

AN EASTER PATRIOT.

Never hath me growin' 'bout military
bills;
I know her son, at Easter, the dear wife put
Lips for me her skin' of her dear old self
in style,
For she's sweeter in a minute than the
chick in a mile!

Nothing in the country's too good for her,
as I
Have not it down to never pass the Easter
ribbons by
If I half suspect she wants 'em, of she
only blinks that she
Wants somethin' in the window, they
ain't big enough for me!

Just buy the store out for her, for it'll
end up her life
Ter know this thing called "money" is a
blessin' for her
As when Easter bells air ringin' an' the
world's on dress parade
Ter know that ain't a woman that kin
throw her in the shade!

It don't take much ter dress her, but it's
got ter be the best
That's in the fashion papers, whar the
party dress air dressed;
Love ter see her skin' of her dear old self
in style,
For she's sweeter in a minute than the
rest of 'em in a mile!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A PAID DEBT

An Easter Story

A FLOOD of sunshine was pouring
over the snowy mantles of the
Buttes. It fell on the canyon and
the river and on the long, red brown
buildings of the Town Talk mine. An
inviting odor of coffee and frying bacon
came from the windows of the boarding
house and blended pleasantly with the
fresh spring air.

Down the trail filed a company of
men; it was the night shift coming home.
Their swinging dinner pails knocked the
dew from the mustard as they walked,
and left it rocking behind them, a gold
sea of bloom.

Somewhat apart from the others limped
the little bent figure of old Mosely.
His gaze, fastened on the path before
him, never wavered. One hand was
thrust within his dark flannel shirt; the
other swung empty by his side.

The men crossed a footbridge to the
boarding house and fell into line for the
towel and soap, but Mosely took a by-
path to a cabin backed up against the
hill. He closed the door behind him and,
turning away from the one window, cau-
tiously drew something from within his
shirt, looked at it a moment and slipped
it again into place. Then he began pre-
paring his breakfast.

All was animation at the boarding
house. Piles of steaming corn bread,
platters of doughnuts and fried potatoes
were rapidly vanishing. Only now and
then was there a full of voices.

Ben Turner, a big fellow near the head
of the table, broke one of these silences
with the announcement: "Old Mosely's
gun' over to hear the circuit preacher to-
morrow at the Devid."

The men stared. "What?" someone
asked incredulously.

"It's straight enough," Turner an-
swered. "I heard him ask the boss my-
self. Queer, the way he limps around
after the superintendent," he chuckled.
"Ain't it, though?"

"Should think Mosely'd be afraid of
the contribution box," someone sug-
gested. "They might ask him for a
nickel. How's he going to get there,
anyhow?" he continued. "It's a good
way to the summit."

"I'm thinkin' o' rentin' out the gray
mule," Turner gravely answered.

The others laughed. "Try it," they
urged.

Half an hour later two men went up
the by-path to the cabin. Open doors
are a pledge of comradeship in the
mountains. Mosely closed his behind
him as a small dog, and the men resent-
ed it. They rapped upon it vigorously.

There was rattling noise inside, then a
halting footstep and Mosely peered out.
"Hear you're goin' up to the Easter
meetin' at the Devid," began Turner.

The old man looked at him suspiciously.
He was unused to interest in him-
self of any kind.

"Yes," he hesitatingly replied.

"Ride, I suppose?" queried Turner.

"It's a good six mile to the summit."
There was no answer, and he continued:
"There's my gray mule. He knows ev-
ery inch of trail on the mountain, and
as you're a bit lame, I thought maybe
you'd like him."

Mosely looked dazed, as though he
scarcely understood. He mechanically
slipped one hand into his shirt and nerv-
ously fumbled something.

"Walkin' 'd be uphill work," the man
went on; "the trail's pretty slushy yet
from the snow, but the mule'll get you
there all right."

Mosely's hand had stopped fumbling
and he opened his door wide. His lips
moved, but he did not speak for a mo-
ment.

"It's—it's more'n I expected," he said
at last. "Thank you."

Turner shrugged his shoulders. "Don't
mention it," he magnanimously replied.
"The beast's yours, and about the
price—"

"He eyed the man before
him with keen enjoyment. "I guess a
dollar'd be about right?"

Mosely's face twitched. He shifted
restlessly from one foot to the other and
moistened his lips.

"I reckon," he began slowly, "I'll
walk."

The Town Talk worked an eight-hour
shift, and at 10:30 the men began climb-
ing the trail. Singly or in twos and
threes they went, their lanterns gleam-
ing like low-hung stars against the dark
hill.

Following closely on their heels limped
Mosely. He never carried a light. Why
should he when he could see by some-
one's else? At the mouth of the upper
tunnel he paused to regain his breath.
The dim outline of the summit was just
visible in the night.

"Six miles," he unconsciously repeat-
ed; "but here'll be singin' at the De-
vid, and I ain't heard any since—"

He lighted his candle and disappeared
into the drift.

The hours wore on. The hands of
Mosely's watch pointed to 6; at 6:30 the
tunnel would be cleared for firing. He
fastened his drill and viewed with in-
finite satisfaction the slim hole directly
under the main ledge; then he began to
load, three sticks of powder to a blast.

As he fitted the fuse into the cap
someone passed him. It was Farrish,
the superintendent. He seldom visited



the night shift, and Mosely looked after
him for a moment, wondering, then for-
got all about him in his task. He care-
fully crimped down the edges of the cap
with his pocket knife, placed it in position
and tamped the earth about it. As the
stope was the last one in the drift he
cut some five feet of fuse to allow him-
self plenty of time.

Just then the signal was given to fire.
Mosely answered. He touched a match to
the freshly cut tape and clambered over
the loose rocks toward the candle
burning in the track below, grasped it
and hastened toward the mouth of the
tunnel.

At the first curve he paused to give a
hurry glance behind him. A faint mov-
ing speck of light was just visible at
the extreme end of the drift. It was
approaching.

"Farrish!" cried the man. "My God!"

For a second his brain reeled, but
there was no time to lose. The fuse was
burning two feet to the minute—at least
half its length must have already been
consumed. At the end of the tunnel
there was safety and fresh air through
the raise. Could he make the superin-
tendent understand? He forgot the sur-
plus powder he was carrying—forgot ev-
erything but the life that was in danger.
He knew what the ransom would be,
but what did it matter?

"Farrish!" he shouted with all his
strength, "go back! Go back!"

The light in the distance paused.

"Hello!" a faint voice answered.

Mosely, pressing toward it, caught his
foot in the track and lurched forward,
extinguishing his candle as he fell. He
was up and on again, groping—stumb-
ling—shouting. The drift seemed filled
with faces; they were all the same, and
the eyes were gray like Farrish's.

In the stope above gleamed a tiny
angry spark. He was almost under it
now, but his strength was nearly spent.
He gathered his forces for one last ef-
fort, and a long, wailing cry of warn-
ing echoed through the drift. Then—
there was a blinding flash of light—a
sound like the rushing of a mighty wind,
and without the hills re-echoed to the
boom.

"Mary," said Dr. Fuller, as he put
down his coffee cup and looked across
the table at his daughter, "that don't
sound exactly like a blast; there's too
much of it." He rose and went to the
door.

A thick cloud of smoke was issuing
from a fold in the hills. The doctor
eyed it anxiously. Just then a boy came
round the corner from the barn.

"Jerry," he called to him. "You'd bet-
ter harness Mascot. There's something
the matter at the Town Talk."

The girl was already at work in the
little office, and splints and bandages
were crowding the instruments in the
long black case. Her face was as
white as the rolls of cotton; her lips
were compressed, but when the cart was
brought she was the first to spring into
it.

"Why, Mary," remonstrated the doc-
tor, "I couldn't think of taking you!"

She looked at him piteously. "It may
be John Farrish," she said, and her
father understood.

Groups of men were talking excitedly
in the street; a few were already hur-
rying along the cross-trail to the mine,
but toning up their coats as they ran. Far
down the canyon could be heard the
rapidly approaching hoof beats of a
horse. Then the mounted figure of a
man appeared rounding the outer bend
of the road and vanished again, to re-
appear at the next turn. It was a mes-
senger from the Town Talk. He reach-
ed them at last, and Mary clasped her
hands tightly together and leaned eag-
erly forward.

"Well?" asked the doctor.

The man pulled his cap awkwardly.
"Farrish and some of the men are miss-
ing," he said, and was gone again.

The doctor laid his whip across Mas-
cot's flanks, then stole a sideways glance
at the silent, upright little figure beside
him. He reached over and drew the robe
about her in a caressing way and patted
the clasped hands, but neither of them
spoke.

The smoke had lifted and hung, like
the pillar of cloud, above the ravine.
The early sunlight tinged its outer edges
in opalescent glory. At the mine all was
excitement. A child met them at the
bridge that crossed the river to the
buildings.

"There's only one man hurt!" he shout-
ed triumphantly. "There's only one—"

there's only one!" But neither of those
in the cart dared ask him which.

The rows of cabins that fringed the
bank above the boarding house were
empty, for the men had gathered outside
of the office. They silently made way
for the doctor and his daughter to pass
among them. Figures were moving with-
in the darkened room; a bed had been
hastily constructed, and a glad cry rose
to Mary's lips, for it was not John who
lay upon it, but the shattered form of
old Mosely.

The arm that had held the powder
sticks had been plucked up several feet
away, but the remaining hand convul-
sively clutched a soiled buckskin wallet
within his flannel shirt; it had been so
when they found him.

He opened his eyes as the doctor bent
over him and his lip moved.

"It's two dollars—short," he gasped,
"and now—I can't make it square."

A spasm of pain wrung him for a mo-
ment and he lay panting. When he re-
opened his eyes recognition had gone
from them. He struggled to rise.

"Stand back—all of you!" he cried
fiercely. "It wasn't Jim Farrish that
stole the money; it was me. Oh, God,
it was me!"

He fell writhing on the pillows again.

"I meant to make it right—with the
boy," he whispered, "and now—"

The superintendent was kneeling be-
side him. "You've more than made it
right, my friend," he said huskily; but
Mosely shook his head.

"Two dollars—short," he slowly repeat-
ed, "two dollars—short."

He lay still for a long time after that.
Now and then the hand that clasped his
treasure would twitch spasmodically, but
that was all.

Gradually the groups about the office
dispersed. The men took their accus-
tomed places at the boarding house table
and the old routine went on. The 2
o'clock shift had filed up the trail to the
tunnel before Mosely spoke again.

"There'll be singin'—at the Devid,"
he said, feebly, "and ain't it time—to
go?"

Nobody replied. He roused himself
and looked into the faces of Mary and
the doctor and Farrish.

"They wouldn't turn me out—if they
knew—I'd most paid—would they?" he
pleadingly asked.

"No," gently answered Farrish, "they
wouldn't turn you out."

Mosely gave a great sigh. "It's so far
—to the summit," he said wearily, "and
I want—to hear—'em sing."

Then Mary came to the bedside. There
was an Easter song that she knew. It
was not an anthem, but a simple mes-
sage of joy and hope and life, and the
man understood.

As the last clear note died away he
leaped eagerly forward as though listen-
ing for something more. Suddenly a
great gladness filled his eyes; his face
seemed transformed—beautiful.

"It's square!" he cried triumphantly;
"Jim Farrish told me—so."

There's a grave above the Town Talk
mine where Mary, the superintendent's
wife, takes flowers and wake-robins at
Easter-tide.

The sleeper there faces the east, and
the buttes, and the rising sun. A great
gray bowlder stands guard at his head,
and on it one some has roughly carved:
"He has paid the debt and is free."
Helen E. Wright in San Francisco
Chronicle.

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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Married School Ma'am.

A MISS PATTERSON, teacher in the New York
public schools, got married recently, and accord-
ing to the rules of the Board of Education, her
eligibility for position in the teaching corps im-
mediately lapsed. But the lady, now Mrs. Van
de Water, refused to hand in her resignation
and will carry her case to the courts. The
matter is attracting much attention, as Mrs. Van de Water's
suit is a test case by which the fate of other women teach-
ers will be ascertained.

The view is freely expressed in many quarters that such
a rule as that made by the Board of Education in regard
to the marriage of women teachers is against public pol-
icy and private privilege. Marriage should be encour-
aged, not penalized, by the state, say the opponents of
such a regulation. What has matrimony to do with school
teaching? And why should the rule apply only to women?

All these arguments do not touch the practical aspects
of the matter. It is a fact that while a woman's mar-
riage does not in itself make her unfit to teach school, it
does, as a matter of fact, often interfere with her duties
and capacities. The cares of home and a family which
fall upon the married woman are not conducive to the best
results in pedagogic work, and in many cases would be
absolutely antagonistic to school duties.

These home duties which woman assumes in entering
upon marriage are the consideration which make man the
recognized bread-winner. When these are shirked, the
true ideal of marriage is lost, and the state can have no
interest in fostering such unions.

That there may be individual cases in which the rule of
the New York Board of Education might work a hardship,
it may be conceded, but in its general application it is
founded on the ideas that rule our civilization and mag-
nify our homes. The married woman has in her home
and family an occupation that demands her best efforts and
energies, and her husband should assume the burden of
support, and, as far as possible, relieve her of outside
pressure.

When a woman teacher marries, she should step aside
and give way to her less fortunate, and, of course, equally
qualified, single sister.—Nashville Daily News.

Fate of the Salaried Man.

THE middle class in our American life is rapidly
becoming a salaried class, and at the same time
it is fast losing in consequence the economic
and moral independence that marked it in
former days. But it has not ceased, mean-
time, to be made up of what may not improp-
erly be termed "forgotten men." Every other
class in society receives consideration of some kind—differ-
ential or sympathetic, as the case may be. Every other
class enjoys some share of the "general prosperity" when
the times are good. The salaried man is notoriously at his
worst estate when everybody else is making money. If
the salaried man were not unselfish, he would pray fer-
vently for business disaster and industrial depression, for
then only has his income a fair measure of purchasing
power.

The years since 1897 have been prosperous beyond all
precedent. The "trusts," so-called, capitalized at over
\$5,000,000,000, have made "untold millions" during that
period according to the notions of the Independent. The
wages of labor have been forced up, after much hard fight-
ing, 20 to 30 per cent. Salaries have remained practically
unchanged. Meanwhile, the general level of prices has
risen 30 per cent. Breadstuffs and farm products generally
have risen even more than this amount. Thus, while the
millionaires have doubled or quadrupled their fortunes, and
the wage-earners have obtained in advance a part of the
increase of living—in some instances more—the salaried
man, including the professional classes, are not more than
half as well off as they were seven or eight years ago.

"What then," asks the Independent, "is to be the fate of
the salaried man? This is one of the most serious questions
of the time. The salaried class is evidently to be a large
one. It is to include a majority of those men who hitherto
have controlled American public opinion. What is to be
the effect of the increasing economic disadvantage of this

important part of the community? What will happen
when the most intelligent third—and by all odds the most
moral third—of our population finds that it can no longer
associate with a third which admits none but millionaires
into 'society'? What will happen when the great middle
classes, facing the increasing cost of living and the dimi-
nishing rate of interest on savings, finds that it can no longer
make a decent provision for old age? Will it tamely submit
to social inferiority, and settle down to make the best of a
low standard of living?"—New York Commercial.

The Case of Ex-Mayor Ames.

IN the light of such a decision as that handed
down by the Supreme Court of Minnesota in
the case of Ames, former Mayor of Minne-
apolis, it is hard to escape the conclusion that
something must be radically wrong with the
machinery of justice. When Ames received
his six-year sentence in May of last year the
verdict was hailed throughout the country as a notable
instance of the triumph of law and civic decency against
a corrupt political ring. The charge that Ames had re-
ceived money from the proprietors of certain vicious resorts
in Minneapolis in payment for "protection" was supported
by apparently indisputable evidence. He himself practical-
ly conceded the hopelessness of his case by fleeing to New
Hampshire, where for a time he remained in hiding. When
taken back to Minneapolis and placed on trial his lawyers
took refuge in the last defense of hard-pressed criminals—
the plea of insanity—but the court found him guilty.

The Minnesota Supreme Court turns Ames loose on the
ground that the indictment against him was faulty. In
this opinion all the members of the court are unanimous,
although they do not all agree as to the sufficiency of the
evidence presented. The majority opinion holds that while
Ames' agents received money for protection the payments
were made by individuals and not, as apparently charged
in the indictment, by their joint contributions to a common
fund with the understanding that this fund was to be used
for their common protection. The court holds that "there
was a separate and distinct agreement entered into with
each person paying any money." The fact that the court is
unanimous in finding the indictment faulty must be accept-
ed as conclusive, yet it in no way mitigates the fact that
through a mere technical trangle the punishment of a man
admittedly guilty of a grave offense against the public is
prevented.

It is the frequency of just such failures and lapses in
the administration of justice that breaks down the power
of the law and emboldens criminals in high places to con-
tinue the practice of corruption. What is the remedy?
How does it happen that long-drawn-out trials are held and
prisoners convicted on indisputable evidence only to be
released later on technical grounds? The question is a
serious one and demands the careful consideration of jurists
who have the public's interests at heart.—Chicago Daily
News.

Clinging to Our Youth.

WE have done away with middle age altogether
nowadays. Our mothers and grandmothers
retired into caps and bonnets and velvet dolmans
at an age when we are still shimmering in white
muslin and "baby" hats and big frills. We
are younger looking at five and forty than our
own daughters and have a very much better
time. They, poor dears, take life somewhat seriously and
get prematurely battered in the equinoctial gales of extreme
youth. As they grow more philosophical they will become
rejuvenated. In the meantime they sit out at balls with a
resigned air while their parents cut capers in the kitchen
lancers. When we are grandmothers with canary-colored
wings and all the outward semblance of dug-up mummies
they will be beginning to enjoy themselves, and we, with
one foot in the grave, will be looking out for our third
husband. It is a strange fact that this generation which
worships youth almost as much as it worships wealth has
no fear of death. We have morbid dread of disease and
we are afraid of pain and suffering, but we do not fear to
die. It is our youth, not our life, to which we cling.—
London Outlook.

THE MAGIC TRIANGLE.

An Interesting Experiment to Try
with Paper and a Wet Point.

A very interesting experiment may
be performed as follows: With a wet
lead pencil draw on a thick piece of
paper a triangle—whether the sides are
equal or not makes no difference. Lay
it on the surface of a basin of water
with the drawing up, and very care-
fully fill the space inside the dampened
lines with water, so that there will be
a triangular basin of water on the
swimming sheet of paper. (The water
will not extend beyond the wet lines of
the drawing.) Now, taking a pin or
a needle, or any thin, smooth, sharp-
pointed instrument, dip its point into
this triangular basin, anywhere but
at its center of area—say, very nearly
at one of the angles. Be careful not
to touch the paper and so prevent its
free motion in any direction, and you
will find that no matter where the
point is placed, the paper will move
on the water until the center of area
comes under the point. This center of
area may be indicated before placing
the paper on the water by drawing
lines from any two angles to the
centers of the opposite sides; where
the two lines cross will be the desired
place.

If a square be drawn instead of a
triangle, and similarly treated, it will
move until the intersection of its diag-
onals comes under the pin point; and
no matter what figure be drawn, it
will move along the water so as to
bring its center of area directly under
the point.—St. Nicholas.

Bran's Conscience.

An Englishwoman tells how her fa-
vorite dog showed that he knew he had
done wrong, and was sorry for it. The
story is printed in the Animal's Friend.
The family was staying at Yarmouth,
and Bran, the dog, was lost for one
entire day. At night, just before the
house was shut up, he made his ap-
pearance.

His mistress met him at the hall
door, and rebuked him. She refused to
take his offered paw. His nightly rest-
ing-place was a box in the cellar, and
his usual custom was to run down-
stairs immediately to his "cooper and
his bed; but on this occasion he remain-

AMERICAN GIRL BREAKS HER SKULL IN SPAIN TRYING HAZARDOUS FEAT