

A Change of Heart

By Lois Willoughby

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The president's outer office was being enlarged and generally made over during his trip abroad. The room was in confusion—the floor covered with tools, boards of all lengths and sizes, and general debris.

Over in one corner was a saw bench which bore many marks of antiquity, and on it sat the old carpenter—"Dad," they called him. He had finished his lunch and was contentedly puffing away at his pipe, and as he smoked he looked down at the sawdust and shavings which surrounded him.

"There ain't no use talkin'," he said to the stenographer, "mahogany makes pretty shavin's, and I've planed off lots of them the last few years. They're puttin' on considerable trimmin's in offices nowadays. A man don't do business any more—no, sir—he transacts it, and he transacts it right up to the latest style, too."

"I never get in one of these business parlors but I think o' Bill. Bill was good company and I miss him lots. He was a good worker, too, and you just set him down in some meek and lowly place and tell him what had to be done, and he'd light into it like fury. But when we'd get sent on some of these jobs where the buildin' was strictly up to date, Bill'd go all to pieces. He couldn't stand mahogany any way you fix it; he was a regular porcupine the minute he spied it. If there happened to be a fancy shade over the electric light—Tiffny, I guess they call it—it made him all the madder; and he threw a quill ev'ry time he saw the boss push one of them little pearl buttons in a silver frame.

"You're all wrong, Bill," I used to tell 'im. "If cuttin' up a few square feet of mahogany into strips and nallin' it on to the wall is goin' to make a man happy—let 'im have it—maybe it's only baywood anyway; and if smashing colored glass into ragged pieces and solderin' it together with



"You're All Wrong, Bill," I Used to Say to Him.

iron, pleases him—let's be pleasant. And there ain't no use kickin' about them push buttons; he ain't got time to stand out in the hall and yell every time he wants anybody. Them bells ain't as stylish as you think they are."

"It wasn't much use tryin' to argue with him, but I was such an old fool I used to try it. Why, when a oof would come and we was alone, Bill'd glare and growl like a crazy man and he'd harangue something fierce. 'Shut up,' I says to him one day, 'the first thing you know the place'll be pinched and maybe they've got the cells done in mahogany now.'

"It was just ign'rance with Bill—he couldn't understand human nature—didn't know everyboddy had it. When we worked for one of them plutocrats, as he called them, he'd spend a whole hour in the morning foolin' around with his tools and layin' them this way and then that—just killin' time; and when 'twas about time for the captain of industry to blow in, Bill'd watch the door like a cat watches a mouse hole, and he'd always manage to be doin' nothin'—just nothin'—when the captain walked through. That was about all the fun Bill had."

"Maybe I didn't give Bill due credit, for I guess he knew somethin' about human nature after all; he knew that would make the captain mad. It usually did, and Bill would get as near as he could to the door to the private office and listen to him kickin' about it. The captain would be riled up all day long and we'd hear him tell ev'ry man that went in his office how awfully capital was being cheated and robbed by the workin' classes; how 'twas an outrage, a downright outrage, that the money interests should be so imposed upon by unscrupulous labor, and that some day—some day—I always have to laugh when I think how he used to double up on them 'some days'—that some day the interests of capital would be protected by law. I was kind o' sorry for Cap, for he actually thought he meant it while he was talkin'."

"Bill'd be reasonably contended all

day if the captain had enough callers, but long about quittin' time he'd get downhearted and glum, and I'd say: 'What's the matter, Bill? You've had the captain upset all day, you ought to be happy—hear him kickin' now.' 'Yes,' says Bill, 'but he's gettin' about \$10 a minute for kickin'.'

"If we ever had a long stuck-up job, Bill got so cantankerous there was hardly any livin' with him. One afternoon the captain was gone and we was workin' along as peaceful, and suddenly Bill stopped his work and fairly roared at me: 'What does he know about trouble? He never had any.'

"I didn't know what he was thinkin' about in particular, but it wouldn't have made any difference if I had, 'cos Bill had on sort of a blanket grouch—it covered everything. So I says to him: 'You don't know what you're talkin' about. I heard the captain tellin' a man this morning what an awful time he had playin' golf yesterday. He said he got in a highly critical place—them are his words—and he couldn't tell for the life of him what golf stick to use. He could remember just exactly how the play ought to be made, but he couldn't remember what to do with it. First he thought 'twas the driver—then he thought 'twasn't. It kind of seemed like 'twas the brassie, and then allowed 'twas the mid-iron; then he felt positive 'twas the putter. I didn't happen to hear what the right one was, but judgin' from some of the language I heard him use after he specified, he didn't get it."

"Now, Bill," I says, 'that's trouble and it's just as bad trouble as you have when you can't tell what tool to use, and after you've tried everything from a rabbit plane to a gouge, and find out you've fooled the door jamb. Them woes are alike,' I says, 'and you ought to be more considerate.' But Bill was a little short on good common sense at times.

"There was something about Bill you couldn't help likin', but if anybody else'd had his notions I would o' been all put out with them. Of course, I didn't like 'em in Bill, but somehow I always felt he wasn't so bad—just young and a little misguided.

"Once he come in where I was, just as forlorn. I didn't stop work—I just said 'Well?'

"What chance have I got with them college fellows?" he demanded. "Oh, shucks," says I, because he did try my patience a lot at times. "If you want somebody else's chance, pick on a chap your own size."

"It seems he drove a nail more than he'd intended to; he'd made up his mind to do jus' so much that day, and he got to thinkin' about his wrongs and forgot and went right on workin'. He said if you went to college they taught you to concentrate, and if he could have concentrated on not doin' the work as he'd figured, it would o' been all right.

"Well, I was sick for a spell and Bill kind of drifted away from me. He fell in love with a girl who was pretty ambitious and she liked him, too, but she saw his faults. He was ratin' around one day about capital and plutocrats and tellin' what ought to happen to them, and I tell you Sodom and Gomorrah got it light compared to what Bill was goin' to hand out. 'Hit it easy, Bill,' she says, 'as smart a man as you ought to be a plutocrat himself some day; maybe you're only plannin' suicide.'

"That made Bill awful mad, but I guess on due deliberation he seen things a little different. He never let on, though, for a long time. She went out west and got the second prize in a land drawin'. He tried to hate her because she wasn't poor and down-trodden any more, but she just laughed at him.

"They got married and went out to live on the ranch. Out o' doors seem'd to do Bill a lot of good, and things kept comin' their way right along. He made a lot of money on sheep, and I guess by this time he's rich. The last I heard about him he was goin' at a pretty rapid clip and lookin' over airship catalogues.

"Alf Simmons stopped to see him when he was out west. He says Bill sent me a special invitation to come an' visit him. Alf says I ought to go; says he's just as sociable as can be and ain't changed a bit toward the old crowd. He says, though, that Bill has acquired a ravenous appetite for a lot of things he used to think was poison.

"His last fad was fancy hens, and Alf said when he was a-goin' through the henhouse he saw a dull mahogany frame with a dozen solid pearl push buttons in it; that every time a hen lays an egg she has to press a button so Bill'll be advised right up to date.

"Alf told me how nice he was livin'; told me all about his house, mahogany trimmin's all through, and everythin' nice. Of course I know he was just havin' a little fun with me about them hens, but I would like to know if Bill really got Tiffny windows in his garage."

Judge Hoar's Retort.

On innumerable occasions when Judge Hoar indulged in the retort mordant perhaps none gave him greater satisfaction than the following:

B. F. Butler, his chief adversary at the bar in the early fifties, as the counsel for the defense, closed an emphatic appeal to the jury with:

"We have the highest authority for saying: 'Everything which a man hath will he give for his life.'"

When Hoar's turn came he said, "It has for a long time been suspected by those who have watched Mr. Butler's career that he recognized as the highest authority the individual upon whom he now relies. For, gentlemen, as you well know, the statement which he quotes from the book of Job was made by Satan."

Faded Violets

By Philip Keen

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"I never wear violets," said Miss James, briefly. "I—I prefer roses."

The gray-haired man across the room glanced up sharply as the clear-spoken words were carried to him.

The woman beside him laughed. "You aren't listening to me," she said. "You never miss one word that Phyllis James says."

"Do you wonder that I do not?" he asked. "Isn't she the loveliest thing in the world?"

"Yes," Mrs. Harmer agreed, "and I forgive you for not having any interest in my story. When a man goes away and comes back after fifteen years, to find the girl he left in her awkward teens grown into exquisite womanhood, it isn't any wonder that he loses his head."

"The only wonder is that she isn't married," said Whitney.

"She has had more than her share of admiration, but she doesn't seem to care for any one."

"Strange," he said. "As a girl she seemed to have a very responsive nature. You see, I knew her pretty well. I was a big boy home from college when they moved next door to us, and she was a youngster of sixteen. And we used to be together a lot during the holidays. Then I went abroad and we wrote to each other, and then—somehow—we ceased to write."

He remembered with a sudden shock that it was he who had ceased. He had found other interests; an interest, to be explicit, in a widow of uncertain age and of very certain frivolity. And the pretty school girl had faded from his vision until he had come back to find her "the beautiful Miss James."

At the other side of the room they were still talking flowers.

"I think I like roses," Phyllis was saying, "red ones—big and glowing."

"If you don't mind," Whitney murmured to Mrs. Harmer, "I'm going



"You Should Be Loving Other Things."

over there and butt into that conversation." He laughed as he put it slangily.

"Go," said his hostess, "and peace be with you—she's worth winning, Grant."

He crossed and sat down beside Phyllis. "You used to love violets," he said softly.

She smiled frankly. "I did? When?" He had a vague memory of a bunch he had given her, and her tremulous word of thanks, her blushes, and the look in her eyes, as she had said, "You knew I loved violets—how sweet of you to remember."

There were no blushes now—only the cool question, "Did you?"

He wanted to say, "You know you did," but instead he asked: "When may I come and see you?"

"Tomorrow—a week from tomorrow, whenever you like," she said. "I give up only Wednesdays to my friends—I am such a busy person."

"Oh, your book. Why should you write books?" he demanded.

"Why not?" "You are beautiful enough—you do not need to charm otherwise—that you write such exquisite verse is almost an embarrassment of riches."

"It is my life," she said simply. "I love it."

"You should be loving other things."

"What, for instance?"

"A husband."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you, then, learned sentiment in Italy?"

"I have always known sentiment. Do you remember the day I gave you the violets?"

It was a daring speech. For a moment she seemed to stiffen, then she smiled at him serenely. "Yes. But that had nothing to do with sentiment."

"I told you I loved you."

"That was a conventional protestation. It belonged to the summer days, and the proximity of a pretty girl."

"You think I did not mean it?" There was a moment's silence. The candles on the tea table in front

of Phyllis made shadows which cut them off from the view of the others.

When Phyllis spoke her voice had in it a note which Whitney had never heard from any woman.

"I know you did not mean it—and you know it."

Then suddenly he said the right thing. "No, I did not mean it. But I was a prig, an insufferable cad, Phyllis. You were a dear child, and I didn't know enough to realize the wonder of you then. I deserve any punishment. But don't punish me. Let me have a chance to prove that I've grown away from the calf stage. Let me prove that whatever my faults I can at least give you something worth while in the way of friendship. Let me prove to you that I am at least a man."

She was very pale, but her voice was steady. "I shall be very glad," she said, "if you can prove yourself a man."

The words stung, but he bowed his head. "I deserve it," he agreed again. As she poured tea for him the next day they had it out together.

"I love you," he told her. "I know I have no claim upon your consideration, but I ask only this, that I may come—and that you will not shut your heart against me."

"It is useless for you to come," she said quietly.

Then he blundered. "There was a time," he said, "when you loved me."

"There was a time," she said very quietly, "when I let you kiss me—because I thought you cared for me—because I thought our love was a holy thing. I don't suppose any man ever realizes how such a kiss burns forever the lips of a woman. When I found out that love had meant for you only a passing mood I was heart-broken. I might forgive you a thousand times, but I could never forget. Even if I should marry you now, you can never be the lover of my dreams—as you were that day when you gave me the violets."

He realized suddenly the hopelessness of it all. He had destroyed her girl's ideal. And he could never rebuild it.

"There is only one way," he said earnestly. "Fifteen years have passed since then. I am not the boy who hurt you, but the man who would cherish you. I have nothing—in common with that boy. I know that if I could have you back as you were then, with all your dreams in your eyes, that I would thank God for such a perfect gift. And it isn't because you have grown to be so lovely, such an exquisite realization of all my dreams, Phyllis, that I say this. For ten years I have thought of the little girl who was all that was sweet and true and pure. I had five years of madness after I left you, and because of that I was afraid to come back. How could I meet the question in your eyes? I who had dragged love in the dust by my foolish infatuation for a woman so unworthy. But now—oh, I believe you must understand—Phyllis."

He had risen and was standing beside her, pleading with all the force of his awakened manhood. "You can—you must."

With a gesture, she stopped his protestation. Then she crossed the room, a tall, graceful figure, the folds of her satin gown rippling noiselessly behind her.

She opened her desk, and came back with a little package.

"Open it," she said briefly.

In it he found an old picture of himself, a letter or two, and a bunch of faded violets.

"They are all that is left of our love affair," Phyllis said, sadly. "Can we bring faded violets to life, Grant?"

"No, but I can bring you other violets," he said, "fresher ones, and sweeter ones. You must let me, Phyllis."

For a moment she wavered. "I—I had not thought of that," she said; "it seemed to me that those faded violets were the end of the story—but if there is something of the fragrance of love still left for me, perhaps—oh, perhaps—you might bring me other violets, Grant."

Subterranean Journey.

Some of the subterranean rivers that gush out of caverns and pour into the river Pinea in eastern Russia flow 50 or 60 miles, or even more, beneath the accumulated leaf-mold of a thousand years. "Up some of these rivers," writes Mr. Stephen Graham in "Undiscovered Russia," "it is possible to row a boat underground through a tunnel much larger than the opening seems to promise."

"At a place called Solit I heard a very strange story. I had landed there to see the country. Going into a cottage, I entered into conversation with the owner. He told me of a muzhik who, while cutting timber in the wood, had been swallowed up in the tundra."

"A party were cutting virgin forest, when suddenly Steoppa slipped, cried out, and sank from sight before the eyes of his comrades. It happened so quickly that there was not time to save him. All gave him up for dead. Prayers for his soul were offered in church."

"But he wasn't dead, after all. What was the surprise of the villagers when he turned up at his own funeral feast! He had fallen through the bog into the bed of an underground stream, and had made his way in the darkness along its course until he came to an opening and clambered out."

The Minute.

"Would you touch tainted money?" "Who do you know has got enough of it for me to touch?"

Under Her Bonnet

By Molly McMaster

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John Muller entered the suburban train bound cityward and took the seat nearest the rear door. His reason for taking that particular seat was specific; he believed he saw his sister-in-law in the seat just ahead and John's greatest delight was teasing. His brother's wife had not seen him enter and he slipped quietly into his seat.

John Muller had supposed that the feminine world kept its new Easter bonnet carefully wrapped in tissue paper until Easter Sunday morning. Evidently his sister-in-law did not. This was most certainly the new bonnet she had brought out for his masculine admiration not two days before. John had recognized the hat because there was nothing else visible—not even one shining black curl. But the long green tweed coat he also recognized. Jean had been sporting that since her honeymoon trip to Scotland.

John eyed the little gold tassel that swayed with the movement of the train close to where Jean's ear must be. He could not see the ear under the poke bonnet.

Jean's brother-in-law started with soft little jerks at the gold tassel.

No response. He gave another tug, a trifle more definite.

Still no response from beneath the Easter bonnet.

John became annoyed at his own futile efforts and pulled the golden tassel with an imperious jerk, at the same time leaning forward and crying, "Ding ding!"

He started back suddenly as the girl turned and flashed a wrathful glance at him.

The face under the bonnet was not that of his sister-in-law! He caught his breath and would have apologized but the indignant young woman had arisen angrily from her seat and had taken another.

Peeling very uncomfortable at his own awful mistake, yet irritated that



She Turned With a Wrathful Glance.

the young woman had not been willing to listen to his apology, John spent an uncomfortable fifteen minutes while the train pulled in at Jamaica.

Taking the bull by the horns, he attempted, when the passengers got off the train, to make one more attempt to right himself in the eyes of the girl. That he was suspected of being a common flirt was not pleasant.

When the train stopped, Muller went out just behind the girl and, raising his hat, said politely, "I beg your pardon, but—"

The girl in the Easter bonnet turned swiftly and two crimson spots burned in her cheeks. "Sir, if you do not cease to annoy me I will call an officer!" She went hurriedly into the train for the Pennsylvania station, and with many muttered words of short, decided nature Muller stamped into the Flatbush avenue car.

The incident turned his whole day to gloom. He was annoyed at his sister-in-law for buying a hat and cloak identically like that of my other woman. He resolved then and there that if he ever had the privilege of writing checks for feminine apparel he would stipulate exclusive style in those garments. Muller smiled with a touch of malice. Jean's hat was far more becoming to her than the same hat was to the wrathful girl of the train.

John Muller tried to remember the color of the girl's eyes, but nothing save the outraged expression of her face had impressed itself on his mind. Storm, havoc and thunder were all that he could see when he attempted to recall the girl's face.

If Muller's day was filled with gloom Wren Davis was not. Her day of shopping in the big city had scarcely been marred by its unpleasant beginning. If the good-looking face of her annoy had crossed her mind during the day she did not let it trouble her.

Happy with her many purchases she was returning to the Long Island suburb on the evening commuter train. She was crowding into the train at Jamaica when she was startled by a man's voice in her ear and at the same time a strong arm encircled her waist under cover of the many persons boarding the train. "Caught with the goods!" the laughing voice chided her.

Wren jerked angrily away and turned to face the second man who had thus insulted her. "How dare you!" she cried, beside herself with rage. But the man more astute than she was, drew back, while a crimson stain flashed into the corner of his cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he managed to stammer. "I thought you were my wife!"

Thoroughly unstrung Wren got quickly into the train and secured a seat beside a comfortable motherly woman with a baby, and kept close beside her until the car stopped at her station.

She had several blocks to go before reaching the home at which she was visiting, and during her swift walk she knew that the man who had put his arm about her was just behind her.

Hysterical and trembling with fear she reached the house and Jean Muller was there to welcome her.

"Wren, dear! What's the matter? Jean's startled eyes scanned the girl's face. "But before you tell me—I have good news! George will be here to night! Isn't that dandy! Now tell me what happened and all about the shopping!"

"Oh, it's nothing, except that every man in town insults you!" cried Wren beginning to get her dimples into place now that she was with Jean again. "This morning on the train a man pulled my—or rather your—gold tassel and said, 'Ding, ding' to me!"

"How perfectly abominable! And on your first visit to me. When you meet George I want you to tell him your experience and see if he can't do something to protect women—here he is now!" Jean turned to fling herself into the arms of the man who had come in with a suitcase in hand.

Wren gasped! It was the man she had just seen on the train.

She turned from white to red and in an attempt to gain time turned to take off her outdoor garments.

"Great Scott! Jean!" the man whispered hoarsely. "I mistook her for you on the train and—"

Wren turned a laughing, dimpled face to Jean Muller and her excited husband. "It is all Jean's fault," she explained, and extended a friendly hand to Jean's husband; "she insisted on lending me her new Easter bonnet because she said I looked too 'hayseedy' in my own Oldville clothes. I also had on Jean's tweed coat." Wren's laugh was infectious. She liked Jean's husband now that she had met him, and with a sudden start she realized that she liked him because he looked like—yes—like the person who had sat behind her and pulled her golden tassel.

Jean stopped laughing long enough to inquire as to the appearance of her earlier admirer.

Wren blushed and a whimsical light dawned in her eyes. "I only remember that he was very good looking—much like your husband." She bowed in mock flattery. "His eyes were laughing and brown and he had a black mustache and his cheeks were like the sunny side of an apple."

"John!" exclaimed Jean and George in one breath. Then Jean continued: "I showed George's brother my new Easter bonnet yesterday and he had made the same mistake that George did!"

Wren blushed happily, and a half-wistful smile played upon her lips. "I wonder if he will forgive me?" "He is coming to dinner tonight, you know, Wren," Jean reminded the girl.

Later in the evening, when Wren and John had abandoned the house for the cool of the hammock under the apple trees, Jean cast a triumphant glance at her husband.

"Matchmaker!" he admonished, and pulled her down into the chair beside him.

Couldn't Help It.

Simeon Ford was talking to a New York reporter about the breakages that happen in hotels.

"An average amount of breakage you don't mind," he said, "but now and then you happen on a waiter or a chambermaid whose breakages pass all bounds of reason."

Mr. Ford then recounted the breakages achieved in one day by a chambermaid of this stamp.

"I found out after she left," he ended, "that she wasn't a genuine chambermaid at all. She was an elephant trainer really, but she had been compelled to give up that profession because she couldn't handle the elephants without breaking their tusks."

Cruelty in Trapping Animals.

Writing about the barbarous practice of trapping, E. E. Ericson, superintendent of schools of Bristol, Neb., says that there should be legislation against the practice which imposes hours of intense agony on the little, inoffensive creatures "in order that a certain class of degenerate men and youths may be afforded amusement." He refers to an advertisement in a "sporting catalogue" in which a trap is thus described: "This trap has webbed jaws. The animal can crawl off its leg only at a point quite a distance below the meeting edges of the jaws. The flesh left above the point of amputation and below the jaws will swell and make it impossible to draw the leg stump out of the trap."