

# THE CURING OF A CRIPPLE



HERE you are, Miss Clevenger; this is just in your line," said the city editor of the Daily Blaze, as he handed a clipping to a young woman reporter. "You certainly can get something spicy out of that. Answer it, follow it up and get a good yarn. The stronger the better, and if there is a bit of lemon color in it it won't hurt anything."

Norah Clevenger took the clipping from the city editor's hand. It was an advertisement cut from a contemporary daily. This is what she read:



WROTE A LETTER.

"I think that's a bona fide 'ad,' Miss Clevenger," said the city editor, "and the fellow who stuck it in wants a cripple, and that's queer in itself. Write to him, meet him and get your yarn. It ought to be a good one."

Norah Clevenger had been writing spicy stories for the Daily Blaze some years. She knew how to make her pen scorch the paper, and that's what the Blaze liked. She was calloused and she took assignments that many a girl would have shrunk from, but then it was all in the business, and Norah had never been the cause of getting the Blaze into a libel suit, and on that fact she plumed herself.

Norah sat down and wrote a letter, addressing it to Lock Box 07, Hoosierville, Ind. She lied in it, nothing less, but then that, too, was a part of the business she had learned at the Blaze office. She said that she was a cripple; that her right arm was paralyzed. She told the truth, however, about her appearance, and her age—she was 29—and then asked that the lock box owner address her at the general delivery window of the postoffice, saying that she did not wish to give her proper address until she knew positively that her correspondent was a good man and one who would not trifle with a woman. She signed the letter Mary Anderson.

Norah Clevenger waited three days before an answer came to her communication. When one did come she found that it was written in a good hand and in good English. It was simple and straightforward. The writer said that he was a widower, 34 years old, with one child; had a large stock and fruit farm, which yielded a good income, and he was laying up money. The letter gave no reason why the writer wished to marry a cripple.

Norah Clevenger wrote again. She led the writer on a little in the next letter, and with an audacity characteristic of the girl, inclosed her photograph. On the third day she had an answer, which she showed the city editor, saying, "I'm in for it, Mr. Rankin. His name is Moore, and he reaches the city to-night, and I'm to meet him at the Consolidated Depot at 8 o'clock. Some of the boys will have to fix up my arm. We'll put a brace of some kind on it or otherwise I'll forget that it is supposed to be paralyzed, and I'd be swinging it around and give the whole snap away. What in the world this countryman wants a cripple for is more than I can imagine, but there ought to be a cracking good story in it."

Norah Clevenger was at the Consolidated Depot at 8 o'clock, with her right arm in a surgeon's brace. Some girls would have felt a bit of trepidation at the prospect of meeting the stranger, but years of rather seamy work had hardened this woman's nature. She waited in the passenger-room. The train rolled in and in a minute or two there came through the doorway a tall, well-built man, with crisp, curly hair, sun-browned cheeks and honest eyes. He was leading a little girl about 5 years old by the hand. Norah Clevenger felt that this was the man she was to meet, though a moment before she could have sworn that her correspondent was some fool of a fellow with a cast in his eye, a painful limp and so ugly generally that his very appearance would give answer to the question why he had not sought a bride in the vicinity of Hoosierville. The man looked about the station. His eyes fell on Norah, and then went quickly to her arm. He saw the surgeon's brace and walking forward raised his hat and said: "Miss Anderson, I believe. I am George Moore. This is my little girl Frances."

The little one held out both hands to Norah and lifted her face to be kissed. This writer of stories with a touch of saffron in them felt something of a shock, but she bent over and kissed the child's red lips.

"Let us sit down for a moment, Miss Anderson. I owe you an explanation. I see you are crippled. My wife, who

died four years ago, was a cripple. I tell you frankly that I loved her, and the fact that she was dependent on me because of her crippled state made me learn the delight that there is in doing for others. I was a selfish man, but I learned unselfishness, and it made me happy. I don't know much of the world, and I feel that to advertise for a wife may not be considered right, but I say honestly that there was none near home whom I wished even could I have chosen."

Norah Clevenger felt uncomfortable. She hardly liked to admit it to herself. She knew that this man was fair and above board, and that she had been doing something that was unwomanly. She had done unwomanly things before in the interest of a story, but this thing cut. The little girl had slipped into her lap by this time, and was talking to her softly. Moore rose suddenly. "I forgot something," he said. "Stay with Miss Anderson a minute, Frances," and then he disappeared in the direction of the baggage-room. In a minute he was back with a huge basket on his arm, and raising the cover, he showed it to be full of black Hamburg grapes. These are for the Crippled Children's Home," he said; "I send fruit in every week because of my memories. I thought I would bring the grapes myself this time. I raise them in my hothouse. I'll give them to an expressman, and he can get them to the hospital, so that the tots can have them in the morning."

Norah Clevenger rose from her seat. "Mr. Moore," she said, "I have met you as you asked. I must go now. I will write you to-morrow," and before Moore could say a word the girl had hurried away.

"No story in this for us, Mr. Rankin," she said to the city editor an hour later, "or if there is I won't write it." And Norah Clevenger left the office and went home. Next day she wrote a letter, and sent it to George Moore, Hoosierville, Ind. Prior to writing it she had inquired at the Crippled Children's Home, and found out all about the man, his kindness and his honesty, though she felt that she needed no character assurance save that given her by the memory of his face. In the letter she told him the whole story. "When I wrote you that I was a cripple," she said, "I thought I was lying, but I have found out since that I was a cripple of the worst kind, in short my conscience was crippled, but it certainly is healed now, and it is active enough to smite me."

Norah Clevenger still wrote to the Blaze, but they had to turn to other reporters when they wanted an orange streak in a story. The months passed on, the boys saw many letters lying on Norah's desk before she came down in the morning, all bearing the Hoosierville, Ind., postmark. They remembered Norah's "cripple" assignment and wondered. One day she treated them to black Hamburg grapes that were selling at \$4 a pound at Jung's.

"Where did you get them, Norah?" asked City Editor Rankin.

"They are samples of goods which I shortly shall offer for sale," she said. "I have been asked to take a life partnership in the business, and on Easter Monday I shall become the junior member of the firm."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**His Time Was Not Up.**  
A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons, one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm-hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year, and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for a while yet! You wasn't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half-day's work down in the potato patch."

## BARTER AT THE CROSS ROADS.

### Two of the Natives Talk Two Days to Make a Deal.

At Carter's cross roads I came upon two native Tennesseans who sat on a log and whittled while they talked. One of them had an old silver watch and the other owned the poor old mule hitched to a post. They had come together to make a trade and had been talking for an hour and as I rode off one of them said:

"I'll trade yo' even up, Jim, and if that don't hit yo' it's no use to talk furdur."

"I can't do it, Tom," replied the other. "That there mawl is wuth two sich watches."

It was dark when I returned and there sat the same two men and there stood the same old mule. They were talking trade as vigorously as ever and as I rode away the man with the watch was saying:

"It's even up or nothin', Jim; jist as I told yo' before."

"Tom, I can't do it—can't possibly do it," replied the other.

Along toward night next day I rode over to the same store on an errand for Mrs. Williams and there sat the very same two men. I couldn't see that they had moved an inch. They weren't saying a word, however. On the contrary, both had their legs swinging over the edge of the platform, their chins in their hands and were looking down on the ground. I saw the old mule lying dead on the ground and between the two men lay the watch. It had stopped dead still and both hands were off the face.

"Do you know that your mule is dead?" I asked the owner of the animal.

"Of co'se," he replied.

"And your old watch has gone to wreck?" I said to the other.

"Yes, sah."

"Did you sit here all night?"

"We did," they answered in chorus.

"But if the mule is dead and the watch busted you can't trade."

"Oh, that trade was off at midnight," said the owner of the watch, "and what we are dickeerin' about now is that yere saddle again my dawg."

## "DIXIE" CHEERED EVERYWHERE.

### North No Less Enthusiastic Than the South on Hearing It.

"A singular thing about the tune of 'Dixie,'" said a Washington man who does a good deal of traveling, "is that it arouses quite as much enthusiasm when it is played above Mason and Dixon's line—far above that line, in many instances—as it does when it is played down South. I have often noticed this and wondered over it. In the Southern towns and cities, or even in Washington, where Southern sentiment predominates, it is the natural thing for the cheers and the hand-clapping to begin when, for example, a theater orchestra or musical performers on a stage strike up the tune of 'Dixie,' but precisely the same thing happens in the Northern cities. An orchestra never gets into the swing of 'Dixie' in a New York theater that the audience doesn't almost come to its feet. They cheer 'Dixie' vociferously every time it is played in San Francisco. They yell in approval of it in Detroit and St. Paul, and Cincinnati, and in Chicago they hum it along with the band or orchestra. Even in chilly Boston they wake up and give a hand to 'Dixie.' It's a lively and inspiring tune, of course, but I don't think that fact exactly explains why it is that it arouses enthusiasm in communities in the North, where a Southerner would scarcely even expect to hear it played, much less cheered. Maybe it's because there's a lingering love all over the country for the old South, and maybe it is because there is a pretty general and wholesome sentiment all over the land for the section that came out of the big fight a good deal like the under dog; but, at any rate, 'Dixie's' the tune that gets the biggest hand and the wildest acclaim, no matter where it's played, from Michigan to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific."—Washington Post.

**Forgot Nothing.**  
A waiter in a restaurant was asked to bring a plate of food to a customer.

Waiter—Hem—er—haven't you forgotten something?  
Farmer Barns—Oh, no, I guess not. I've et everything clean up.

**One Point of View.**  
"I am very much afraid that you do not appreciate the spirit of a free country."

"Oh, yes I do," answered the man who had recently landed in New York, in a dialect which it is needless to reproduce.

"What do you understand by a free country?"  
"It is a place where you are free to do as you choose if you can manage to get on the police force."—Washington Star.

**Cotton Mill at Quito.**  
A cotton mill to be built at Quito, the capital of Ecuador, must be carried on the backs of mules through the Andes, passing a point 16,000 feet in altitude.

Fitness of her part matters little to the up-to-date actress if the fit of her gowns is perfect.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

One day little 6-year-old Bernie failed to spell "throw" correctly. The teacher prompted him and he spelled it after her. "Spell it again," she said. "T-h-r-o-w," he replied.

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Once more," she insisted.

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Now, what are you spelling?"

"Again," he answered.

**Confession.**  
"Do you make much out of your literary work?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Yes," replied the man who scribbles occasionally, "much more out of it than I do in it."

**She Rules the Kitchen.**



Housewife—Mina, is dinner not ready? We are all starving.  
Mina (who is reading a novel)—No, dinner is not ready and it won't be until I find out whether the black knight wins the fair lady or not.

**From Bad to Worse.**  
Doctor—Did those powders I gave you have the desired effect?  
Patient—No; my insomnia is worse than ever.

Doctor—Is that so?  
Patient—Yes; why, I can't even go to sleep now when it is time to get up.

**Then and Now.**  
"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."

"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.

"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage. "We both think we made fools of ourselves."

**Nervy.**  
Warden—He was the coolest and most thoughtful convict that ever broke jail.

Jenkins—That so?  
Warden—Yes. He left behind him a note to the governor of the State begging, "I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Heraldry.**  
"Wordley tells me he has been working on his family tree of late."

"Yes, it keeps him pretty busy."

"Rather complicated work, eh?"

"Well, I believe he found a noose on one of the branches, and he's having some trouble sawing it off."—Philadelphia Press.

**In 1908.**



Judges—What made the jury agree so quickly? Why, the ladies weren't out more than fifteen minutes.

Clerk—It's bargain day at Montgomery's!

**Often the Case.**  
"In choosing a wife," said the scraggy-haired philosopher, "one should never judge by appearances."

"That's right," rejoined the very young man. "The homeliest girls usually have the most money."

**Caught on the Rebound.**  
Husband—I am sorry to say, my dear, that you can't make pies like I used to make.

Wife—No, I suppose not. If I remember correctly, your father died of indigestion.

**The Crowd Will Scan It.**  
First School Girl—Is Miss Highgrade going to read a poem at the commencement?

Second School Girl—No; she's going to read one.—Baltimore American.

**Accessibility.**  
"The chickens bloom by the fence, and everybody's reach."

"You can scarce they would cost a dollar each."

—Boston Star.

# DOINGS OF WOMEN

acquaintances to turn over the likenesses of our nearest and dearest—perhaps to criticize them with the freedom of unfamiliarity or the indifference natural to a lack of personal appreciation?

The late magazines, a book of good engravings, a household volume of poetry, photographs of foreign scenes, and a dozen other things are all good aids to the occupation of stray minutes. Moreover, they often suggest to the visitor and the host topics of conversation more profitable and interesting than the state of the weather or the history of the kitchen.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**The Saving Women.**  
If we are to believe the old proverb which says that "saving's good earning," then the earning capacity of women always has been greater than that of men.

Oh, the saving women of this world! The women who sit up late making over last season's clothes to save buying new ones; the women who stealthily tiptoe across the floor to turn down the gas when papa dozes over his newspaper; the women who darn huge holes in basketfuls of stockings; the women who have a cracked teapot or old pocket book into which they drop stray dimes and quarters, taking the accumulation to the savings bank with guilty secrecy; the women who wash out pieces of carpet to make them appear fresh and new, who turn the trimmings on their hats and clean their gloves with gasoline, and cut down the clothes of Willie, aged 14, to fit Jimmie, aged 10. Bless them, every one!

There is another sort of saving which might properly be termed hoarding. It consists in laying down rugs to prevent the nap of the carpet from wearing, in putting paper covers on prettily bound books, in locking up the little girl's French doll. We read the other day of a woman who made a plush cover for the rosewood piano, and a linen cover for the plush, and a newspaper mat for the linen. We hope there are not many women like her. In this sort of saving there is often an admixture of folly. There is yet another kind. Saving car fare at the cost of an exhausted body, saving lunch money and "skimping" the table, just as if you could cheat nature without incurring retribution; saving the price of eyeglasses at the cost of impaired or perhaps destroyed eyesight; saving money earned by the severe overtraining of mental and physical powers. Woman is not always wise in her economies, we fear, but the verb "to save" is certainly feminine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Must Mary a German.**  
Mary Schmidt, of Peoria, Ill., whose father left her a fortune on condition that she marry a German, has already received a score of offers from eligible young men of the Kaiser's domain, but she has not made a choice. One of her most ardent admirers is a young Frenchman, and it is whispered that Mary may yet conclude that wealth is not really necessary to happiness after all.

**When to Accept.**  
Discussing the all-important subject of proposals, the author of "How to Choose a Husband" remarks: "The first thing in choosing the husband is to realize what sort of man you ought not to choose. My advice to all girls is, first, to refuse at all hazards the man who proposes at a dance, because there is a glamour about a ballroom, and men often say at a dance what they wish unsaid the following morning. At parties, what with washing up, carrying baskets and opening bottles, girls cannot only judge of a man's character, but it will be quite safe to accept a proposal made at one, especially if it is made before luncheon."

**Easily Done.**  
When an aggravating little hole suddenly appears in an agate or porcelain-lined stew pan, do not throw it away as past redemption. Take one of the round-headed paper fasteners, such as lawyers or teachers are in the habit of using to keep the sheets of a manuscript together, push the two level flap-clips through the hole from the inside, bend back on the outside, then laying the basin on a hard surface, hammer the round head down flat on the inside. It requires but a moment's work and your dish is as good as new.

**A Wedding Breakfast.**  
A wedding repast served any time before 1 o'clock would be called a wedding breakfast. The usual menu for a simple wedding breakfast is any cold sliced fowl, with creamed oysters or a salad on the same plate; a variety of thin sandwiches, and then ices or frozen pudding with small cakes and coffee.

**No Chance to Talk.**  
Mrs. Gummus—Does your husband ever talk of his mother's cooking?  
Mrs. Gobang—Not a word. His father died of dyspepsia.—Brooklyn Life.



MARY SCHMIDT.



MISS GILMORE.