulpit for a wider field. He engaged in journalism and his writings have appeared in newspapers throughout the country.

John Kerrigan Dead.

John Kerrigan, father of the well-known moving picture star, Warren Kerrigan, died at his home in New Albany, Ind., after an illness of several months. He was born seventy-seven years ago in Dunstan, Ireland. He moved to Canada and later to New Albany, where he resided for 40 years. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Sarah MacLean Kerrigan; a daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Kerrigan Clement, and five sons, Warren and Wallace Kerrigan of Los Angeles, Edward, Robert and Harry Kerrigan of New Albany. Mrs. Clement is a widely-known actress, and Warren and Wallace are leaders in their profession.

At Work on Big Production.

William D. Taylor, the man who is making a big name for himself as a director at Long Beach, Cal., can almost claim that his experiences in direction date back to the time when he spent three years in Fanny Davenport's company and did about everything to be done in that company as well as playing opposite her. He even went to Europe yearly to purchase certain necessary properties for her plays. Taylor is at present putting on a five-reel feature photoplay with Neva Gerber playing opposite him.

"Chocolat Soldier" in Films.

F. C. Whitney's famous comic opera, "The Chocolate Soldier," has been "filmed" and is promised for presentation in the immediate future. The entire original cast has been engaged and will be seen in the characters they created on the stage and the Strauss music has been rearranged from the original scale to fit the film play. The first half of the photoplay is taken up with preliminary scenes, showing war activities involving Serbia and Bulgaria, then follows the play as presented on the stage.

Strong Cast Engaged.

Bianche Chapman, who portrayed the role of Mrs. Wiggs on the "legitimate" stage, has been engaged for the title role in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Other members in the cast of this photoplay will include Beatrice Michelina, House Peters and Andrew Robson.

King Baggott in New Play.

King Baggott, screen star, is now actively engaged in the forthcoming production of "The Man Who Miscalculated," a two part drama written by George Hall. George Lessey is directing the picture.

LEARNED HIS LESSON

YOUNG DOCTOR TOOK COUNSEL AND PROFITED THEREBY.

Found That There Are Many Who Seek the Touch of a Healing Hand, but It Must Be Skillfully Applied.

1. While yet King Woodrow ruled over the people a certain young man went forth from the place where physicians are taught and betook him unto a city, saying,

2. Verily, I have studied long and diligently and spent much gold gaining wisdom in my calling. Now I will heal the sick and lame and get me great riches and high repute among men.

3. Whereupon he sought out a room near the marketplace and hung out a shingle to proclaim his calling.

4. And in due season it came to pass that the sick came to him for counsel, and many were healed and went upon their way rejoicing.

5. And it came to pass that many women with gold ornaments and pleasing incense came to seek his counsel and be healed of divers things.

6. But with one accord they came not the second time unto him.

7. Whereupon he mourned exceedingly, for he said unto himself, Alas and alas! Without the favor of the rich ones, I can never gain either wealth or high repute.

8. And he sought an elder doctor, sorrowing, and spake unto him, saying,

9. Behold, thou art high in favor of these wealthy dames, and they bestow much fees upon thee, while I, who excel thee in knowledge, get but a single whack at them, and they return no more.

10. And the elder physician winked the other eye, saying,

11. Much learning hath made thee mad. Remember that when a woman sayeth she is ill, she desireth not the truth, but much attention.

12. And it came to pass that when next a rich woman called upon the young physician, he rebuked her not, saying, a few nights' sleep and a cup of hot water before breakfast will restore thee.

13. Nay, he shook his head sadly and gave her many pills of dough and sugar, saying,

14. Get thee to another clime and take thine ease among the palms, and keep thy body supple by much dancing and bathing on the beach.

15. And, behold, she showered much gold upon him and signed him for her family doctor by the year.

16. And likewise it befell with many more who came, until the young man waxed fat and gouty with much practice.

17. And he reflected often, saying within himself, Verily, it is not only the showmongers that fain must give the public what it wants. Selah.—Judge.

Stunted City Worker.

The stunted city worker has been discussed recently in a remarkable paper by an English inspector of factories. He contrasted the figures of the height and weight of 2,749 men reared in such industrial centers as Sheffield, Birmingham, Gateshead, Newcastle and Swansea, working at indoor occupations, with those of 400 navvies, iron workers and salmon fishermen, born and bred in rural districts and accustomed to outdoor callings.

He found that the average height of the indoor workers was five feet, five inches, and the average weight 10 stone. The average height of the outdoor workers was five feet, eight inches and the weight 10 stone 4 pounds.

Scotsmen were the tallest, and natives of County Kerry the heaviest.

He declared that a considerable proportion of the working population was being artificially stunted to a grave extent.

He expressed the opinion that deterioration was largely a matter of poverty. Tea did more than was suspected to undermine the constitution of the industrial classes.

His Future.

"The child is otherwise in perfect health," said the great physician, "but I regret to say that he is afflicted with a curious mental deficiency."
 "Explain!" groaned the unhappy father.

"The pictorius muclo of the medulla gesinkus has never appeared in his brain. That is the nerve that develops the mathematical powers. To your son figures and numbers, order and system will be a conglomerate mass of nothingness."

"Then he can't work in MY office," said the father sadly, "but he ought to be great at making up the summer train schedules for suburban railroads."—Washington Post.

How to Banish Flies.

General Vaillard, president of the health board of the French army, addressed the Royal Society of Medicine in London a few weeks ago on "Houseflies and Public Health." Among the most interesting things he said were those about the best methods of ridding houses of flies. After mentioning the traps and flypapers with which everyone is familiar, he spoke of pyrethrum powder as very active when fresh and pure. Milk containing 15 per cent of formalin is good, and fumigation with cresol ought to be more common, as it destroys mosquitoes as well as flies. This fumigation is especially useful in kitchens and stables.