

# One Who Came

A Memorial Day Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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She had been looking for him all through the warm spring, and now, late in May, she felt that he must come. Another week would bring the 30th of the month, and Memorial day, with its tender observance of all the beloved dead, would come to crush down her cherished hope of Robert's return.

Esther looked wistfully across the pasture, and tears filled her blue eyes until hillsides and pointed cedars were a dark blur.

When she had wiped them away some one was coming wearily down the narrow path—some one tall and thin, dressed in dark clothing, with a gray felt hat on his drooping head.

The man did not lift his eyes from the ground, but tramped steadily on, with his gaze fixed on the winding path under his feet. When the path ceased at the fence he looked up and saw Esther gazing at him longingly, lovingly, but there was no recollection in his glance, merely undisguised wonderment.

Esther's radiant smile faded as she searched the handsome face for some sign of recognition. It was Robert Webb, paler, thinner and curiously changed in expression, and yet it was Robert. A sudden terror filled her soul.

"Robert," she cried softly, "don't you know me?"

He stared curiously at her while a slow red burned into his thin cheeks. He lifted the gray hat and showed dark hair streaked plentifully with white.

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," he said in a deep, musical voice that was like Robert's own tones. "My name is Robert, but I am sure I would have remembered you if we had met before. I came to see Mr. Lane. I was directed to take the short cut across the lots from the station. Is this his farm?"

Esther shrank back.

"Yes, this is Mr. Lane's farm. You will find him at the house or barn. Take the path through the orchard."

With a murmured word of thanks the man replaced his hat, leaped the fence and disappeared in the gathering twilight of the orchard.

When Esther went into the house her fair hair was wet with dew, but her eyes were very bright and shining.

In the sitting room they were all gathered about the evening lamp. The light fell on the red table cover and was reflected in the comfortable furnishings of the room. Mr. Lane was reading the almanac with an interest quite unabated by a long winter's perusal of its closely printed pages. Helen and Agatha were embroidering.

They all glanced up as Esther entered the room, blinking at the light.

"You'll catch your death out in the dampness, child," remonstrated her mother as Esther sat down in a low rocker beside her. "We've been wishing you'd come in and give us a little music."

"You promised to practice that duet with me, Esther," complained Helen. "I don't see why you want to run away every night after supper. You can't guess what's happened since you've been gone," she added teasingly.

The color leaped into Esther's pale cheeks. She struggled for a moment with her quickening breath before her words found utterance. "What has happened, Nell?" she asked, with assumed carelessness.

"Nothing at all," interposed Mrs. Lane, smiling, "except that father's tickled to death because he's got some one to help him all summer."

"Who is it?" asked Esther.

"A man who came here tonight. The station master sent him, knowing your father was put to it for help on the farm. He's young and willing, though he's a little out of health. He's been a soldier, and he wants to have a summer farming to get back his health again."

"And likewise fill his pocketbook," yawned Farmer Lane, stretching himself luxuriously. "I guess we'll get along as well as may be. He's a fine, pleasant spoken young chap, but he's seen a sight of trouble. I take it. His hair's as white as my own. He's coming tomorrow."

"What is his name?" asked Esther in a muffled voice.

"Robert Munson. Looks like some one I've seen before. Can't think who it is to save my life," said her father, rising and filling his pipe at the mantelshelf.

With a quick movement Esther arose and was gone from the room.

"Father Lane," exclaimed Agatha in a stage whisper, "it's just come to me who this man looks like! He looks enough like Robert Webb to be his own brother!"

They cast startled glances at one another. "I declare if he doesn't!" gasped Mrs. Lane at last. "I hope Esther won't notice it. It would upset her terribly, pa."

"That may be," returned Mr. Lane decidedly. "Esther's mourned over Bob Webb just two years longer than he was worth. If he'd cared anything for her he'd stayed behind and made

a home for her instead of running off and joining the army as if he had no responsibilities at home. Essie better get used to seeing this new chap around. She's got to get cured of this grieving business, by George!"

The large brown fist struck the table with a force that startled the three women. They watched Mr. Lane march from the room with angry strides, and when the door had closed with an echoing slam their heads bent together in whispered consultation.

Memorial day was a holiday, and the Lanes usually spent it with relatives in an adjoining village. This day was no exception, and so it was quite early in the morning that they drove away in the comfortable surrey, leaving Robert Munson standing bare-headed by the white gate.

Esther had said nothing about going to the cemetery to place flowers on Robert's grave. She would wait until their return, and when the crowd had left the graveyard she would climb the hill and place her offering there, alone in the sunset.

When the long day was closing they came home again. Esther with her arms full of white blossoms gleaned from her aunt's garden. The new farm hand had taken advantage of the holiday and was nowhere to be seen, so Farmer Lane put up the horses and the others went indoors.

"I'll be back presently, mother," said Esther, tossing her hat on the table and gathering up her flowers. "I'm going to the cemetery now. Lion will come with me."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Lane. Esther whistled to the dog and walked through the orchard to the pasture. Robert Munson was leaning on the fence, looking at the reflected lights on the distant hills.

"I am going up on the hill, Robert. Will you come along and carry my flowers?" asked Esther bravely.

"Certainly, Miss Esther," he said pleasantly, and so together they crossed the pasture and climbed the hill to the place where the tall white shaft made a memorial for the fallen soldier boy. All about the base beautiful flowers were strewn, and some one had placed a little flag in the green turf. Robert Munson was looking curiously at the inscription when Esther gently took the flowers from his grasp and dropped them on the ground at his feet. Then she placed her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"Robert, Robert!" she cried tragically. "Don't you know me—won't you ever recognize me again?"

Very tenderly Robert Munson took her cold hands in his warm ones, and the firm pressure of his grasp seemed to give her wavering strength more courage.

"Miss Esther," he said gently, "whom do you take me for? Who do you think I am?"

"You are Robert Webb!" she cried eagerly. "See—this stone was erected for you. Your father died of a broken heart when you were killed, and your mother went away to live with her sister. I am here. I have not forgotten. See—I have kept your picture all these years. I have worn it always here."

She drew away her hands and pulled a chain from her neck and opened a round locket. The picture therein was that of a young man, much younger than Robert Munson, and while there was a resemblance, it might have been more in expression than in actual features.

"You have made a great mistake, Miss Esther," said Munson at last. "I am so sorry. I wish I knew what to say to you. I suppose you think the report of Webb's death was an error and that I am he, but it is not so."

He stretched out a hand to support her wavering figure, but she leaned for support against the white marble. "I have seen service in the Philippines, and I did know Bob Webb for a short time, and I know he was killed. I am sorry to have to tell you this. As for myself, I wanted a season in the country at hard work to recover my health. It is sheer chance that I came to Little River and was directed to your father's farm. I have parents and brothers and sisters in Boston—in fact, I am afraid I can prove only too well that I am not Robert Webb."

He looked down at her with infinite pity in his fine eyes—a pity that was so akin to something warmer that she seemed to feel it unfold her like a comforting garment.

"I am so sorry I have annoyed you. What must you think of me? You see"—Esther broke down and sobbed bitterly, and Robert Munson stood beside her with a friendly hand pressing her shoulder. It was with his handkerchief that Esther wiped away her tears, while he knelt down and deftly strewed the flowers she had brought about the foot of the shaft. Then he rose to his tall height and held out his hand.

"Come, Miss Esther; let us go back home again. There are light and life beyond as well as here. We who are left behind have our work to do in the world. I'm a clumsy fellow at expressing myself, but try to look on the bright side of things."

It was a quiet walk home again across the pasture and through the orchard, and it proved to be many a long day before Esther took the same route again. There seemed to be a veil lifted after that day. Life was brighter, better, and love seemed not to be the hopeless thing she had one time believed.

When another later day came and another Robert told his love by the orchard fence the swallows dipped in the pale light, and the bats darted from the shadows, and the song that the whippoorwill sang seemed a psalm of joy, and the whole world was bathed in a rosy light that was not the reflection from the sunset.

## PLAY A MAN'S GAME.

There Are No Soft Snaps, Says the Rev. Charles Steitz.

Shirkers, jerkers and workers, that's the classification which takes us all in, and every man knows to which class he belongs.

There are no "soft snaps" in this world. Every man must carry his burden. Sometimes some of us are compelled to help carry somebody else's burden, too, but the man who fails to lift on the job soon becomes incapable of lifting, and this realization becomes his real burden.

The blows are bound to come on any job that's really worth while. No man can live and move and have his being without running amuck of somebody else who is also on the job either for good or for ill. Sometimes the heaviest blows come from the worker who should be and probably is his friend. These blows are often the hardest to bear. When the blows come from either friend or foe duck your head if you can, but raise it up again like a man, even though you're hit. Don't quit the job.

It takes a pretty good nerve to fight for your own convictions. It takes a whole lot more to fight for the other fellow's.

When everybody agrees with you it's a pretty good sign that nobody takes you seriously. Then is the time to take stock of yourself.

It's when you're surest of your ground that the enemy is in the most favorable position to undermine your fortifications.

Most of us can stand adversity—we seem to be built that way—but it takes an uncommonly strong man to stand prosperity.

The University of Adversity turns out the best students of any training school in the world because its lessons consist mostly of hard knocks.

Don't kick if you have no friends. A wise philosopher once said that if a man would have friends he must show himself friendly.

Play a man's game. Never hit below the belt. Ask no special favors, but be man enough to grant them to the other fellow. If you're fairly beaten don't try to minimize the victor's glory by crying "Foul!" Be a man and learn by the mistakes that you've made and the defeats you've suffered. Be a man.

## PROGRESS OF PRINTERS.

### What the Union Has Accomplished in Recent Years.

A circular letter sent out from headquarters by Secretary-Treasurer John W. Hays gives some interesting bits of information heretofore not generally known. Mr. Hays says in part:

"This report is sent you by instructions of the executive council, the council believing that the data contained therein should have the widest dissemination among our members, showing, as they do, the magnificent progress that the international union has made. You will note that during the past two years the reduction in hours in the unions affected has amounted to 551,070 per year, an average of 234 hours, or 20 1/2 days of eight hours, for each member. For the three years 1905-1907 (report published 1908) the reduction in hours amounted to 7,200,000 per year, or a total of 21,600,000. This was the period covered by the eight hour campaign. It will be seen that the good work has been continued during the past two years and that the eight hour day is now the standard workday of the trade."

"The scale report shows that wages have been increased \$41,895 per week, a total of \$2,173,540 per year for the last two years. In the scale report published in 1908 an increase in wages of approximately \$2,000,000 per year for three years was shown, or a total of \$6,000,000 in all. This means that during the last five years wages have been increased more than \$10,000,000, or, to put it in another way, by reason of the union's efficacy more than \$10,000,000 in additional wages have gone into the pockets of union printers."

**Bakers' High Death Rate.**

According to the bureau of vital statistics of the United States government, American bakers and confectioners have a death rate due to consumption of 250.1 per 100,000. The death rate from pneumonia amounts to 117.4 per 100,000. From these two causes, both growing out of their occupation, their death rate is 367.5 per 100,000. The average death rate among all people is 110 per 100,000.

**LABOR NOTES.**

A large number of the Boston unions, including the teamsters' and many of the carpenters' organizations, have voted in favor of a Labor day parade in Boston this year.

Salt Lake City labor officials have notified the unions of the country that there is no work for strangers in the city and that the streets are thronged with men lured there by false statements.

Official announcement has been made by the Bethlehem Steel company of an increase of 50 cents a ton to all puddlers employed at the works. The former rate was \$4 a ton for iron and \$4.50 for steel.

After a fight which has been waged at every session of the New Jersey legislature since 1904 the senate has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of minors under sixteen in manufacturing establishments at night.

The National Union of Glass Workers, which embraces all employees of "handmade" window glass factories, recently received a 15 per cent increase in wages. This is the second increase the men have been granted in the last six months.

## Lydia's Legacy

A Parrot That First Brought Trouble, Then a Husband

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Lydia Thorne read the letter three times before she fully understood its meaning. Couched in the heavy phraseology of a country lawyer, it announced that the widow of her uncle, Sidney Ransom, had died a short time ago, leaving to Lydia a legacy. The lawyer went on to state that, although Mrs. Ransom had never seen the niece of her husband, she had been greatly impressed by reports of her kind and amiable disposition, and so to her loving care she left—her pet bird, a parrot.

To Lydia, who detested parrots as noisy, ungraceful creatures, this legacy fell as a calamity in her quiet, well ordered existence. She scarcely read the badly written postscript, which stated that the remainder of Mrs. Ransom's estate had gone to a favorite nephew of her own.

The parrot arrived in a crate. There was a tall perching stand for Polly in the crate with the cage, and the parrot was soon at home on the perch, a chain secured around one leg and fastened to the stand.

Lydia found her new companion the source of much amusement for several days. He learned to call her by name, and at times it almost seemed as if she had a human companion in her lonely life.

Her house was situated at the end of the long village street, and drew came to her save when there was freshening to be done, but Stillwater was near a large city and most of the women bought their clothes in the ready made shops, so Lydia did not have much to do.

It was the spring of the year, and Lydia worked much in her garden. Many times Polly sat near on his perch, shrilly defiant of the wild birds that hovered curiously about him.

Lydia was digging among her pansy plants one morning, transplanting the little green shoots from one bed to another.

"You're growing old, old, old!" shrieked Polly, with sudden vindictiveness and a dreary foreboding in his tone that startled his new mistress.

She turned wistful brown eyes in his direction. Lydia Thorne was no longer young, but she still retained a certain sweet youthfulness of expression, and her brown hair showed not one thread of gray. Perhaps it was because her heart would never grow old, for at thirty-eight Lydia was younger than many women at eighteen. She never thought of her age, but now, when Polly repeated himself in a sudden fury of words, she felt that they must be true.

"You're growing old, old, old as the everlasting hills. Never mind, Lyddy shall marry Stephen, and then everything will be all right. Oh, gee!" Polly made a savage peck at a saucy blue jay who had ventured close to his perch and sent the bandit bird screaming to the top of a tall elm tree.

Polly scratched his ear reflectively. "Poor old Stephen!"

Lydia was interested. "Who is Stephen?" she asked.

"Stephen's a fool. He must marry Lyddy. Then everything will be all right," cackled the bird.

"What nonsense!" cried Lydia indignantly. "What does the bird mean?" She wondered often after that, for Polly seemed to find great comfort in speaking of the unknown Stephen, and, through Polly, Lydia learned that Stephen was a good boy and a credit to his family and if he would only go and see Lyddy he would at once fall in love and marry her.

Then one day came a letter from a cousin in another village inviting Lydia to come and spend a week with her, and, having heard of Polly's arrival, she extended permission for Lydia to bring her legacy.

This Lydia was loath to do, for the parrot's cage was heavy and most unwieldy, and she did not really care enough for the bird to carry it about the country. Nevertheless none of her neighbors seemed willing to undertake its care, so one bright morning found Lydia and Polly speeding cityward in the railroad train.

The parrot proved a diverting companion, and it seemed as if they had scarcely started before the train drew into the noisy station where she had to change cars.

Lydia was walking through the long building, carrying the heavy cage in her already tired arms, when Polly set up a violent outcry.

"Stephen! Stephen! Oh, Stephen, wait for Lyddy!" he shrieked frantically.

A man crossing diagonally in front of them paused and looked curiously at the parrot.

"That's a good boy, Stephen. Marry Lyddy and everything will be all right. Such a handsome Polly!" The bird was fluttering to and fro, and Lydia found difficulty in holding the cage upright.

The stranger approached and lifted his hat. "I am sure Polly is an old friend of mine," he said courteously. "He recognizes me, and"—

Tired Lydia flashed indignance eyes upon him. "Sir!" she said coldly. The man turned away with reddening cheeks. He had a nice face, Lydia admitted to herself, but she had been brought up to beware of fascinating strangers, and this individual was the nearest approach to a fascinating stranger Lydia had ever chanced to meet. Polly added tumult to confusion.

"Stephen! Stephen! Be a good boy—marry Lyddy and everything will be all right!" he screamed.

Lydia was almost hysterical as the stranger paused again and thrust a finger between the wires of the cage. Polly clung to the finger, crooning softly. With a sudden movement Lydia thrust the cage in the man's arms.

"Take him if you want him! I'm sure I don't!" And then, unheeding his sharp exclamation of surprise, she darted away in the hurrying crowd. She was quite breathless when she reached the home of the cousin that afternoon and found it difficult to explain the absence of Polly.

"I left him behind," she said evasively, and with this explanation Mrs. Brent had to be content.

During the next few days Lydia wondered what had become of her parrot. She was ashamed of her impatience toward the stranger and thought somewhat ruefully that Aunt Susan Ransom would have considered her a shrew rather than a kind and amiable person had the good lady seen her ill temper on the day of her journey.

The second evening after her arrival as they sat at tea Mrs. Brent broke the silence that had fallen between them:

"Queer, wasn't it, that Susan Ransom should have left everything to Stephen when he don't need the money and just left you that parrot to take care of? Never saw Susan in your life, did you?"

"No," said Lydia, "but I used to write to Uncle Ransom, and then after he died I kept up a correspondence with Aunt Susan. I quite liked her too. She used to write about the parrot, but I never dreamed she would leave it to me. I never liked parrots much."

"I guess you could have used some money," remarked Mrs. Brent, stirring her tea thoughtfully. "Stephen don't need any more'n he's got."

"Is Stephen the nephew?" faltered Lydia, with very pink cheeks. She was thinking of Polly's allusions to "Stephen."

"Of course—Stephen Wood. Queer you never knew his name. Susan thought a sight of him and nagged him day and night because he never got married. He's doing real well in the city—he's in the coal business and is making money hand over fist."

"Have you ever seen him?" asked Lydia in a queer voice.

"Land, yes! Good looking too. Tall and lean, with clean shaved face and bright blue eyes—colors up like a girl when he's embarrassed. He always seemed to think a lot of that parrot. I visited there once, you know. I should think he'd have wanted it. I'm disappointed you didn't bring it, Lydia. They say it's a very clever bird. I shall be in Stillwater before long, and I'll see him then."

Lydia was doubtful whether Mrs. Brent would ever see the parrot again, although Mr. Wood might return the bird to her if he knew where she might be found, for now she knew it was Stephen Wood who had stopped and spoken to her that day in the railway station.

After all, the visit did not turn out to be as enjoyable as Lydia had anticipated.

The little house seemed very lonely when Lydia returned to Stillwater.

May had come, and with it the smell of apple blossoms and young clover. Lydia leaned over the gate and watched the golden cloud of dust that preceded the rumbling stage. The evening train was in, and presently, after the stage had carried the mail to the postoffice, she would throw a shawl about her shoulders and go down after her newspaper and letters.

The stage rolled past. The driver waved his whip at her, and her gaze followed the vehicle down the long street into the village. She did not hear footsteps approaching from the opposite direction, and as she turned, her head Polly's familiar voice broke harshly on the still air:

"Here we are, sir! Well, well! Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy!"—Polly's voice died away in an indignant squawk as a strong hand reached in the cage and chastised him.

It was Stephen Wood bringing Polly home.

"Mrs. Brent told me you had returned home, and so I have brought the bird back to you. Miss Thorne. I am sure you must have thought me impatient that day in the station. Of course you did not know me, but I recognized Polly's voice and should have made myself known to you at once."

"I was very rude to you," said Lydia gratefully as she opened the gate to admit him, "but I was very tired, and I was a little tired of Polly just then, and it all happened so suddenly. You understand?"

"Of course I understand. Polly is tiresome most of the time, but he has many good qualities. If he had not recognized me that day I would not have the pleasure of returning him to you," said Mr. Wood.

They sat down on the steps, and the man looked admiringly at Lydia, pink and glowing and sweet as one of the apple blossoms overhead.

"Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy, and everything will be all right," shrieked Polly suddenly, and there was such a note of prophecy in his raucous voice that Lydia's brown eyes fell before Stephen's steady blue eyes, and this time Polly went unbuked.

## AN OLD CLOTHES MAN'S STORY

By C. L. POINEER

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I am an old clothes man. I buy old clothes from door to door, take them to my shop, repair them, press them and sell them for a good profit. But this is not all there is in the old clothes business. It is very easy for small coins, principally ten cent pieces, to slip through little holes, or, rather, rips, in a vest pocket. The first thing I do with the clothing I buy is to search the pockets.

But the most interesting things that get into old clothes are old letters. Few old clothes men pay any attention to them, burning them without reading them. I always read them. Possibly there may be something in them to render them valuable. I have found letters of this kind that would have paid me well were I disposed to levy blackmail, but I am not in that business.

I once bought a coat that had a letter in a side pocket sealed and with a stamp on it ready for mailing. The envelope was not soiled. The letter had evidently been placed in the pocket for delivery in the mail, forgotten, the coat hung up without being worn again and eventually sold to me without being examined by the seller.

I constituted myself a dead letter office, opened the envelope and read the letter. It was from a wife to her husband, offering to "make up" after a quarrel. She proved conclusively that he had been mistaken in the matter he had against her, vowed that she had always loved him and would never love any one else. She begged him for the sake of their children to come to her and be reconciled.

I wondered what had been the result of the failure to mail this letter. I became interested in the poor woman, who might have been suffering from some one's carelessness, as well as her husband and innocent children, for there is nothing more melancholy than the case of a child seeing its father and mother quarrel and finally separate. It appeared likely that the writer must have given it to the man who had worn the coat to mail and he had neglected to do so. I felt that I would like to write his neck.

It occurred to me that, being an old clothes man, I had never had any opportunity to do any one a kindness. I couldn't give money, because I made only enough to keep the wolf from the door. If I gave to any one I took away from what my wife and children needed. So it occurred to me to find this couple between whom the letter should have passed and deliver it. Perhaps they did not need it; perhaps they had been reconciled in another way; perhaps they had been divorced and one or both married again. Then the remarriage of a parent always seems to me a far more terrible heritage to the children than the parent's death. The letter is an awful bereavement, but the former is a living horror. As the letter was but a year old I hoped that I would not be too late in delivering it to at least save the little ones from this last hopeless condition.

I didn't know how to go to work to find either of the parties, so I went to the postoffice and asked for advice. The interview resulted in my writing a note to the man whose letter I had, advising him of the fact that a letter that might be of importance to him had come into my possession. I addressed the note as the letter had been addressed, and the postoffice men agreed to deliver it if the man could be found.

Within a couple of weeks a gentleman came into my shop with my note in his hand, saying that he was the man to whom it was written.

"Have you a wife?" I asked.

"No," he answered bitterly.

"Are you divorced from a wife?"

"Yes."

"Are either you or your wife married again?"

"No."

I drew a sigh of relief and handed him his wife's letter written a year before. He seemed much affected, not speaking for some time after reading it, and I saw tears standing in his eyes. I was curious to know what feeling would be uppermost in his mind, for he would surely give expression to it. This is the first thing he said:

"I'll kill that infernal fellow if I hang for it!"

"What infernal fellow?"

"The stupid idiot that was given this letter to post."

He had his eyes on the letter, but at this point looked up at me and continued:

"And now, my good man, I wish to reimburse you for any expense you have incurred in this matter, besides giving you a suitable reward."

"There has been no expense. As to the reward, my pleasure in having done one act without pay in my contemptible life is a far greater reward than any you could offer. Let an old clothes man have this satisfaction, I beg of you. One thing I ask—let me see your remittance."

He went away, and the very next day sent me word to come to his house, at 3 in the afternoon. I went there and was the only person present besides the couple and the man who married them.

When the ceremony was over a door was opened, and in ran a happy lot of children, who bounded into their father's and mother's arms.

And I—what a happy old clothes man was I!