

The Young Folks.

AGNES, THE LITTLE GOOD SAMARITAN

In making the short cut to school of mornings Agnes was obliged to pass through the tenement quarter of the big bustling town in which she lived. As this particular section of the town was not pleasant in aspect, Agnes never went that way unless the weather was severe or she was in danger of being tardy. Then she took the "short cut." The signs of filth and poverty, of disease and vice that hung about the narrow, ill-paved streets, were shocking to little Agnes, the 13-year-old daughter of a well-to-do merchant of the town. So, whenever she took this route to school she kept her eyes straight in front of her, avoiding the unpleasant sights to be met with at every turn in that poverty-stricken district.

One morning early in December Agnes was hurrying to school by way of the "short cut" on account of the fast-falling snow. As she turned a corner near a miserable little shop—where the keeper always looked half frozen and half starved as he stood in the doorway looking for customers—she heard the low, heart-breaking sob of a child.

Agnes had a very sympathetic heart, and turning quickly to see from what source the wall came, she was shocked to see standing just within the shop door a little girl clad in thin and ragged garments, her feet almost bare, for the huge shoes—a woman's in size—were in tatters, and the stockings thin and full of holes. The child seemed in the deepest distress, and turned her eyes imploringly towards Agnes.

Forgetting that she would be late at school should she waste a minute, Agnes stopped, then went back to the shop door, and stooping over the child—who appeared to be about eight years old—she asked in gentle tones:

"What is the matter, little girl? Why are you crying?"

The child's face cleared an instant, seeing that she was about to be befriended; then between sobs she replied: "Papa is sick back there, and I don't know what to do for him. He just talks queer like, and don't know

and broken dishes were on the stove and table. Two backless wooden chairs completed the furniture of this damp, cold, miserable apartment, where even rats must have dreaded to come.

"How long has your papa been ill?" asked Agnes, drawing the child to her and covering her shoulders with her own pretty fur boa.

"All night and this morning he would do nothing but lie in bed and groan. Yesterday he had a pain here," and the child touched her own breast.

"I'll run out and telephone for a doctor," said Agnes. "And then I'll hurry home and get mamma to come with me. Have you had any breakfast?"

Tears filled the child's eyes afresh as she shook her head sadly.

"We haven't had anything to eat," she replied. "Yesterday they took all my pa's money for rent and he had to pay a fine for not getting a new license when his old one was out.

A terrible condition of hunger, cold, sickness, misery was summed up in the few sentences the shivering child spoke. As Agnes paused a moment to adjust her boa before braving the storm, the child went on: "I opened the shop and tried to sell something so I could get the money to buy some bread and tea, but the snow keeps people away."

"You eat this now, little girl," said Agnes, placing in her hands a basket of dainty luncheon that she was carrying to school for her noon refreshment. "And sit yonder under the blanket until I return. I'll bring something more for you to eat, and a doctor will come to attend your papa."

With the delirious man's ravings in her ears, Agnes hurried from the room and passed out through the shop, glancing round the latter as she went, to see what they had there for sale. There were a few shop-worn toys, a case of lead pencils, rubber erasers, cheap writing tablets, and a cord stretched above the center holding a few unpopular magazines and weeklies, all of a month-old date.

"Pour souls," was what Agnes whispered to herself as she ran to the near-

Agnes decided to run back to the shop and await the doctor's coming before going home after her mother. She had not long to wait, for while she was trying to get a fire of old papers and a handful of dust coal in the tiny stove the shop door opened and in hurried Doctor Dash, medicine case in hand.

He shook hands with Agnes, heard her brief story of how she came to be there, then went to the sick man's side. After a short examination he pronounced the man in a very serious condition. "Pneumonia," he told Agnes. "He must be taken at once to a hospital."

"To your private sanitarium, Doctor," said Agnes, quietly but firmly. "He is all that this little girl has left—she has been telling me that her mama and little brother died last year—and he must have the best of attention. At free hospitals—so I've heard my papa say—the patients cannot receive all the attention and nursing they should have. Papa shall pay for—"

The doctor put his hand over Agnes' quivering mouth, and looked into her deep blue eyes, eyes so full of tenderness that they brought moisture to his own grey orbs. "You are a real little good Samaritan," he said feelingly. "It takes a child to teach us how to be humans. Yes, I'll phone for my private sanitarium ambulance and have the sick man taken where he'll have the best of medical attention. Today a little girl has shown me what is meant by real brotherly love."

Then telling Agnes to hurry home, for he feared for her health should she remain in that horrible place any longer, the doctor went on to the nearby drug store to phone for the ambulance. Agnes, wrapping the child in the blanket from the pallet bed, and tying old bits of rags about her feet and ankles, told her to kiss her papa goodbye and to come with her. A few minutes later it was a strangely-matched pair that Agnes' mother saw coming in through the gate. But it took Agnes only a few minutes to explain everything to her mother. The good lady could not speak for a little, her voice was so choked with emotion; but folding her daughter to her breast she whispered after a few moments: "Of such as you, darling, is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Abusing the Bachelors.

Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago, is rather hard on the bachelor. In a recent address he said:

"The bachelor is a coward and a moral leper."

As to the cowardice charge, there may be something in it. "None but the brave deserve the fair." And on this prima facie showing the bachelor is found to be greatly lacking in the virtue of moral bravery.

But as to being a moral leper—that's different. Because a bachelor refuses or neglects to be a benedict it does not follow necessarily that he is corrupt as to morals. It would be almost as logical to conclude that because a woman does not choose to marry she is a moral pervert.

The bachelor has enough to answer for.

He is selfish. That is plain. He has every chance in the world to make some good woman happy and he makes the plea of avoidance. He loves himself too well. He deliberately and with malice aforethought chooses his solitary way.

The suggestion that the bachelor pay added taxes because of his refusal to bear his legitimate share of society's burdens is a good one. He should be heavily mulct for his delinquency.

But he ought not to be abused simply because he is a bachelor.

That there are too many of him is quite true. The census tells us that there are seven million unmarried men in this country.

The bachelor must be labored with. He cannot be turned from the error of his ways by calling him names. You may say of him that he is neglectful of his duty and he will not resent it.

But you cannot drive the stubborn brute.—Des Moines News.

Many "outrages" when closely investigated, do not look so black.

Life is like school; some events are prizes, but most are lessons.

Nothing makes a doctor quite so mad as to have one of his patients attend a dance, and dance all night.



In the Bird Court.

The Judge—Now, sir. What is your excuse for not wishing to serve in the jury?

The Turkey—Please, your honor, I'm opposed to capital punishment.

SKETCHES.

Pen Pictures of Some Distinguished Men of the Day.

James R. Garfield.

James Rudolph Garfield, head commissioner of corporations in the department of Commerce and Labor, is a son of President James A. Garfield. He is nearly 42 years of age. He went to St. Paul's school, at Concord, N. H. and graduated from Williams College in 1885. He graduated at law in the Columbia Law School, of New York, and went to Cleveland, O., to practice his profession in 1888. Mr. Garfield is spare but very muscular, and is of a fair complexion, with red hair and moustache. His first public office was as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. He became head of the Bureau of Corporations in February, 1903. He is a trustee of Williams College and president of the board of trustees of the Lake Erie College, at Painesville, O. He maintains a residence in Washington, but his home is at Mentor, O.

Ramon Corral.

Ramon Carrol is the first man ever elected to the office of vice president of Mexico. The office was created expressly for him three years ago. At that time he was minister of the interior in the cabinet of President Diaz. He is one of the leaders of the Nationalists, the dominant party in Mexico. For two years Ramon Carrol was governor of the important Mexican province of Sonora. He next became the federal head of the department of Mexico, in which Mexico City is situated. He held this position for three years. He speaks and writes English, Spanish and French. His children are all being educated in the schools of San Francisco. He is the father of nine children. His first advent into public life was as a newspaper editor, and he edited two papers in the City of Alamos, province of Sonora. He was born in Alamos on January 10, 1853, and is now 53 years old. Mr. Carrol will in all probability succeed President Diaz as the head of the Mexican Republic.

Frank P. Flint.

Frank Putman Flint, senator from California, was born in Reading, Mass., on July 15, 1862. He succeeded Senator Thomas R. Bard. His family removed to California when he was seven years old. He was reared in San Francisco, and went through the public schools of that city. In 1886 he removed to Los Angeles county. He is a lawyer by profession, and very wealthy. He was United States district attorney for Southern California district from 1897 to 1901. He was long the chief legal adviser of the Southern Pacific Railway company. He has long been a member of the Republican state central committee of California, and seconded the nomination of President William McKinley on his first nomination. He is also counsel for the immense Standard Oil interests in California. He studied law while a clerk in the office of the United States marshal at Los Angeles. He is tall and heavy, with a commanding appearance, and a splendid speaker.

James H. Higgins.

James H. Higgins, the new governor of Rhode Island, was born in Saylesville, in the town of Lincoln, R. I., January 26, 1876, went to Pawtucket, R. I., in September, 1884, and attended the public schools of that city. He graduated from St. Joseph's Parochial School in 1890; graduated from the Pawtucket High school in 1894; from Brown university, Providence, R. I., in 1898, and from Georgetown Univer-

sity Law School, Washington, D. C., in 1900. After graduating from Georgetown he was admitted to the practice of law in Rhode Island, July 23, 1900; in November, 1901, he was elected to serve in the Rhode Island House of Representatives for the year of 1902. During that year he was a member of the Committee on Militia and Street Railway Transfers. In November, 1902, he was elected mayor of Pawtucket by 2,200 plurality, the largest ever received in that city. Mr. Higgins was still mayor when elected to the governorship.

Melville W. Fuller.

Melville Weston Fuller, chief justice of the United States, was born at Augusta, Me., February 11, 1833. He graduated at Bowdoin College, and attended the Harvard Law School. He passed the state bar examination at Augusta, Me., and entered the newspaper business. He went to Chicago within a year and practiced law with marked success. He was appointed to the supreme bench by President Cleveland in 1888. He was a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention which framed the charter of the state and a member of the state legislature from 1863 to 1865. He attended the National Democratic Conventions of 1864, 1872, 1876 and 1880. His wife was Miss Coolbough of Chicago, and they were married May 30, 1866.

Lloyd C. Griscom.

Lloyd C. Griscom, American Ambassador to Brazil, was born in Riverton, N. J., November 4, 1872. He is the son of C. O. Griscom, one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia. He was educated in private schools in the United States, Switzerland and France. He took the degree of Ph. B. from the University of Pennsylvania, and is also a lawyer. He entered the diplomatic service as secretary to Ambassador T. F. Bayard, who represented the United States at London. He went into the war with Spain, and served until April 20, 1899. In July, 1899, he was made secretary to the American Legation at Constantinople. He remained there for two years and in 1901 he married Miss Elizabeth Duer Bronson of New York. He was then minister to Persia.

Another Choate Story.

It is related of Joseph Choate, that when he was a very young man, just starting out to practice law, he was once retained by a shop keeper to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employe. Unfortunately for Mr. Choate, his client lost his head completely under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so favorable to the prosecution as to result in a five-thousand dollar verdict.

The merchant was, nevertheless, highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case, and when they encountered each other at the courtroom door, he blustered:

"If I had a son born an idiot I'd make him a lawyer."

"Your father seems to have been of another opinion," replied young Choate, coolly.—Harper's Weekly.

A squire of Andover decided to take into his employ a brother of Patrick, one of his hired men. The terms were made with Pat before his brother's arrival, and the following conversation is a specimen of what they agreed upon:

Squire: "I'll pay your brother one-fifty a day, Patrick."

Patrick: "Yis, sor, yis, sor. . . and will he ate himself or will ye ate him?"

The squire thought Mike had better eat himself.—Harper's Weekly.

The secret of success is to deserve it.



It was a strangely matched pair that Agnes' mother saw coming

me at all." The last words broke off in a pitiful sob, and the child shivered with the cold and her own emotions.

"Where is your papa?" asked Agnes, stepping inside the shop and closing the outer door against the in-rush of wind and snow.

"Back there," and the little girl pointed to a rear room, through whose connecting door Agnes could see a gloomy, dark and bare interior. She went in without question of fear, for her heart was swelling with pity for this child in distress, and she wanted to do what she could to alleviate the troubled little one's woe.

In the small bare room stood a bed in one corner. On this was tossing a man in delirium. He wore his ragged, dirty clothes, even to his shoes. The bedding was scant and ragged, and an old garment rolled up served as a pillow. Agnes' eyes wandered from the sick man about the room. In an opposite corner was a pallet-bed of rags covered with an old gray blanket. This Agnes knew must be the child's bed. Against the wall near the one window stood a pine table, and near to it was a rusty, fireless stove, not much larger than a toy. A few cooking utensils

est drug store, where she knew there would be a telephone. A real little woman—and most capable—was Agnes. In a time of stress she never waited to ask advice of others; she quickly acted upon her own judgment, which was always good. She did not have to consult the phone directory, for she knew her family physician's number. In a moment she heard his emphatic "Hello!"

"Hello!" called back Agnes. "Doctor Dash, this is Agnes Turner. Yes, I want you, and right away, please. Come as quickly as you can to the corner of Bleak and Narrow streets; I've found a very bad case there. No, you've made no mistake—that is the corner I said. It's in a little shop on the corner where you are to come. This is not in your practice district, you say? Oh, dear doctor—don't disappoint me. There's a little girl in distress—her papa's raving and out of his head. For my sake, doctor, come—please. Oh, thank you, doctor. It is so good of you to come, for the man is so poor that he can never, never pay you; but you may add it to papa's bill. You say that's all right? Well—so you'll be here directly? Good-bye."