

**DISINHERITED SON WHO MADE GOOD**

How John Leinster Redeemed Himself When Shame Drove Him.

BECKY HELPED A LOT, TOO

Little Freckled Stenographer Saved the Day With Wax Candles and Cleverness—Tall Irishman Became Prominent in Advertising World.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.  
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One cold night seven winters ago, a thin, very tall Irishman was passing the night in the New York subway. He had been walking the streets during the day and at night for the price of a ticket he inhabited the subway. It was sheltered there and if he kept moving from one station to another there was no danger of having people ask him troublesome questions. Clearly he was one of the city's down and outers, but he hadn't the slightest ambition to join the ranks of the preferably unemployed.

On this particular night John Leinster, the tall, thin Irishman in question, had made up his mind to make good or perish in the attempt. The incentive was a letter he had just received from home. It was a notification that his father had been knighted by the English king and had refused the higher honor of becoming a baronet which was held out to him because that distinction was hereditary and John Leinster, Sr., had been unwilling to discredit the British aristocracy by handing down a baronetcy to such a son.

John Leinster, Jr., paled with shame and rage as he read this disquieting letter. He was a respecter of rank in spite of his half-fellow-well-met manners and his shabby clothes. The sting that came with this letter was keener than the drafts that blew into his subway refuge.

John Leinster was past thirty. He had begun life as the only son of an indulgent father. He had been expelled from the university, had tried his hand at business in Dublin, then had drifted about in India and Africa and had now landed discouraged and friendless in New York.

That was the turning point. But that night, as he re-read the letter from his father, he made up his mind to make good. He had had some experience in the advertising end of one of his father's mercantile enterprises in Ireland, and so he determined to be an advertising man. He could already picture to himself the subway filled with the clever copy of his advertisements.

That last night in the subway was the turning point. Somehow John Leinster made shift to get a little office and a few pieces of furniture and to put out his sign as an advertising man. For stenographer, office boy, telephone operator, bookkeeper and general factotum there was Becky—neat, freckled, red-haired, East side Becky, who came straight from business school for six dollars a week.

But things didn't run along as smoothly as John Leinster wished. First the telephone was cut off for non-payment of fees and when Becky's salary could no longer be scraped together John had to close the office.

Becky got a job somewhere else—in another advertising office. When they parted Leinster advised her to learn all she could about advertising methods, and he got a job elsewhere as a shipping clerk. In that position he made enough to keep up the rent of the office, so that he could have an address at which to receive letters concerning a mail order scheme that brought in about twenty dollars a month. His creditors were insistent, and it was for that reason that the door of the office never opened during business hours. Of course Leinster intended to pay sometime but he could not face his creditors with an empty purse. Therefore in the darkness of every night, Leinster would steal into the office and a few minutes later Becky would join him, and together they would carry on what little business there was to be done. Becky was engaged to be married to a young East side lawyer, and after she and her impecunious employer attended to the mail and talked over the prospects of business, Becky would meet her fiancé, who would escort her home to the East side, and John would climb to his little top story room to dream dreams of his advertising contracts.

Becky Was Faithful.  
Of course there wasn't a cent in it for Becky at the time, and she was shrewd enough to know that the chances were against Leinster. But then the cultured Irishman corrected her English, taught her French expressions, and gave her the advantage of his wide travel and experience. As Becky's fiancé told her, it was better than night school, and he advised her to profit by it. As the winter waned and spring advanced, matters got worse with Leinster. He lost his job after a few weeks' illness and this meant further curtailing of expenses. So he gave up his top story room and managed somehow to live in his office. Still the neat little, freckled Becky was faithful. She made her appearance every noon and every evening

after work and together they did enough with the mail order work to pay the rent.  
One night when Becky arrived at Leinster's door there was no one to let her in. That was strange, thought Becky, recalling that he always got there ahead of her. However she waited. Just as she was about to go the tall, lank figure of Leinster, pale and breathless, advanced down the hall.

Becky's interest and curiosity held her spellbound. It had happened, perhaps, that one of his creditors had served papers, or his father, who, in Becky's opinion, must be at least a duke, had further disowned him.

"Open the door, Becky," said Leinster, handing her the keys. "I am almost fainting." The Irish man fell into a brogue when he was excited, and it was positively dominant now.

Big Contract in Sight.

"I have landed a big contract," he went on, "a contract for five thousand dollars worth of advertising. It is what I have dreamed of. I got a chance to talk to one of those big corporation manufacturers today. I've been hanging around the place for weeks and at last they let me talk and I showed them that I knew advertising, that I did straight thinking and that I knew human nature, and they agreed to sign the contract. They are coming here tonight to sign. Go get your dinner and come back as soon as you can. And, Becky, remember this is only my office. I am staying at the Waldorf, if they ask."

Becky had planned to go to the opera, second gallery, that night with her fiancé, but it was easy to explain. His mentality was of the variety that would be convinced by the mention of a five thousand dollar contract even though there was nothing in it for him.

When Becky got back from her hasty dinner she found Leinster in darkness and dejection.

"It is all up," he said. "The electricity is turned off. It was only two months overdue. Becky, when the men come, tell them I am dead or dying. It is always some little detail like this that balks me in the moment of triumph."

Becky's mind was working at actualities rather than on the general prop-

best glass-top mahogany office table you can get. There will be green rugs, too, Becky. You are dreaming of interest, Becky? Why, that five thousand will just pay running expenses for the first few months."

This happened five years ago. Since that time John Leinster has become one of the most prominent men in the advertising world. He is advertising counsel to two or three of the largest manufacturing plants around New York city, and his cleverness is of wide repute. But Becky, little red-haired Becky, is no part in it. She is living over in the Williamsburg district somewhere, keeping house for her husband, the young lawyer, and she never dreams that had it not been for her faithfulness, John Leinster might still be a down and outer.

**DREDGES USED BY FISHERMEN**

Apparatus Used to Bring Unknown Treasures of the Depths to the Naturalist.

There are two styles of dredges by means of which the animals and fish of the great depths are captured—the nets which are dragged over the bottom and those trawled just below the surface, says Popular Mechanics. The bottom dredge consists of a pair of heavy iron running frames connected by one or two cross-bars, 12 feet in length. Fastened to this frame is a cone-shaped bag 30 feet long, made of heavy web the end of which is closed by a lashing. The dredge is hung over the starboard side of the ship on a long boom and by means of a steel cable is slowly lowered to the ocean bottom. A dial indicates the number of feet of wire out, and a pointer on a scale shows the strain, which often amounts to five or six tons, upon the cable. When the dredge has reached the bottom the ship steams ahead at about two-thirds of a mile an hour, dragging the net over the ocean floor. It remains down for an hour or so, and is then slowly lifted to the surface. The deepest haul which the Albatross has ever made was five and a half miles, and it was 17 hours from the time the dredge was first lowered until it again appeared. The net is towed beside the ship for a few minutes,

**WITH THE USUAL GREETING**

Elderly Darky Remembered His Training and Addressed Stereotyped Question to "Angel."

Jack McGreevy, the vaudeville entertainer, was reared in a southern locality where the population was largely black and where the older darkies were invariably respectful. A part of their deference, says McGreevy, was to inquire as to the health of the family of anyone who addressed them, even if he were a stranger.

Thus an elderly negro was at work in the fields not far from a fair grounds where a parachute jump was a part of the entertainment. The jumper, a girl, had gone up in a balloon and had encountered a wind which blew her some distance before she cut loose, and when she landed it was only a few feet from the old uncle with the hoe. He had not seen her descend, and he fairly blinked as he beheld the vision in scarlet tights and virulent peroxide hair. His training did not desert him, however, for he asked presently:

"Good evenin', Miss Angel. How's yo' paw an' maw?"

Had Him Guessing.  
Walter Roberts, the theatrical man, is usually ready with a quick answer to any question that is put to him, but once upon a time he was clearly non-plused. A woman had approached the ticket window and said:

"I would very much like to know if the show which is now going on is moral and proper?"

Walter cast a scrutinizing glance at his questioner, but that was all.

"Why don't you answer my question, young man?" demanded the lady at the window.

"Because, madam, frankly speaking," said Walter, hesitating, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a patron."—Louisville Times.

Cheering Comment.  
"That infant of yours kept me awake half the night," said the irritable neighbor.

"Well, I congratulate you," replied the weary father. "That comes nearer being a kind word than anything I have heard today. Nobody else owns up to getting half a night's sleep."

Somber Possibility.  
"Do you think the war will be over before very long?"

"Yes. What I'm hoping is that the peace negotiations won't precipitate another one."

Russian Ammunition.  
Bill—They say the Russians are now using cavalry for ammunition.

Jill—Well, I always did consider it deadly.

When a man plays cards he is loafing. When a woman plays cards she is attending to her social duties.

Fools not only rush in where angels fear to tread, but they sometimes get away with it.—Nashville Banner.

**Building Up Her Words.**

A certain little Columbus schoolgirl is learning things, both at school and on the street, as a recent happening demonstrates. The knowledge she picked up at school; the phrase regarding the cat she heard either from some older child or from some careless elder.

"Mother, what does fat spell?" she asked the other night, on coming home from school.

"Why, 'fat,' my dear," replied the mother.

"And what does her spell?" came the second inquiry.

"'Her,' again vouchsafed the informant.

"Now I knew I was right, and that old cat of a teacher tried to make me believe that those letters spelled father," exclaimed the child with not a little indignation.—Columbus Dispatch.

**Couldn't Part.**

Louis Halle was a colonel on Governor Yates' staff, and in that capacity accompanied him to Washington to be a part of an inaugural parade. All the colonels had uniforms aplenty, but it was decided to rely upon the Washington supply of horses instead of taking the mounts along.

The governor sat on his horse awaiting the parade formation, and from time to time an orderly would gallop up with an official communication. On each occasion Colonel Halle was by his side. At last the governor observed:

"Colonel Halle, I see no necessity for your sticking to this orderly in the performance of his duties."

"There isn't any," admitted Halle, "but, you see, our horses are a life-long team."

**A One Sided Definition.**

"What is your idea of neutrality?"

"Neutrality," answered the diplomat, "is a state of mind so disinterested and accurate as to permit no question that the side of the controversy represented by me is entitled to the fullest support."

**Late Arrivals.**

"What got me in bad," said the captured burglar, "was the contoured pet dog of your wife's. It began to bark as soon as I put my foot on the stair."

"Too bad," replied Mr. Meekton. "Evidently the dog mistook you for me."

After a woman has told a third of the story men can guess the rest.



"Say Nothing About the Candles."

osition of the elusiveness of fortune. "I will get candles," she said, "and then I will explain." Before Leinster knew it she had gone and was back again with some wax candles bought with her own money.

"I have settled it," said Becky with a tone of finality as she placed the candles neatly in an empty ink well. "You must say nothing about it and before you come in I will explain."

Leinster knew that when Becky spoke thus she was inspired, and he trusted her. When the men arrived he had withdrawn from the room and Becky was typing furiously by the light of the few candles.

How She Saved the Day.

"Mr. Leinster will be in at once, gentlemen," she said showing them the chairs. Then she lowered her voice. "Gentlemen," she said, "There is one curious thing about Mr. Leinster. He is afraid—not afraid, but depressed—by electric storms. Say nothing about the candles. He cannot endure the electric lights when a storm is in the air."

Neither of the visitors recalled that a storm was rising when he came in, but it was late spring and it was not impossible. But they were impressed with the air of deference with which Becky spoke of her employer. In a moment more the gaunt, tall and impressive figure of John Leinster appeared and the business talk began.

That night after it was all over and Leinster had the papers in his possession which were to put him on his feet and give him a chance, Becky went home to dream of the interest that would accrue on five thousand dollars.

The following noon, when she arrived at Leinster's apartment office, she was impatient to hear his plans.

"Of course," she began in her best business tone "it will first pay off the creditors and then—"

"And then," interrupted Leinster, "Becky, there isn't going to be any and then. I've just signed a lease for a suite in a downtown office building at two hundred dollars a month, and I now ask you to go out and order the

then it is swung on board, the lashings at the bottom unfastened and the contents dropped upon a table. The ice-cold mud is carefully washed away and the specimens carried to the laboratory.

It is like opening a Christmas package for a naturalist to watch the dredge come to the surface bringing unknown treasures from the hidden depths. Strange fish are found which carry incandescence lamps far in front of them to light their way in the inky blackness miles below the surface; others with phosphorescent spots along their sides which must glow like the portholes of a steamer at night; still others with their eyes upon long stalks or with no eyes at all. And, poor things, when released from the terrible pressure to which they have become accustomed, their eyes often pop from their heads and their stomachs turn inside out.

**Classic Toothache.**

Toothache was not an incident of campaigning with which ancient armies had to reckon. The silence of the classics certainly seems to indicate that the Greeks and Romans suffered very little from their teeth. Words for toothache and for tooth-extracting instruments can, indeed, be found in the Greek and Latin dictionaries, but the authors quoted for them are generally late and always uninteresting. We can hardly believe that, if toothache had been common in Athens, Aristophanes would have made no jokes about it. But a classical scholar may pretty safely be defied to cite a single Greek or Latin passage about it. Even Lucretius, when he gets on to the subject of teeth in a passage where a reference to toothache might be expected, merely refers to the jar given to the teeth by very cold water or by biting a stone in one's bread.

**Cheaper Diamonds.**

She—I see that the Brazilian diamond dealers are lowering prices. He—Hooray! Who cares if the price of bread does go up!

**Pure Food Expert Investigates Grape-Nuts**

Before Grape-Nuts was included in the Pure Food Directory of the New York Globe, the publishers sent their expert, Alfred W. McCann, to get the facts about this famous cereal food—what it is made of, how it is made, and whether or not too much had been claimed for it.

The makers have always held that Grape-Nuts is a body and brain building food; that it contains the vital mineral elements lacking in white flour, and foods made from white flour; that it digests more readily than any other prepared cereal food, etc.

McCann came to Battle Creek at the Globe's expense. He investigated—had the run of the factory—up-stairs, down-stairs and all over the place.

In the N. Y. Globe of April 1, 1915, he said:

**"Any man who can go to Battle Creek and come away with the statement that he is not amazed is given to the habit of bearing false witness against his neighbor.**

**"I watched the delivery of the wheat to the Grape-Nuts bakery. It was selected wheat too. I watched the mills grind this wheat, and there was no patent flour stunt pulled off in grinding it, either. The wheat went right through the rolls and came out as honest and as unrefined as when it went in. I saw this wheat mixed with barley malt in a mixing room that is a model of cleanliness.**

**"Grape-Nuts is an honest, genuine, wholesome, good, fool-proof breakfast food.**

**"Grape-Nuts is all Post ever claimed for it. Instead of over-estimating the truth he didn't tell ten percent of it."**

There you have it! If you want to know more, write Alfred W. McCann, care N. Y. Globe, N. Y., or come to Battle Creek and see for yourself. There's no mystery about Grape-Nuts.

This wonderful food DOES build body, brain and nerve tissue. It DOES furnish the vital mineral phosphates usually lacking in the daily dietary. It is easily digestible, economical, and comes ready to eat, fresh and delicious.

**"There's a Reason" for**

**Grape-Nuts**

Sold by Grocers everywhere.