

The Invincible Billy

An Irrespressible Boy's Part in a Love Affair

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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They sat upon the pier together, the girl whose eyes were as blue as the sea, the little boy whose flaxen curls framed the face of a cherub and the man who looked askance at the boy and frowned. The girl caressed the child. "Dear," she asked tenderly, "are you tired?"

Billy rested the curly head against his aunt's shoulder and confidently placed his damp boots upon the skirt of her white linen dress. "Nope," he answered concisely.

Jack Winston sighed and shook his head. "When I see the amount of affection you are wasting upon that limp," he said, "my soul is filled with wrath."

The boy scrambled to his feet suddenly and, collecting a handful of small sharp stones, began pelting them at the two occupants of a small boat which glistened noiselessly along beside the pier.

"Billy," his aunt cried, horrified—"Billy, did you hit the little boy?" "You bet I did," her nephew replied gleefully. "That was Dicky Smith. I hate Dicky Smith!"

Miss Brereton's eyes looked unutterably sad. "That was very wrong," she said reprovingly, "and you must not hate him, dear; you must love everybody."

Her nephew laughed. "Everybody!" he exclaimed derisively.

"Yes, indeed," his aunt reiterated. Billy considered.

"Do you love everybody, Aunt Beatrice?" he asked. "Do you love Mr. Winston?" A rosy flush covered his aunt's pretty face.

"Of course I do," she answered evenly.

Billy turned to seek an ally in the man. "Do you love everybody, Mr. Winston?" he persisted.

"Not by a good deal, Bill," the man responded warmly. "I have much the same feeling for Mr. Fenway, for instance, that you have for Dicky Smith."

The girl laughed and caught her small nephew by the hand. "What nonsense!" she said. "And now don't you think it is time to go back?"

The three went strolling up the sandy beach, the boy skipping along between them. The hotel guests had assembled upon the wide verandas, awaiting the sound of the gong which would summon them to the evening meal. They hailed the delinquents merrily. "Last call for dinner in the dining car," said Fenway. "Billy, come here and give an account of yourself." He caught up the boy and perched him upon his knee. Beatrice stood leaning against a white pillar, smiling down at them. Winston sat upon a lower step.

"What have you been doing, Billy boy?" Fenway questioned. The child was always very amusing, so the guests leaned forward, eagerly listening for his replies.

"Been down on the pier," Billy piped in his shrill treble, "with Aunt Beatrice and Mr. Winston." A pause. "Aunt Beatrice says she loves Mr. Winston," he repeated deliberately. For a moment there was silence, tense, deadly silence; then Jack Winston committed the unpardonable crime—he laughed. No one joined him. That made it worse, for all were fascinated in watching the girl's face, which changed so suddenly from white to crimson. She looked contemptuously at Winston for a moment because he could thus enjoy her discomfiture.

"Billy," she said desperately, "you remember, I spoke of loving everybody—not Mr. Winston in particular; he was merely included with the others."

It seemed to the man on the lower step that her eyes sought Fenway's appealingly. "Merely included with the others." He arose suddenly. "You have sufficiently cleared yourself of the imputation," he began in a low tone, but Billy was speaking again.

"Mr. Winston says," the cherub announced distinctly, "that sometimes he would like to pelt stones at Mr. Fenway." There was a general laugh at this, and Winston was conscious of an overwhelming desire to fall upon the boy and thrash him within an inch of his life.

"Thanks, awfully, Bill," Fenway observed calmly. "Forewarned is forearmed. Henceforth, whenever I see Jack Winston coming my way, I shall run."

The company dispersed in little chattering groups toward the dining room. Billy was borne thence upon Fenway's shoulder, and Beatrice followed. As Winston passed she averted her eyes, and so during the endlessly long week which followed she perversely ignored his existence and admirably succeeded in dispelling any erroneous idea which might have prevailed regarding her partiality toward him. And the injured one hid himself in faraway corners and worked resolutely upon the serial story which he was preparing for one of the current magazines. He had neglected his writing lately, and there was much to do. Occasionally Billy would seek him out, but was always curtly dismissed. In fact, the two were beginning to show among the roses, for his champion, Fenway, had suddenly departed for town,

and Aunt Beatrice had developed into a very unreasonable person. One could not tell how to please her.

When they started for a walk upon their last afternoon at the seaside Aunt Beatrice first found the wooded path too shady, then decided that the sun shone too brightly upon the pier, and later when the man in the little post-office informed them that there were "no letters today" Billy really thought she was going to cry. "Pr'raps," he comforted, "Mr. Fenway will write a nice letter to you bimeby, but," he added, with the strange perversity of childhood, "I like Mr. Winston best."

Aunt Beatrice very unexpectedly bent down and kissed his upturned face. "Billy boy," she said sadly, "Mr. Winston does not like us any more, and it is all because of you." Billy pondered deeply upon this. If it was his fault that these two funny grown-up people refused to speak to each other then some way or other he must be the one to straighten things out. He did not quite know how he was going to accomplish this purpose, but would see Mr. Winston at any rate. So it happened that Billy's chubby figure invaded the hiding place among the trees, and Winston ceased scribbling for a moment to look impatiently at the innocent face peeping out from its tangled curls. "Hello!" said Billy cheerfully.

"Don't you see that I am busy?" the man answered. "Now run along."

"All right," Billy agreed, and sat down upon a fallen tree trunk. Winston resumed his writing. As he finished one sheet he would tear it hastily from the pad and toss it from him. The ground near by seemed covered with the closely written pages.

"You write a great many letters," Billy suggested politely. There was no response. "Mr. Fenway went away yesterday," he ventured again. Still no answer. "Aunt Beatrice and I are going home tomorrow," he continued. At last Billy had gained the man's attention. "Tomorrow?" he exclaimed in consternation. "She is going away tomorrow?" Billy was pleased with the sensation he had made. "Yep," he answered coolly. "No more fun here now."

Jack Winston looked far away between the trees to where he could see a glimpse of blue sea beyond. "I suppose not, now that Fenway has gone," he said bitterly. The man continued to gaze gloomily out upon the sea. He had forgotten the story; he had forgotten even Billy until the unusual silence reminded him that his unwelcome visitor had departed. Then he slowly collected the scattered sheets, dropped the pad into a loose coat pocket and with great heaviness of heart turned to go. So she was leaving tomorrow. In all probability he would never see her again, and the happy hours of this summer which had meant everything to him would linger in her memory only as an idle seaside flirtation. The man sighed a mighty sigh, and then the twisted branches before him were parted and Beatrice herself stood there in the opening. She raised a flushed face to his; her blue eyes shone mistily. "I wanted to see you so very much," she said hesitatingly, "that I just could not wait for you to come."

He stared unbelievably. Miss Brereton pouted. "Of course if you are not glad to see me"—she was beginning, when the glorious truth dawned full upon him.

"Glad!" he cried, and the fervor expressed in that one word seemed to quite satisfy the girl. After a long silence she laughed softly. "It was a dear little note," she said. "Do you know you have always appeared to be such a dignified, self-contained person that really I have been a bit afraid of you all along—at least I never imagined that one so calm could write like that."

The last words were uttered in a tone which conveyed her entire approval of the note, which had evidently been the means of bringing her to his side. Winston realized slowly that something remained to be explained. He must be cautious.

"Have you the letter with you, dear?" he asked. She drew a crumpled paper from her belt and, smoothing it out, held it up before his eyes. The man took her hands and the note within his own.

"Dearest," he read in his own handwriting, "I can bear this silence—this separation—no longer. In pity let me see you once more." The scrawl ended abruptly, and the sheet was torn off as though in frantic haste. With a perplexed frown Winston recognized the words with which the hero of his latest serial story begins an ardent epistle to his ladylove.

Beatrice smiled. "You must admit," she said softly, "that Billy made a good messenger. I was sitting in the garden looking sorrowfully over the hills and wondering if a certain person who considered himself mortally offended could really be so cruel as to allow me to go far away without one word of goodbye when Billy, the dear, came running down the road. 'Aunt Beatrice,' he called, 'here is a letter for you from Mr. Winston.' If it had not been such a nice, anxious letter I might have properly waited for you to come to me, but as it was well, Billy led me straight to your hiding place."

"Dearest," said Winston in the phrasing of the letter, "I humbly apologize for the many unkind remarks which I have made from time to time concerning your nephew. He is an angel, a remarkably clever child. There has never been his equal." Beatrice sighed contentedly, and Winston, happening to glance over the crown of her head at this moment, saw the forehead angel seated upon the tree trunk close by, apparently a very much interested spectator.

"Sny," said Billy wearily, "cut it out, won't you? Supper's ready."

She Ate It

By SHEELA ESTHER DUNN

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In Belgium the month of May is known as the Virgin's month and consecrated to the Virgin Mary. In the province of Liege during May young girls have a pretty way of learning whom they shall marry. A group of maidens arrange to meet at sunrise, walk through the fields until they come to a hedge, and, selecting a spot unexposed to the highway, they choose a honeysuckle bush beneath which to perform their mystic rites. Each girl selects three blades of grass, cuts the tops to equal lengths and to each ties a colored thread of silk. Black represents a bachelor, red an unknown lover and green the person the girl in her heart wishes to marry. Ten days afterward they return to the spot where they left the blades growing, and that blade of the three which has grown highest represents the lover that is destined for the maiden's husband.

There lived in this province a poor girl named Anna DeWint. She was an adopted daughter of an old couple who worked a small farm. Anna was a fair complexioned, fair haired, blue eyed maiden, her pure heart being plainly manifest in her countenance. The adjoining farm on the east was a much larger one and owned by a farmer named DeRoode, with one son, Helleger. Helleger DeRoode was at the university when Anna DeWint came to live at the adjoining farm. When he returned for his spring vacation he saw her busy about the adjoining premises, but she was so far from him that he could not tell whether she was comely or ugly. Taking a glass, he brought the image nearer and discovered what he was pleased to call his "Madonna."

From that time when he would see Anna on the porch of the house or back in the kitchen garden he would watch her through his glass and longed to go out and chat with her.

His vacation came to an end, and he experienced a pang at leaving his Madonna, whom he had been used to bringing so near to him by means of his glass. On the morning of his departure he was obliged to rise early. Going out on to the porch, he sniffed the delicious spring air. The sun was just rising. He walked about, presently going under a tree with overhanging branches. A door opened in the next house, and Anna and another girl came out and walked directly toward him. They advanced to the hedge that separated the two places and were screened from him by its twigs and leaves.

Stealing out of his retreat, stooping that he might not be seen, he went treading on the soft grass to the hedge. On reaching it he heard coming from a few yards distant on the other side their soft voices. Anna's companion was speaking.

"This is the bachelor," she said, tying a thread on a spear of grass. "This is the unknown," tying another, "and this," tying a third, "is my dear love."

"And who is your dear love?" asked Anna, who was herself tying threads on blades of grass.

"John Ten Eyck. Who is yours?"

"I can't tell you; it is so foolish of me."

"You needn't. I know already. It is the handsome student in the DeRoode place."

Anna made no reply, but Helleger, having found an opening just big enough to give him a view of her face, saw a blush overspread her features.

He was astonished. A girl whom he had not suspected of having been aware of his existence had indicated with the green thread that she had taken him into her innocent heart.

Having tied the blades of grass and cut them to a uniform length the two girls went back to the house and the student departed for the university.

At Amsterdam several years later Helleger and his Madonna met. Her people had received a small legacy and had come to Amsterdam to claim it. Helleger DeRoode did not betray the fact that he had seen Anna before; certainly did not mention that he had looked at her through a fieldglass. Nevertheless he yielded to an irresistible impulse to make her his wife.

In Holland if a young man wishes to ask the hand of a girl in marriage he buys a sweet cake, takes it to her house and in presence of her family places it on a table before her. The family affect not to notice the gift, while the girl, if she accepts him, eats the cake. If she refuses him she leaves the cake on the table.

DeRoode took a cake and laid it before Anna. A blush came to her cheek, and she put out her hand toward it, but did not take it. Was she yielding to a natural coquetry or had she some reason for hesitating? Helleger said to her:

"Am I not of the green thread?" The blush on her cheek deepened to scarlet; she hid her face in her hands. At last she said:

"Tell me how you learned about the green thread?"

"I will tell you about how you came to know anything about me." "You must first tell me how you knew about me," she replied. He shrunk from telling her that he had been looking at her through a spy-glass. He took up the cake and handed it to her.

WOMEN'S TRADE UNIONS.

What the League Has Done For the Working Girl.

It is but six years since the Women's Trade Union league began its work in Boston. The national headquarters are in Chicago, and the president is Mrs. Raymond Robins. She is fired with a religious enthusiasm for the welfare of the young working girl. There are now local branches in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., and Philadelphia, Cleveland and other cities are coming in line.

The league is an expression of the mother spirit of the women of this continent, watching over the young growing woman, helping her to relate herself to her brothers in the labor union and to her sisters who are in the service of the home and the child. Every one can belong. It is not only a gathering together of women's unions. It provides a fellowship to which can belong the working woman and the woman of leisure and the woman's club anxious to help in bringing about the shorter working day, a wage on which the girl can live and in hastening the time when all dangerous machinery will be protected and every factory well lit and ventilated. Anywhere and everywhere the man or woman who wants to see the precious gift of the girlhood of each generation conserved as carefully as the forests or the waters can help by joining.

It is a wonderful training school for its members. The inexperienced work girl and the woman who has never had to earn her own living come into touch with some of the wonderful personalities who, under the prosaic title of business agent, are helping other working girls to know their own powers.

Here is how one business agent, Melinda Scott, handled a situation that the unprotected factory worker has to face. A little Polish factory girl was insulted by a foreman. She complained to the superintendent, but was told it must have been her own fault. She sent to the owner of the factory a registered letter and obtained the official receipt. No reply was forthcoming. Melinda Scott, as business agent, was now appealed to. She went straight to the superintendent and told him she would call "shop" within fifteen minutes if this foreman was not made to publicly apologize. The employer was telephoned for. He came in his motor, and within fifteen minutes the foreman was asked for an explanation he could not give. "Very well," said the employer, pointing to Miss Scott; "you do as she says and apologize."

The foreman did what was asked and the same day received his walking papers.

Could church or priest have preached a more forceful sermon on morality?

More Wages For German Workers.

It is reported from Berlin that the conditions under which the building trades workers of Germany will resume work after a strike of three months' duration are a considerable improvement over former conditions.

About 130,000 masons and 70,000 assistant masons had secured a raise in wages of 5 cents an hour. Seven thousand masons and 3,000 assistant masons have secured an advance of 4 cents an hour. Besides, 250,000 carpenters will benefit by a slight increase in wages.

A maximum ten hour day is agreed upon for all Germany. This means a reduction in working hours in 600 places where the workday was more than ten hours long. Moreover, in fifty-six towns the workday was reduced to nine and one-half hours.

Look For the Label.

Don't forget to look for the union label when you make your purchases. It is the best possible proof that the articles of merchandise were made under fair conditions for the workingmen employed in their make. At the same time it is an acknowledgment to the employer who recognizes unionism.

Union Wins Long Fight.

After two years of warfare the granite cutters of St. Cloud, Minn., have come to terms with the firm of Johnson & Borwick, and union men now man the shops of the firm. The trouble originated over the introduction of the open shop, and the settlement is a complete victory for the union.

Labor Notes.

The Clockmakers' union has spent about \$200,000 in financing the strike in New York.

A new labor party has been launched by several prominent labor leaders in New York city.

Since 1870 to the present time, a period of forty years, the state of New York has placed 212 labor laws on its statute books.

Assistant Attorney General of the United States William H. Haar is an ex-printer and former member of Columbia Typographical union, No. 101, of Washington.

John S. Whalen of the Tobacco Workers' union, who was secretary of state for New York just preceding the present incumbent, has announced that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for his former office this fall.

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, in recent convention at Peoria, Ill., went on record as asking the Chicago and New York independent unions to return to the parent organization. They will be granted all the rights and privileges of the brotherhood on the payment of one month's dues. The next convention will be held at Indianapolis the first Monday in October, 1912.

The Saving of Patience Godwin

By KATHLEEN J. MCURDY

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This is the legend of Patience Godwin as it has been handed down in our family for many generations of her descendants. Patience in the days when witchcraft had its grip on Massachusetts was a young girl. She won the love of Francis Winthrop, who had been attentive to Jane Hartshorne, and Jane for spite accused Patience of being a witch.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the trial, especially because Patience was so well beloved. The evidence brought against her was convincing. Young Winthrop when his sweetheart had been tried and found guilty said that he could not be present when she was burned, and he would no longer remain in a so called civilized community where such superstitions were rife and such cruelties were practiced. The day before the execution he left the settlement, saying that he would go and live among the Indians. His parting with Patience was distressing in the extreme and would have moved anything but the ironbound consciences of the Puritans.

The next day a stake was set up in a wood near the settlement and fagots laid about it in preparation for the burning, which was set for the hour of sunset. It was October, and there was a mellow haze in the atmosphere. Shortly before the sun went down the great men of the church and their families began to collect at the place of execution. Presently in the distance appeared a little procession, led by the minister, who read from his Bible as he walked such passages as he thought might exorcise the evil spirit that had got into the poor girl. Patience came next, attended by her weeping parents and a few of her intimate friends.

Now, it is not claimed that what I am about to narrate is a matter of history. Detailed accounts of those who perished by the witchcraft insanity have been given in histories of the times, but I admit there is no historical account of this case. It has merely been perpetuated in the family. We must remember that those were a superstitious people, looking always for the marvelous. Yet there is nothing more remarkable in the witch plague than in the story of what happened at Patience Godwin's burning.

The condemned girl bade farewell to her parents, her brothers and sisters and her friends and with a resigned step approached the stake. She was bound, and the executioner was about to apply the torch to the fagots when the setting sun broke through a cloud and flooded the scene with a yellow splendor. A glory from heaven seemed to be poured upon the trees, whose leaves still wore the autumnal colors, the group standing about the stake, and lit the face of the witch, giving a holy glow to her pale features.

And then out of the western sunlight there came a figure dressed in a long white robe walking slowly. Whether man or woman none could say, for the long hair falling on the shoulders gave the figure a feminine appearance, while a sword pressed by the right hand against a large blood red cross on the breast seemed to indicate manhood. As the visitor drew near the face was seen to be white as marble, and a soft brown beard could be distinguished.

As the man or specter or god, flooded by the yellow light, which every moment took on more effulgence, approached those about the stake knelt with bowed heads. Reaching the witch, he said in a voice soft, but distinct:

"Come out, Satan!"

Then it seemed to those who saw that Patience writhed for a moment, after which her face shone with a holy light. Raising his sword, the apparition cut the rope that bound her; then, taking her hand, led her away in the direction from which he had come.

Some say that the two figures were lost in a snowstorm that suddenly came up from the east, giving a still more wonderful appearance to the western illumination as seen through the falling flakes.

I have examined the records of the weather for the year in question and found mention of a terrible snowstorm that covered Massachusetts to a great depth, falling on verdure that had not yet been blighted.

The legend says that Patience and the stranger were seen walking through this snowstorm in a gradually lessening illumination, darkness finally enveloping them.

Patience never returned to Massachusetts, but after the witch case had passed she was known to be living in Maryland, the wife of Francis Winthrop. Who the mysterious stranger was has never been definitely settled. In Massachusetts most people believed that it was either the Saviour or St. John. But in the family inheriting the legend it has been supposed that he was none other than Francis Winthrop, who went away immediately before the execution for the purpose of working on the superstitions of the people and thus saving the girl he loved.

It was not long after this that the witchcraft hallucination died out, and the people of Massachusetts wondered what had possessed them. That branch of the Godwin family to which Patience belonged naturally found a more congenial social atmosphere in the south than among the colder blooded Puritans.

PRINTERS PROSPEROUS.

Secretary's Report Shows Increase of Funds and Members.

The report of Secretary-Treasurer John W. Hayes of the International Typographical union, which was up to the expiration of the fiscal year, May 31 last, showed a total of receipts from all sources of \$518,419.18 and expenditures of \$417,998.76. The balance on hand at the date of the report was \$350,149.00, of which \$81,553 was in the general fund and \$277,596.00 in the old age pension fund. Special assistance and benefit expenditures for the year amounted to \$28,728.43. There was paid toward the support of the home at 15 cents per month per member \$86,051.90, and donations to the home library fund amounted to \$2,616.08. There were 574 death benefits paid, the largest but one since the establishment of the fund. The death rate was 1.19 per cent, or a trifle over 11 per 1,000, the average age of those dying being 46.7 years. In the war on tuberculosis \$2,109.43 was spent with satisfactory results.

In the matter of growth the secretary reports fifty-two new subordinate unions and twenty-one suspended and surrendered, leaving a net increase of thirty-one, or a grand total of 684. There were sent out from the Indianapolis headquarters during the year 134,770 pieces of mail and express matter, among them 54,973 typewritten letters and 11,986 postal cards, the increase in letters over last year being 16,696. There was expended for work in connection with the allied trades label \$5,380.86. There were but fifteen small strikes recorded, of which six were successfully settled, seven were pending and one was lost. The receipts for the Typographical Journal aggregated \$32,687.94 and the expenditures \$32,165.50, leaving a profit of \$522.44. In his summary Secretary Hayes gives the sum of money in the treasuries of the various subordinate unions as \$312,581.05, members in good standing 48,869, members in arrears \$298, total membership 52,165.

The Lackawanna Pension System.

The Lackawanna railroad pays the entire amount of its pensions, the men contributing nothing. Any one who has been in the service twenty-five years goes upon the pension list when he is retired at seventy. Between sixty and sixty-nine any one of twenty-five years' service who becomes incapacitated may be retired on pension or any one who becomes incapacitated through injury. The Lackawanna fixes the pension by taking 1 per cent of the average wage for the ten years before retirement and multiplying that by the number of years of service. An engineer having averaged \$150 a month for ten years before retirement and having been an employee for thirty years retires with a pension of \$45 a month. Last year the highest Lackawanna pension was \$76.31, the lowest \$5.22; average, \$22.23. The average age was sixty-eight years and four months. The system has been in operation since 1902.

Wages Paid by Krupps.

Compared with the wages paid American workmen, the scale in Krupps is very low, but compared with other German industries the wages are high. The average wage is \$1.35 a day. However, the cost of living is low. The bread for the entire community is made in one bakery. It is sold to each person at a certain fixed price, and at the end of the year a rebate is given to the purchaser according to the amount bought. The Krupps manage the bakery, but they are perfectly satisfied to make their profits on iron and steel, and they give their employees the benefit of getting the best of bread at absolute cost. It may be said in passing that employees are not compelled to patronize the bakery.

Engineers Get Wage Increase.

A satisfactory adjustment of the controversy between the Virginian Railway company and its engineers has been reached. In some respects the controversy was one of the most obstinate proceedings the mediators have had to handle. The engineers obtained an average increase of approximately 10 per cent in wages. Engineers driving locomotives of the Mallet type—a double engine with a large single boiler—will get an increase of about 20 per cent. This increase established a precedent in the pay of operating locomotives of that type.

What Better Wages Mean.

"Unfitness means low wages, low wages mean insufficient food, and insufficient food means unfitness for work, so that the vicious circle is complete." This is what Rountree calls the "vicious circle of poverty." "May we not, however, say conversely," writes Frederick Almy in the Survey, "that increased income through better wages means better food and quarters; these mean better strength and courage; these mean better work and income, and so instead of an endless chain of poverty we may have an endless chain of progress."

Boosting the Label.

The Bakers' union in Boston has adopted a novel plan to increase the use of its label, and, according to the bulletin recently issued by the label section of the Central Labor union of that city, good results are being accomplished. The union officers offer a ton of coal to the person living in South Boston that will return the largest number of union labels before Oct. 1. Although the plan has been in operation only a few weeks, it is reported that already it has added in unionizing several good sized bakeries.