

THREE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

"No Fro Wocks"

In the play "Resurrection," a most interesting scene is that in the jury room. It will be remembered by those who have witnessed that striking play that a woman was on trial for her life, and many of the jurors expressed very strong sentiments for and against the defendant. Every one of these jurors was "cocksure" he was right, whether he favored acquittal or conviction. A gray-haired and gray-bearded juror, who, by the way, was very hard of hearing, was finally persuaded to express his opinion. Turning first to the jurors on his right, then to the jurors on his left and finally to the jurors in front of him, he reiterated with great deliberation: "WE—ARE—NONE—OF—US—SAINTS!"

It is more than probable that every man has done things of which he is heartily ashamed. It is more than probable that in the life of every man there are several chapters which he would not desire to have revealed to public gaze.

"We are none of us saints," and it is safe to say that the man whose disposition is to hasten to the rock pile has the most need of the injunction: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

When in the discussion of one who has displeased us we are tempted to say harsh things, we should look over our own record and see whether we have been as circumspect as we should have been. We should stop to consider that perhaps our enemy has had pressing upon him such a force of disadvantageous circumstances that he could not always do as we would wish him to do or as, perhaps, he would have preferred to do.

When we are tempted to say that our enemy has been immoral, should we not at least look over our own record and determine whether we have always lived up to the moral law?

In undertaking to enumerate the shortcomings of our enemy, should we not be a bit careful lest we charge him with the very sins of which we ourselves have been guilty?

It is a very serious matter for those to whom a distinguished republican candidate for congress once referred as "human men" to engage in wholesale accusation against their fellows. "We are none of us saints," and every one of us have so many shortcomings, some of one kind and some of another, that even though the milk of human kindness does not run so regularly as to prompt us to avoid inflicting needless wounds and creating unnecessary scars, consideration of

the law of self-preservation should tie our tongue and temper our bitterness.

A very little boy had learned to describe in his own way some of the scenes as presented in the large pictures in the old family Bible. He undertook to tell to a visitor the story of the fallen woman, and he told that story somewhat in this fashion:

"Dere's the dear, good Lord, and dere's de poor, wicked woman. Dere's de mean men. De mean men dey say: 'Fro wocks at her! Fro wocks at her!' And de dear, good Lord he say: 'No fro wocks at her! 'No fro wocks at her!'"

The little lad's description was not entirely accurate so far as concerns language, but the spirit was there, and when we are tempted to pass harsh judgment upon our unfortunate fellow, would we not do well to remember the admonition: "No fro wocks?"

A "Stolen" Flower

Some time ago a cablegram to the Chicago Chronicle told of the depth of grief and tenderness shown by a Paris street urchin. That cablegram follows:

Every Sunday for three months past a little boy of twelve has been observed in a cemetery kneeling at a grave marked only by a wooden cross. One Sunday he knelt longer than usual, weeping convulsively. At last he looked about him. Near by was a richly carved tomb with fresh lilies and other beautiful flowers on it. He gazed at the tomb several minutes, then went to it, took the greater part of the flowers and was carrying them to the poor little grave when he met a policeman, who asked what he was doing. The child dropped his burden in fright. On being taken to the police station he explained in piteous fashion that three months ago he lost his brother, whom he dearly loved. On looking at his grave and seeing those around all covered with flowers he thought how cold he must be and had taken the flowers to cover him.

A beautiful incident, indeed. Something like it occurred not long ago at Prospect Hill cemetery in the city of Omaha. Teddy and Lee, two little brothers were wandering one Sabbath day among the graves of that old resting place. None of their loved ones lay in that city of the dead, but they were, nevertheless, interested visitors to that solemn place.

Prospect Hill is filled with flowers on the Sabbath, and there was no exception to the rule on this particular occasion.

In their stroll these lads came across one little grave that was conspicuous because of the absence of any marble slab. No blossoms rested upon this little mound.

Teddy the younger brother, a lad of perhaps seven years, hastily looking about him to see that no one was watching, slipped over to a grave that was covered with costly roses. He selected two beautiful flowers, and, holding them under his coat, crept up to the neglected little grave and, as tenderly as a gentle woman would soothe the dying moments of her child, he placed the flowers upon the tiny mound.

The two brothers hurried away. Not a word was exchanged until they reached the street outside the cemetery grounds.

Then the younger, addressing the elder brother, said: "That wasn't stealing, was it?"

Promptly the reply came: "Course it wasn't. Don't you 'spose that little baby had just as much right to a flower as some of them grown folks?"

It wasn't stealing, either, as every man of blood and brain will cheerfully testify.

Leaning Backwards

There are men who try to be so practical that they "lean backwards" and some of these, although men of good intentions, acquire a reputation for meanness. One really good man—the grandfather of the home—watched on one occasion the preparations for Christmas, and heard the mother and children talking about Santa Claus and his prospective visit. After awhile the old man took the children to his room and told them that Santa Claus was a myth, and that their parents had been prevaricating to them for years. Of course the old man did not know any better; he thought it was a lie because in all his life he had never come in touch with the real spirit of the greatest of all Christian days; he had really taught himself to imagine that Santa Claus is a myth. One may imagine the trouble created in that household by this old man. It was a pretty serious thing for him, too, because the parents never forgave him. Will any one be surprised to learn that when this old man died, while every one gave him credit for having been a highly moral man, no one could recall an instance where he had contributed to the happiness of a child or had gone out of his way to succor a man or woman in distress.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

THE "BARON KANEKO" OF WALL STREET

A dispatch to the New York Herald under date of Oyster Bay, September 4, follows:

"After the steam yacht Alice, belonging to F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie railway, had quietly landed Robert Bacon under Sagamore Hill, the appointment of the latter as assistant secretary of state was given out at the executive office in the village. In the next breath, before any questions could be asked, the President's secretary said: 'This appointment was decided upon before J. P. Morgan visited the president.'

"Mr. Bacon was until recently a junior partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., and had long been a personal friend of the president. When Mr. Roosevelt intervened in the great coal strike of 1902, Mr. Bacon was the Baron Kaneko of the Wall street interests. In other words, it was through him that the president brought pressure to bear on the capital that stood behind the mine owners.

"It is literally true that the appointment of Mr. Bacon was decided on before Mr. Morgan began his recent visit to Sagamore Hill. It was determined at a conference between the president and Secretary of State Elihu Root before the latter started for Labrador. Nevertheless, the appointment is significant of the big role which are to play in the new conditions the state department must face in the far east as presaged by the Hankow railway concession development.

"The president knows by experience in the coal strike that Mr. Bacon has the confidence of Wall street, as well as an intimate knowledge of its plans in the transformation of China. There can be little doubt that in the Japanese development of Chinese railways, American capital as well as American products will play a leading

part. American diplomacy in the far east will therefore be closely connected with Wall street interests. Mr. Bacon may be regarded as an expert in his new field.

"It is not unlikely that his appointment as Mr. Root's assistant had some influence on Mr. Morgan's decision to give up the Hankow concession. There is a greater game ahead. Mr. Morgan must feel sure that his interests will be safeguarded with a former business associate as assistant secretary of state.

"Mr. Bacon, after luncheon at Sagamore Hill, left as he came, by private yacht, landing in the cove and avoiding all interviewers.

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