

# High Honor Comes Long After Death

It has often been remarked that whenever our constitution doctors begin seeking remedies for the ills which are held to be undermining the strength and good health of the instrument of government under which we have lived for almost a century and a quarter, they invariably have recourse to that great pharmacopoeia of our constitutional law, the Journal of Debates in the federal convention of 1787.

No amendment to the constitution stands a better chance of adoption, if chance there be, than one which provides for the popular election of United States senators. Yet that very provision came very nearly being incorporated in our original constitution. It is of interest that the event of the week in Philadelphia centers public attention upon a man who almost succeeded in persuading his colleagues in the convention to provide for the popular election of senators, and who did succeed in embodying such a provision in the constitution of Pennsylvania.

That man was James Wilson, signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the constitution, one of the greatest constitutional lawyers and jurists this country has known. His body, after lying for more than a century in an all but unknown grave at Edenton, N. C., was lately carried in state back to his old Philadelphia home and accorded a burial with honor, beside that of his wife, in the family vault in Old Christ church.

James Wilson, like the present cabinet officer of the same name, was a native of Scotland. He was born near St. Andrews in 1723, and, after studying at the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, emigrated to America at the age of 23, and in 1762 settled in Philadelphia. There he studied law in the office of John Dickinson, with whom he was destined to serve in the Constitutional convention, and a year later was admitted to the bar. His rare training and his legal mind assured his success in his profession from the start, and long before the revolution he was recognized as a leader of the provincial bar. When the difference between the colonies and the mother country became acute Wilson showed no hesitation in espousing the colonial cause and became known as a powerful advocate of the rights of the colonists in the press and on the platform. His long public career began with his election to the provincial convention in January, 1776. In May of the same year he was



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## Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

**"Dumplings."** said mamma, soberly, "I haven't seen Freddie here for several days."

"No, you haven't, mamma," returned Willis, dropping his eyes and digging the gravel with his toe. "He lost his sand lizard while I was there, and he said 'twas my fault. He said I left the box open. I s'pose he thinks I ought to give him my sand lizard, but I won't."

"Did he really say he thought you should, Dumplings?" asked mamma, sitting on the porch seat and looking down seriously upon Willis' clouded face. Willis looked uneasy. "Dumplings" was what papa called his "bad weather" name. He wriggled, but looked up frankly to mamma.

"No," he said. "Freddie only made me feel as if I ought to. But Uncle Jack's just finishing that beautiful wire cage with a glass door for my little Jinks, and how could I give him to Freddie just because his Jimmy got away while I had the box in my lap and forgot to shut the door?"

"That's true, Dumplings, dear," returned mamma, with suspicious sympathy. "I dare say you will enjoy Jinks in his new home quite as much as Freddie would."

That night Uncle Jack brought the new cage home. Such a nice, beautiful cage it was, strewn with fresh white sand and with tiny branches neatly fitted in. Jinks was delighted with his new quarters, but Willis watched his antics silently. In the morning mamma saw him chasing a fly for Jinks, and shortly afterward both Jinks and Willis disappeared.

About noon time there was a whistle, a loud, buoyant, joyous whistling sound on the horizon, and a moment later Willis came into the sitting room.

"Mother," he cried, tossing his hat and smiling, so that he was nearly all teeth and dimples. "What do you think? Fred found Jimmy on the big rosebush as snug as a nut, and he said he called me twice to tell me only—"

"Only you were Dumplings," finished mamma, serenely.

"Yes," said Willis, reluctantly. "But, mamma, listen. We put Jimmy in the cage with Jinks, and they're tickled to pieces with the house and each other. We're going to let them live in it together, and Fred keeps them one week and I the next. Isn't that a jolly plan?"

"It is," said Uncle Jack's voice in the doorway. "I didn't grudge the time I put on the making of that cage when I saw you offer it, Jinks and all, to Freddie."

"Yes," admitted Willis. "I knew I never should be happy till it was goodbye Dumplings, so—"

"Goodbye Dumplings it was," said Uncle Jack—Lillian L. Price in Youth's Companion.



**The "Down and Out" Overcoat**  
By A. Frank Taylor

WHAT'S the matter with J. Dudley? Does he fear immediate arrest? No—He is simply the victim of a "Down and Out" Overcoat, the collar of which insists on remaining down below the collar of the Inner Coat, and on leaning out from the back of his neck.

Whenever J. Dudley puts on that Overcoat he employs Strategy. He tries to catch it unaware. He looks the Other Way and then slowly and carefully puts his arms into the Sleeves. Then, with frenetic energy, he hoists away quickly—pulls up the back of the Overcoat Collar to his ears—pulls down his Inner Coat to his knees, then jams the Overcoat Collar Securely down over the Collar of his Inner Coat.

When he then beholds himself he heaves a sigh of relief that could be heard for two City Blocks.

But, Holy Smoke, what was that he saw later!

He had noticed it in a shadow—and it certainly looked like him.

It was he, J. Dudley—the only J. Dudley, with the Collar of his Overcoat sticking out behind like the dip of a Molasses Jug.

The Front and Back hanging with about as much Drape as a Chinaman's Jumper—the Arms awry—the whole Shootin' Match all to the Bad—

The "Down and Out" was working overtime.

Have you ever worn a "Down and Out" Overcoat, Gentle Reader?

Of course you have—nearly all Overcoats has who wears Men's Clothes—

For fully 50 per cent of all Overcoats are either cut wrong or made wrong—and a "temporary" shape is "doped" into them with the hot flat iron—Old Dr. Goose—because that's cheap.

Soon that "temporary" shape fades away—the Collar tries to Crawl down your Back—uncovering your inner coat collar—The Coat binds under your arms and across the shoulders.

The Shoulders get sloping and lose their shape at the points where they ought to look smooth and round.

And the Front and Back do not hang or drape smoothly and evenly—

Your Overcoat loses its Shape—its Style and its Fit.

Now there is one make of Overcoat at least which is properly made.

They carry the label of "Sincerity Clothes."

"Sincerity" Overcoats are made to fit and to be stylish in shape—

The Shape of "Sincerity" Overcoats is moulded permanently into the Cloth with the needle by expert hand workmanship. If the Style and Fit are satisfactory, you will find that a "Sincerity" Overcoat will keep its shape—its Style and its Fit—

Look for the label (below) in your next Overcoat. That is, if you really care to purchase a smart fitting Overcoat. You won't have to look far—yet! Find it at any enterprising dealer's. Here is the label.



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**"Origin of Nursery Rhymes."**

Slang phrases, in course of time, become absorbed into the vernacular, just as the words of a song become rhymes and nursery verses become institutions. Take the following examples. The famous lines:

"Mother may I go out to swim?  
Yes, my darling daughter;  
Hang your handkerchief on my limb,  
And don't go near the water."

are at least 1,300 years old, being found in a book of jests of the sixth century, compiled by Hierocles.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall," etc., has come down to us from the days of King John. "The babes in the Wood" dates from the fifteenth century, being founded on facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings on a mantelpiece. "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffett," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Mother Goose" and "Goosey, Goosey, Gander" are each traceable to the sixteenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where have you been?" belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared in a music book dated 1609. "A Froggie Would a-wooing go" was licensed to be sung as far back as 1650. "Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play" and "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket" both date from the period of Charles II. And last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard" and "Tom Thumb" were published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697—London Chronicle.

**A Lost Girl.**

An Indian territory ranchman went to the nearest town on business, and shortly after his departure, his five-year-old child, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. The mother missed her two hours later and instituted a search. When the father returned, the neighborhood turned out in force, and searched for two days and nights. Finally an Indian found Besie on an abandoned trail, and she lay fast asleep, and across her body stood a Newfoundland dog. The dog was torn and bleeding, and nearby lay the bodies of two wolves. The girl was unharmed, and she and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles. Sad to relate, the dog died that night of his wounds. The ranchman gave him decent burial, at which all the neighbors attended, and a marble headstone was erected over his grave.

**Dangerous.**

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her majesty was not slow to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and plied herself beside some particular favorite.

One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some soup the girl turned and gazed upon him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish rebuke.

"On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the general. "But why should I be afraid?"


Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little girl replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it."

**How Plants Travel.**

The sandelson, with its parachute, has gone with Peary within the Arctic circle, and has also made its appearance in the southern hemisphere. The Rose of Jericho curls up in a ball, with the seed-pod inside, and the wind rolls it all over the deserts of Syria and Egypt. The seed-pods of the Cereus and bromus are like this, and in August and September you may hear them crack! crack! as they burst, scattering the seeds like bullets.

The cranebill or wild geranium has its seeds arranged so that five arms are raised in the air, throwing the seeds down with considerable force. The mangrove grows in salt water swamps and shallow

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