

THE OLD-TIME PEOPLE.

One of the old-time people, that is enough for me; One of the old-time people, such as you rarely see. Plain and simple and honest. Doing his best to live. By the rule of the daily getting. By the love of the daily give. One of the old-time people, never a bit for show; One of the old-time people, helping the world to go. Kindly, sweet and contented. Happy and sane and bright; One of the old-time brothers. Of sweetness and of light. One of the old-time people, sure of his road, you bet; One of the old-time people, a few of them left us yet. Broad and tender and pleasant. Modest and all the while. Lighting the way they travel. With the sunlight of a smile. One of the old-time people, one of the old-time boys; Happy with simple notions, run in the simple joys. Singing a bit and praying. Loving the dew, the dust; Leading us all with the saying. Of love as it leads to trust.—Baltimore Sun.

DIBLEY'S RECKONING.

[By John Charleton.]

Laurence Dibley looked ruefully at the flat punctured tire of his automobile and then around at the thickly wooded section in which he was stranded.

The road ran through tall woods and all along its length it was perfect for motoring; Laurence had never been on the Cross highway before and he had been an ardent admirer of the quaint little villages and picturesque farm houses scattered through this New England country. Once in a while he came upon the river and crossed it through echoing covered bridges. He had just passed through the wood when a tire burst beyond all repair. Laurence slipped it off and applied the emergency tire he had carried and had barely gone another hundred yards when a rear tire exploded loudly, ruinously.

"Talk about disasters at sea!" grumbled Laurence as he pushed the light roadster into an open space among the trees beside the road and gathered branches of autumn leaves to heap over it until it was quite hidden under October foliage. "If ever a mariner was marooned at sea—this landlubber is wrecked on dry land! I wonder how many miles from civilization I am?"

He pulled out his road map and studied it closely. "Four miles to a repair shop—where!" He pocketed the map and tucked his long dust coat into a locker with his heavy fur coat, and with cap tilted on the back of his head set forth to tramp the four miles to the next village, Melton.

At last he emerged from the woods into a more open country and there, temptingly on his right hand lay a long, low, white-painted farm house whose great square chimneys denoted hospitality as well as did the roomy front porch furnished with comfortable chairs and tables. Laurence could see large barns in the distance and on rolling meadows in the background were dotted a dozen cows.

"That looks like glasses of butter-milk and hunks of cold Johnny cake," murmured Laurence wistfully looking backward as he passed the place.

A quaint signboard swinging from a tall elm tree near the gate arrested his attention and sent his feet speeding in the opposite direction and up the path to the inviting front porch. "Refreshments Served to Travelers," it stated plainly.

Laurence lifted the polished brass knocker and made known his presence there.

Light footsteps sounded and there was the click of high heeled shoes on bare polished floors and the door swung open revealing a girl clothed in a chine blue pinafore that enveloped her from neck to heels. She was a pretty girl—nay a beautiful girl, with a mist of fine dark hair breaking into tendrils around her rose-tinted face and with delicately arched black brows above large hazel eyes. There was a dab of flour on her nose of which she appeared unconscious. She looked inquiringly at Laurence, for so absorbed was he in contemplating the charming vision of her that he quite forgot his errand.

He whipped off his cap and stuffed it in his pocket. "Good afternoon—I—er have had a breakdown with my car back here in the woods and I am on my way to Melton for a mechanic. I happened to be mighty hungry and I saw your signboard—so I came right in. Is that right?"

"Certainly," said the girl gravely. "If you will sit down in the porch I will bring you whatever you wish. It is so warm and sunny out there people seem to prefer it, but if you'd rather we have a room inside."

"Out here by all means," protested Laurence dropping gratefully into a comfortable rocking chair. "I dreamed of butter-milk and cold Johnny cake," he smiled.

"Your dream will be realized, only the Johnny cake is hot from the oven—I have just made it." She flashed out and in the door again leaving in his hand a small card on which was set forth a list of viands served at Elm Farm. The handwriting was angular and the ink was of old-fashioned violet hue.

Laurence ate his hot Johnny cake and drank glass after glass of cold butter-milk in addition to various oth-

er delectable viands, all served by the beautiful girl in the blue pinafore. She went about the business of serving him with a quiet gravity that charmed him. He could have remained hours and would willingly have eaten up and down the hill of fare several times over if he had not feared the grave inquiry of her eyes.

"She must think I'm a glutton," he thought with chagrin as she carried the empty dishes away. "I never ate so much in all my life at one time, and I'd do it all over again just for the privilege of watching her trip in and out!" He summed up the cost of his meal and asked the girl if it was correct. "What is my reckoning?" he smiled.

She said it was and he thrust his hand into a pocket for his wallet. He went through one pocket after another with growing embarrassment, finally fishing up a solitary dime.

"I—must have lost my wallet," he stammered awkwardly, before the concern in her eyes. He was conscious then that his clothes were dusty and that his hair must be untidy. What if she thought him an impostor? He blushed deeply.

"I'm glad you've got grace to blush, young man," rasped a shrill voice and behind the girl appeared the sharp features of a middle-aged woman clad in a violet print dress and white apron. "That's an old story—you're not the first impostor I've cooked for and waited upon only to have serve me such a trick! I'd be ashamed—"

"Miss Malvina!" protested the girl with a shocked look at Laurence. "I'm sure this gentleman must have lost his money—pray, give him a chance to explain."

Laurence turned a grateful look upon her and then addressed Miss Malvina. "I am sorry, madam," he said a little stiffly, "but appearances certainly are against me; my automobile broke down in the woods back yonder and now that I come to think of it I must have placed my wallet in a locker in the car! If you care to send somebody with me as a guarantee of my return I will go back after it, and return to pay my reckoning!"

"Fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Malvina. "There isn't a soul to send along with you now. Here I am without a mite of help around the place today—everybody gone off to the county fair at Melton. If Miss Fairly hadn't put on her big apron and come down and helped me I don't know what I'd have done—it ain't right either, her being a boarder and up here for a rest! You can set right down here, young man, until my brother Samuel comes back from the fair—I reckon he'll walk back with you after your pocketbook!"

"Miss Malvina!" cried the girl again, and this time she was quite indignant. "I will pay you the money because I am sure this gentleman will return—here!" She flashed in and out of the house, returning with a silver mesh purse, from which she took some money and paid Laurence Dibley's reckoning with Miss Malvina.

"I hope you don't object," she said with a smile toward him. "Miss Fairly, I am deeply grateful," he said warmly, and under the scornful eye of Miss Malvina Lee he strode down the path and returned to his disabled machine. When he reached the spot he came upon a large motor car full of people lurching in the shade of the trees. Among them were several friends, and after he had told them of his trouble there were many willing hands to pull out his car and with an elaborate tool kit the chauffeur of the big machine repaired the broken tires sufficiently to send him rejoicing on his way to Melton.

No one could blame him for tooting his horn triumphantly as he stopped before Miss Malvina's gate, and when he reached the porch and had paid the money he had borrowed from Miss Fairly into her pretty pink palm, he grasped it for a moment in his own strong clasp.

"You've been a friend indeed to me," he said soberly. "My reckoning with Miss Malvina is paid—but my reckoning with you, Miss Fairly—well, I never want to settle that!" With a smile and a blush from her he was gone—but he went back again.

Setting a Smart Lawyer. A law case was proceeding in old Mexico and a mining expert was on the stand as a witness.

"Where were you born, sir?" inquired the lawyer. "In England, sir." "How many times have you crossed the Atlantic?" "Twenty times."

The lawyer jumped up and addressed the judge: "Your honor, I impeach the veracity of this witness. He says he was born in England and has crossed the Atlantic 20 times. It would be impossible for him to have crossed the Atlantic that number of times and be on this side now. There is perjury here, your honor. His visits to this side would make odd numbers, and yet he is here and has the audacity to swear he has crossed the Atlantic 20 times. I impeach him, your honor."

"How do you explain this, sir?" asked the judge sternly. "Why," said the witness, "the last time I came to this country I came by way of the Pacific ocean."—Saturday Evening Post.

Substitute for Soap. Billed potatoes make an excellent substitute for soap if your hands have become blackened with contact with pots and pans. Take a little of the potato and rub well into the skin, then rinse it off with warm water.

A WAY PEOPLE HAVE.

"Did you ever notice," said the observing girl, "that when people are married their duty to their relatives ceases instantly, while every one's duty to them is immediately increased ten fold?"

"I can't say that I ever did," answered the placid girl, who accepts the world as she finds it. "But what made you think of it just now?"

"Oh, I met Bertha Stone today. You know she had been planning on this summer vacation for a whole year to carry out a special project. When I asked her about it she told me that just as she was ready to go her sister's children were both taken sick and she devoted the entire two weeks to helping care for them."

"I suppose she thought it was her duty," interposed the placid girl, gently.

"But when Bertha was sick last winter it was no one's duty to take care of her and she had to go to the hospital," argued the observing girl. "The worst of the present case is that as soon as the children were well her sister left them in care of an aunt while she went to the country for a rest and Bertha came back to the office all tired out to work another year."

"That was hard," agreed the placid girl, sympathetically.

Then there was Doris Thompson, who kept house for her brother Jack. It was dreadfully hard for Doris to work downtown all day and take care of the flat, too. But she insisted that both she and Jack needed a home, although we all knew she did it more for Jack's sake than her own. When Jack was married she fully expected to make her home with them, but they gave her to understand that married people were much better off by themselves. However, they suddenly changed their minds when the twins arrived, and then it immediately became Doris' duty to live with them.

"I remember how sorry we all felt for Mrs. Robinson when Alice married. She was the only child and had been her mother's constant companion. They had always declared they would never be separated, but that when Alice married she would live with them in the big house. But she wedded a poor man and decided in favor of love in a cottage. Her mother and father declared she was quite right and fought down their loneliness as best they could. But when she had three children to take care of and could not afford a maid Alice came to the conclusion that it was a shame for mother to be alone in that big house, and accordingly moved her family over."

There also was Aunt Janet Long, who brought up a family of nieces and nephews. Not because she was able to do so financially, but because as she had no husband or children all the relatives considered it her duty to do so and she, poor weak soul, gave up her life to the task. Now they're all married and, of course, could not think of having their home invaded by an old maid aunt who has 'ways,' so she lives alone. But whenever there are sick headaches, extra work or babies Aunt Janet is sent for post haste and never fails to respond.

"You remember that spoiled girl, Nellie Mayne, who in all her life never thought of doing an unselfish act for anyone. Because she was pretty and insisted on being petted and having her own way she always had the best of everything at home and her brothers and sisters all had to give up to her. They expected great things of her and were heartbroken when she ran away and married a good-for-nothing young scamp who had nothing to recommend him but a handsome face. Now they have allowed themselves the luxury of a large family of babies that they cannot support, and it becomes everyone's imperative duty to help them out."

"Of course," pursued the observing girl, "I am fully aware that married people are much better off by themselves. At the same time it seems a bit one-sided and rather unfair to their relatives to let it be known that since they have each other everyone else is an outsider and must expect nothing from them, but as soon as they need assistance their people must fall over one another to be the first on the spot."

"What is to be done about it?" the placid one inquired. "Nothing at all," and the observing girl dismissed the subject with a shrug.

Spilt Milk—and Ink.

Visitor (consoling) to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—"Tut, my boy, there is no us crying over spilt milk."

Tommy—Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is to call in the cat, and she'll lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, and mamma will do the licking.

Cause of the Slaughter.

Tourist (in Crimson Gulch)—Is it a fact that one of your leading citizens, Hartsinger Hank, shot three times yesterday? "Yes, he was shot by Lariat Louis—That's jest what he done, pardner. We got a new hospital bus, and Hank, he's been hired 'get business for it.'—Everybody's Weekly.

Post-Bellum.

First Italian—What was he decorated for? Second Ditto—Bravery in the aerial service in Tripoli. His machine fell from a height of two hundred feet and crushed twenty Turks single-handed.—Fack.

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VIOLENCE AND THE WIDOW.

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

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It was a matter of gossip that Mr. Clyde Vernon, the sculptor, was to marry the young and rich widow, Mrs. Coleman, who had been out of mourning for a year or more. As a matter of fact, both principles in the case had been congratulated by intimate friends. The widow had blushed and made no reply, and the gentleman had said that he was too busy to grant an interview that day.

There was more than a grain of truth in the gossip, but gossip had hurried things along too fast. It was a case of love, but love, except in those cases where an empty-headed New York girl wants to buy a title and a "critter" with it, can't be hurried. Then the whole business can be concluded in twenty-four hours. Besides being young and rich, the widow was called handsome. Besides being fairly well off, the sculptor had a fine face and figure, and a name in the world, and among athletes he had a high rank. He wasn't crazy on that subject, but he needed exercise, and he took it this way.

There was one thing about the widow he had not yet come to understand. She had inherited a terror of violence. She had fainted away at sight of two men exchanging blows at the street. A lame dog or wounded bird brought out all the sympathy in her. On an occasion her only brother had been rendered insensible by a blow from a ruffian. She clasped athletics under the name of "rough house," and it so happened that she had never read nor heard of Mr. Vernon's "exercises." The information came to her with a great shock.

Through the newspapers she read that at a high-toned club, where a "scrap" had been put on, her admirer had bonned the gloves and knocked out Billy the Terrible, who was a quarter of an hour recovering his terrible senses. What kind of gloves were used the widow didn't care, but there was one thing sure—Mr. Vernon must be a brute to step forward and hit Mr. Billy a punch on the jaw that almost deprived him of his life.

She had read the sculptor as a man of refined and gentle nature, but she now saw that those sentiments were but thin veneer. The brute nature lay close to the surface. He might use his fists on the gardener—on the cook—even on her! She could think of him only with a shudder, and she could think of The Terrible only as some guileless half-grown man who had been cajoled into standing up to be knocked down.

It was a dainty little note Mr. Vernon received a few hours later at his studio, but it had a sting to it. The golden cord, if golden cord there had been, was broken, and the silver bowl was mashed flatter than a pancake. The two were to be strangers henceforth. Yes, he was reading the dainty little note that sealed his doom while one of his club friends was saying:

"Clyde, old man, that was one of the prettiest punches I ever saw. He was about to swing with his left when you crossed your right, and, oh, Lordy, how he sat down and snored!" "Yes—ahem!" replied the sculptor as he laid the note carefully aside. "She'll have a husband that can protect her."

"Yes—just so." "I've congratulated you once, but shake again." "Y-e-e."

Would Mr. Vernon answer the note? Would he call and ask the privilege of making an explanation? Certainly not. No woman, except a prize-fighter's wife, could be made to believe that boxing was not brutality. If the widow had wanted an explanation she would have asked for it—even demanded it. And so it came about that the gossips had another thing to talk about. They asked each other why, but no one could tell. The nearest that any one got to it was to say that there was another woman in the case—an old love with whom the sculptor had quarreled and made up again.

It is easy enough to presume what a widow does in such a case. She goes out and there is shopping. But when she goes out to her country house, what then? She wants a rest and she gets it in part by going fishing, if the lake or river or creek isn't too far away. She may give it up for the day after a nibble or two, but she has rested and had time to think of many things. It was so with the Widow Coleman. After her trunks had been unpacked and the servants had settled into their places she took pole and line and went through the woods to the creek. She fished and she meditated. She fished and she felt irritated and annoyed.

That's a woman's way. She will give a lover his conge in the most emphatic terms, hoping never to see his face again, and then get mad because he doesn't come around and show it the day after. When the Widow Coleman dispatched that note she fully expected the sculptor to come rushing to the house within an hour. When he didn't rush she expected a note in reply. No note. She waited two months and then flew to the country. She carefully suppressed the fact of her going from the columns of the society journals, but at the same time told some one who would be sure to tell Mr. Vernon. Two weeks of fishing and thinking and sighing, and no Mr. Vernon! She didn't exactly say out loud that Mr. Billy, the Terrible, could go hang, but

she thought it. And down at the house one afternoon, while the fishing and thinking were going on, an Italian tramp applied for food and was refused. He went out of the gate muttering and threatening, and caught a chicken in the road and started up through the woods to roast and eat it.

As he found a spot to make camp he caught sight of the widow fishing. Here was a chance for revenge, and perhaps plunder. He got down on hands and knees and crept toward her, but while he was yet yards away a stick broke under his knee and she sprang up to take in the situation and scream out and then fall in a faint. When she recovered consciousness Mr. Vernon was bending over her and sprinkling water in her face.

"I was passing in my auto and heard your scream," he simply explained. "But there was a man here!" she said.

"Yes, and he's here yet." "And I saw a knife in his mouth as he came creeping toward me."

"I have the knife." "And, mercy on me, you are bleeding from the arm!" "Yes, he cut me when I closed in on him. If you will get up I will help to the auto and take you home. I've got the fellow securely bound and he won't get away while I am gone. He's got a face on him that isn't pretty to look at."

It was only a few rods to the highway and the auto, and no more words were spoken until the house was reached. Then the woman said: "Clyde, you must come in and have that wound dressed."

He went in, and with her soft fingers she bandaged it, rejoicing that it was only a lively scratch. When the dressing was over she looked him squarely in the eyes and asked: "Clyde, did you hit that man with a club?"

"No, ma'am," he answered in a rather defiant way. "Then with what?" "With my fist."

"And where?" "On the point of the jaw, just where I knocked out Billy the Terrible." She turned and looked out of the window for a moment, and then turned back to say: "I'm glad you did! You go out on the veranda and smoke and I'll tell the constable over the telephone to come and get the fellow. Yes, it's awfully nice to be able to hit a man on the point of the jaw! I almost wish I could have seen you do it!"

Men the Biggest Beggars.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman, at a dinner in New York, said of the begging letter nuisance: "I am overwhelmed with begging letters. I received five thousand begging letters before I started on my recent western trip. It isn't unusual for me to receive one hundred begging letters a day."

"And most of them are from men. Women have a finer, bolder spirit than they used to have. The disgusting, babyish type of woman is disappearing—the type of woman, I mean, who writes begging letters and who, if married, has for her motto: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you get what you want.'"

Only Inquiry That is Omitted Seems to Be the Classic "Have You Used —?"

The native Moors are not content with the salutations which pass muster with English when acquaintances are met in the street. "Hallo, old man! How are you? Going strong—that's right. So long!" This sort of thing does not commend itself to the Moroccan.

Here is the kind of conversation, says Health Culture, that takes place at every meeting of any two friends or acquaintances, say Mr. Abd'l-Kahder and Mr. Boo'l-Hamara:

"Peace be with you this morning." "And with you be peace." "How do you do?" "Without any ill." "Are you well?" "Thank Allah!" "And is your health good?" "It is good." "And you have no ill in your body?" "I have none." "And your bones, how are they?" "They are indeed strong." "And your little bones?" "There is no ill to them." "And the marrow in your bones, is it well?" "And your limbs, are they well?" "They are sound, praise be the prophet."

"And the whole of your body, is it well?" "It is well." "And your forehead, how is it this morning?" "By your life, truly it is well." "And how is your nose?" "It is free from any harm, I am grateful to you."

"And your ears, are they well?" "They are well, may the prophet be blessed." "And so on and so forth, until almost every part of the human system has been alluded to."

A Sign of Age.

"I guess he must be getting old," "Why?" "He's quit thinking that he can sing."

Hard Work.

Doctor—I forbid all brain work. Poet—May I not write some verses? Doctor—Oh, certainly!—Christian Intelligence.

BOYS AGAIN.

After dinner Mannows, who had gone east on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had had education forcibly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length. "I don't believe it!" As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he howled. "If it ain't Bill!"

The captured man, after one look, broke into exclamation points. Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!" "Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hot-headed boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so cheery over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me than that family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little demons, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little into them! Ever go back on class day?" "I went two years ago," said Bill. "I tell you it made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uhhuh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you—"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring to it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it. I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics—"

"Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully—"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, sponge-headed idiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't eched out of a fair game by the most under-handed, unjust, outrageous decision that ever—"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been egged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! All of the—"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "I'd talk if I disagree with you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a moth-eaten, disreputable—"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist. "If you don't take back your slanders on the best—"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoticed crossing, both Mannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commiserated.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him. "Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly, "blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—er enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!" "I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

A Mean Fling.

"When you told Miss Slicer that I created a ripple in Paris, did she seem to be envious?" "No. She said she guessed you fell into the Seine."

Mercenary.

"You'll never again be the fighter you once were," said the expert in pugilism. "Well," replied the man with bulgy muscles, "I don't want to be. A man never gets a chance to make big leisure money till he's a has been."

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