

# True Blue!



By SAIDEE BALCOM

Robert Laidlaw faced life, serious and practical, at the age of eighteen and took up its burdens like the sensible young man that he was. A sudden call from home had torn him away from pleasant student life, to find his father dying.

"It's the break-up, Robert," his father had the strength only to say, "life, fortune, future for me. I have lost about all I had. The doctor says I have only a few hours to live. I saw what was coming and I wrote to my two brothers, James and Henry. Here are their replies. Choose for yourself, Robert, between the two."

"As to what, father?" inquired Robert.

"As to which you will live with. Both want you. Both are bachelors. Both will leave a fortune. It is a vast relief to me to know that you will not be without prospects."

It was a week later and after the burial of his father and the settlement



"I've Found Employment, Uncle Henry."

of his poor business affairs, that Robert sat down to read over the two letters his father had given him.

One was from James Laidlaw and it read: "I shall be willing to practically adopt you, but I want to state the situation clearly at the start so there are no afterclaps. I have acquired a fortune and my high position in life by following a system. If you come to me, I shall expect you to accept and live up to its conditions. You are old enough to have done with the follies of youth, and my disposition is such that at the evidence of any delinquency or shortcomings on your part I will dismiss you promptly."

"Rich, but selfish, as father has often told me," mused Robert over this cold formal epistle, and then his face brightened as he perused the second letter.

"I am a lonely old bachelor," wrote Uncle Henry, "but not so old or perverted that I do not realize that if you are a live, up-to-date young man we shall have a famous time together. It will do me good to have a general shake-up through such companionship as I am sure yours will be. I understand that Brother James is also bidding for you. Well, he has the rocks, and if you come with me you will have to work, but I'll be your good friend if you stick to me."

In one moment Robert Laidlaw made his decision. He wrote a note to Uncle James thanking him for his kindness, but declining to make his home with him. He indited a second to Uncle Henry, also thanking him and announcing his intention of accepting his kind offer.

All that Robert fancied this latter relative to be he found him—a jolly, careless old man living in an antiquated mansion, reputed wealthy, but personally insisting that his means were as a dime to a double eagle compared with the massive riches of Brother James. From the start Robert felt that his life had fallen in pleasant places. He started out on his own initiative to find work the third day after his arrival.

"I've found employment, Uncle Henry," he announced that evening.

"Have, hey?" remarked his relative with a quizzical gleam in his kindly old eyes—"what line, now?"

"Down at the steel plant."

"You don't mean common laboring?"

"About that. See here, uncle, my bent at college was along mechanical engineering lines and I've made up my mind to learn all there is about metals and construction from the ground up."

It was not all work and no play with Robert. Uncle Henry never talked of his riches, but Robert learned that he was regarded as a substantial man in a capital way. Besides his possible wealth, however, his long honorable standing in the community had made him respected, and the old man was in fact listed with the aristocracy of the town.

He introduced Robert among good

people. There was a calculating expression in the wise eyes of Mr. Laidlaw after he had spent an evening with the Carringtons.

"Social leaders, my boy!" he observed. "And that queenly Helena! How did she strike you?"

"Cold as ice," replied Robert with a slight laugh, "none of the genial warmth of soul of some modest yet gentle-hearted girl like—"

"Eh!" started Uncle Henry, as Robert paused and flushed.

"Oh! like those natural friendly girls in the office of the plant," concluded Robert, generalizing.

"Your lofty Miss Carrington cut me dead today, uncle," reported Robert, later in the same week.

"Oh, you must be mistaken," remonstrated Mr. Laidlaw.

"Not at all, it was palpable and meant. You see, I had my working clothes on and the grime of honest labor shocked her sensitive spirit."

"H'm!" muttered the old man thoughtfully, and then he went to his lawyer. "See here, Hunter," he began to the attorney, "I'm doing that boy a wrong."

"In what way?" was the pertinent query.

Mr. Laidlaw narrated his story of the disadvantages of menial employment in the eyes of "the higher social set."

He further deplored the arduous labor which was hardening the hands of his protégé, the slow promise of final advancement. The lawyer chuckled.

"Tired of the program, eh, already that I laid out to make a real man of your nephew?" he challenged. "What you want to do—rear him in the lap of luxury and spoil him?"

"Well—er—you see—"

"No, you see! Laidlaw," interrupted the lawyer briskly, "I've been studying young Robert and I'm glad to observe his sense, courage and fidelity to ideal. He'll work out right and make you proud of him if you leave him alone."

"Yes, but he may make friends among the—well, the lowly—that may be a detriment to him."

"What!" railed the lawyer, "after your proud-tempered Miss Carrington?"

"But suppose he should fall in love with some poor girl?"

"Suppose he did? Do you want to spoil his happiness? No, you go right ahead on the course we have marked out. Robert is no fortune hunter or he wouldn't have chosen you instead of your brother, he would never have risked catching an heiress by undertaking menial employment. He's genuine," concluded the attorney. "True blue all through and all of the time. He'll land right. Mark my words."

There came a test. An unexpected event transpired. James Laidlaw died and in a will he had planned to change when his nephew refused to live with him, but which he had neglected to do, his sole heir was Robert.

"Now he'll go off on his own hook, I suppose," grumbled Mr. Laidlaw to his lawyer; "no further use for me."

"Wait and see," advised the lawyer.

It was a week later when Robert came into the library and addressed his relative.

"Uncle Henry," he said bluntly, "I want you to accept half of the fortune Uncle James left me. You were closer to him than I am, and should by right inherit it. You are not rich—"

"Who told you that?" exploded the old man. "If I've hidden my wealth from you, it was for a purpose. All the same," he said in a lower tone, "I'm glad to see that you have a loyal, grateful heart."

"It's a division, no matter what you say," declared Robert, "you see, if we could all live together—"

"We—aren't we? What you up to now?" demanded the old man suspiciously.

"Why—you see, there's a Nellie."

"And who is she?"

"Let me bring her around and see," suggested Robert, which he did.

She was not of the born princess type—only a modest, retiring girl—but inside of five minutes she had wound herself about the old man's ingenuous heart just as she had done with Robert Laidlaw.

**Carrying the Law.**

Very few of our lawyers carry the green bags which were once a badge of that profession.

"I think the sight of such a bag once kept Joseph H. Choate from coming to Philadelphia to make a speech," Mr. Conlen said.

Mr. Conlen and another lawyer had gone to New York to invite the ambassador to England to deliver an address in Philadelphia. Mr. Conlen's companion carried a green bag, which he laid upon Mr. Choate's table, evidently to the great lawyer's annoyance.

"What do you carry in that thing?" he asked.

"I have some law books," the young Philadelphia attorney replied.

"When I was a young lawyer," Mr. Choate said rather coldly, "I was taught to carry my law in my head."

And the invitation was declined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**No Need to Search.**

O, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the eternal and crest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: The king thou seekest is already with thee.—Carlyle.

**First of the Breed.**

The philosopher who said that it is much easier to die for the woman you love than to live with her was the original slacker.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

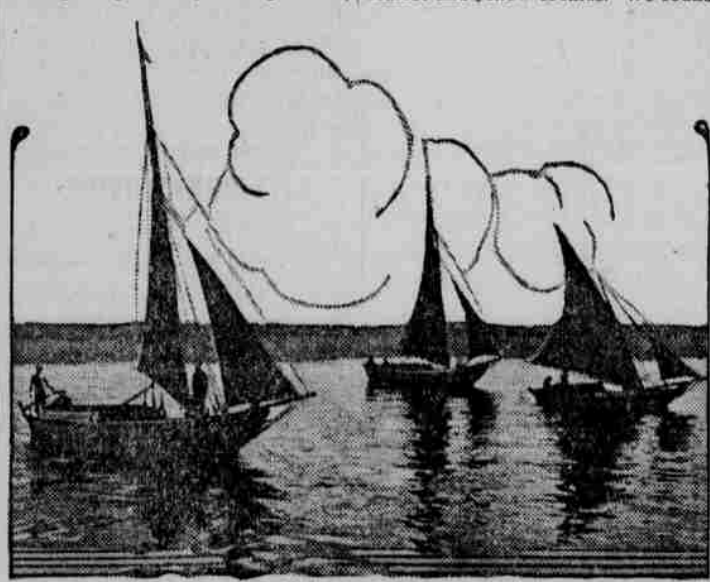
# Woman in Colombia's Jungles

MRS. FRANK ANDERSON of New York, who has followed her explorer husband into the densest of jungles, has recently returned from a most tollsome trip into the interior of Colombia. Mr. Anderson is geologist for the Standard Oil company, and took four young assistants with him, besides his wife.

"I was the first white woman to penetrate that part of the jungle," says Mrs. Anderson. "As our little steamer went up the Sinu the children ran out from the mud and bamboo houses calling, 'Mira! Mira! Americana!' I used to feel that I was on exhibition all the time, and it was very hard to dress the part, for my clothes wilted and the very hairpins rusted in my hair. It was so hot and damp that we had to take off all the buttons and metal buckles for fear of rust spots, and our shoes fairly milledew on our feet."

"But by far the most interesting part of the trip was the voyage up the Sinu on the little 75-foot steamer. There was only one camarote or stateroom and only fifty feet of deck space for the sixty passengers to swing their hammocks. The captain gave me his stateroom, since I was the only woman on board; but with the others it was first come, first served. The hammocks were swung one above the other like bunks. Some of the men slept on deck and some on the table where we ate! We had our own bedding, of course, and I got through the 110 miles in comparative comfort."

"We found a beautiful house waiting for us in Loricá, built in the old Spanish mission style round a wonderful patio. Unlike most of the houses, it was two stories high. It belonged to the principal family of the province,



who owned the electric light, butter and ice plants.

**Life in Loricá.**

"From my windows I could see the women washing in the river, carrying their bundles of clothes down to a convenient stone and paddling them with boards, then spreading them on bushes to dry. Everything we needed in the household was brought to the door by natives. Live chickens and turkeys, yuccas, mangoes, the yellow fruit that tastes rather like a sweet plum, coconuts and lucas are all poled down the river in canoes. Then there is cocanaut flour bread rolled out into thin sheets like Jewish matzos. I liked to go down to the wharf on market days, though the native ladies never do. Even the cloth for their dresses is brought to the house in bolts by the servants."

"As a matter of fact, they wear only a jacket and skirt, it is so very hot, less than nine degrees from the equator. Children, even of the better class, go entirely without clothing up to five and six. And there are so many of them! Fifteen is not a particularly large family, and I met one charming woman who had twenty-two. Grandparents, father and mother, the married sons and daughters and all the children live together in the same families with all their children in absolute harmony. They keep a great many servants, of course, for wages are very low, and treat them almost like members of the family."

"The lower classes are a mixture of Indian, Chinese and negro, but the aristocrats are almost pure Spanish. They are charmingly friendly—much more so than the Mexican women—and I became very fond of some of them. They never could understand why I wanted to go out into the jungle, but they were too polite to say so! They were very pretty in their white jackets that looked almost like our middies and the dainty little shoes, of which they are so proud. Even the native women who go barefoot have small, slender feet and the most beautiful long hair. It is almost always prettily dressed in spite of the fact that they carry everything on their heads. I have seen a woman with two five-gallon oil tins filled with water on her head, but she only walked a little straighter than usual."

**Going into the Jungle.**

"I never shall forget the start on my own first trip into the jungle. I wore a divided skirt, in which the natives were much interested. They were more dressed than usual themselves, and all the Indians we met retured as soon as they saw me, and

came back with skirts of bark and leaves.

"We had the usual hammocks, bags of food, water barrels, mosquito nets and cook tent loaded on the burros, and had taken along a special camp tent for me in case we didn't find the usual empty house; but we only had to pitch it once in all the week we were gone."

"The first night we camped in a little open space, and the cook soon had a fire going, with bacon and yamas toasting over it. Every bit of drinking water has to be brought from a safe place and then boiled. But we didn't have to live on beans and bacon. Even the woods Indians raise fowls and cattle. There is not wild game. You have to learn to eat fresh-killed meat; but you have to do that anywhere in that country. It is too hot to keep anything even over night. My khaki suit was soon streaked with dust and the heat from the horses, but as there was no one to see it I did not mind."

"We did have some shooting, for the second day out a fifteen-foot boa constrictor crossed our path. One of the men shot it at once and the natives skinned it. The colors in its skin were wonderful."

"They were nothing, however, to the colors of the flowers. The tall grass and the trees made it too dark in most places even to take pictures, but wherever there was a rift of sunlight the flowers burst forth. There were the wonderful pink acacia bushes and a sort of bird of paradise flower with one blue petal—the other yellow and red. The royal poinsettia grew tall as a maple with its perfect blooms and long pods—and there were beautiful scarlet and yellow orchids. We found

some very rare specimens. While the men were looking for oil I looked for orchids. Sometimes I would have to be contented with an armful of scarlet hibiscus, but usually I found what I was looking for."

"I know something about geology, of course, and there were many interesting formations. Suddenly the heavy silence would be broken by the cry of the machete man as he saw light ahead, and we would come out on an open space with perhaps a half dozen mud volcanoes in active operation. The men got off to examine every strange or promising formation, of course. I often went with the party after that first trip during the months we stayed in Loricá."

**Up the Rio de Oro.**

"Later we went up the Rio de Oro in the launch as far as the country of the savages east of Bogota. They have never been disturbed since the Spaniards drove them into their mountain fastnesses and they shoot at intruders on sight with poisoned arrows. We saw some of them like dark pieces of bronze among the trees, but did not go too near."

"The savages may have been afraid of the puffing of the launch, for they did not trouble us."

"The woods Indians greeted us with the greatest interest, however. As soon as we made our camp they would manage something in the way of clothes and then appeal with fruit and fowls to sell. They were wonderfully skillful and in a few hours they had cut down and made a tree trunk canoe when we came out on the banks of Rio Sardinata. It was hollowed out, chipped off and a canvas shelter arranged for me almost before we had finished our arrangements to send back our horses. The Indians with their long poles took us down not only the Rio Sardinata but the San Miguel. On the Rio Buzio, a tributary of the Catatumbo, we saw natives killing alligators along the banks. There is no swimming in these streams, for they are full of alligators and sharks."

**Disaster at Once.**

She was an old lady. It was her first holiday excursion, and she entered the compartment of a railway carriage with much trepidation, and sat down rather gingerly in one of the corner seats. Just as the train was getting into motion the engine gave a shrill scream, or whistle.

Thereupon up jumped the old lady, and, with a startled ejaculation, exclaimed:

"There they are now, over a pig at the very start!"

# TAKE FISH BY WHOLESALE

Natives of South Pacific Island Have Their Own Method of Gathering Food From Sea.

The natives of Rarotonga, one of the islands in the South Pacific ocean, have a singular method of catching fish in which the whole community takes part. On the shore of the island there are many long, narrow lagoons, each lying between a beach and an outer reef of coral, that usually swarm with fish. The natives choose one of these stretches of shallow water for the fish drive, and close all breaks in the reef by laying rough barriers with pieces of coral.

When they have done that, six or seven hundred men, women and children wade into one end of the lagoon carrying little, plaited fiber bags filled with utu nut. In most cases the water is about three feet deep, and nowhere more than four feet; so the natives march slowly up the lagoon, trailing behind them the bags of utu nut. As this substance is wet it forms a peculiar narcotic, which it diffuses through the water. The process is called "poisoning the lagoon."

Half an hour is allowed for the "poison" to spread, and at the end of that time all the fish are under the influence of the drug, and are swimming about in a confused and aimless manner. The natives, armed with long, pronged spears, form a line that reaches from side to side of the lagoon, and march along shouting, splashing, and driving the intoxicated fish before them. When the fish are all collected at the farther end of the lagoon, the natives begin to cry, "Eh-hu-u-u!" and the barbed spears fly in all directions. The natives are very dexterous with the spears, and the fish are so sluggish, owing to the effects of the utu nut, that very few of them escape.

Many of the "poisoned" fish seek the shelter of the coral reef and hide in the crevices; and so some of the natives "fish" the reef. They put on glass goggles and sink beneath the water, where they remain submerged for one or two minutes. They feel about among the coral for the listless fish, which they get with a short, thrusting spear. These methodical fishermen usually make the biggest catches; but the merry men in the open water enjoy the best sport. Numerous varieties of fish are obtained, but all have the brilliant and beautiful coloring peculiar to the fish of the tropics.—Youth's Companion.

# FOUND HIMSELF UPSIDE DOWN

British Aviator Lived to Tell of Weird Experience That He Had in a Cloud.

A British naval aviator when flying seaward recently entered a thick white cloud and wholly lost his sense of direction. He only realized that he was upside down on finding that things were falling out of his pockets. Then his belt broke, and he had to hang on by his knees and elbows. At length he emerged from the cloud and saw the sea apparently over his head, but was able to right his machine and continue his flight.

A young English aviator, the bullet holes in whose planes bore testimony to his repeated exposure to fire, had one narrow escape with an amusing ending. Mistaken for a German aviator, he was fired at by the French and forced to descend through the puncturing of his petrol tank. When the mistake was discovered, of course, profuse apologies were forthcoming, and he was presented by the mayor of the district with a bouquet.

Talking of bullet holes, by the way, I may mention that the record surely belongs to a British aviator who, escaping from a hail of shrapnel, counted 90 separate punctures in his planes.—C. I. Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

# Enormous Waste in Hyphens.

In our campaign of economy an American writer suggests that we should do away with hyphens. The Germans build up enormous compound words without any hyphen to break them; but the English find one necessary for a simple word of five letters like "today." It may be roughly estimated that each one of the two hundred million people who write English writes "today," "tomorrow" or "tonight" three times a day. Half an ounce of force is required to make a hyphen with a pen or a pencil, so this superfluous symbol entails a total waste of 2,190,000 pounds daily, or enough to draw a passenger train round the world. And—"in my mind's eye, Horatio"—I see the printers' staff hurling a million hyphens through the office window for the scavenger to pick up!—London Chronicle.

# Secret of Success.

The secret of success is not a secret. Nor is it something new. Nor is it something hard to secure. To become more successful, become more efficient, do little things better. So work that you will require less supervision. The least supervision is needed by the person who makes the fewest mistakes. Do what you can and should do for the institution for which you are working, and the size of your income will take care of itself. Let your aim ever be to better the work you are doing. But remember always that you cannot better the work you are doing without bettering yourself. The thoughts that you think, the words that you speak, and the deeds you perform are making you either better or worse.—Thomas Drier.

# DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

# COCONUTS AT THE PARTY.

"The Fairies gave a Party for the Gnomes the other day," commenced Daddy as he saw both Nick and Nancy were all ready to hear their usual bedtime story.

"And their chief pride in the Party was that they only needed one sort of food and drink—at least one kind did for both."

"That sounds very mysterious, Daddy," said Nick. "How could that be?"

"You see," continued Daddy, "they invited the Coconut family to come to the party to be the food and drink for the Fairies and their Guests, the Gnomes. Well, the Coconut family were as proud as proud could be."

"Old Professor Coconut, who sees all the little Coconuts grow up in just the right way began to talk to them. This is what he said in Coconut talk."

"Little Coconuts, now you see how important it is to be brought up well. Here are all our family going to a splendid Party given by the Fairies for the Gnomes—fine little creatures they say those Gnomes are."

"Well, to continue—which means to go on, for Professor Coconut always stopped to explain what everything meant—you see we are worth while to have at a Party. They don't need to have food and drink all separately—here we are both food and drink. But now it is time to be off, and they are going to take our mats along, too, for they have invited some of the great big strong Brownies to take these mats off us. They are going to have quite a time doing it, but they are glad to be of service to the Fairy Queen."

"As Professor Coconut finished his speech along came a great big Caravan made of birch bark. It was drawn by one hundred Elves. And as soon as they came to the Coconuts they all hurried them into the Caravan."

"The Coconuts had never been off on a trip before. To be sure many of their family had gone to the cities, to shops and then to houses—but they were having such a noble trip! To be given as food and drink to the Fairies, Gnomes, Elves and Brownies! Well, they were so happy."

"After a rather rough but exciting trip they all reached the woods where the Dinner Party was being given. There they saw the strong Brownies with their sharp-pointed sticks ready to make two eyes in each coconut—one for an air hole and the other for the Fairies to drink out of. And they saw the still stronger, bigger Brownies with their axes to take away the thick mats the Coconuts wear around them."

"And then the feast of the Fairies, Elves, Gnomes and Brownies did have. Those who had worked so hard said they had never had such a fine reward, and the guests were happier than they had ever been to have such a new kind of party. As for the fairies, they thought it was a splendid idea to have to take drinks out of the Coconuts, and then eat delicious little pieces of nut meats out of them."

"And just before Professor Coconut was all eaten up, the Fairy Queen took both a drink and a bite out of him, so he was the proudest old professor you ever heard of in all your days."

# CHICKENS PERCHED ON ROOST

Tommy Figures It Out That Some Would Be Perchers and Others Would Be Roosters.

"What is a roost, dad?" asked Tommy.

"A roost, my son, is a pole upon which chickens sit at night," replied his father.

"And what's a perch, dad?"

"A perch is what chickens perch on."

"Then, I suppose, dad, a chicken could roost on a perch?" came the further inquiry.

"Of course," was the smiling reply. "And they could perch on a roost?"

"Why, yes," answered dad.

"But if chickens perched on a roost, wouldn't it? But if, just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a perch, some more chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—"

"—Tit-Bits."

Old Professor Coconut.

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