

## LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

### PART II. BLOSSOM. CHAPTER VII.

With the maturity of human beings the period of adolescence is the most uninteresting portion of life.

The pretty ways of childhood have run their tender and fascinating course, and there is a long wait, as at the fall in the act-drum in the drama.

To this rule, however, Little Make-Believe was an exception.

Her life was full of color, and every day that dawned brought with it the necessity of action.

This struggle for the bare necessities of life, this fight for food, was replete with interest, albeit of a painful kind.

Yet from her inner being, in which lay a well of purest sweetness, she drew a wondrous compensation for anxiety and suffering; her gratitude for trifles was so great that it might, with some semblance of truth, be said that the pleasure of her days was born of the pain thereof, and would have been of a lower quality had her need been less.

She had found a friend, however, but for whom she might have succumbed, the world was so powerful and she so weak.

These last words had nothing of exaggeration in them, for the world was her enemy.

Ruled by social laws which of very necessity might have compelled Little Make-Believe to drift into wrong doing, in the eyes of the world she was a sore blemish, for which none but the narrow-minded could have condemned her.

Happily for her, of this exceedingly numerous order of beings Thomas Dexter was not a member.

From that night upon which he was a spectator of his own funeral in Paradise Buildings he became her friend.

In a small way certainly. To the extent, probably, of three or four pennies in the course of a week, bestowed upon her a penny at a time when he met her in the streets.

It was little enough, but it was a help. The wonderful goodness of three bright shillings from his hand to hers was not repeated, but that was hardly to be expected.

The occasional pennies were a wind-fall which often sent Little Make-Believe home rejoicing.

Saranne grew stronger and more beautiful, and, accepting as her right the cheerful willingness to provide for her which was Little Make-Believe's chief rule of life, did no work herself even when she was old enough for it.

But it is hard to say what she could have done had sad fortune deprived her of her supporter.

She knew nothing, had learned nothing, and was easily discouraged, whereas Little Make-Believe fought doggedly against the heavy odds, and sometimes exclaimed (sometimes in the midst of bitter tears), "Never say die."

During the years that intervened between childhood and womanhood the sisters became acquainted with three persons who were destined to play important parts in their histories.

Two were gentlemen, one a boy of the people.

Where this latter came from no one in Clare Market knew.

Some said he had dropped from the clouds—an euphemism, for he more likely sprang from the gutters.

He was utterly wild, ungovernable and untamable and seemed to have gypsy blood in him.

Questioned about his parents, his reply was that he "didn't know nothink about 'em."

Who had lived anyhow, from hand to mouth, as the saying is.

Where he slept, how he managed to live, where he came from, and if there existed a human being in the world with whom he could claim the smallest tie of kinship—these were questions which none could answer.

In some odd way he became acquainted with Little Make-Believe and Saranne, and would sometimes sit in the cellar with the one and stroll through the streets with the other.

A bad companion in every way, but they were not in a position to choose their associates.

Whatever fell to their share, they were compelled to accept, whether for good or ill.

From the policeman, Thomas Dexter—who had seen the wild Little Make-Believe, and was curious about him—received his character.

"A bad lot, sir. Been locked up a dozen times, at least. When he's charged no one comes forward to speak up for him. When he's asked in court whether he doesn't belong to somebody or whether somebody don't belong to him he scares the magistrate and tells him to mind his own. A regular bad lot, sir, is Foxy?"

This was the name by which he was known.

A personal experience of Thomas Dexter's was confirmatory of the character given to Foxy by the policeman.

He had bought some odds and ends at auction, which he engaged a man to wheel home in a barrow.

Foxy, coming on the scene while

As a further proof of his effrontery and absolute recklessness, he called Thomas Dexter as a witness of character.

Loath as he was, Thomas Dexter was compelled to appear in the witness box and tell all he knew of Foxy, his evidence being enlivened by the prisoner's running commentaries, to some such effect as the following: "Oh, what a whopper!" "Where do you expect to go for running down an innocent chap like that?" "Do yer know the meaning of a oath?" "Oh, you out-and-out old sinner."

The trial was one of those which are occasionally made the medium of an interchange of much small wit between bar and bench, and Foxy's remarks were provocative of convulsive laughter, in which the hardened young criminal joined.

The upshot was that Foxy was sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labor, and two years' police supervision at the end of that time.

It disturbed Thomas Dexter somewhat to see Polly Cleaver in the body of the court during the trial, and when it was over he found himself once more face to face with her.

"A good day's work, Tommy," she said, glaring at him.

Her face was flushed, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yer miserable old skinkint, yer'll live to repent it!"

He hurried from her, but her words rang in his ears for many a day afterward.

He was both angry and pleased—angry that he had been innocently instrumental in the boy's conviction, and pleased that he was rid of the pest, and that Little Make-Believe now stood in no fear of contamination from the society of the young thief.

The gentlemen who were destined to play an important part in the lives of Little Make-Believe and Saranne were Mr. Deepdale and his son Walter.

The father was a gentleman of independent means, and one of Thomas Dexter's best customers; Walter was a handsome lad of sixteen.

They lived alone—the father being a widower and having no other children—and were inseparable.

Mr. Deepdale had one love and one hobby—his love was Walter, his hobby was the antique.

An easy, credulous man, whose lines of life had been cast in pleasant places, one great grief had afflicted him—the loss of his wife.

One great compensation for a sorrow which otherwise would have been unbearable was given him.

His boy was all in all to him, veritably the apple of his eye and the heart of his heart, his solace, his comfort, his joy.

And when to this was added the means and opportunity of indulging in a passion for old china, old carvings, old enamels, old anything, it will be easy to believe that his life was one to be envied by the toilers and moilers of the world.

The truth must be told. He had about as much knowledge of art as the man in the moon, but whether an article belongs to the fourteenth or the nineteenth century is really of small consequence to the possessor if he derive pleasure in the possession and if his faith be not disturbed.

Thus, Mr. Deepdale was an easy prey to the dealers, who fooled him to the top of his bent, to their profit and his gratification.

Having received a letter from Thomas Dexter informing him that he had a service of Old Derby for sale, he and Walter hastened one night to Clare Market to secure it.

The month was August, and oysters were in; also grottoes.

On their way they were attracted to three children, who had formed themselves into a company, and had launched into a speculation.

Their stock in trade, the value of which was nil, was represented by oyster shells, but they had an available asset (which, however, was consuming itself and eating itself up, as it were), in the shape of a penny candle.

The firm consisted of Little Make-Believe, Saranne and another child, whose visions of wealth—conjured chiefly by Make-Believe—were of an entrancing nature, the crowning glory of which was to be an eel-pie supper.

The grotto they had built was more artistic and ambitious than most; the candle was alight and the children were ready for business.

But whether it was owing to the strikes in the north, or the scarcity of meat, or the high prices of coals, or over-population, or the disturbed state of Ireland, or the rise of a half-penny in the four-pound loaf, certain it was that trade did not flourish with Little Make-Believe's firm, one of the members, at least, of which worked hard for nearly a couple of hours without obtaining a copper.

"Please remember the grotter!" was first launched merrily and saucily at the passers-by; at the end of the first half-hour there was no light-heartedness in the appeal; at the end of the second it became pathetic; at the end of the third, mournful; at the end of the fourth, despairing.

Saranne was the first to give way; cold looks chilled her, and she left the battle to her two partners, of whom Little Make-Believe was the active worker.

Two-thirds of their only asset, the candle, were consumed, and the eel-pie supper was an airy imagining, not at all likely to be realized.

Saranne was crouching sullenly on the ground, the light of the candle shining on her face; she was an impatient sufferer—the very reverse of Little Make-Believe, who was, mercifully, endowed with a fortitude rarely met in men engaged in the highest struggles for humanity's sake.

To be continued.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

The Japanese method of preserving the salmon which are caught in large numbers at Sakhalin is to salt them down and press them into bales.

A London physician gave conclusive evidence in a chancery division case the other day that brain work promotes longevity, and that the average "vegetative" laborer is liable to die young.

It is usually imagined that the incandescent electric light gives out very little heat. As a matter of fact only six per cent. of its energy goes to make light, while ninety-four per cent. goes into heat.

The bisnaga plant, a cactus, has saved hundreds of wanderers in American deserts from dying of thirst. The echino cactus emory forms a natural reservoir always full of cool, sweet water, which it draws from the earth and which is kept cool by evaporation.

The latest building material is "kremite," which is made at a factory near St. Petersburg, and consists of powdered clay, sand and fluorspar melted together at a high temperature. The molten mass may be used like iron for molded castings for architectural and artistic purposes, yielding hollow bricks for buildings and stoves, fancy marble-like bricks, tiles for floors and sidewalks and even thin, corrugated plates for roofs.

### THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

An Appreciation of What Knowledge Really Means to Us.

The value of an education is appreciated not only by the man who in his youth was given its high privileges, but by the man who by force of circumstances was denied early educational advantages. Men of experience in any line of business will advise their young friends to grasp every opportunity for educational training offered in early life. The educated man well knows what his early training has done for him, and the uneducated knows that men who were denied the privilege of an early education are frequently in the course of life's experiences forced to face serious embarrassments and obstacles.

William said that "education is the apprenticeship of life." Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." Ruskin said that "education, briefly, is leading the human mind and soul to what is right and best and to make what is best out of them, and these two objects are always obtainable together and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others." Channing said: "He is to be educated, not because he is to make shoes, nails or pins, but because he is a man."

Education is never finished, and no one knows this better than the really educated and cultured man, adds a writer in Maxwell's Tallman. One may be the graduate of the highest educational institution in the land, but still he finds that "there is more to learn." The storehouse of knowledge is never depleted, and there is none so rich or so poor that he may not draw something therefrom. Those who were denied the advantages of an early education may in the course of later life, by devoting only a few hours every week to study at home, acquire an education along special or general lines. Books are now within the reach of all, and every home, however humble, may have a library. The "home study" will make home life more attractive to both young and old. If we make "live to learn" our life motto, we shall always find life worth living.

### Composite Pronoun Wanted.

The want of a composite pronoun to express both "he" and "she," what is sometimes more important, to express neither he nor she, must have embarrassed every one at some time or another. There are ungrammatical ways of shelling the difficulty, such as, for instance, by translating the convenient French "on" as "they," when he really means one person who may be either masculine or feminine. The lack of a portmanteau word to express both sexes without specifying either, did not, however, trouble the new maid who approached her mistress with the ingenious remark: "Please'm, a friend of mine has called—and may I ask it to tea?"—London Chronicle.

### Interesting Facts.

Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The nettle is a native of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came originally from Siberia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was cultivated in Arabia. The mulberry tree originated in Persia. The sunflower was brought from Peru.—Cleveland News.

### Reversing Things.

They had just finished breakfast, and the woman of the future was about to start downtown, when her husband arose from the table, placed his arms about her neck and kissed her.

"Dearest," he murmured softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do, eh?" she rejoined, suspiciously. "What is it now—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"—Chicago N.

## With the Funny Fellows



Ain't it the Truth? Up in a room that's near the skies, Down by the ocean's foam, 'Tis then we're prone to realize 'The blessings of a home.

Explained. Johnny—"Pa, what is intuition?" Pa—"The mother of I told you so,"—New York Sun.

Broke. "Yes, poor fellow, he's a friend of mine."

"Indeed?" "Same thing; in need."—Philadelphia Press.

Oh, Horrors. Grayce—"I fear I shall have to quit going with Maud. She's so very ultra." Gladys—"What's she done now?" Grayce—"She says she doesn't care for 'Parsifal.'"

Satisfied. "Do you think the print you've picked out is as intellect looking as some of the others?" the photographer asked. "No," replied the lady customer, "but it's so awfully good of my hat and gown!"—Detroit Free Press.

Right in Line. "This flower is strictly up to date," said the florist.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer.

"Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

Killing Two Birds. Mrs. Gramercy—"Do you think you will be happy in such a place?" Mrs. Park—"The inducements are enticing. By acquiring a residence there we will be able to get our divorce and swear off our taxes at the same time."—Puck.

No Talent Wealth For Him. "My man," said the tall, thin gentleman, "here is a nickel for you."

"One question, sir," replied Tired Tifins. "Are you Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Why, no."

"Den I will accept yer gift wit' pleasure, sir."

His Own Fault. "Green says he hasn't a confidant on earth."

"There's a reason for that."

"What is it?" "He can't get any one to listen to him; he's full of nothing but troubles."—Detroit Free Press.

They All Agreed.



Pompous Orator—"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I have lived long enough."

The Crowd—"Hear, hear! Hooray! Quite right!"—Aly Sloper.

Her Opinion. "Consistency, thou art a jewel," remarked the young man who was afflicted with the quotation habit.

"Possibly," rejoined the practical maid, "but it doesn't separate much congealed aqua pura when compared with a diamond ring."—Chicago News.

Not So Foolish. "Yes," said Phamillan, "my daughter is to be married next month to Count Brokaw."

"Ah!" remarked the friend, "everything's settled, eh?"

"No, sir-ree! You don't catch me paying in advance."—Philadelphia Press.

Tangible Worth. "My dear, I hope you are getting a man of real worth," said the old-fashioned aunt.

"Why, you can just bet your life I am, auntie," was the modern maid's reply. "Harold is worth a million dollars if he's worth the price of a pack of cigarettes."

Grasping at a Straw. "Pshaw!" said the judge, "there's no reason why you people should be divorced. Go home and make up. There are no grounds."

"But, judge," the man frantically interrupted, "she hasn't told you the whole truth. I pushed her down stairs once and it was miraculous that she wasn't killed or crippled for life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Washington. "Has Brown started that investigation of the bustle trust?" inquired the august commissioner.

"Yes, sir."

"And has Smith started an investigation of Brown's investigation?"

"He has, sir."

Then order Robinson to start an investigation of Smith's investigation of Brown's investigation. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Woman's Realm

Doesn't Apply to America. One cannot help regretting the tendency of feminine fashions to once again become masculine. One fears a little lest the leather that is to be a feature of feminine fashions this autumn, and the headgear that has sprung from the masculine bowler and the old "Jarvis" beavers, and the walking sticks which, like cigarette cases, are now popular gifts for girls, will not rob us of our pretty fal-lals and our daintiness.—Ambrosia, in the World.

New Style of Candy Pull. An amusing little entertainment which girl readers will enjoy is a new style of candy pull in which riddles founded on the names of different sweets, and not the molasses dainty itself, plays the leading role.

Invite the girls to "a new-fashioned candy pull," inserting a clause in the note, urging everybody to come in old clothes, and with aprons, as an old-fashioned candy pulling bee is to follow the riddle game.

Prepare in advance as many plain white cards cut from a sheet of paste-board as you have received acceptances. On each card write a set of riddles founded on different sugar plums.—Washington Times.

Fine American Seamstresses. Few people know much about American women who are fine seamstresses, but there are many of them who eke out an income by this work if they do not support themselves entirely by it. One lovely lingerie waist made by one of these women is of the finest and sheerest material, with fine hemstitched tucks set in at the top, yoke deep, and between the rows of the finest French knots. There is something inexpressibly dainty about this waist, which is more like a baby's garment than a woman's. The American-made waists are not sold in lots, and prices are not reduced as in other varieties of the hand-made waists. These latter, even those which come from abroad are anything but well made or well finished on the inside, though ranging in price from \$20 up.

Woman's Superiority. Professor Chamberlain, of Clark University, has figured out that women have a whole lot more ability than men. Following is his little list: "As an actor she has greater ability and more frequently shows it. She is noticeably better in adaptability. She is much more charitable—in money matters. Under reasonable opportunities she is more gifted at diplomacy. She has greater genius in politics. She more commonly has executive ability, her hearing is more acute. Her imagination is greater. Her intuitions are greater. Her memory is better. Her patience is greater. Her perceptions are more rapid. She has greater religious devotion. Her instinct for sacrifice is greater. She bears pain more heroically. Her sympathy is greater. She has greater tact. She has more acute taste. She has greater vitality. She has more fluency in the lower forms of speech."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Gold Gause and Hand Work. Hand embroideries are seen on semi-literate costumes in the form of vests, collars and cuffs, etc., done in silk of several shades of the costume color or in harmonizing tones. These embroideries are done on silk, satin, broadcloth and gold gauze heavily embroidered in shaded material used for the purpose. One costume in a rich plum showed a vest effect made on the lines of stoles in shades of purple ranging from a faint violet to a deep plum. Gold and black silk threads were interwoven with these, and the short box coat also showed a touch of black in the broad military braids which trimmed the seams and edges.

Gold gauze is one of the new trimming ideas, not only in costumes, but in millinery as well. It comes in ribbon form, ranging in width from one to five and six inches, and is extremely soft and pliable, being capable of the most graceful adjustment.—Indianapolis News.

A Woman Railroad President. Mrs. Mary S. Holladay, who made herself President of the Williamsville, Greenville and St. Louis Railroad because, although she was a director the manager of the railroad refused to give her a pass, sold the road for \$1,000,000, received the money and returned to society. Until she sold the road, Mrs. Holladay was the only woman railroad President in the United States, probably in the world. The Williamsville, Greenville and St. Louis Road, though only sixty miles long, is one of the best feeders in Southern Missouri. A purchasing syndicate headed by John S. Long, Kansas City, Mo., succeeded Mrs. Holladay at the helm. The \$1,000,000 was paid to Mrs. Holladay at the National Bank of Commerce, in St. Louis, Mo. "I guess I have made more money in the last ten months than any woman in America," she said. "I liked being at the head of a big enterprise all right, but it hardens a woman, and she drops out of society. I will move to St. Louis now and return to society. What made me go after the Presidency was I couldn't have a pass while I was a director. So I bought the road and made myself President. Then I had

all the passes I wanted."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Child's Footwear. Writing of "The Child's Dress," in the Delineator, Dr. Grace Deckham Murray has a word of advice in regard to shoes. She says:

As soon as the skirts are shortened, children arrive at the dignity of wearing shoes. The first ones should be very soft and loose. They are to be had as moccasins and ankle ties, as well as in the shape of diminutive shoes with very soft soles. The latter should be thicker when the time comes for the child to walk. Children's shoes should have broad soles, and should be formed very carefully so as not to deform the feet. They are made without heels, for children do not wear heels until they are nine or ten years old, and then extremely low. Children often suffer from weak ankles. If such be the case, their feet should be bathed and rubbed with salt water every day. They will be helped by the wearing of shoes the ankles of which have been made stiff by pieces of steel which are held in place by means of little pockets made for the purpose in the lining of the shoe. Shoes are made especially for children who toe in, or for those who are bowlegged, and for children who have flat feet. The necessary thickening of the bottom of the shoe, which varies in position and amount of leather according to the trouble to be remedied, is placed inside the shoe and does not show at all on the outside of the boot. Care should be taken in fitting stockings to see that they are not too short or too small, as they will cramp and deform the foot. Children are usually so hard on stockings that they do not have time to outgrow them, and the possibility of it should be kept in mind. Knee-caps made of leather are excellent to prevent rapid wearing out of the stockings at the knees.

The More Useful Sex. Some interesting biological and sociological facts have lately been published about women which are calculated to exalt the ostensibly weaker sex in its own eyes and also in those of men. We have previously pointed out the conclusion reached by certain scientists that the average life of woman should, and under normal circumstances would, exceed slightly the average life of man in respect of duration. Now comes an English biologist, Mr. T. H. Montgomery, who, after a general review of the data presented by the anatomy and evolution of various invertebrate and vertebrate animals, maintains that the male is less developed and more embryonic than the female. So far as the invertebrates and the lower vertebrates are concerned, the female is clearly superior. When, within this field of observation, one sex is found to be rudimentary in comparison with the other, it is pointed out that this is almost always the male. In size, the female is usually the superior. Sometimes the central nervous system is more highly specialized in the female, while, as a rule, the internal reproductive apparatus is more complex. In those cases where the male seems, at the first glance, superior, the difference turns out to be mainly in unimportant morphological characters. Many species of insects seem to get on altogether without males for at least a generation. The unmated queen bee, for instance, will lay fertile eggs, which, however, produce only drones. It is well known that the working bee is the product of a union between a drone and a queen bee. From the female aphid (plant-louse) on a rose-bush will proceed several generations of offspring before the intervention of a male is required. It appears, then, that on certain planes of organic existence there is no question of woman's rights: Nature herself has assigned to the male a role altogether secondary, or casual.—Harper's Weekly.

FRILLS FASHION

A blouse, in the palest pink, had embroidery applied like a yoke of edging.

Some of the newest coats show a good deal of fulness below the waist line.

Exquisite scarfs are about—some of them heavy with embroidery, others the lightest, most diaphanous bits of gossamer silk in the world.

One delectable petticoat of straw-colored taffeta is embroidered with flower baskets spilling their pink and blue blossoms among the lace frills at the foot.

A blouse should never look like the top of a gown worn with a stray skirt, and that is exactly what the slipcase separate waist looks like and why it does not "take."

One blouse has tie-ends apparently hanging from the attached collar. But a closer examination proves that they are inset in the blouse, joined with the inevitable herring-bone.

Among blouses, there's an exquisite one made of the palest of blue tulle, with a tiny dragon harmlessly stretched out on each side of the yoke. The work is Japanese in its finest and most delicate style.