

A Victorious Surrender



By Margaret Johnson

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The shades were scarcely drawn up from the windows of the little shop, which, glittering in the morning sunshine, courted attention to the rows upon rows of toys and goodies spread within, when the shop bell tinkled briskly, and a little fat urchin entered with a grave and business-like air, to make his early purchase.

This was no raw new customer, unfamiliar with the traditions of all those privileged to trade therein. He knew exactly in which corner of the sparkling showcase to look for his heart's chosen dainties. He had a pleasing intimacy with the color of the paper and string which hid their lusciousness temporarily from his view. He took his package from Miss Hatty's own fair hands with a murmured thank you; and having received it, deposited the three pennies which constituted the whole of his immediate fortune, without hesitation or question, in the china bowl of clear water which stood at one end of the spotless counter. Then he took his departure, gravely, though with joy.

When his small figure, radiating satisfaction even from the rear view of its round head and chubby shoulders, had disappeared between the white-curtained door, Miss Hatty dipped her slender fingers in the bowl and withdrew the pennies delicately, drying them on a soft napkin which lay folded beside it. Every coin received from the grimy fingers of her small customers—and from older ones, too, for that matter—must undergo this process of purification before it was fit for its immaculate surroundings.

Little Milly Davis, her assistant, and as faithful a copy of her mistress as neatness and comeliness could make her, observed this cloud with both wonder and distress. It did not vanish when Miss Hatty went into the little room back of the shop, and sat down to finish her breakfast. She sighed as she lifted her coffee to her lips, and her brother Sam, sitting opposite, looked up and went on with what he had been saying before the interruption of the customer.

Sam was large and ruddy. He had a big heart and a great voice. "I tell you what it is, Hatty," he said, bringing down his hand with emphasis on the snowy table, "wallpaper you ought to have, and wallpaper you shall have before you're a week older! Here's the Pillow's side of the house as gay as a pony bed with blue and yellow stripes, and roses and tulips and birds of paradise and what not, and yours as bare as the desert of Sahary. It struck me, worse'n ever, when I came in last night, and I just made up my mind it shouldn't go on so any longer!"

"But I don't want wallpaper, Sam!" protested Miss Hatty, her rose-leaf color deepening to a most lovely crimson. "You know I don't. I never could bear anything glarey to the eyes. And it won't wash. It isn't near as clean as paint. Sussy Pillow and I went to school together. I like Sussy. And I don't grudge her the wallpaper if she wants it, but I don't want it!" "Sussy Pillow, indeed!" cried Sam, waxing warm, and spreading his broad all too generously with jam in the excitement of his feelings. "And she only a Purdy, and you a Bascom! It would be a pity if you couldn't be as fine as she is! If she only knew it, she'd be bidding good-by to the roses and tulips before she has much more time to look at 'em. I've waited long enough for her and Pillow to pay that interest money—" He stopped rather suddenly.

"Sam," said his sister, laying down her fork, "you aren't going to fore-close?"

Mr. Bascom cleared his throat and looked grave. "Yes," he said, "I am. Patience has had her perfect work long ago—with Pillow. He needs a lesson, and I'm going to give him one by settling that thing up this week. The money's due Friday, and if he doesn't come down with it by three o'clock that day, the deed's done, and out they go!"

Miss Hatty looked at her brother distressfully, her soft eyes softer with their springing tears. "I didn't think you'd do it, Sam," she said, "indeed I didn't. I used to go to school with Sussy Pillow, and I just can't bear to see her turned out that way!"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bascom, hastily, disturbed by her tears, "don't you worry about it, Hatty. You know I've yielded to you half a dozen times already. I'm too easy-going by half. I'm going back to the city to-day, and I'll tell you what it is, I'm going to send you that paper—pick it out myself, the very prettiest there is in all Boston—Make you a present of it."

A spark of fire dried the dew in Miss Hatty's eyes. "I don't want it, thank you, Sam," she said, with a firmness as absolute as it was gentle. "And I sha'n't hang it if you do send it to me."

"Tut, tut! Sha'n't? I say shall!" retorted Mr. Bascom, smiling with the most imperturbable good humor. He

went round and put his hands on his sister's slim shoulders. He might have tossed her to the ceiling if he had been chosen.

"See here, Hatty," he said, "I like to have my own way once in awhile, just for a change. I want you to have that paper. It'll brighten you up, make you ten years younger, and show the neighbors we know what's what as well as any one. I'm going to send it to you bright and early tomorrow, and if you'll hang it, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll let up on Pillow, and give him another chance. How's that for a bargain?"

He did not wait for an answer, but gave her the gentlest of shakes before he let her go, went out laughing into the hall, thrust his great shoulders into his overcoat, kissed his hand, and was off with a good-by and a bang of the front door that set the little house a-tremble.

"Spunkiest little woman in all Massachusetts," he chuckled to himself, striding away down the street, "if she does look like a piece of your great-grandmother's best china, just fit to crush in your hands. She won't do it, I suppose; always manages to have her own way, somehow. But I need something to keep me up to that resolution about Pillow. And if I should have to let him off, well, it would be worth it to me, twice over, to see Hatty give in."

Miss Hatty, left alone in the hall after that slam of the front door, stood still and looked about her trembling.

Half the house, with the shop, the little parlor back of it, and the two tiny chambers above, was hers; the corresponding half, without the shop window, belonged to the Pillows. The line of division ran through the center of the hall and was as clearly marked as was the character of the owners. On Mrs. Pillow's side the floor was covered with a strip of gay carpet. The wall flamed with the gorgeous and intricate pattern of the paper which had so aroused the admiration and envy of Mr. Bascom. Its surface reflected the sunshine which fell through the faint light over the door, and distracted the eye with the variety and splendor of its hues. Miss Hatty's wall was painted a somber though spotless yellow, and the boards of her floor were left bare and scrubbed to a snowy whiteness.

"I can't do it!" she murmured, clasping her slender fingers in distress. "I can't! It's too much to ask. I should feel as if I had those images all over my wall. I couldn't breathe. It don't seem to me it's the place for such things, anyway, seems kind of wicked, birds and flowers, and they'd haunt me. I should dream of 'em. What did Sam ask me to do for?"

She went back into the parlor where Milly Davis waited in a breathless and solemn agitation.

"Of course they had ought to pay their interest money," mused Miss Hatty, looking at the child with dazed and woeful eyes as if she scarcely realized her presence. "But Sussy Pillow's lived here so long, it'll about break her heart to go away. I do suppose it's my duty as a neighbor and a Christian to help her out. If it's any way in my power to do it. I wish it wasn't. I wish—I don't see how I can, anyhow in the world. It'll be every bit as hard as moving myself to have all those things starting and flaring at me, and figurin' round me all the time. I'd rather move. I'd rather go and live somewhere else, in a strange house, than stay here where it won't seem like home any more."

Milly, round-eyed, awed and fascinated by this unheard-of outburst from her gentle mistress, ventured a trembling word of consolation.

But Miss Hatty turned upon her with a pale though gentle austerity.

"Milly," she said, "there's the shop-bell, run and see what's wanted."

After that the day wore away slowly and in silence. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded shop and parlor. Trade was dull, though the day was so bright, and even the tinkle of the little bell, usually so cheerful and inspiring, had now a lugubrious and tuneless sound, as if it shared the general dejection. The lights were extinguished early, and bidding Milly a kind but distant good-night, Miss Hatty retired to her chamber.

What spiritual struggles were hers during the night watches, what self-communings, what debates between conscience and inclination, what deep and sorrowful study of the situation in all its aspects, these things no one ever knew. But when dawn broke, it found her sleeping quietly, her smooth cheek, pure as an infant's pressed tranquilly upon her maiden pillow, and when she came downstairs, rustling crisply in her fresh print gown, the cloud of yesterday had vanished from her face. There shone instead upon her brow, a serious an almost saintly serenity. The battle had evidently been fought, the victory won.

As she pulled up the blinds to let in a stream of morning sunshine, rearranged with careful hands the contents of her window, or busied herself with Milly's help, about her little breakfast-table, everywhere, a mild and beautiful calm seemed to enfold and diffuse itself about her like a fragrance. Even when, later in the day, the fidelity of Mr. Bascom's purpose was proved by the arrival of the wall-paper, deposited, rolls and rolls of it, in the little hall by a wondering expressman when, upon inspection, it was found to be more magnificent than Mrs. Pillow's, the glories of whose hangings paled before the more effulgent splendors of these, in all the shining newness of their satin stripes and the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation which spread and flourished thereon, even then, Hatty's brow remained unruined. And when, with ineffable sweetness and composure, she suggested to

Milly Davis that they should hurry up with the work, so that the hanging of the paper might be begun at once, that humble handmaiden was speechless with astonished and adoring wonder.

On the eventful Friday which was to decide the fate of the offending Pillows, Mr. Bascom, alighting from the Boston train, was surprised to find his sister waiting for him on the platform.

"Hello, Hatty!" he said, holding out a brotherly hand. "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you, Sam," replied Miss Hatty. "I thought you'd be on that train, so I walked down to meet you. Milly's at the shop."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Sam, heartily, wondering within himself.

"I thought," Miss Hatty went on, putting up her little rose-colored parasol, and walking beside him demurely, "I thought that you might go downtown before coming up to the house, and I'd better see you first—you might like to know I've hung the paper, Sam."

"By Jove, you have!" cried her brother, stopping short to look at her. She lifted her eyes to his with a dove-like innocence and calm in their clear depths.

"Yes, I've hung the paper," she repeated, gently. "So you won't, you won't do anything about the Pillows, will you, Sam?"

"Why, no, no, of course I sha'n't, not if you've hung the paper; I promised you, didn't I? Dan Pillow little knows what he owes you, though!" he laughed. "It's a pretty good bargain for you all round, seems to me, eh, Hatty?"

Then, glancing at the pure outline of her cheek as she moved meekly beside him in the rosy shadow of the parasol, he was smitten with sudden remorse and admiration.

"You're a good woman, Hatty! You certainly are!" he said. "You didn't want to give in and put that paper, now, did you?"

"No," confessed Miss Hatty, "I didn't want to, Sam."

"It's too bad—I declare it is! But you'll get used to it. I warrant you it won't be long before you're actually fond of it. I don't believe you mind it now as much as you thought you would, eh?"

She smiled at him, gently. "I think," she admitted, "that it does look better than I thought it would at first."

"Bravo!" he cried, well pleased. "And now I must leave you, my dear. I have some errands to do; but I'll be up in time for supper, and then we'll have a look at your gorgeousness. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said his sister, delicately adjusting the ruffle on her arm which his careless touch had disturbed. "Six o'clock; don't be late, Sam!" He was not late. He came bounding merrily into the little shop—very like the traditional bull among the china—at a quarter before six, to find both his sister and Milly Davis awaiting him there, the latter in a tremor of obvious excitement and apprehension.

"Hallo, Hatty!" he cried. "Supper ready? I'm hungry as a hunter. Made it all right with Pillow, and there's no telling when I shall see a cent of his money, thanks to you! Well, let's have a look at the paper; I'm as curious as a youngster to see it!" "Yes?" said Miss Hatty, with a little upward inflection of her voice. She finished drying the coins which she had just dipped out of the china bowl, and dropped them into the till; then she opened the door of the parlor, and the others following her, they all went in together.

"What!" said Sam, staring about him, bewildered. The vague, soft, brownish coloring of the walls showed dimly in the gathering twilight. "I thought you said you'd hung it, Hatty!"

"So I have, Sam," returned his sister, regarding it with a serene and gentle gaze. "So I have hung it."

"But—why—there's some mistake, then!" he cried. "This isn't the paper I ordered! That was the liveliest paper in all Boston. There were birds on it, and flowers, and—" "O, Mr. Bascom!" cried Milly, wildly, no longer able to control the tumult of her feelings. "They're all there—the flowers and the birds and everything—they're there, only you can't see 'em, because—because—they're on the other side!"

Mr. Bascom turned a slow, incredulous stare upon his sister.

"Hatty!" he said, "you had that paper put up—wrong side out?" "The color in Miss Hatty's transparent cheek would have shamed the efforts of the pink parasol and the sunshine combined."

"Why, yes," she said, lifting her eyes to his face with angelic innocence and candor, "I didn't suppose it mattered how I hung it, so long as I hung it at all. And I liked it better this way, Sam!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Bascom broke into a roar of laughter that rattled the astonished teacups on the shelves. "I give in!" he shouted. "I give in, Hatty! You've beaten me twice over! And I might have known you would. I vow I'll never try to get the better of you again! Go call in the Pillows—ask 'em to supper. Let's have a celebration! It's worth it to me if I never get another cent on that mortgage. Hatty, Hatty—what a woman you are—what a woman you are!"

A little smile curved the corners of Miss Hatty's delicate lips. "I thought you'd be pleased, Sam," she said, demurely. "Milly, set the table for two more, and go and ask Mrs. Pillow if she and Mr. Pillow will be good enough to come in to tea!"

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

GIBBONS HITS HIGH PRICES



I feel," continued the cardinal, "that something ought to be done to correct this evil. I myself have felt the weight of the high prices of the necessities of life. For a long time I have noticed that prices of supplies of all kinds seemed to be getting higher, but while I have thought over the matter I do not know just what causes the advance in prices."

"Of one thing I am certain, prices of necessities have not kept pace with wages, that is, wages have not increased in proportion to the increased cost of living."

It was suggested to his eminence that the trusts might be responsible for the evils complained of.

"As to that I am not prepared to say," replied the cardinal. "Something evidently is wrong when many of the commonest necessities in foods are priced at such enormous figures. You can say for me that I heartily endorse any movement which will tend to reduce the cost of living for the masses of the people of this country."

"I am not a believer in the efficacy of big public conventions to effect reforms. Work of that kind requires something more than speeches and the gathering of large bodies of men. The heart and conscience of the people at large must be stirred by the church before any real abuses can be corrected."

PAULHAN A DARING AVIATOR

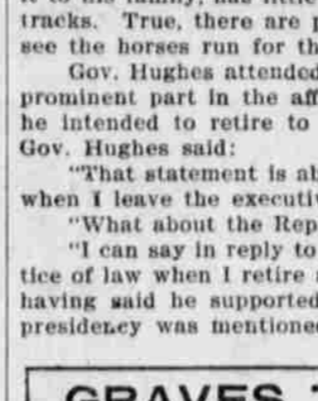


Louis Paulhan, the daring French aviator, has been running a sort of aerial bus line out at Los Angeles, Cal. In addition to breaking some records and taking a 20-mile trip out over the Pacific ocean, Paulhan has been coolly carrying some distinguished passengers around among the clouds. Among these was William Randolph Hearst, publisher, and sometimes spoken of as a possible candidate for president. Mr. Hearst enjoyed the ride so thoroughly that he wrote an account of it for his own papers and it was published, every line of it.

This man Paulhan seems to have uncrowned our own Wright brothers as "kings of the air." From New York recently came the announcement that the Wrights have given up flying themselves and will henceforth devote their attention to building machines for some one else to soar among the clouds in. This seems like a sensible thing to do, so the Wrights, Orville and Wilbur, probably do not care how high Paulhan goes, what speed he attains or how many hours he stays in the air. It will only boost the airship game.

Mrs. Paulhan often accompanies her daring husband on his flights and a ride in the air is now as common to her as a spin through a city park is to the wife of a trust magnate. Paulhan uses a Farman biplane in his flights. He operates it as coolly as a mother rocking the cradle of her sixth baby and doesn't seem to know what the word fear means. Many predictions have been made that the airship is the coming vehicle of transportation. It will not be long, say some enthusiasts, before a Chicagoan and his wife will eat luncheon at home, then start out in their airship and have six o'clock dinner with a friend in St. Louis, returning to Chicago by midnight. It may be a long time before such a thing is possible, but to watch Paulhan skim through the air it doesn't seem unreasonable.

HUGHES TO QUIT POLITICS



Gov. Hughes of New York is going to get out of politics. He will not be a candidate for office again. This is good news to a certain class of people, especially the race track ring of New York. Racing flourished in New York when Hughes took hold as governor. The man who brought the insurance companies, with their billions of dollars, to terms and made them be good, didn't jump at the racing barons right away. He bided his time and then went after them right. As a result the betting end of the business, which has become the real issue, was practically killed. The oral betting system, through a decision of court, is still in existence, but through it the "piker" is not much in evidence. The clerk who earns only a few dollars a week and had been wont to lose it on the races instead of devoting

it to his family, has little or no chance to throw away his money at the race tracks. True, there are pool rooms where he can bet, but most men like to see the horses run for their money and do not play in the pool rooms.

Gov. Hughes attended the meeting of governors in New York and took a prominent part in the affairs of the conference. Asked if it were true that he intended to retire to private life at the expiration of his present term, Gov. Hughes said:

"That statement is absolutely correct. I shall resume the practice of law when I leave the executive office."

"What about the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1912?"

"I can say in reply to that question only that I intend to resume the practice of law when I retire as governor." To a friend Gov. Hughes is quoted as having said he supported the Taft administration, when the subject of the presidency was mentioned to him.

GRAVES THE NEW FORESTER



When President Taft appointed Henry S. Graves forester of the United States to take the place of Gifford Pinchot there were many expressions of surprise in Washington. It was not because there was any belief that Mr. Graves will not fill the bill, or of any doubt that he is not entirely competent, but because Graves is one of Pinchot's henchmen. To fire Pinchot and then put Graves, a man who was made by Pinchot, in his place was rather unexpected of the president, to say the least. It must have been gratifying to Pinchot.

Mr. Graves gives up the position of head of the Yale forestry school to work for the government. He was a Pinchot protege and extenuates substantially the same views and advocates the same policies as his predecessor in office. He has taken a firm stand for conservation.

However it is not expected that he will be quick to enter into a controversy with a cabinet officer. He is not as wealthy as Pinchot by any means and has to work for a living, while Mr. Pinchot had lots of money and didn't need the salary Uncle Sam paid him each month.

After a course of graduate study at Harvard Mr. Pinchot at Biltmore, N. C., where upon the Vanderbilt estate the first application of scientific forestry to American conditions was made. When Mr. Pinchot became forester of the department of agriculture in July, 1898, Mr. Graves became his first assistant.

In 1900, when the Yale forest school was founded, he left his position as assistant chief in what then was called the division of forestry to become the head of the school.

PART OF HIS BRAIN GONE

St. Louis Boy Rumps and Plays and is Bright Despite the Loss.

St. Louis.—A little German boy in North St. Louis seems likely to disprove certain theories that medical experts have cherished for many years by living in health and happiness with a bullet in his brain.

On the evening of July 3, 1909, little Freddy Schaefering was playing



Freddie Schaefering.

with his chums when one of them undertook to clean a small revolver in preparation for the noise-making, glorious independence celebration. The weapon was discharged and the bullet lodged in Freddy's head.

The wounded boy was taken to the hospital and lay unconscious for three days. More than a tablespoonful of brains oozed out, but the bullet refused to follow, and the doctors said that with a hole extending three inches into his head Freddy must die.

However, Freddy had no notion of dying. His parents took him home as soon as the doctors said they could not save him. To-day he is the liveliest six-year-old in the neighborhood of his home at 4124 Hull place. He runs, jumps, and plays like any other youngster, knows everybody by name, and is apparently a healthy boy of unusually bright mind.

The X-ray has shown the exact location of the leaden missile that lies in his brain. Once an operation was attempted, but as soon as the skull had been cut through the doctors desisted under the belief that an operation would be fatal.

MISS MORGAN'S UNION PLANS

Banker's Daughter Expects to Reorganize Girl Workers and Eliminate Socialist Features.

New York.—Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of Pierpont Morgan, who has taken a prominent part in the strike of shirt waist makers here, is convinced from her study of unionism in New York that many conditions in labor organizations for women are detrimental.

According to a statement given out here, Miss Morgan believes that one of the greatest detriments to the cause is its tendency towards socialism. She thinks also that the leaders of



MISS ANNE MORGAN

the unsophisticated girl unionists frequently abuse their office.

"It is Miss Morgan's purpose to undertake the organization of women workers on a different basis than at present, but with the same object in view," is the announcement.

The New Neuritis.

"Neuritis is in—appendicitis is out. It is very old-fashioned to have appendicitis now, but if you get a dose of neuritis you are to be congratulated for your modernity."

The speaker, a physician, laughed bitterly.

"We doctors," he said, "are as much influenced by fads and crazes in disease as the women are influenced by fashion's fads and crazes. Everything is neuritis nowadays. The dowager duchess of Manchester died of neuritis. Edna May's husband went to Biarritz for his neuritis. Lord Curzon couldn't speak at the budget debate in the house of lords—he was suffering from an attack of neuritis."

"What's the matter with John D? The poor fellow has got neuritis." "I didn't see Harry Lehr at the embroidery bazaar." "No, his neuritis has come back on him." "John Jacob Astor's looking rather pale." "Didn't you know the hurricanes gave him neuritis?"

"That's the talk nowadays, and mark me well, Sedalia and Duluth will be setting up neuritis clubs before the year is out."