

THE STORY TELLER

Timothy, the Timid.

BY CROMWELL GALPIN.

The first day of Timothy Farnham at the Los Angeles high school was distinctly uncomfortable, and the other days of the week were no less unpleasant to the boy. Timothy's father and his family had recently arrived "from the east," which in southern California means from some portion of the United States east of Denver; in Timothy's case it referred to southern Kansas, where the waters of the shallow streams grow warm early in the summer and stay warm till late in the fall.

Timothy found the western boys of his own age no more than his equals in school work, and hoped to gain standing and to make friends among them as he had done among schoolmates in the "east."

In the middle of the morning session of the first day Timothy saw on his desk an envelope addressed to him. He opened it and drew forth the enclosure. Something flew out as the folded cardboard unfolded, and Timothy struck at it, uttering a shriek worthy of the most nervous girl in the room.

Then he discovered it was a "kissing-bug;" that is to say, a hairpin and a piece of rubber so twisted together as to unwind with a buzz when taken from the envelope. Timothy had been startled even more than the maker of the kissing-bug had hoped, and there was smothered laughter among the boys and giggling among the girls.

As the teacher in charge turned toward Timothy, William Peters rose.

"I put a kissing-bug on Mr. Farnham's seat," he said. "I thought he would open the envelope before the class was called to order, and really, I didn't know that Timothy was so timid." And the force of the teacher's reproof was lessened by the smile he could not hide.

If the matter had ended there it would have been forgotten very soon. But at noon Will, who was a leader of the boys inclined to athletic sports, declined to allow Timothy a place in the line-up for a practice football game, and Timothy made such remarks as wit and ill-nature suggested, the result being that two boys who might have been good friends were in a fair way to become bitter enemies. To Timothy even this seemed less to be regretted than the fact that the other boys of the class were inclined to follow Will's lead.

Three of his friends, Alf Johnson and Joe and George Brown, were especially ingenious and persistent in inventing alliterative variations of "Timothy, the Timid" and "Timorous Timmy," which the other boys took up and repeated till it seemed that Timothy's name was never mentioned without an adjective implying cowardice. As the days passed, even the little fellows in the classes below joined in the sport, greatly to Timothy's discomfort. Thinking over the matter, he sensibly concluded to do nothing until something seemed certainly the right thing to do; and he made no answer to galling remarks.

Schoolboys as a rule soon tire of any game steadily pursued, and Timothy's plan of non-resistance would in time have secured immunity from persecution at worst only half ill-natured. But his patience was not put to test.

On Saturday Will and his three friends rode down to the beach on their bicycles, reaching the seashore at eight o'clock in the morning. Timothy also decided to go swimming. So, taking the electric car for Santa Monica, he entered the bath house from the shore side as the clock struck ten. He undressed, donned a bathing suit and went out on the beach.

Many people set on the benches, and more on the sand, but there were no bathers in the water. The sea was like a vast mirror. Five or six hundred feet from the land the shining water rose slowly, green and graceful, as a heavy ground swell swept shoreward. Half way in flecks of white foam appeared on the crest of the little mountain of water; all the top grew white as the wave became perpendicular; then the mass toppled upon the sand with a tremendous slap that woke the echoes in the bluffs till all other sound was drowned in the roar of surf as the wave broke on the beach.

With both the sights and the sounds Timothy was familiar, having spent a month along the sea before school began. Tumbling walls of water six feet high more than tempt the bather to stay ashore.

A quarter of a mile from the beach, well outside the breakers and little affected by the swell, was a small boat with a big sail, carrying four people in bathing dress, evidently men, as they were bareheaded. Timothy watched them, wondering why they had hauled the sheet aboard while sailing dead before the wind. As he looked, the helmsman got the tiller down and the little craft rounded up to port and heeled

over as the breeze caught the sail, still hauled close.

"What do you suppose he thinks he's trying to do?" laughed a man, sitting near Timothy.

Slowly the boat straightened up as the man at the helm again put her before the wind. Still he kept her close-hauled, and shifting his helm again, he jibed her over. As before, the sheet was held fast; but this time a puff of wind caught the sail and the boat turned over. The four persons who had been aboard made a good deal of splashing as they found places by which to hold on to the overturned craft. The crowd looking on laughed and exchanged good-naturedly contemptuous remarks concerning the skill of the boatmen as they waited for the crew to right the craft and take to the oars to work her out to sea, for the wind was driving her toward the breakers.

But the men made no attempt to right the boat. Clinging to the almost submerged sides, they seemed to be waiting to drift ashore.

"If they let her get into that surf," said the man sitting near Timothy, "that boat'll go to pieces like an egg shell in an ore-crusher."

One of the men clinging to the boat waved his hand to the people on the shore, and Timothy stood up.

"That's a pretty stiff surf," he said, "but I guess I'd better go out and tell them to keep off till the tide turns and the surf goes down."

Timothy was a swimmer, and inured to surf work by his month at the shore. Although he had never battled with waves so heavy as those before him, he felt little doubt of his ability to make his way through them.

He walked slowly seaward, following a receding wave and meeting another coming, and dived into greenish-brown water seeming as steep and as high as the wall of a house. He had taken a good breath, and needed it all before he had another opportunity to breathe; but he caught the undertow and felt himself scraped against the sandy bottom as he was swept seaward. It came to the surface a few seconds later 30 yards from shore, and in the middle of the trough between two waves; thus he had time to empty his lungs and to fill them again before the next roller was upon him.

He dived again, and again the undertow swept him from the shore, and again he rose in the trough of the sea, well in advance of the on-coming wave. He shook the water from his eyes, and then straightened out to take as deep a breath as he could force into his lungs. The wave before him was a "double-header," and even a stronger swimmer than Timothy might admit that he was afraid without exposing his courage to suspicion.

A double-header is only half as high as the wave series of which it is an irregular member, but its menace to the swimmer is much more. Between two ordinary waves is a trough of flat water, allowing the swimmer a chance to breathe; between the halves of a double-header there is also a trough, but it is filled with lather and foam much too thick for breathing, yet too thin to support the swimmer. He must either take a deep breath and hold it—if he can—lying still till the wave passes over him, or he must take a breath equally deep, dive and swim—if he can—under water till the increasing light stretches him he has passed under the tangle of sea which is boiling and frothing like a horrible great caldron. Timothy preferred to dive.

As he went down he had some fear that he might never come up again, together with a feeling of thankfulness for the two seconds of grace that had allowed him to go down with his lungs well-filled with air.

The distance under a double-header is four times that under other waves running at the same time, and the undertow offers no aid to the swimmer, for instead of a current running strongly seaward, it is a mere tangle of swirling water running nowhere. Timothy dived deep, striking out strongly but carefully, and opening his eyes.

Under an ordinary wave the light is blue-green; under a double-header there is no light, for water lashed into foam is opaque as a plank ceiling. Salt water hurt Timothy's eyes, and he kept them open only long enough to make sure that he was in the dark.

The pressure on his lungs became intolerable, and he let out some of the air in them, immediately wishing he had tried to save it a few seconds longer. He opened his eyes, saw no sign of light in the black mass above him, and struck out again, fear clutching at his heart as he felt how ineffective had been his stroke, and realized that repetition of even such weak effort was beyond his power until he might breathe again. Then he felt himself trying to laugh at the remarks those fellows in the boat would make about him when they got ashore, and he wondered half-stupidly if this was the beginning of the delirium that comes to the swimmer who has made his fight and lost.

A sort of frenzy seized him, and he struggled wildly to reach the surface. Only for a second. "You haven't got me yet!" Savagely defiant the words seemed to form themselves and to find some strange method of utterance. He lay without movement, strange lights flashing before his eyes, a great roaring filling his ears, an unmeasurable weight of pressing his chest.

He floated slowly to the surface, so nearly unconscious that he hardly knew enough to be glad when he felt the sunshine on his face. His lungs had emptied themselves, and he rolled over on his back to draw

breath as a mountain of solid green water advanced toward him from the ocean.

But the sometimes relentless sea is sometimes strangely merciful. The big green wave lifted the exhausted boy tenderly, passed under him, breaking just beyond, and swept roaring to the shore.

Three good breaths restored Timothy's senses and revived his courage; he had not been near enough to drowning to lose his strength. There were still more waves to be passed before the boy was beyond the surf. But there were no more double-headers, and some of the waves did not break till they neared the shore. Timothy swam on, soon finding himself beyond the rollers and among vast waves that rose and fell, but did not break.

Then he heard a cry: "Help! Help!" It was a strident voice, but weak, as of one too frightened to fill his lungs for a good, honest shout.

As Timothy raised himself in the water and turned his eyes in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, he saw the boat he had watched from the shore, and recognized in the persons clinging to her sides Will Peters and the three boys who had so persistently nicknamed him Timorous Timmy.

The boat was right side up, but full of water; the mast, stepped through the bow thwart and without stays, had been unshipped, and with the sail was dragging astern. The wind was light, but the boat was driving slowly shoreward, and the boys clinging to her were not making the slightest effort to keep her off, although they could not but know that if they attempted to reach shore through the heavy surf the destruction of the boat was certain and their death by drowning inevitable.

"Hallo!" shouted Timothy. "Keep her off! Keep her off till the surf goes down!"

As he called, a vagrant wave broke to seaward of the prevailing surf line. Timothy dived, rising close to the overturned boat and seeing three boys wildly clutching for more secure hold on the wreckage.

Within arm's length of the boat, but having altogether lost his hold, Will Peters was thrashing about, arms and legs out of the water half the time and head under all the time. He was not a swimmer.

Timothy with his left hand reached for the gunwale of the boat, and with his right seized Will, who put both arms around Timothy's neck, almost instantly to release his hold and attempt to climb into the boat, which promptly turned bottom upward.

"Hold on!" shouted Timothy. "You can't keep your feet dry here. Hang on to the side and help tow her out!"

Under Timothy's direction the boat was righted and her bow turned away from the shore. Two boys could not swim, and they simply hung on; two could swim a little, and they gave Timothy such aid as they could in working the boat farther from the surf line. Then they bailed her out with a tin pan tied to a thwart to guard against loss under just such circumstances, climbed over the side, pulled the mast and sail aboard and got out the oars for a pull to Long wharf, where the boat had been hired and where the boys had left their clothes. Nobody suggested an attempt to raise the sail.

As they dipped the oars for the first stroke another boat drew alongside, manned by four fishermen.

"Don't you fellows know enough to keep your boat out of the surf? Want any help?" asked one of the fishermen.

"We do," said Timothy, taking it upon himself to answer both questions; "but we didn't at ten o'clock this morning. We've been in the water long enough to get pretty cold. One of you get in here and give a hand down to Long wharf; let me get into your boat and put me ashore at the Arcadia wharf."

"I'll pay you for your trouble," said Will, speaking for the first time since he had called for help.

The suggested changes were soon made, and in due time the sailing party reached Long wharf.

The boys went ashore, dressed, settling with the fisherman and the boat owner, and rode their bicycles to the bath house, where they expected to see Timothy, but did not. They spent some time looking for him and then regretfully took the bicycle path for home.

Timothy had left the fisherman's boat at the Arcadia wharf, gone to the bath house and dressed. Lacking the 35 cents necessary to pay car fare, he then took the bicycle path for a 16-mile walk to his home. Four or five miles out a wheelman passed him with a rush, but stopped a few yards beyond. It was Joe Brown, and behind him came the others of the boating party.

"Who's afraid of wet feet?" shouted Joe, as he came running back.

"Timothy Farnham's four friends!" bawled the others in chorus, as if practicing a new class yell.

"Into whose heads has some sense soaked?" sang out one of the others.

"Heads of Tim Farnham's four friends!" shrieked the chorus.

"Say, Tim," said Will, "when you've risked your life to save one you needn't—"

"Oh, cut it short! It's all right," said Timothy.

"Yes, it's all right," answered Will. "But if you'll ride my wheel home, or ride by turns, I'll take it as an honor; if you'll teach me to swim I'll be a burro long enough to carry you home on my back. And," rather sheepishly, "we won't talk any more about Timothy's timidity."

And the promise was faithfully kept.—Youth's Companion.

WAR REMINISCENCES

BETRAYED BY A ROOSTER.

Story Related by Admiral Jonett of the Clever Capture of a Blockade Runner.

Of no officer in the navy are more amusing stories told than of the late Admiral Jonett. He was not only a conscientious and brilliant officer, but one of the kindest men, the merriest souls, and the cleverest story-tellers that ever wore the navy blue, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A favorite tale with him, and one that his cronies never tired of hearing repeated, was his account of the capture of a blockade runner which came about by his hearing a rooster crow.

"In the early days of the war," the admiral would say, "I was a youngster of a lieutenant in command of the Montgomery, an old sea monster of a merchantman converted into a man-of-war, which, like the Mary Dunn, of Dover, had three decks and no bottom.

"Her battery was poor, and the chase gun, a ten-inch Columbiad, had been condemned years before. The powder was wet, and the fuses of the shell defective.

"We were cruising off the coast of Louisiana, out of sight of land, awaiting the supply steamer from the north. There was little to eat, nothing to do, and I was still suffering from the wound I received when we captured the royal yacht.

"One densely foggy morning at about four o'clock I was pacing up and down the deck with the mid-watch, when I suddenly heard a rooster crow. It was some moments before the significance of that crow occurred to me. Then, turning to one of the officers, I said:

"'Are there any chickens aboard?'"

"'No, sir.'"

"'Didn't the boats bring any yesterday?'"

"'I think not,' was the answer.

"'Well,' said I, 'when we swung up north I heard a rooster crow. A blockade runner had certainly gone out. Call all hands. Make sail!—it was a stiff wind—for Havana. Send word to the engineer to give me all the steam he can, and send extra men to the fire-room.'"

"I had been ill for a long time, dangerously ill, and at this order the under officers exchanged significant glances.

"'No, gentlemen,' said I, divining their thoughts, 'I am not crazy. I heard a rooster crow, and we'll find him when this fog lifts.'"

"When the fog lifted at 7:30 a. m. before us lay a schooner, all sails set, making for Havana. The condemned gun was fired, but the powder was worse than the gun, and the ball, after rolling on the water for half a mile, sank.

"We soon overtook her, however. She was flying the Louisiana state flag, showing a pelican, and as we ranged alongside we found 14 hard and desperate looking men in the stern.

"'Haul down that rag,' I yelled at the top of my voice.

"My order met with no response. Thirty marines stood on the poop deck

LINCOLN AND THE CLERGYMEN

One Instance in Which the Great President Lost His Usual Good Humor.

Clergymen were always welcome by Mr. Lincoln at the white house with the respectful courtesy due to the sacred calling. During the progress of the war, and especially in its earliest stages, he was visited almost daily by reverend gentlemen, sometimes as single visitors, but more frequently as delegations, from the lips of his pious callers, and generally these interviews were entertaining and agreeable on both sides. It not infrequently happened, however, that these visits were painfully embarrassing to the president. One delegation, for example, would urge with importunate zeal a strict observance of the Sabbath day by the



MR. LINCOLN'S REPLY WAS A NOT-ABLE ONE.

army; others would insist upon a speedy proclamation of emancipation, while some recounted the manifold errors of commanding generals, complained of the tardy action of the government in critical emergencies, and proposed sweeping changes of policy in the conduct of the war.

On but one occasion that I can now recall was Mr. Lincoln's habitual good humor visibly overtaken by these well-meaning but impatient advisers. A committee of clergymen from the west called one day, and the spokesman, fired with uncontrollable zeal, poured forth a lecture which was fault finding in tone from beginning to end. It was delivered with much energy, and the shortcomings of the administration were rehearsed with painful directness. The reverend orator made some keen thrusts, which evoked hearty applause from other gentlemen of the committee.

Mr. Lincoln's reply was a notable one. With unusual animation he said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you possess were in gold, and you had placed it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope. With slow, cautious, steady step he walks the rope, bearing your all. Would you shake the cable and keep shouting to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter! Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Lean more to the south! Now lean a little more to the north!' Would that be your behavior in such an emergency? No; you would hold your breath, every one of you, as well as your tongues. You would keep your hands off until he was safe on the other side. This government, gentlemen, is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. The persons managing the ship of state in this storm are doing the best they can. Don't worry them with needless warnings and complaints. Keep silent, be patient, and we will get you safe across. Good day, gentlemen. I have other duties pressing upon me that must be attended to."

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

Saved a Night Train of Soldiers from Destruction Planned by Bushwhackers.

In traveling on the cars from Bethel to Jackson, Tenn., the Twenty-seventh Iowa infantry was saved from a fearful loss of life by the heroism of two union women—this was in the summer of 1863, says the American Tribune.

The train was running in the night, and at a high rate of speed, and just before reaching a railroad bridge the engineer saw a couple of lanterns being waved in the distance, directly on the track.

He stopped the locomotive and men were sent ahead to ascertain the cause of the alarm. They found that the lanterns were held by two women, who explained to them that a band of bushwhackers in the vicinity had been informed of the coming of the regiment and at about eight o'clock that evening they would set fire to the bridge, allowing the main timbers to burn, so they could not bear the weight of the train, and then put out the flames and went away.

Their purpose was to have the cars run on the bridge, and then go crashing down for 90 feet into the river, carrying 600 soldiers down in the fall.

These noble women had learned of the intentions from the bushwhackers as they retreated into the mountains, and they walked ten miles through the mud and darkness to save the union soldiers.

A Fesse of Duty.
No fault can be found with a man's sense of duty if he finds time to do things he doesn't want to do.—Arlington, Va.

HAS BRIGHT FUTURE

George B. Cortelyou, Private Secretary to the President.

His Success Should be an Inspiration to Ambitious Young Americans—May Become a Cabinet Member.

The intimation has come from Washington that George B. Cortelyou may become a member of the president's cabinet. Those who know the man best believe that he is worthy of such an honor, and capable of filling such a position. In the United States today there are few more interesting men than George B. Cortelyou, the secretary to the president. Intellectual, energetic, dignified, and courteous, this man seemed endowed by nature and fitted by training to perform the duties and meet the emergencies of his particular work.

The position of secretary to the president of the United States is an arduous one. In the rendering of its multitudinous services, it calls for the business qualifications of a methodical and systematic clerk, in the performance of the daily routine of official work, and the finesse of a practical diplomat in meeting and satisfactorily adjusting situations between the president and an assorted public, each individual of which believes himself entitled to a portion of the time and interest of the chief executive.

Mr. Cortelyou worked his way to his present high position through sheer ability and determination. He is still a young man, 40 years of age, and his success may be regarded as an indication of a still more progressive and brilliant career in the future. He began as a stenographer, and as a court reporter, was considered one of the most rapid and accurate in the country. In 1891 he became private secretary to the fourth assistant postmaster general. Toward the close of the Cleveland administration he was transferred to the white house. He



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU. (President's Choice for Proposed Portfolio of Commerce.)

was for several months a stenographer to the president, and was then appointed executive clerk, which position he held until the beginning of Mr. McKinley's second term, when he was made private secretary.

While in Washington Mr. Cortelyou improved his spare time in the study of the law, and in 1895, was graduated from the Georgetown University Law school. The following year he took a post-graduate course in the Columbia university.

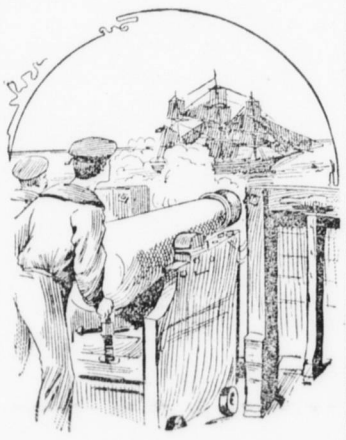
Mr. Cortelyou was born in New York city July 26, 1862. He was educated in public and private schools, and is a graduate of the Hempstead (L. I.) institute, and of the state normal school at Westfield, Mass. He holds the degree of LL. B. from Georgetown university, and the degree of LL. M. from Columbia university. He was for a while a law reporter in New York, and then was principal of preparatory schools in the same city from 1885 to 1889. In the latter part of 1889 he began his career as a private secretary, having served in this capacity with the post office inspector at New York, the surveyor of the port of New York, and the fourth assistant postmaster general. In November, 1895, he was appointed stenographer to the president; in February, 1896, executive clerk; in July, 1898, assistant secretary, and in April, 1900, upon the resignation of John Addison Porter, on account of ill-health, Mr. Cortelyou was made full secretary.

This is a modest and thoroughly American career. Having had not more than an average preparation for his life's work, Mr. Cortelyou has invariably done the small things that he found to do so well that he has been called to do greater things.

During the four and a half years that Cortelyou served the late President McKinley, first as assistant private secretary and later as private secretary, he developed a remarkable trait of memory.

As assistant secretary it was part of Mr. Cortelyou's duty when the president was traveling to see the reporters from the various newspapers and to furnish them the particulars of the chief executive's plans and movements. Hundreds of reporters throughout the country thus became personally acquainted with Mr. Cortelyou, who not only remembered their faces in connection with the newspapers which they represented, but in the great majority of cases remembered the personal names of the interviewers themselves.

Berlin Has No Fifth Slums.
The very poor of Berlin are better housed than those of any other large city in the world. In fact, there are no fifth slums in the German capital, and the poorest people there are disposed to be tidy.



THE CONDEMNED GUN WAS FIRED.