

# NO MAN IS WHOLLY BAD.

By WILLIAM REGINALD MACRILL

It was not Jim Wilson's fault that he was born with a game leg. But it was Jim's fault that the game leg proved his undoing. Reared in all the luxury of southern affluence before the war, he had squandered first his inheritance, then a competence earned by shrewd speculation, and, finally, a big ten thousand dollars wrong from its rightful owners by a series of tricks that form in themselves a story of human perversity, but are without importance in this account. These tricks were the third degree in his career, however, for they landed him behind the bars; and when "Limpy" Wilson returned to his old haunts he fell to the lowest plane. He developed into a first-class sneak thief, expert in "lifting" costly wraps and furs from unoccupied carriages, from theatre boxes and hotel parlors. How he accomplished these slick abstractions was more than the average individual could understand. It was his beautiful assurance, his unobtrusive approach and departure, his suavity and grace that made him for a time the foremost exponent of his art. But he went down hill steadily, and when New York became too hot, Chicago, wealthy and wide open, welcomed him to the ranks of the pickpocket and the purse snatcher.

Jim had two passions: first, his uncontrollable mania for theft; second, and dominating much of his life, little Alice, daughter of his second wife, who kept for him the tiny apartment

to any day in the week but Sunday, when they always went for a walk on the Lake Shore.

"Why no, Papa, it's the 6th day of December—my birthday. Don't you remember?"

She wanted a turkey dinner, and before he left the house she had planned a royal spread, with cranberries, and celery, mashed potatoes and gravy, and a pie for dessert. Old Mrs. Janschowski, the Polish widow, of whom they rented their two little rooms, had offered to prepare the dinner on her big stove. All Jim had to do was to bring home the turkey and the trimmings. He promised solemnly, though he had not a cent in his pockets. And Alice had hugged him in delight, saying, "You are my very dearest bestest papa."

Jim stopped at a corner and looked up and down the street wondering how he might raise the price of that turkey. A soft-footed policeman approached. An oaken night stick prodded him in the back. "Move on. Get to cover," said a gruff voice. He started in sudden fear and slouched into the darkness of a nearby alley. It was the same old story. For weeks back had been against him. It seemed as though the whole police force of that great city had suddenly opened its eyes to his existence. Wherever he went there appeared the brass buttons, the badge, the club. It was getting on his nerves, and he feared to attempt schemes that a few years ago

lected it very carefully from the whole stock. The man guaranteed it, and if it isn't tender I'll take it back."

Mrs. Janschowski knew little of Jim, seeing him only in the mornings. But her motherly heart went out to Alice, so different from her own dirty-faced, sturdy-legged brood; and it was for Alice's sake that she had agreed to cook the dinner. Alice gave valiant assistance, and promptly at one o'clock the beautifully-browned bird was brought to their little table.

If Jim had any premonitions of his rapidly-approaching finish, he was too happy to give them more than a passing thought. He was in his gayest mood. He told Alice stories of the sea, and described royal dinners in foreign lands. When they had eaten all they could, Alice slipped down from her chair and climbed up in his lap, saying, "Now, tell me a really fairy story, papa." And Jim began slowly—"Once upon a time there was a great big giant—"

Heavy footsteps sounded in the hall. The door opened suddenly, and a broad-shouldered man wearing a black hat and overcoat, entered the room. With a cry of alarm, the picture of the giant fresh in her childish imagination, Alice slid to the floor and took refuge behind her father. But Jim leaped to his feet, with staring eyes, and face as white as a sheet. The visitor looked at him curiously.

"Hello, Limpy. It's you, is it?"

Jim had but one thought—that Alice must not know. Into this crisis of his life came his old-time, splendid nerve. He extended his hand, and the color swept back into his thin face. "Glad to see you, Cap. You're just in time for dinner. Too late for the blessing, but there's plenty of turkey. Sit down and have a bite. Thought you were still in York."

There was a mute appeal in Jim's eyes that went to the detective's heart. He took off his hat and sat down by the table.

"Oh, I've been here for a year or two," he said carelessly, smiling at Alice. "I'm on the force—plain-clothes man. Didn't expect to see you, though." Then, with meaning emphasis, "No monkey business. The jig's up. It won't pay, you know," for Jim had measured with his eye the distance to the door, calculating his chances. "Who's the kid?" he went on. "Reminds me of one I lost a couple of years back with diphtheria. Pretty near broke my wife's heart. Sit down, Jim. I'm in no hurry."

Jim gave a long sigh. Yes, the jig was up. This man knew him like a book. This man ran him into Sing Sing years before. This man was his Nemesis.

They understood each other now, and for the time restraint was at an end. The captain made himself most agreeable. He had a pleasant face, with deep-set, twinkling eyes, and the heartiest laugh Alice had ever heard. She thought him almost as kind as her papa. He sampled the turkey and the cranberries, and tipping back his chair crunched a long stick of celery in his strong, white teeth, talking briefly to Jim in words Alice could not understand.

"Fine turk, Jim, but an unlucky pinch. Just happened I was in the store getting one for myself. Piped your lay, and would have landed if I hadn't slipped on the ice. Never thought of old Limpy Wilson till I saw that trail in the snow. Good cover you've got, but the old lady put me wise. Unlucky leg, that Jim."

Presently the captain rose. "Guess we'd better get along, Jim," he said briefly.

Jim put on his coat and hat and turned to Alice with a wistful smile. "I've got to go out for a while, little sweetie. But don't trouble about it. Alice did not notice it. "The captain has come to offer me a job—a fine place that will fix us up alright. I'll be back soon." A desperate hope was in his mind. He gave it voice as they reached the street. "Cap," he said pleadingly, "wait a few days till I can place the thing. She'll be all alone, but I can put her somewhere so she'll be taken care of and won't know. For God's sake, Cap, help me out. She thinks her daddy's straight as a string."

The captain's eyes were full of pity. "No friends?"

"Not one except old Mrs. Jan, and she's got seven of her own."

"It's a tough proposition, Jim." He was silent for some time. His hand was on Jim's shoulder, the slack of the coat in his grip.

"Tell you what, I'll give you a year to brace up, and you can stay right here and keep the kid. That's one side; here's the other. There's five thousand dollars for me when I deliver you over to New York headquarters. I'll take the kid and give her a home, and up the money for her education. My wife would treat her like a daughter. We'll tell her you've got a job in New York, and that she's to stay with us till you send for her. When she's old enough to bear it we'll tell her you're dead, as you will be long before you serve all your time. Now I'll let you go, as I say, and if you turn square I'll be alright. But I'll watch you like a hawk, and if you trip up again, so help me you'll take your medicine, child or no child. And you know, as well as I do, that you're too old a dog to learn new tricks. Speak up, now. I'm wasting good time."

And Jim spoke quickly. As much as he loved liberty he loved Alice more. He could not hope much longer to keep from her the awful secret of his life. Better that she should give up now and spend her disgrace.

"I guess you're right, Cap. I'll give in."

A week later Jim stood before the rail in the familiar New York headquarters, and heard himself sent down for trial. There were many charges against him. He could not expect less than thirty years. Presently those massive iron doors would clang behind him, and the world would forget him forever. Well, Alice would be happy. She would think kindly of him. She would not know.

And under the captain's watchful care Alice never knew.

Hirobumi Ito is called the Grand Old Man of Japan. He is described as being to Japan what Peter the Great was to Russia. In the diplomatic history of Japan he is what Catherine was to the France of Louis XIII.

Mrs. Samuel Smartwood who died in Pennsylvania recently, at the age of 47, was the mother of twenty-five children. In the diplomatic history of her first child was born soon after she was 15. There were but two sets of twins.

## WOMAN IN POLITICS.

### RECENT FIGHT AGAINST BOSSES DEVELOPS HER AS A STRONG FACTOR.

Campaign of Good Government Calls Out Enthusiastic Aid of Feminine Sex.

"The man can do it but will not; the woman would do it but may not. We are bound hand and foot, but fortunately our tongues are not tied," said Mrs. G. A. Knollenberg, of Richmond, Indiana, latter night was on for the election of Mayor of that city. The present incumbent, whose private and public life is obnoxious to the better element of the town, was up for re-election. For eight years the political machine had backed the Mayor, and it was in the hands of unscrupulous leaders. The forces of good government seemed on the very verge of defeat, when the women arose in their might, twelve hundred strong, demanding that their little city be controlled by men of clean character—that good instead of evil, honesty instead of craft, decency instead of indecency, be the watchwords.

They held a great mass meeting and made stirring speeches. It was not a question of politics; it was the moral sentiment of the community speaking through its wives and mothers. And it was effective. The Mayor went down to defeat. Said a leading paper: "The women of Richmond made the result possible. The tide began to turn when the women met and in behalf of womanhood and the sanctity of the home protested against the continuance of the present regime. It was not until then that the real import of the fight was felt."

### Hot Stuff in New York.

Not only in this Indiana town, but in large centers, the women are active in the campaigns. In New York their earnest work on behalf of Jerome, reform candidate for re-election as District Attorney, has called out the admiration of even that opponent of woman's activity in municipal affairs, the Boston Herald, which says editorially:

Bless the women! How they are working for Jerome and against the bosses, in their meetings, in their public meetings and street parades distributing bundles of Jerome literature; their armies of picked arrowheads dozing out hot stuff at the subway and elevated stations during the rush hours; their night processions of autos with stereopticons showing the big sheets the spies doctored to teach the masses how to use it; their volunteer bands of watchers upon lodging houses and tenements to prevent the colonization of flouters! Bless the women municipal leaders and clubbers and sweet ladies who are doing for the folks very practical lessons in electioneering, and demonstrating their capacity and their earnestness for the political work which must rejoice Justice Brewer and confound Grover Cleveland.

### In Graft-Ridden Philadelphia.

But the women of Philadelphia were equally active. Their aid was solicited by the city party in the great work of reform, to secure for the citizens a good, honest administration, and a physically clean city. And right well they did their work. In nearly every one of the forty-two wards they assembled in enthusiastic crowds, and listened to addresses from prominent women speakers, including Mrs. Rudolf Blankenburg, Mrs. Owen Vinton (wife of the author of "The Vigilant"), and Miss Jennings, sister-in-law of Mayor Weaver. In the Toledo Morning Times appeared the following trenchant comment on this feature of the Quaker City campaign:

In a quiet, unobtrusive Philadelphia, the women are in politics up to their elbows.

They are so aroused in the battle against political corruption and graft that they are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men and fight.

They don't say "hang!"

It is a grand good thing to see them come out of their nose-grown "sheltered life," and put their heads and shoulders in aiding the accomplishment of the downfall of the public evils that have long reigned in the city.

It required nerve for the first woman to set. Formerly people didn't admire nerve in a woman. They were wrong.

The old manner of sitting back and waiting to be "protected" is gradually disappearing—possibly because there were not enough protectors to go around, possibly because they didn't want the job.

In every city a hawk has been called on the street way where the women have grown frantically over its dull routine, her brain rusted from disuse, and her mentality dulled by the compression of the "sheltered life."

Now, she breathes comparatively untrammelled in the wide, whole world, and rejoices in the use of all that is in her. Her post-up activities have lessened the series, and she is, first of all, a human, with humanity's interests at heart.

The women may prove a power for good in graft-ridden Philadelphia.

Whether or not this activity of woman in municipal affairs is welcomed, the practical efficiency of her efforts in the recent fight against the bosses cannot be denied.

### Massachusetts Milliners Warned

The crusade against the killing of song birds for millinery purposes has been waged for years, but the rights of women in this matter of personal adornment has proven invulnerable against diatribes of reformers, ridicule of men, and the pleadings of the humanitarian. Each fall the hats of the feminine sex have been adorned by the plumage of some of our most beautiful songsters. In Massachusetts, moral sanction having failed, the legislature has enacted a law providing a penalty for "the use of plumage of song or insectivorous birds in the making of picture hats or other head adornments of women." Notice has been sent to the milliners of Boston and throughout the Commonwealth by the State Game Commission. It is announced that the State laws covering "possession or wearing for purpose of dress or blandishment the body, skin, feathers, or parts thereof of insectivorous and wild birds whether taken in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, will be vigorously enforced. Persons having prohibited birds and feathers in their possession, whether wearers or dealers, are liable to arrest."

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### The National Anthem.

Army regulations have been amended so as to prescribe honor for the United States colors as follows: "Whenever 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played by the band on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present, except such repetition as is called for by the musical score. "At every military post or station the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of the reveille, or of the first note of the march, if a march be played before the reveille. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of the retreat, and while the flag is being lowered the band will play 'The Star Spangled Banner,' or, if there be no band present, the field music will sound 'To the Color.' When 'To the Color' is sounded by any other music, the flag is being lowered the same respect will be observed as when 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played by the band. The national flag shall be displayed at a sea coast or lake fort at the commencement of an action and during a battle in which the fort may be engaged, whether by day or at night."

A medical note states that a negro in a hospital, on the promise of free treatment and attendance, readily submitted to the application of a new anaesthetic which a local physician had discovered. The negro died in about a minute before the operation began, which was then discontinued. After a consultation, the physicians in attendance unanimously agreed that the patient would have died under the influence of any other anaesthetic, to say nothing of the cutting up; all of which would doubtless be a comfort to the victim if the news could be conveyed to him.

Prontice said the poetry which a handsome girl appreciates best is written with a moustache on her lips.

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on the West Side, in the very heart of the Polish quarter. During her ten years of life Alice had never wavered in absolute adoration of her father, and Jim returned her affection to the limit of his nature.

They say that criminals are born, not made. It is a true saying, in Jim's case, at least. As a boy he was in no way abnormal, adhering in all respects to the proud traditions of his stiff-necked father, who owned broad acres in Mississippi and ruled his hundreds of well-kept slaves with firm generosity. There was no mother, she died during Jim's infancy. But at fifteen came a sudden passion for money. His monthly allowance was too slender for his expensive tastes. He must have more. He thought about it night and day. And then cropped out a strain of low cunning that had shown at intervals in his paternal ancestry for generations uncounted. He formed his plans elaborately, and one night during his father's absence he entered the library, broke open the little iron safe and decamped with upwards of a thousand dollars in cash.

Ten years later Jim returned to the plantation. Here he found strangers, from the North, to whom his father had sold the family home. To his credit be it said that he wept over the old man's grave, and again when the County Judge turned over to him, in securities and cash, all his father's property, for there was no will and Jim was the only heir. He had left home a boy; he returned a man, experienced in the ways of the sea and in the paths of crime. But his suddenly-acquired wealth, his recollections of his father, and contact with old and forgiving friends, seemed to wipe out the past. He threw aside his degenerate habits. He became a gentleman, and took up his abode in the city of New York.

It is a far cry from the plantation to Chicago, and the little room in the Polish quarter. Thirty years lay between—three decades of steady degeneration. Very bitter were Jim's recollections of this December night, as he limped along State street beneath the glare of the electric lights, eyeing sharply every carriage waiting by the curb. A raw wind blew in from the lake. His hands were numb. His whole body ached with the cold. His game leg, which had been doctored during his term in Sing Sing, was beginning to bother him again. It had a way of stiffening in the hip joint, so that his toe dragged a little at every step.

And as though the situation were not sad enough already, fate threw another burden on his shoulders. He had made a promise to little Alice, and it must be kept, regardless of consequences or effort. She had slipped into his bed early that morning and cuddled down beside him. "Papa," she said, "do you know what day to-morrow will be?"

"Not Sunday, surely," he replied. He could attach no special importance



JIM LEAPED TO HIS FEET WITH STARING EYES.