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Home Life of Schwab

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

lege chaplain to the time of his death, was the boy's teacher. Charlie was an apt pupil and became passionately fond of the instrument. Several of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent also aided Charlie in his musical studies, paying particular attention to his voice.

Almost an Actor.

Charlie Schwab's love of music almost kept him from being the president of the world's greatest trust.

"It was this way," one of his relatives says: "An old man of the name of Abernathy used to live here. When his first wife died no one around here would marry him, so he went away somewhere and got another. Mrs. Abernathy No. 2 had a sister who was on the stage named Mary Russell. Mary was here on a visit one summer. Charlie got sweet on her and loafed around on old man Abernathy's doorstep all day and pretty nearly all night. Seems as if the girl was gone on Charlie, too. Well, to make a long story short, Charlie wanted to marry her. She told Charlie that the stage was the place for a nice fellow like him who could play so well and sing so sweetly.

"But all Charlie's people were dead set against Charlie's marrying an actress and going on the stage, so after a good deal of hard work Charlie was kept from running away with the girl, as he'd raved he would do. Then the girl went away and after a little Charlie went to Braddock."

This was Charlie Schwab's only love affair as long as he lived in Loretto. For some reason or other he wasn't so popular with the country lassies as his classmates and companions, the Fieck boys, "Mike" Pfaff, now farmer, Charlie Adelsberger and Charles Slinger, Joe Bengie, storekeeper in the railroad town of Gallitzin; John Topper and others. They could always find girls who would go to picnics and barn dances and husking bees with them. Charlie often had to go alone. Loretto gossips declare that Charlie persisted in talking too much arithmetic.

His Quoit Playing Mania.

But if he did not shine in love he did in quoits. He was champion quoit pitcher of Loretto. "Yes," says Paddy Moran, "he'd bring horses over to be shod and while waitin' he'd pitch quoits, and he'd wallop 'Bill'—that's his uncle who keeps a grocery up the street a piece—and Joe Bengie and the other lads who loafed with Charlie. He could wallop me, too.

"But he couldn't shoe a horse. Once he wanted me to let him try. 'Paddy,' he says, 'I can shoe a horse.' 'Oh, go on,' I says, 'you can't shoe yourself, your daddy has to do it for you.' I says, 'But Charlie thought he could, so I let him try. Well, first whack he gave at a nail he hit the horse's leg and the horse kicked. Charlie picked himself up, 'Paddy, I believe you're right,' he says. And he never tried again, but he loafed around here often watchin' me and talkin' to me. You see, Charlie and me are about the same age—I'm a little older—so we've just about come up together and we're close friends."

Quoits frequently got Charlie into trouble with his mother. The house where the Schwabs lived when they first came to Loretto, and before John Schwab built the present home, joined the livery stable. Whenever she wanted Charlie Mrs. Schwab was pretty sure to find him in front of the stable pitching horseshoes. She would call to her offspring, Charlie would keep on pitching and yelling at his companions. Mrs. Schwab would call again. Charlie would stay by the quoit pegs. Next minute the occupants of the badly whittled boxes in front of the neighboring stores would behold an irate mother, horsewhip in hand, scatter the youthful quoit pitchers and, all triumphant, lead Charlie into the house, protesting, "Honest, mammy, I never heard you call."

It was Mrs. Schwab who insisted that Charlie should go to college. "I want him to get all the education possible," she said. "then if he still wants to help his father in the livery stable, all right." So she saw to it that Charlie went to college and kept at his books.

When he left college Charlie, still a boy,

MICA AXLE GREASE advertisement with large stylized text and a small illustration of a wheel.

had no definite idea as to what he wanted to do. For a time he worked a little about the livery stable and loafed more. Then a cousin of his mother, Captain M. F. McDonald, who ran a grocery store here, wanted to make a clerk of Charlie. The boy was all ready to take the job when A. J. Spiegelmir came to Loretto on a visit. Mr. Spiegelmir had lived formerly in Loretto. He was part owner of a general merchandise store in Braddock. He offered him a clerkship at \$7 a week. Charlie accepted.

But young Schwab wasn't cut out for a dry goods clerk. At the end of five months Mr. Spiegelmir's partner, W. A. McDevitt, informed Charlie politely that as he couldn't tell calico from gingham after all these months he'd better look out for another job. Charlie "looked out" so well that up to date W. A. McDevitt has the distinction of being the only man who ever discharged Charles M. Schwab.

Between Schwab and Spiegelmir there is an attachment that is the joke of all Loretto. Whenever Schwab comes to town everybody says, "Well, I see Charlie is back again. Guess A. J. will be along pretty soon." A. J. generally does "be along" pretty soon and makes straight for the Schwab house.

Spiegelmir loves to chaff his ex-employee with, "Well, Charlie, I'm responsible for your success. I saw it in you, took you to Braddock and gave you your chance." One day recently after Spiegelmir had told this to a crowd of Loretto folk Schwab turned the tables by saying:

"I'll grant you that, Spiegelmir, if you'll pay me the last week's wages I earned in your store. You've never squared the account."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Experience worries more men than it teaches.

A woman who is a good listener is truly unselfish.

Before giving others advice try a sample of it yourself.

An old bachelor says a certificate of birth is a milk ticket.

Man must take the world as he finds it—and he must leave it in pretty much the same condition.

It's certainly queer how much more disagreeable and peevish the child next door is than your own.

A July ice bill never looks so big to anybody else as to the man who hasn't settled his January coal bill.

One kind of hypocrite is the man who after thanking the Lord for his dinner proceeds to find fault with the cook.

Doubtless the accepted suitor imagines it is love that makes the world go round because he is intoxicated with happiness.

It's a safe bet that when some men are called upon to pay the debt of nature they will try to settle at 10 cents on the dollar.

Nothing short of a miracle can deprive a woman of words. That's why she neglects to express her thanks when a man gives up his seat to her in a crowded car.

The Artist's Joke

Brooklyn Eagle: The writer was describing a crowd gathered on a gala occasion.

"The stands," he wrote, "were draped with people."

He paused to reflect.

"Rather a neat way of putting it," he said, by way of tossing himself a bouquet.

Then the story went to the artist, who read it with care.

"I am told," said the artist, "that my pictures do not always fit the text. Clearly it is up to me to show that I can 'follow copy' in this matter."

So he draped the stands with people. They hung in gay festoons from pillars and posts, some by the hands and some by the feet, and some hung hammock-like by both hands and feet. Never was a story so realistically pictured. And yet—and yet—

The feud between writer and artist still exists.

His Free Will Offering

Chicago Tribune: "What's that \$5 kept cut of my salary for?" demanded the employe of the state institution.

"That's your voluntary contribution for campaign purposes," blandly replied the superintendent.

"But it isn't a voluntary contribution. You've no right to hold it out on me. That wasn't in the bargain. I never heard anything about it before. It is a gouge and I won't stand it!"

"But you have to pay it, you know, or lose your job. Does it go?"

"Y—yes."

"Well, that's why we call it voluntary."

He Wanted Limes

New York Times: A recent visitor to Maine tells of an amusing experience in the "Prohibition state." Anticipating the difficulty of getting things to drink there, he took with him an ample supply of "makings" for gin rickys, all except the limes, which he supposed he could procure anywhere.

The day after arriving at his destination, a small town near the Rangeley lakes, he went to the only store and asked the clerk if he kept any limes. The clerk thought a moment and replied, tentatively:

"We've got chloride of lime and quicklime, if those'll do you."

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ARNICA TOOTH SOAP advertisement with an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the product's benefits.

BAKER BROS ENGRAVING CO. advertisement with a decorative border and text promoting their engraving services.

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