

# PIETRO'S DAUGHTER.

By JOHN NELSON.

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Pietro was a familiar figure in the Planet editorial rooms, and the men, the old men, that is, had begun to look upon him as something of a nuisance. The new men, those just out of college and breaking in on little assignments, thought him an interesting character and often forgot the city editor's injunction "not to encourage the Dago."

Pietro was useful in his way, though, for he sometimes brought in bits of news from the Italian quarter that could be worked up into Sunday stories, and when the triple murder took place on Robert street two years ago it was Pietro who put Johnson, the police man, on to the hiding place of the murderer. It was a big beat for the planet and Johnson got his salary raised and a compliment from the "old man" at the same time. Of course, Johnson made it all right with Pietro and kept him as to the source of his information.

But Pietro was beginning to be a bother in the city room, coming in at all hours of the day and night with some piece of information about the advent of a new baby, or the finding of a whole dress in the rag barrel; things in which the Planet readers were not at all interested. In the summer Pietro ground a hurdy-gurdy and in winter kept a chestnut stand just around the corner from the newspaper office, and no reporter known to the Italian ever failed to stop, and help himself when he passed the stand. Pietro's hurdy-gurdy was an inharmonious machine that had long since passed its prime, but he ground it every day in pleasant weather and the children in the courts danced to its tiny notes.

Some days Pietro was accompanied by his daughter. She played the tambourine and collected the pennies with a business-like air. She wasn't pretty, except in her eyes and hair. They were jet black and sparkled when she moved or spoke. She seemed about 15 years old, but like all Italian children, dressed as though she were 40. She was childish in her manners, however, and not altogether unattractive.

When she began coming into the Planet office with her father, even the city editor forgot to be gruff, for there was something instinctively gentle in the girl's manner of speaking. Her mother was dead, Pietro had told us, and the girl was his only companion. He seemed to think a great deal of her, and always smiled when one of the men complimented her. The reporters began to watch for her coming and whenever a tambourine accompaniment was heard to Pietro's hurdy-gurdy, at least one of us would take the trouble to go down stairs and give the couple a coin. No one ever knew what the girl did in winter while her father attended his chestnut stand, and in fact, no one ever had occasion to ask.

One day toward the end of summer Pietro came in, smiling. He had some news, he said. Angelica, his daughter, had a suitor; a certain Giacomo, who owned a horse and wagon and did a thriving business in the fruit line. Pietro was enthusiastic about his future son-in-law.

"He good man," he said. "Maka plenty de mon. Gota de hoss an' wagon, an' say he taka me in de biz' with heem. Maka plenty de mon, sella de banan'. Angelica, she lika heem much. Dey git marry. Si!"

Of course, the staff individually and collectively, congratulated him on his prospects, and Hill, the youngest man on the force, who had picked up some coarse Italian at his father's commission house, added a phrase, which seemed to please Pietro very much, but which had an unpleasant sound to the rest of us. The delighted old man promised to bring Giacomo in to see us soon, and to fetch Angelica, too, that she might be congratulated in person.

True to his promise, the prospective bride and groom were brought in next

day by the father, just as the men were assembling for their afternoon work, and the congratulations were done all over again. Giacomo was a strapping, low-browed man, with a rather sheepish smile. He spoke English comparatively well, having been born in America, and the son of affluent rag pickers, who had allowed him to go to school as often as he wished for nearly two years. Angelica, that afternoon wore her best clothes and looked almost pretty. Pietro had left his hurdy-gurdy at home and wore new gold rings in his ears. They were making a gala day of it.

Hill felt himself called upon to do the honors of the office, and as he was

only a "cub," the fellows let him alone. He talked to Angelica in the language he thought to be Italian, and she must have understood part of what he said, for she blushed occasionally. Giacomo understood, too, for he scowled once or twice at some rather pointed remark of Hill's.

The trio made the visit short that day, but Angelica and Pietro came in often now to report the progress of the courting. The marriage was not to take place until the music season was over, and naturally, the bans would not be published in the little



"De man dead, too," said Pietro. Italian church until just before the wedding day. At each of the visits Hill, who never had much of importance to do, made himself agreeable to the girl, and she smiled sweetly upon him. Giacomo sometimes accompanied the party, and usually he had nothing to say except to answer questions. He seemed to dislike Hill, but was always courteous, as is every Italian who, if he cuts your throat, will do it politely. We chaffed Hill occasionally about the girl, and told him to watch out that the lover didn't sink a stiletto into him some day.

"It's good practice to talk to the girl," he would say. "and as for Giacomo, a cigar will make him all right. I know the class."

Summer finally passed into autumn and the day came for the bans to be published. Hill, with his knowledge of "the class," had spent fifty cents on a gaudy ornament for the girl and had also supplied himself with some big cigars for Giacomo, and when they came in for their usual call, he presented the gifts with a speech in his villainous Italian. Angelica received hers with a pleasant smile and a "Grazia, signor," and Giacomo took his cigars in silence. Hill smiled and said afterwards he'd bet he'd be called upon to attend the first christening in the new family.

On toward 11 o'clock that night, when half the force was at work on evening copy, and the copy readers were swearing over some bad work, Pietro came up the stairs and into the room. His familiar, rather quick step, had given place to a tired sort of tramp, and he looked unusually old when he came into the full light of the room. He walked straight over to the desk of the city editor and stood with his hat in his hands. The city editor looked up.

"Well, what is it?" he asked. "Man killa de girl," said the Italian. "Don on Rob' street. Sticka de knife in her."

"All right," said the city editor, "I'll send Johnson down when he comes in," and adding a perfunctory "thank you," he turned to his work again.

"De man dead, too," said Pietro after a moment's silence.

"That's all right. Run along now, I'm busy." The city editor began to frown, and Pietro turned away. As he passed Hill's desk he laid a little package on it.

"Angelica sent it back," he said, simply, and then went slowly down the stairs. Hill opened the package and found in it the little ornament he had given the girl that afternoon. There was a tiny red stain on it, but Hill was too busy then to do more than wonder.

The next morning the Planet had on its front page a big scare head like this:

**DOUBLE MURDER!**  
Jealous Italian Knives His Sweetheart. Father of the Victim Slays the Assassin and Gives Himself Up!

All on Account of a Present.  
Two days later Hill borrowed \$5, and the man who went to write up the funeral noticed a great bunch of white roses on the coffin.

**German in England.**  
From George Paul Ernest, of the Albany, Piccadilly, W., himself a German naturalized in this country, we have received an appeal, addressed to all German residents in England, to assist in putting an end to the vile campaign of calumny which is being carried on against the British army. "Now," writes Mr. Ernest, "is an opportunity for all Germans here to show their gratitude to England for all the kindness and hospitality which they have received while living in this country, enjoying the blessings of free institutions and all the advantages and privileges that the country can offer to the born Briton. We wonder the movement has been so long in appearing, but German residents who are willing to help are invited to send him their names and addresses to the above address.—London Globe.

## THE "SPECS" THAT FITTED.

Incident That Convinced an Old Farmer His Eyes Were Good.

An old man, who has nearly attained the biblical limit of threescore and ten years, was in a West Duluth drug store recently, endeavoring to find a pair of spectacles to fit his eyes. Somehow, the old pair he had worn for ten years were playing out—or else his eyes were. He couldn't account for it, but it was getting harder for him to see comfortably with them every day, and he finally decided that he must purchase a new pair.

He explained to the clerk what he wanted, and then the small stock carried was ransacked in an effort to find the right thing. It was a long job. Everything tried on blurred, the one with strong magnifying power as well as that with practically none.

The clerk finally gave it up and advised the old gentleman to see an optician. He "allowed" so, too, but continued to paw over the glasses and try them on in a hopeless sort of way, while the clerk attended to something else.

Suddenly the latter was attracted to the customer by an exclamation of satisfaction. "By gosh, I've got her!" he shouted, and the clerk turned around to see the old man with the "specs" on his nose, testing them on a newspaper.

It was a frame only, both lenses having been taken out. "I kin see better'n I could ten years ago," continued the old fellow, exultingly, and just then he raised his hand to take them off, and he put his finger through the hole where the lens was supposed to be.

His look of astonishment was a study but the result was that he decided his second sight had arrived, and he hasn't worn a pair of "specs" since.

## LAWTON'S GREAT HEART.

Brave Soldier Found Himself Unable to Have Man Hanged.

Peter McQueen, a newspaper man and Boston lecturer, who went through the Santiago campaign and accompanied General Lawton on his last and fatal expedition against Santa Cruz, tells a story which illustrates the gentleness that characterized this leader. In course of one of the forced marches made at night a native guide who was leading the Americans betrayed them, and attempted to lead them into an ambush, from which they escaped only through the vigilance and care of their commander. The next morning the treacherous guide was tried by a court martial and sentenced to immediate execution. A priest was summoned, and the unhappy guide was told to prepare for execution. As the priest was praying for the condemned man McQueen took his camera and, finding a convenient place, got a picture. As he came back he saw Gen. Lawton watching. Going up to him he apologized for having ventured to take the picture of the men without the general's permission, but explained that he had thought it was a good subject. "McQueen," said the general slowly, "that man is sentenced to death. I'm the only man who can save him." He paused, and his strong face showed the stress of conflicting emotion.

"He imperiled the lives of 3,000 men and he ought to be hanged. But I never have killed a man in cold blood and can't do it now."

A few days later Gen. Lawton was mortally wounded leading his men in battle.

## Women Out on Stormy Days.

"Why will a woman come out such a day as this?" asked a stout man coming down town in one of the snow-covered, icicle-fretted elevated trains the day of the heavy snow. No answer came from the men hanging on the straps, and the old man continued, as he shifted in a vain endeavor to get the steel point of a woman's umbrella out of the small of his back. "Women don't seem to have any sense, anyway. Now, if I was a woman and not obliged to go out, do you suppose I'd stir from the house in such weather? No, sirree," and he retreated another inch before the steel umbrella point.

"I never saw the beat of it," he continued in an injured tone to the man at his right. "Bargains, bargains, always, forever and eternally hunting bargains. Oh, certainly," this to the woman with the steel point in his ribs and sweetly begging his pardon.

"Well, there's one gone," muttered the old man testily, as the woman left the car. "I'll bet if I had a daughter she would be taught a thing or two."—New York Tribune.

## A Trireme for the Coronation.

The Rev. E. Warre, the head master of Eton, is an enthusiast on everything connected with ships and rowing, and he is especially interested in the subject of ancient naval architecture. He is proposing to build a classic ship, probably a trireme of the Punic or best Attic period, and to moor it in the Thames opposite the terrace of the Houses of Parliament during the coronation week. It would seem more appropriate that such a vessel should take part in the great coronation naval review, and thus allow Englishmen to compare a man-of-war of ancient Greece with a modern first class battleship. The trireme would, of course, be propelled by oars, some thirty rowers on each side being required. It will be interesting to see Dr. Warre's practical solution of the problem of the trireme and the way in which the men in the top tier ply their oars.

Long-nailed people are apt to be very visionary, and hate to face disagreeable facts.

## PROTEST OF THE FINNS.

Refusal of a Congregation to Listen to an Obnoxious Russian Law.

Many stories are coming out to show the unrest prevailing in Finland in consequence of the virtual abrogation by the Russian government of the constitution guaranteeing the peculiar rights and privileges of the Grand Duchy. The people, although alarmed for their national existence, are carefully refraining from any disorders.

A protest in the form of a petition bearing the signatures of 470,000 Finnish men and women—more than one-fifth of the total population—has been sent to the Czar, who failed to pay any attention to it. The ministers in many parishes have refused to proclaim the new conscription law from their pulpits on account of its unconstitutionality, and in other parishes the reading of the law has been interrupted by the congregations.

A scene characteristic of the tactics of the Russian government as well as of the temper of the people occurred in a country church a few Sundays ago. The regular parish minister having refused to read the obnoxious law, although knowing that his refusal exposed him to dismissal and punishment, the authorities prevailed on another and less scrupulous clergyman to do the reading.

The moment the stranger appeared in the pulpit, a venerable old member of the congregation rose.

"We will not listen to anything that is illegal," he announced. "That act has been passed in violation of the law of the land."

The whole congregation then rose in a body and marched out singing Luther's old hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

## Their Contribution.

Prof. Henry Morton, president of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, once had a church experience with two students.

One Sunday a pair of Freshmen wandered into church, not knowing that it was President Morton's place of worship.

They kept quiet and seemed properly devout throughout—until the time the collection box was to be passed, when they say to their horror that Prof. Morton himself was passing the box. "Got any money?" said Paulsen to Ingils.

"Quarter. You got any?"

"No."

Nearer and nearer came the collection box.

Finally, when it was but one pew away, Damon Ingils rose to the needs of Pythias Paulsen.

"I'll stake you, old man—that'll be all right; watch me," he whispered, and as the box appeared before him he made sure to catch the president's eye. Up went the quarter conspicuously between Damon's thumb and forefinger; then he dropped it and, with a sweep of his hand toward his companion, he held up two fingers.

"Two," said Damon, and the Professor understood.

## Got Pay for Sheep His Dog Killed.

A farmer named Saaw living in Orange county owned a dog and paid taxes on it. One night he found his dog had killed seven fine ewes and was tearing away at the throat of another. Farmer Shaw shot the dog dead. Then he put in a bill of \$60 against Orange county for the eight sheep his dog had killed. "It was my dog that did it, I know," he admitted.

Then the commissioners laughed at him for expecting any pay for the sheep that his own dog had killed.

"But," argued Shaw, "I had paid tax to the county on him, and if he had killed some other fellow's sheep the county would have had to pay for them, wouldn't it? Well, haven't I got as many rights against holding a sheep killing dog as my neighbors have? I want them \$60."

The commissioners stopped laughing and asked their counsel what it would be best to do, and he said he guessed Farmer Shaw had 'em where the hair was short and they had better pay, and they did.—Putnam County Republican.

## How the Physician Became Known.

A west side physician has hit upon a novel way of attracting attention to his office and setting the tongues of gossips awagging. Recently he had his house—a frame structure—painted a most outlandish color. The shade of the paint on the building proper is bad enough, but the order and the color with which he had the veranda decorated are infinitely worse.

The other day a neighboring druggist, referring to the fact that people were commenting on the appearance of his house, asked the doctor why he had chosen so odd a color.

"Well, you see," replied the disciple of Esculapius, "people will talk about Dr. Blank, anyway, so I thought I would give them something to talk about."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## The New British Stamps.

The more familiar one becomes with the design of the new stamp, the more contemptible it appears. Philatelists are sanguine that it will be altered before long, and their wish is generally shared by those who do not collect stamps. To appreciate what can be done in the way of designs, even when they are frankly photographic, one has only to examine the Newfoundland series. These include, for the various values, portraits of the king, the prince and princess of Wales and Prince Edward of York, and they are all artistically good. We might well learn a lesson from the colonies in this as in some other directions.

It is not the burden but the overburden that kills the beast.

## A Lizard's Remarkable Intelligence

Pet Tried to Save Its Master from Deadly Snake.

Stories of pet animals which have rendered some important service to their masters are not common. One is apt, however, to associate such services with creatures of a higher order of intelligence, and would hardly expect a lizard to play the part of monitor; but the Leisure Hour describes an interesting incident of that kind which happened in Australia.

A gold-digger had tamed a bright-eyed Australian lizard, which made his headquarters in the miners' tent, and was an object of interest and attention on the part of all the men in camp.

On the march he made his home in his master's serge blouse, running up the arm of the loose garment, or round the full front above the tight waistband, as fancy took him. When the camp was pitched for the night, he employed himself by making the most careful inspection of the immediate surroundings within and without the tent. He made himself acquainted with every stone, turf, stump or hole within what he considered his domain, eventually retiring with the sun, to the blanket on his master's bed, where he invariably slept.

On one occasion he became restless during the night, and began to run rapidly backward and forward over his master's face, making at the same time a low, spitting noise, like that of an angry cat. By this means he at length aroused the sleeper, who gently pushed him away several times, speaking soothingly in the hope of quieting the excited creature.

But the lizard would not be soothed;

on the contrary, having attracted attention, he continued his rapid movements, until at length his master, convinced that something was wrong, got up, struck a light, and looked around the tent. The sharp eyes of the lizard followed every movement with intense interest.

Nothing unusual could be seen, and the miner lay down again. He was scarcely asleep, however, before the lizard waked him again, and losing patience, he seized the creature and in the darkness tossed him from the bed across the tent.

In his involuntary flight the little animal struck the tent-pole with considerable force, and half of his tail was broken off—a matter of no very great importance to a lizard, perhaps, but still a discouraging reward for a well-meant warning. Nevertheless, the maimed little reptile returned to the bed, kept close to his master, and continued restless and excited all the rest of the night.

At daybreak, when the tents were struck, and the bedding rolled up, ready to be placed on the cart, the mystery was explained. In the scrub and fern thrown underneath the bedding, to keep it from the bare ground, a huge tiger snake with several young ones was discovered.

The tiger snake is of a kind much feared by the colonists, and, like most snakes, has a pronounced odor, which, no doubt, had made the lizard aware of its presence. It had probably crept into the tent after the lizard had made its evening inspection of the premises.

## OCEAN LOSING REPUTATION

Mariners Beginning to Dread the Pacific as Much as Atlantic.

The Pacific ocean is fast losing the reputation implied in the name given to it by Magellan, and which it owes to the placid appearance of its surface when he first saw it. The change is one of the inevitable results of the growth of commerce. Prior to the discovery of gold in California comparatively few vessels sailed over its waters. There were, therefore, few casualties to report. In late years, however, commerce has extended in all directions. The ocean is filling with ships, and the disasters of the sea are multiplying proportionately.

Along the California coast the ocean is placid enough to retain its reputation as Pacific. Storms are rare. It is not often that its waters are lashed into fury like those of the Atlantic in these latitudes. But along the Oregon, Washington and British Columbian and Alaskan coasts there is little if any difference between the conditions prevailing in the Pacific from those existing in the Atlantic ocean. Mariners now dread Cape Flattery, at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, almost if not quite as much as they do Cape Hatteras, on the eastern coast. Wrecks are lining the northwestern coast of the continent as they do the northeastern shores of it.

As the Pacific ocean is gradually

filling with the white-winged and steam-propelled agents of commerce the ratio of shipwrecks is correspondingly rising. Perhaps there have been more wrecks on the Pacific coast than should have been experienced if the same precautions against disaster had been adopted in the navigation of Pacific waters as are taken in the Atlantic ocean. The Pacific has undoubtedly been made the graveyard of many steam and sail vessels which were transferred to it from the Atlantic ocean because they were not considered safe to keep in commission in the latter, under the mistaken belief that milder weather and smoother water were to be found here. Others have been lost through the vicious practice of overloading, the risk being taken on account of the same error of opinion regarding the placidity of these waters. Shipowners are, however, fast learning, says the San Francisco Chronicle, that rotten hulks and over-loaded craft are not any more immune from disaster here than they are anywhere else. The growth of commerce and the increasing perils of navigation resulting from it demand the abandonment of both.

Collections of scarf or tie pins is one of the fads of New York men.

## The Forbidden Land

Travelers Learn Little of the Wonderful Country of Tibet.

"Adventures in Tibet," written by William Carey and published by the United States Society of Christian Endeavor, is the latest work dealing with the most mysterious of all lands. It is very interesting and instructive and well illustrated with many photographs.

Mr. Carey himself spent many months in Tibet gathering information. He also describes the astonishing journey through the country made by Miss Annie R. Taylor with nothing but native servants. She passed within three days of Lhasa, the forbidden city, and narrowly escaped with her life.

The lamas or monks rule Tibet, says Mr. Carey. A hundred, or a thousand, or even five thousand of them, may be herded together, if not exactly under one roof, yet in one great building, whose ramifications root themselves like a fortress in the rocks, and whose walls and windows frown upon the surrounding fields.

The rest of the timid Tibetans huddle

## A Disagreement.

Not many years ago when he was a young lawyer, Congressman Watson of Indiana, was one of the attorneys in a suit over a pig. Judge Goodrich, subsequently chairman of the Republican state committee, was on the other side, and the case was before a portly magistrate of the name of Reverdy Puckett, who was running as a candidate for mayor of Winchester. "Puckett," said Mr. Watson to him one afternoon, before the case came up for trial, "I must win this suit. If I don't I will fight you for mayor; I'll fight you to a finish."

Goodrich also got the magistrate's ear with a similar appeal and threat, he and Watson having arranged the matter between them to get some fun out of the situation.

"The day before the primary," says Mr. Watson, in concluding the story, "Goodrich and I thought we would go

in huts at the monastery gates, or till the soil and tend their flocks that the lamas may live at ease. Deeper than the roots of the lamaseries sink into the rocks has the power of the lamas lodged in the hearts of the people. Every family has at least one representative in the cholsters. Often there are two, and not seldom three. It has been reckoned that every sixth person of the entire population is either a lama or a lama novice.

The only education is monkish; the only architecture that of the temples and monasteries, which seem to grow out of the craggy heights on which they are perched; the one universal and unceasing religious rite is the twirling of a "prayer wheel" and the mumbly of a meaningless sentence. The lama holds the people in the hollow of his hand, and many forces meet in that magnetic and masterful grip.

If you think you are a martyr, don't inscribe it on your door plate.

around to Puckett's office and ascertain how we stood. He was absent when we called, but his docket lay wide open on the desk. We couldn't help looking at it. There in the boldest characters we could write were the words:

"Disagreed, by thunder."

"There was no jury in use case, but that little matter hadn't bothered Puckett."

**Evil Effects of Wood Alcohol.**  
Wood alcohol is gaining an ill repute all its own. Dr. H. Moulton has pointed out to the American Medical association that no other known substance when swallowed so uniformly selects for attack the optic nerve and retina, and in thirty cases of poisoning from it reported in two or three years, fifteen have resulted in total blindness.