

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

He saw the plan now—an admirable plan. They were to meet near the port of sailing and be married and go aboard the ship and away. It was the plan of Margaret and much better than any he could have made, for he knew little of London and its ports.

"Should I not take my baggage with me?"

"There is not time for that," the veiled lady answered. "We must make haste. I have some clothes for you in a bag."

She pointed to a leather case under the front seat.

From that time forward they rode in a silence broken only by the creaking of the coach and the sound of the horses' hoofs. Darkness had fallen when they reached the little city of Gravesend. The Ship and Anchor stood by the water's edge.

"You will please wait here," said the stern lady in a milder voice than she had used before, as the coach drew up at the inn door, "I shall see if she has come."

His strange companion entered the inn and returned presently, saying: "She has not yet arrived. Delayed by the fog. We will have our dinner, if you please."

From this point the scene at the inn is described in the diary of the American.

"She drew off her hat and veil and a young woman about twenty-eight years of age and of astonishing beauty stood before me."

"There, now, I am out of business," she remarked in a pleasant voice as she sat down at the table which had been spread before the fireplace. "I will do my best to be a companion to you until Margaret arrives."

"She looked into my eyes and smiled. Her sheath of ice had fallen from her."

"The waiter came with a tray containing soup, glasses and a bottle of sherry. We sat down at the table and our waiter filled two glasses with the sherry."

"Thank you, but self-denial is another duty of mine," she remarked when I offered her a glass of the wine. "I live in a tipsy world and drink—water. I live in a merry world and keep a stern face. It is a vile world and yet I am unpolluted."

"I drank my glass of wine and had begun to eat my soup when a strange feeling came over me. My plate seemed to be sinking through the table. The wall and fireplace were receding into dim distance. I knew then that I had tasted the cup of Circe. My hands fell through my lap and suddenly the day ended. It was like seeing off a board. The end had fallen. There is nothing more to be said of it because my brain had ceased to receive and record impressions. I was as totally out of business as a man in his grave. When I came to, I was in a berth on the ship King William bound for New York. As soon as I knew anything, I knew that I had been tricked. My clothes had been removed and were lying on a chair near me. My watch and money were undisturbed. I had a severe pain in my head. I dressed and went up on deck. The captain was there."

"You must have had a night of it in Gravesend," he said. "You were like a dead man when they brought you aboard."

"Where am I going?" I asked.

"To New York," he answered with a laugh. "You must have had a time!"

"How much is the fare?"

"Young man, that need not concern you," said the captain. "Your fare has been paid in full. I saw them put a letter in your pocket. Have you read it?"

Jack found the letter and read: "Dear Sir—When you see this you will be well out of danger and, it is hoped, none the worse for your disposition. This from one who admires your skill and courage and who advises you to keep out of England for at least a year."

"A WELL WISHER."

He looked back over the stern of the ship. The shore had fallen out of sight. The sky was clear. The sun shined. The wind was blowing from the east.

He stood for a long time looking toward the land he had left.

"Oh, ye wings of the wind! take my love to her and give her news of me and bid her to be steadfast in her faith and hope," he whispered.

CHAPTER XII

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

After Jack had been whirled out of London, Franklin called at his lodgings and learned that he had not been seen for a day. The wise philosopher entertained no doubt that the young man had taken ship agreeably with the advice given him. A report had been running through the clubs of London that Lionel Clarke had succumbed. In fact he had had a bad turn, but had rallied. Jack must have heard the false report and taken ship suddenly.

Doctor Franklin went that day to the meeting of the privy council, whither he had been sternly summoned for examination in the matter of the letters of Hutchinson et al. For an hour he had stood unmoved while Alexander Wedderburn, the wittiest barrister in the kingdom, poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Even the judges, against all traditions of

decorum in the high courts of Britain, laughed at the cleverness of the assault. That was the speech of which Charles James Fox declared that it was the most expensive bit of oratory which had been heard in England, since it had cost the kingdom its colonies.

It was alleged that in some manner Franklin had stolen the letters and violated their sacred privacy. It is known now that an English nobleman had put them in his hands to read and that he was in no way responsible for their publication. The truth, if it could have been told, would have bent the proud heads of Wedderburn and the judges to whom he appealed, in confusion. But Franklin held his peace, as a man of honor was bound to do. He stood erect and dignified with a face like one carved in wood.

The counsel for the colonies made a weak defense. The triumph was complete. The venerable man was convicted of conduct inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and deprived of his office as postmaster general of the colonies.

But he had two friends in court. They were the Lady Hare and her daughter. They followed him out of the chamber. In the great hallway, Margaret, her eyes wet with tears, embraced and kissed the philosopher.

"I want you to know that I am your friend and that I love America," she said.

"My daughter, it has been a hard hour, but I am sixty-eight years old and have learned many things," he answered. "Time is the only avenger I need. It will lay the dust."

The girl embraced and kissed him again and said in a voice shaking with emotion:

"I wish my father and all Englishmen to know that I am your friend and that I have a love that cannot be turned aside or destroyed and that I will have my right as a human being."

"Come let us go and talk together—we three," he proposed.

They took a cab and drove away.

"You will think all this a singular proceeding," Lady Hare remarked. "I must tell you that rebellion has

started in our home. Its peace is quite destroyed. Margaret has declared her right to the use of her own mind."

"Well, if she is to use any mind it will have to be that one," Franklin answered. "I do not see why women should not be entitled to use their minds as well as their hands and feet."

"I was kept at home yesterday by force," said Margaret. "Every door locked and guarded! It was brutal tyranny."

"The poor child has my sympathy, but what can I do?" Lady Hare inquired.

"Being an American, you can expect but one answer from me," said the philosopher. "To us tyranny in home or state is intolerable. They tried it on me when I was a boy and I ran away."

"That is what I shall do if necessary," said Margaret.

"Oh, my child! How would you live?" her mother asked.

"I will answer that question for her, if you will let me," said Franklin. "If she needs it, she shall have an allowance out of my purse."

"Thank you, but that would raise a scandal," said the woman.

"Oh, your ladyship, I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"I wish to go with Jack, if you know where he is," Margaret declared, looking up into the face of the philosopher.

"I think he is pushing toward America," Franklin answered. "Being alarmed at the condition of his adversary, I advised him to slip away. A ship went yesterday. Probably he's on it. He had no chance to see me or pick up his baggage."

"I shall follow him soon," the girl declared.

"If you will only contain yourself, you will get along with your father very well," said Lady Hare. "I know him better than you. He has promised to take you to America in December. You must wait and be patient. After all, your father has a large claim upon you."

"I think you will do well to wait, my child," said the philosopher. "Jack will keep and you are both young. Fathers are like other children. They make mistakes—they even do wrong



now and then. They have to be forgiven and allowed a chance to repent and improve their conduct. Your father is a good man. Try to win him to your cause."

"And die a maiden," said the girl with a sigh.

"Impossible!" Franklin exclaimed. "I shall marry Jack or never marry. I would rather be his wife than the queen of England."

"This is surely the age of romance," said the smiling philosopher as the ladies alighted at their door. "I wish I were young again."

CHAPTER XIII

The Ferment.

On his voyage to New York, Jack wrote long letters to Margaret and to Doctor Franklin, which were deposited in the post office on his arrival, the tenth of March. He observed a great change in the spirit of the people. They were no longer content with words. The ferment was showing itself in acts of open and violent disorder.

The statue of George III, near the battery, was treated to a volley of decayed eggs. In the evening of his arrival. This hot blood was due to the effort to prevent free speech in the colonies and the proposal to send political prisoners to England for trial.

Jack took the first boat to Albany and found Solomon working on the Irons farm. In his diary he tells of the delightful days of rest he enjoyed with his family. Solomon had told them of the great adventure but Jack would have little to say of it, having no pride in that achievement.

Soon the scout left on a mission for the committee of safety to distant settlements in the great north bush.

"I'll be spendin' the hull moon in the wilderness," he said to Jack. "Goin' to Virginy when I get back, an' I'll look for ye on the way down."

Jack set out for Philadelphia the day after Solomon left. He stopped at Kinderhook on his way down the river and addressed his people on conditions in England. A young Tory interrupted his remarks. At the barbecue, which followed, this young man was seized and punished by a number of stalwart girls who removed his collar and jacket by force and covered his head and neck with molasses and the fuz of cat tails. Jack interceded for the Tory and stopped the proceeding.

"My friends, we must control our anger," he said. "Let us not try to subdue tyranny by using it ourselves."

Everywhere he found the people in such a temper that Tories had to hold their peace or suffer punishment. At the office he learned that his most important letters had failed to pass the hidden censorship of mail in England. He began, at once, to write a series of articles which hastened the crisis.

The first of them was a talk with Franklin, which told how his mail had been tampered with; that no letter had come to his hand through the post office which had not been opened with apparent indifference as to the evidence of its violation. The Doctor's words regarding free speech in America and the proposal to try the bolder critics for treason were read and discussed in every household from the sea to the mountains and from Maine to Florida.

The young man's work had set the bells ringing and they were the bells of revolt. The arrival of General Gage at Boston in May, to be civil governor and commander-in-chief for the continent, and the blockade of the port twenty days later, compelling its population who had been fed by the sea to starve or subsist on the bounty of others, drove the most conservative citizens into the open. Parties went out Tory hunting. Every suspected man was compelled to declare himself and if incorrigible, was sent away. Town meetings were held even under the eyes of the king's soldiers and no tribunal was allowed to sit in any court house. At Salem, a meeting was held behind locked doors with the governor and his secretary shouting a proclamation through its keyhole, declaring it to be dissolved. The meeting proceeded to its end, and when the citizens fled out, they had invited the thirteen colonies to a general congress in Philadelphia.

It was Solomon Blinks who conveyed the invitation to Pennsylvania and Virginia. He had gone on a second mission to Springfield and Boston and had been in the meeting at Salem with General Ward. Another man carried that historic call to the colonies farther south. In five weeks, delegates were chosen, and early in August, they were traveling on many different roads toward the Quaker city. Crowds gathered in every town and village they passed. Solomon, who rode with the Virginia delegation, told Jack that he hadn't heard so much noise since the Injun war.

"They was poundin' the bells, an' shootin' cannons everywhere," he declared. "Men, women and children crowded 'round us an' split their lungs yellin'." "They's a streak o' sore throats all the way from Alexandry to here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poppy Tea Had a Kick

The government won the first case of the kind and ruined the prospects for a thriving opium business when Soba Singh, a Hindu, was convicted in Federal Judge Bean's court in Portland, Ore., after the jury had deliberated only 20 minutes, says the Los Angeles Times.

Soba Singh had discovered the cheapest method of extracting opium, that of boiling the poppy down to a thick tea, which was a favorite beverage with the Hindus of the city. Negroes in the north end were selling the tea as moonshine, government agents discovered, and patrons of these bootleggers were becoming addicts without knowing it.

Skirt is Shorter; Make Wider Hems

Season's Fashion Applies Principally to Tailleurs, Authority Says.

Rich in color and embroidery, many of the fashions recently displayed at the various important model houses have proved of more than ordinary interest, says a writer in *Costume Royal*. Reville is showing costumes with semi-fitting coats of contrasting hues. In Paris the same idea prevails. Last season some sort of apology was offered by designers for this unannounced amalgamation of colors, and one found an embroidery theme woven upon the coat, with the dominant color echoing that of the skirt, which somewhat softened the dissimilitude; but we have nothing of the sort. The skirt may be brown and the coat green, and that ends it, and if at first it seems a little jarring, one quickly becomes accustomed to it.

These remarks apply more to the tailleur. The afternoon suit still adheres to three-piece effects with the coat linings and blouse trimmings usually matching.

At Lucille's display there was a decided flare for costumes in make-colored facecloth, trimmed and lined with black satin.

Skirt lengths are certainly shorter and skirt hems wider this season; that is to say, the hem of the tailleur; the goget insertion of plaits insure this. Afternoon dresses, on the other hand, are shown made with tight underslips, sometimes so narrow that difficulty is experienced in walking. This is rather surprising, as made with the fashionable circular or plaited panel fronts, they give an impression of spaciousness. Jumper frocks and costumes, on the other hand, are the epitome of comfort, and have created a great success.

Another outstanding delightful feature is the scarf. It is everywhere, and worn with every type of dress. In the evening a scarf is a mere wisp of tulle, or, perchance, a ribbon, while in the afternoon it may form part of the dress

decoration; not that it is actually attached to the dress itself, but is related in color and fabric to the decoration, and so becomes an indispensable accessory, and is sold with the dress. Thus this separate scarf is left to the artifice of the wearer to arrange as she pleases; such trust on the part of the dressmaker is often sadly betrayed, though in cases it is more than justified.

A scarf also may be an integral part of a hat; lace hats for restaurant wear are wonderfully enhanced by a trailing wisp of tulle or floating ribbon end which coyly encircles the neck or may form a kind of veil. Scarf collars to coats and evening wraps are another innovation. The evening silhouette is still very slim, usually flat and straight at the back and draped a little in the front. Much ingenuity is expended on the neckline, which can be cut quite high in front and low at the back, or be fashioned with a drapery swathed over one shoulder, while often a corsage is held with a single diamond strap. The deep armhole is still shown and so is the battean neck. Embroidery usually adorns one side only of a gown, as the idea of symmetry appears to have departed from the dressmaker's program, and the whimsical notion of using a posy or scarf to arrive at a balance is employed instead.

Featuring Appliques of Rose-Colored Gingham



A sleeveless frock of pink-checked gingham has ruffles of white organdie and appliques of plain rose gingham, embroidered in green. Three applique disks form a pocket over a deep tuck.

Love Link Chains Bind Women to Today's Mode

Women may have relinquished their fetters of slavery to man, but fashion holds them closely linked. More than a fad, a real fashion era the love link chains that bind women to fashion in more ways than one, remarks the *Dry Goods Economist*. They hold milady by the throat, for chokers or long necklaces adopt the same heavy links. Furthermore, a gold powder-box and lipstick holder are united by a similar long chain to be entwined around milady's arm. Nor is this all, for Paris now sends us black suede and more envelopes with a tailored gold link chain down one side ending in the tiniest padlock. Fobs also dangle on slave-link chains ending in a crystal ring within which sways a carnelian Chinese god.

The piece of crepe, of single thickness if heavy enough, should be about thirty-two inches long and half a yard wide. It is slit up the middle lengthwise, all except the last 18 inches, or whatever the measurement of the wearer's head is from brow over the top of her head to the nape of her neck. The single wide end is the gathered into a handsome ornament, which forms the front of the hat.

When it is to be worn the ornament is adjusted at the front, the end of the long slit coming at the back of the neck, and the two ends are crossed, twisted slightly, and wound around the head, over the front ornament, and finally tucked in just back of the ear line.

To Have Chic Turban From Strip of Crepe

Something new and unusual in the line of hats was observed recently on a young and pretty woman, returning to this country from abroad, writes a fashion correspondent. On first glance, and indeed until the observer was undeceived, it seemed to be a tiny, closely wound turban, more chic because it was so small and fitted her head so securely.

Later on, by request, the wearer obligingly took it off and held it up to view, and the curious news seeker found, to her surprise, that it was just a long, straight piece of crepe, slit up the middle and molded into shape upon the head.

The hat in question bore the label

Colorful Embroidery Is Used on Black and White



One of the unique dresses of the season is in white crepe, with tight black satin sleeves joined at the shoulders with a band of green and gold embroidery. The narrow center panel, covered with the embroidery, holds a ripple of black satin at either side. The slight plaiting at the low waistline suffices for a belt.

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Few Care About Looks; Must Have Hair Bobbed

Just where the bobbed-hair fad is leading no one seems to know. Day by day thousands of women over the country are submitting their hair to the click of the barbers' shears without a thought of how becoming the new style may be to them. Women with odd-shaped heads, with certain kinds of features, with too long or too short necks, with soft oily hair, do not look well with a bob. Such bad features as they have may be hidden or made more attractive by the long hair dressed properly.

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Alpaca and Fulgurante Silks for Summer Wear

No commentary on the summer mode is complete which does not include alpaca and fulgurante, the two artificial silks which, because of their weight, are particularly adapted to the simple line and self-trimming of current styles. The name of Nathalie, says a fashion writer in the *New York Tribune*, has been conferred upon an afternoon ensemble. It is developed in fulgurante and includes inlaid or encrusted panels of fine plaits which are repeated in the straight cut three-quarters length coat. The otherwise severe and formal lines of the dress are relieved through the addition of a scarf collar of white crepe knotted and held together with a cluster of jet and rhinestones.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.
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SILENCE

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND in "Jean-Christophe," in describing Rosa Euler and her garrulous family, says: "Always her shrill voice was heard in the house telling stories, always breathless, as though she had no time to say everything, always excited and animated, in spite of the protests which she drew from her mother, her father, and even her grandfather, exasperated, not so much because she was forever talking as because she prevented them talking themselves. For these good people, kind, loyal, devoted—the very cream of good people—had almost all the virtues, but they lacked one virtue which is capital, and is the charm of life: the virtue of silence."

My father used to say when we were all chattering away and he found it difficult to keep us quiet, or when a more than ordinarily talkative neighbor had finished his call, that in all his life he had never been sorry he had eaten too little or talked too little, and my father was on the whole a rather quiet man. I believe the most common and frequent admonition which I received in childhood, and my admonitions were not few, was to hold my tongue, and so far as I have been able to carry out this suggestion I have found it profitable. I have found out much more that I have wanted to know by listening and keeping silent than by talking and asking questions. When you talk to a man and ask him direct questions, you often shut him up and make him suspicious. However much one talks and however much about any topic one knows, I have found, too, that it is the part of wisdom to tell quite all that one knows, just as in the matter it is wiser to keep a little balance in the bank. George Eliot, in "Adam Bede," I believe it is, says that it is a test of friendship that two people may walk or sit together for an hour and yet say nothing nor feel any desire or obligation to do so.

It is not easy to keep silent under a taunt, or when an argument is going on, or matters are being discussed about which we may know more perhaps than those who are conducting the discussion, but it is often far wiser to do so.

Silence is often more eloquent and more illuminating than speech. It shows not infrequently more self-possession, more poise, more restrained feeling. Rolland expresses it: "Ah! It is good to be silent," Christophe said, stretching his limbs.

"And talking is no use!" Sabine answered.

"Yes," returned Christophe, "we understand each other so well!"

They lapsed into silence.

REDEEMING THE TIME

"THE chemistry building is full today," an undergraduate said to me late in May as we were walking past that structure.

"What's the show?" I asked.

"Oh, it's the loafers and the procrastinators trying to make up for lost time. A good lot of fellows plan to do most of their work the last three weeks of the semester."

It is a misconception not confined to youth that if you let opportunity go by you, you can catch her easily by cutting round the corner.

"My son failed in two subjects last semester," a father wrote to me this week. "Since he has now got the hang of the college, will it not be possible next semester for him to carry these two subjects in addition to his regular course? The subjects he failed in ought to be easy for him now." Having carried but half their work one semester, most loafers feel confident that they can easily carry four times as much the next.

"I can make it up before the end of the semester." "When I get out of college I shall find time for all these things." "After I am married I intend to cut out all my bad habits." How familiar these things sound. It seems a simple matter to redeem our lost time. If we have social or intellectual or moral delinquencies we expect, all of us, to atone for them in the near future, and the longer we put it off the easier, often, it seems of accomplishment.

Every sinner condones his evil life by promising himself that he will ere long become a saint; every loafer expects soon to brace up and get down to hard work and win success. Every intellectual delinquent looks forward to the time when his studies will be creditably completed; every failure sits in the shade and dreams of the time when he will have become a world-beater. We all expect, no matter how late the day, to redeem the lost opportunity; but it is next to impossible.

There is not a young person today, if he amounts to anything, who will ever have as much leisure time as he has at this moment, who will ever have as easy a chance to be wise and good and happy as he has today. The time and the opportunity that are lost are seldom, if ever, redeemed. Those who wait until the last to do their work, to make their reforms, usually fail. It is an old, old cry, this: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." The time that is lost is seldom, if ever, redeemed.