

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ note. Through the peaceful Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float. And the quiet and the twilight and the sweetly solemn tunes. Hear me dreaming back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons; When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand. Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band. Where each queer old portrait watched us with a countenance of wood. And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood. Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the quaver in its tongue. Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung. As we sang the homely anthem, sang the glad revival hymns Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims. While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening settled down. And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the drowsy little town. Old and young we sang the chorus and the echoes told it o'er In the dear, familiar voices, hushed or scattered evermore. From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies. And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear-dimmed eyes. But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind hum the tunes. That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday afternoons. —Job Lincoln, in Saturday Evening Post.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon.)

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED. Mrs. Vane sat at home and welcomed Barbara heartily. "I'm all alone here, and you're just the person I want to see. Went to call on your mother yesterday. She is lonesome, and I've asked her to come and pay me a visit of a week or a month, just as she feels. I find that Thomas for some reason never heard of your father's death. Such things will happen even in a world of newspapers and telegraphs. I want you to tell me all about yourself and your plans. I don't believe you can do a thing, but I am ready to help you if you're the girl I think you are. The Vanes always were proud and aristocratic people; but, if we have ever stood up for one thing more than another, it was for honest labor in the house or the field or the shop or any where. I hate the aristocracy of doing nothing. All my boys learned a trade, and all my girls can cook just as well as they can play the piano, and some of 'em better. I'd rather eat their pie than hear their piano. Sit right there, dear, and be comfortable." Barbara had not been in the house half an hour before she was deeply in love with the lady of it. After an hour had passed she was astonished at Mrs. Vane's knowledge of human nature and her grasp of the subject of servants and housekeeping problems generally. "People will tell you, my dear, that I am an eccentric old lady with a good many crank notions about servants. The fact is, I try to treat them just as Christ taught us to do. That's the reason folks call me queer. People that try to do the Christlike thing in all relations of life have always been called queer, and always will be." When Barbara finally went away after refusing an urgent invitation to remain to tea, she had made an arrangement with Mrs. Vane to meet with her and Mrs. Ward and a friend of both, to talk over some practical plan for getting the servants and the housekeepers together for a mutual conference. "If anything is done," Mrs. Vane insisted, "it must be done with both parties talking it over in a spirit of Christian love. It never can be solved in any other way." The date fixed for the conference was two weeks from that afternoon, and Barbara went back to her work quite enthusiastic over the future and very much in love with the woman who was known to most of the members of Marble Square church as "that eccentric Mrs. Vane." The two weeks had gone by quickly, and Thursday noon at dinner in the Ward house Barbara was surprised to find, when she came in to serve the first course, that Alfred Ward had unexpectedly arrived. He had spent two months of his summer vacation with college classmates at the lakes, and had returned sooner than his mother had expected, to stay until the term opened again. "Arthur, this is Miss Clark, a friend whom I have written you," Mrs. Ward said, a little awkwardly. The young man looked at her with interest, and bowed politely. Barbara returned his bow simply, and did not speak. She felt a little annoyed as the meal proceeded and she was called in at different times. She thought the family was talking about her, and that the college student had been asking questions. Several times she was conscious that he was looking at her. It vexed her, although his look was always respectful. The meal was almost over when Mrs. Ward suddenly asked his wife: "O, have you heard, Martha, that Dr. Law had a stroke yesterday? Very sudden. It will result in his leaving Marble Square pulpit." "No! How sudden! What will the church do?" Mr. Ward was silent a moment. Barbara was just going out. She slackened her step almost unconsciously. "I have no question they will call Morton." "Will he come?" "I think he will." "Good!" said Alfred. "Yes, Morton will be a success in Marble Square pulpit," Mr. Ward said, positively.

Barbara went out, shutting the kitchen door. She did not hear Mr. Ward say: "If Morton goes on as he has begun, he will become one of the greatest preachers this country ever saw." CHAPTER IV. TO BE OF USE IN THE WORLD. When Barbara started that afternoon with Mrs. Ward for Mrs. Vane's to meet with her in conference, she had no plan of any kind worked out, even in the vaguest outline. She had told Mrs. Ward what Mrs. Vane had said before, and asked her whether she was willing to go with her. Mrs. Ward was very willing, and Barbara gave her credit for being as much interested as any woman might be expected to be in anything that was not even thought out far enough to be rightly called a "conference." Mrs. Vane met them with her usual bright greeting, and again Barbara felt the sharpness of her look. "I've asked Hilda to come in for a little while this afternoon. She doesn't want to stay very long, and I had rather hard work to persuade her to come at all. She's shy. Mrs. Ward, how's your headache? Or maybe this isn't your day for having one. I don't wonder your girls have trouble with you. You're so nervous with your headaches that I wouldn't venture to work for you short of ten dollars a week in advance. I wonder Miss Clark has stayed as long as she has." All this the old lady said with astonishing rapidity and with a frankness that amazed Barbara and made Mrs. Ward laugh. "Miss Clark is learning to put up with me, I think," Mrs. Ward said, with a kindly look at Barbara, who was pleased. "O, I should think so," said Mrs. Vane, looking sharply from one to the other. "You don't either of you have many grievances, I imagine. Sit right there, Hilda!" she exclaimed as the girl Barbara had met on Sunday came into the room. "You remember Mrs. Ward and Miss Clark, Hilda? We met them last Sunday." Hilda sat down awkwardly in the seat indicated by Mrs. Vane, and there was a moment of embarrassed silence. Hilda was dressed to go out, and Barbara could not help wondering how far the girl understood what the meeting was about. She began to feel a little angry at Mrs. Vane, without knowing just why, when that good woman very frankly cut across the lots of all preliminaries by saying: "Now, then, Hilda, you know well enough what I asked you to come in for. We want to make a beginning of some sort of helping the girls who are out at service realize what their work means, and what they are worth to a family, and all that." Hilda looked embarrassed and said nothing. Barbara came to the rescue. "Don't you think the first thing we need to do is to settle on some really simple plan by which we can reach all the girls and let them know what we propose to do?" "You never can do it," Mrs. Ward spoke with some emphasis. "It has been tried before by Mrs. Rice and one or two others. The fact is, the girls do not care to meet together for any such purpose." "Mrs. Ward is right and wrong both," Mrs. Vane said. "I'm not going to discourage you, but you have set out as hard a task as ever a lady undertook. The very people you want to help are the very ones who don't want you bothering around." "Then perhaps we had better start with the housekeepers first," replied Barbara, feeling conscious of the big-



"ARTHUR, THIS IS MISS CLARK."

ly said, slowly. "I have no complaint to make." "No, but I have. Now you know, Hilda, you didn't half do your work right this morning; and, if I hadn't come out into the kitchen, the pudding Mr. Vane likes would have been burned to a crisp. Wouldn't it?" "Yes, ma'am," Hilda answered, her face rivaling in color her parasol. "And yet you had the clock there before you as plain as day. What were you thinking of?" "I can't always be thinking of a pudding!" Hilda replied, with more spirit than Barbara had yet seen in her. "There, my child," Mrs. Vane said, gently, without a particle of impatience or ill nature, "I don't blame you much. I have let puddings burn, myself, when I was a bride beginning housekeeping for Mr. Vane. We must make allowances for human nature that can't always be thinking of puddings." "At the same time," said Mrs. Ward, with a trace of impatience in her tone, "somebody must think of puddings while they are baking. We can't be excusing human nature all the time for carelessness and lack of attention to the details of service. I think one great cause of all the trouble we meet in the whole problem is the lack of responsibility our servants take upon themselves. Out of a dozen girls that have been in my house within the last three years, not more than two or three could be trusted to wash my dishes properly. What can a woman do when after repeated instructions and admonitions her girls persist in using dirty dishwater and putting things away on the shelves only half wiped? We can't always be excusing them on account of human nature. It may sound absurd, but I have gone to bed downright sick many a time because my girl would persist in putting dirty dishes back into the pantry." And poor Mrs. Ward heaved a sigh as she looked at Mrs. Vane, who sat erect and sharp-eyed before her. "That's it!" she said, sharply. "Responsibility! That's the word. But how get responsibility into a class of people who have no common bond of sympathy or duty? No esprit de corps? The responsibility must grow out of a sense of dignity that belongs to the service. As long as the service is regarded by those who perform it as menial and degrading, the only thing we can expect is shiftlessness and all lack of responsibility." "Responsibility generally goes with a sense of ownership," suggested Barbara. "But I don't see how anything like ownership can be grafted upon a servant girl's work. Now I wouldn't dare leave dishes dirty, because of my mother's training, no matter whose dishes they were. But I can easily see it is not very strange for a girl to slight any work in which she does not feel any ownership." "There's another thing," Mrs. Vane said. "I've told Mrs. Ward so several times. She has always had a good deal of company and five in the family anyway a good deal of the time. She ought not to expect to get along with just one girl. At the close of a big supper it is almost half-past seven. The quickest girl can't wash up all the dishes properly in less than half an hour. If she wants to go out somewhere in the evening, what is more natural than for her to do the work in a hurry? She has been at work all day since half-past six. She works longer hours and for less pay than young men in stores get for clerk service that is not so important by half as the housework for a family. Now I'll warrant that Mr. Ward pays some of his clerks downtown three times what he pays the girl at home for almost twice the hours of labor. Wouldn't it be better and cheaper in the long run, Mrs. Ward, to hire two persons to do your work, at least for a part of the time? I'm inclined to think a good many of us expect too much of one girl. We work them too many hours. And we ought to remember that for most of the time the work really is what must be called drudgery." "One girl in the house almost kills me. Two would complete the business, I am sure," said Mrs. Ward, smiling at Barbara. "Some of what you say is very true. But I am sure Mr. Ward would never think of giving as much for the work in the home as he gives for clerk work in the store." "And why not, if the service performed is as severe and more than that, as important to your peace and comfort, and his own as well when he gets home? I know a good many farmers who think nothing of paying out several hundred dollars every year on improved machinery to lighten their own labor on the farm. But they think their wives are crazy if they ask for an improved washing machine that costs \$25 or a few kitchen utensils of the latest style to save labor. That's one reason so many farmers' wives are crazy over in Crawford county asylum. Men expect to pay a good price for competent service in their business. Why should they expect to get competent servants in the house for the price generally offered?" "I don't think it's the price that keeps competent girls away from housework," Mrs. Vane, remarked Barbara. "I have figured it out that even on four dollars a week at Mrs. Ward's I can save more than I could possibly save if I worked for Bordman at five or even six, paying out of that for board, lodging and washing. If the price paid for competent servants was raised in Crawford to ten dollars a week, I doubt if the girls now in the stores and factories would leave their positions to enter house service." "I believe they would, a good many of them, anyway," Mrs. Vane replied with vigor. "You can get almost anything if you pay for it." "But we must remember, Mrs. Vane, that the great majority of families in Crawford cannot afford to pay such prices for househelp. You have

no idea how much trouble I am in for paying my girls four or four and a half a week. My neighbors who say they cannot afford that much tell me their girls become dissatisfied when they learn what we pay, and very often leave because I pay my girls more than other housekeepers." "The whole question has as many sides to it as a ball!" ejaculated Mrs. Vane, rubbing her nose vigorously. "I think I shall finally go back to the old primitive way of doing my own work, living on two meals a day and washing the dishes once. You needn't stay any longer, Hilda, if you want to go." [To Be Continued.] TALE OF A MANILA BEAN. A Traveling Agent Was Afraid to Trust a Professional Florist with It. Quite an excitement has been created in Kensing by so small a matter as a bean, says the Philadelphia Record. The bean was brought from Manila two years ago by a traveling agent for a large manufactory, who had seen a tree covered with beautiful flowers and beans while traveling in Luzon, and had secured one of the pods. Fearing that if he confided it to a professional florist, he would lose the honor of introducing a new flower to Philadelphia, he turned over the bean to a Kensington woman, agreeing to pay one dollar a month for its care and culture until it produced flowers. The bean has been two years growing, but is not yet over two inches in height. Local botanists say it is not a bean, but a date seed, which has been planted in mistake. The owner, who paid \$12 for one year's board for the bean, thinks the caretaker should now keep it for company, but she says she has had three door bells worn out by curious visitors. Recently the owner dug the plant up to see what the root looked like, and found that while there were only three inches of stem and leaves, a large 16-inch pot was filled with fibrous roots. He thought it would be a good plan to clip the roots, since which time the Manila bean has been but a little faded flower. The caretaker asserts that in two years she has served the bean with 1,400 gallons of water and taken 20,000 steps in carrying it around the house, to give it the full benefit of sunshine. It was as much trouble and care as a baby, only it did not cry at night. On Second Thought. "I will," she exclaimed; "I will not live with you another day!" "You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked. "Yes, I will." "When?" "Now—right off—this minute." "You'll go away?" "Yes, sir." "I wouldn't if I were you." "But I will. I defy you to prevent me. I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with you." "Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want your description and I will give it. You wear No. 5 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff in your knees, your nose turns up at the end, eyes rather on the squint, voice like a—"

ASSASSIN IN SWEAT BOX. Czolgosz Continues to Deny That He Had Accomplices—Police of Many Cities Rounding Up Anarchists. Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Czolgosz went through another long examination yesterday at the hands of the police officials, but emerged from it without having added anything to the case. The chief effort of the detectives was to draw from the prisoner some admission as to his accomplices, but he stuck to his denial that he was not assisted in any way in the commission of his crime. Every police device was resorted to to obtain the admission, but the prisoner retained his position and could not be shaken. German Scientist Says Disease Is Caused by Parasites. Their Real Nature and Method of Propagation Has Just Been Discovered by Prof. Schueller, of Berlin. The death of Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, who, as is now an open secret, succumbed to that most dreadful of diseases, cancer, calls attention to what is being done these days to conquer this scourge. There is no doubt that cancer can now be healed in its incipient stage, and Prof. Max Schueller, D. D., the Berlin specialist, claims to be able to cure the disease even when it has assumed its most malignant form. Next to tuberculosis, cancer is, during the past decades, the most rapidly increasing disease on record. Prof. Czerny, who presided at the recent surgical congress in Berlin, calculates the number of sufferers from cancer in Germany alone to outnumber 50,000, and it was shown at the congress that cancer was greatly on the increase in both hemispheres, and also that science was blamed because of the inability to trace the cause of cancer. The peculiar formations which have formed in certain cells and tissues of the human body, which with relative rapidity increase until they induce death, have puzzled the medical world. They are called erroneously cancer bacilli by the laity, appear in the shape of capsules, which hide the real parasites. Prof. Schueller has at last discovered the real nature of these parasites. He finds that they are envired by a slimy substance from which thread-like prolongations in a vibratory movement pierce through the pores of either flesh or bone, thus executing their destructive work. It seems that the parasite prefers a lean, dry skin to a smooth, fatty one, which accounts for the fact that most of the victims of cancer are of mature age. That the disease is contagious has also been demonstrated. It is believed that if Prof. Schueller's discovery had been made, say, ten years ago the lives of both the parents of Kaiser Wilhelm and of his uncle the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha could have been much prolonged. The fact alone that Dr. Schueller has discovered these parasites is of the greatest importance to medical science and humanity. Dr. Max Schueller is the son of a Lutheran pastor. He is about 57 years old and his career as a surgeon is replete with brilliant feats which have given him an enviable reputation in Europe. About 20 years ago he came to America at the call of an eastern medical college, but he never made him return to the fatherland. He has written voluminously both in German and English on the subject of cancerous diseases. The experiments of the past few months have opened up possibilities which seem exceedingly hopeful. Recently at the Middlesex hospital in England a terrible case of cancer of the breast in an elderly woman was submitted to the X-rays. In the treatment, extending over many weeks, there was a very marked improvement. The X-rays for cancer have also been tried in America with similar satisfactory results. Within the next few months the treatment will probably be extended to many cases. If the outcome is equally good we will at least have hopes of successfully meeting this rapidly growing and hideously torturing affliction. Ten years ago consumption of the lungs was regarded as practically incurable. The patient was coddled, kept from all exposure, and the questions for his doctor were how long he could prevent the end coming and how painless dying could be made. All this already belongs to past history. It is now recognized that consumption is a definite infective disease, due to germs in the lungs. The lines of treatment today are two-fold. On the one hand many endeavors are made to prevent the spread of infective matter, while the patient himself is treated by exposure to open air and by excessive feeding. This Horseshoe Wasn't Lucky. A horseshoe was found in the road by a farmer in Elk Creek, N. Y. It was peculiar in shape, being very heavy and rudely made, as if by an unskilled hand. The farmer was nailing it on his barn for luck, when it dropped and put a hump on his nose. His wife laughed at his discomfiture, and he threw a hammer at her. Now they don't speak and the lucky horseshoe is not yet nailed up.



LEON CZOLGOSZ.

The police have about concluded that more effective work on the plot theory can be done on the outside, although Czolgosz probably will have another experience with the third degree of police craft. The general investigation of the case progresses slowly because the men on it must cover a large amount of preliminary ground before they do effective work. Czolgosz is still kept secluded and the detectives are the only ones who have access to him. He is strong and healthy and eats with a will. Knowledge of the condition of the president is kept from him. He knew on Friday night that the president was still alive, but has been given no information since then. Not once since his confinement has he asked as to the fate of his victim. Silver City, N. M., Sept. 10.—Antonio Maggio, the musician and alleged anarchist, who is said to have predicted the assassination of President McKinley before October, 1901, was arrested at San Rita, a mining camp near Silver City, Monday afternoon, by United States Marshal Foraker, on instructions from Washington.



PROF. MAX SCHUELLER. (Berlin Surgeon Who Has Discovered the Cancer Parasites.)

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Chief O'Neill announces that Emma Goldman is under surveillance not far from Chicago although not in this city. He intimates that she will be arrested soon. United States secret service officers in Chicago having come to the conclusion that the attempted assassination of President McKinley was the result of a plot arranged in this city, have telegraphed Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, who is now in Buffalo, asking him to send Czolgosz's coat to Chicago. The officers believe the mark on the assassin's coat will prove that it was made by a tailor who lived very near the house of Abraham Isaak, one of the anarchists now being held on a charge of conspiracy. This fact once determined, the officers say, it will be a matter of only a few hours to ascertain exactly where Czolgosz lived in Chicago, the names of those with whom he associated while here, and the length of time he remained in the city. Pittsburgh, Sept. 10.—Carl Noid and Harry Gordon, well known Pittsburgh anarchists and intimate friends of Emma Goldman, were arrested Monday afternoon. Chicago, Sept. 11.—Emma Goldman, the "Anarchist Queen," under whose red banner Leon Czolgosz claims he stands, whose words he claims fired his heart and his brain to attempt the assassination of the president, was arrested here shortly before noon yesterday. She disclaimed all but the slightest acquaintance with the president's assailant; she denied absolutely that she or any anarchist she knew was implicated in any plot to kill the president. She said she believed Czolgosz acted entirely on his own responsibility, and that he never claimed to be inspired by her, as he is quoted as affirming. The president, she averred, with a yawn, was an insignificant being to her—a mere human atom whose life or death were matters of supreme indifference to her, or to any anarchist. A Doubly Fatal Wreck. Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 10.—One railroad employe was killed, one was fatally injured and half a dozen passengers were cut by broken glass in a wreck Monday on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Burton tunnel, of the through express. There were six coaches on the train, loaded with excursionists bound for Cleveland to attend the G. A. R. encampment. A broken flange derailed the engine and the three cars including the baggage. The wreck took fire and all three cars were destroyed, together with their contents. The Cause. Circus Manager—What's all the row in the dressing-room? Attendant—Oh, the man who walks barefoot on swords ran a splinter in his foot—Ohio State Journal.