

LAZARUS

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

WE WASH our clothes in the river. Women who hoe corn, dig in a garden and wash clothes, earn the whole-bread of life.

Today Paul brought the first bluebell of spring, and put them in water for the weeds to bud, and when they had blossomed he said, "God has blessed these flowers."

We have to nurse the sick. The goodness of these pioneer women is unending. It is like the great and kind friendship of the Du Chaumonts. They help me in the care of Cousin Philippe.

Paul meditates today. "I don't want to hurt her. He was greedy and made a better place for himself in heaven than He made for us down here."

He tells me such stories as this: "Once upon a time there was such a loving open eye. And they ran a string through his stomach and hung him on the wall. He never whined a bit."

The people in this country, which is called free, are nearly all slaves. These are the money as we do cannot go who please, or live as they would live. Is that freedom?

On a cool autumn night, when the first frost is falling, we sit on the floor in front of the hearth, and I suffer the oft-repeated martyrdom of the "Fire Pig." This tale, invented once at last as I could talk, I have been deemed to repeat until I dread the shades of evening.

The children bunch their heads together, their lips part, as soon as I begin to say: "Do you see that glowing spot in the heart of the coal? That is the house of the Fire Pig."

"Why, who are you?" said the farmer. "I'm a little Fire Pig." "What are you doing here?" "I'm here to look after the sheep, for I take my lambs. How are you going to kill it?"

"I don't know," said the pig. "I will give you some of my wool." "I'll give you some of my wool," said the pig, thanked the sheep, and went a little farther and met a horse.

"What are you doing here?" "I'm glad that," said the horse; "for it steals my colts. How are you going to do it?" "I don't know," said the pig. "I'll give you some of my long hairs from my tail," said the horse.

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"The Broad Highway" is the title of a new serial story which will begin in the EVENING LEDGER on September 14, 1915. The story is unique. In England it has had an unusual vogue, not merely because it is a well-written story, but because it describes with a truly vivid power the deeds and manners of a picturesque period.

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

in a bubble of joy. But if you have felt it, it speaks to you every day. The children love to have me dance for them. They are nearly all slaves. These are the money as we do cannot go who please, or live as they would live. Is that freedom?

CHAPTER IX. MY GOD! What had she seen in me to make me feel that I was the center of the world? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon.

Punctuated by years, bursting from sternities of suppression, it brought an accumulated force that swept the soul out of my body. All that had not been written in the book was as easily read as what was set down. I saw the monotony of her life, and her killing of its rudeness, the pastime she thought out for children; I saw her nursing the helplessness which leaned upon her, and turning aside the contempt of pioneer women who passionately admired strong men. I saw her eyes waiting on the distant horizon, while she studiously pursued his own affairs until it was too late to protect her. I read the entries over and over. When day broke I saw the morning after my own death, such knowledge and experiencing had passed through me. I could not see her again until I had command of myself.

So I dressed and went silently down stairs. Often when I open my eyes at dawn I find myself under the blanket of my heart's ailment. It is the waking dream of a king marching with drums and bugles. The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw the signals from the deliberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldy craft propelled by two huge oars, which the ferryman managed, running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was broad day when we reached the other shore: one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture breaks upward through the ground, instead of descending. Many light clouds-fitted under the grayness. The grass showed with a kind of green bluish through its old brown fleece.

I saw the first sailing vessel of spring coming to anchor, from the straits of the lake. Once I would have hailed that vessel as possible bearer of news. Now it could bring me nothing of any importance. The trail along the Fox river led over rolling land, dipping into cooves and rising over hills. The Fox, steel blue in shade, became tawny as its nameless when its ruffled waves are compelled to recede in the sunlight. Under grayness, with a soft wind blowing, the Fox showed his blue coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without breakfast and unstimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unstable material I had taken in hand when I undertook to work with Indians. Instinctively I knew then what a young southern statesman named Jefferson Davis whom I first met as a commandant of the fort at Green Bay—afterward told me in Washington: "No commonwealth in a republic will stand with interests apart from the federal whole." White men, who have explained from the beginning against injustice done the red man, and who keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with interests apart from his.

I had been looking back I saw the figure, but it was afoot, and I soon lost it in a cove. My horse had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians through the winter. I tied to a gallery post and unfastened the door. A pile of refuse timber offered wood for a fire, and I carried in several loads of it, and lighted the virgin chimney. Then I brought water before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life.

Having fed my horse, I covered the fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, and rode away toward the Menominee and Winnebago lands. The day was a hard one, and when I came back toward nightfall I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess. "You looked fagged," said one of them. "The horse paths are heavy," I answered, "and I have been as far as the Indian lands."

I had been as far as that remote time when Erie was not a Cloud-Mother. To cross the river and see her smiling in meaningless happiness seemed more than I could do. Yet she might notice my absence. We had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's when the family locked in company from the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my absence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain. "The first sailing vessel," said the lieutenant. "Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

"She brought a passenger." "Anybody of importance?" "At first bluish, no." "At second bluish, yes." "Why no' at first bluish?" "Because he is only a priest." "Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under army feet?" The lieutenant grinned. "When you see a missionary priest landing to confess a lot of Canadians, he doesn't seem quite so important as a priest from Ghent, for instance."

"This passenger a prelate from Ghent?" "That is where the second bluish comes in. He is." "How do you know?" "How I saw him, and talked with him." "What is he doing in Green Bay?" "Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you." "For me?" "Yes." "What could a prelate from Ghent want with me?" "Says he wants to make inquiries about the native tribes." "Did you recommend me as an expert in native tribes?" "Naturally. But not until he asked if you were here."

THE DAILY STORY

Bob's Wisdom

Geraldine stood on the porch until her aunt's carriage turned the corner of the village street. Then she went back into the house. She was now sole mistress of it! "I wonder if it's ungrateful in me to feel such joy over my new independence," she wondered, as she wandered from room to room. "Aunt Alice was a darling to come here after mother's death, and stay here so long. I really do appreciate that. Yet—"

She really could not repress the happiness that surged through her at the realization that she was at last supreme manager of herself and the house. There had been times when Aunt Alice seemed to forget that she had reached her twentieth. A girl of 21 was more than capable of running a house. It had been a blessing that Aunt Alice suddenly decided to marry.

"I might have deteriorated into a jelly fish, if she hadn't," smiled Geraldine. Out of sheer joy, she ran up the broad staircase, and danced into the large front bedroom. This was the room that Aunt Alice had had. Now it belonged to the new mistress. In a fever of happiness, she flew into the small back room which she had occupied, and began taking the things out of her bureau drawer in preparation for moving them.

"I declare, it's like a piece of fiction," she thought as she worked. "Now all that's lacking is the hero." Then her brow clouded. She dropped the armful of things on the bed. Restlessly, she walked to the window and stood looking down on the smooth lawn. For in her heart she knew that the hero was not at all lacking. No, indeed. There was a hero—but—

"He's not the kind of a hero I want!" she murmured stormily. "Haven't I just escaped from one reign of tyranny? Does he suppose I'm going to step into another? No, sir. Bob Hartly has a nature even more domineering than Aunt Alice's. Why, he's noted for his pugnacity."

Indeed, Bob Hartly was noted for his fighting blood. In business, in politics, in club life, he was distinguished for his ruthless acts. "It's not ill temper," people said of him. "It's just the fact that he's a strong-willed. He walks over every one, rough-shod."

"And that's the man who has done everything in his power to make me all in love with him," said Geraldine resentfully. "Well, he can't! It's not with all his offers of good times and his flowers and books and candy. I'd like him if it weren't for that famous pugnacity. Does he actually think I haven't heard about it? Does he think any girl would have him—with such a nature as that?"

That afternoon, when he called, she floated down the stairs a little more coolly than usual. "How do you do, Mr. Hartly?" she smiled indifferently. Bob Hartly's face fell. He had rather expected to find her in a less than normal mood after the excitement of her aunt's departure and the realization of becoming sole mistress of the large house. He had come to take advantage of this moment of excitement.

"Which is decidedly fair—considering that I've been courting her for two years," he had vindicated himself. "Well how do you like being mistress of this big place?" he asked, studying her as he seated himself behind the green vines of the porch. "I wonder if you order the servants around haughtily—the way I did when I returned from college? I wonder if you're experiencing the same sort of thing I experienced then—the realization that I was my own boss?"

Accidentally he had found the very thing that would make her drop her barrier of formality. Like a flash she sat forward. Her eyes snapped. "I guess I am!" she cried happily. "Isn't it a wonderful feeling? I suppose most men have an opportunity to experience that, but some women never do. If Aunt Alice hadn't married I might never have had it! It's a wonderful gift of independence that you'll never let go of when you've once experienced it."

Bob Hartly sat up. He looked at her keenly. What he saw in her face made his own eyes narrow a little. A slight smile passed his lips. "That's right. Don't let it go! You just hang on to that independence. Be careful in forming any new alliances with relatives. Don't put yourself in close company with any one who'll try to manage you. I tell you, the state of single blessedness is the best one."

Shortly after this he left. As Geraldine watched him disappear down the street it seemed to her that his step had an eager quality, as though he had forgotten something and rushed off to attend to it. When she thought it over she came back to her that he had left rather abruptly. Indeed, he had never before made so short a call. "Which really doesn't matter in the least," she told herself loftily. Later that evening, however, she was not so lofty in her thoughts about Bob Hartly. As she walked in her garden, after dinner, she said to her stablesman: "Did you get Miss Devon's trunk off on time, Tom?" "Yes, Miss Geraldine," he answered. "And I can tell you she's married a good man, your auntie has. What did he do to help me lift it off the carriage. There was Mr. Hartly standing right there, miss, but he didn't offer. He was just calling proud-like to know if the trunk would be on time."

FEATURE FORECAST

Sunday SEPTEMBER 12, 1915 Five Cents

4000 Chicago School Teachers on Strike Chicago's public school teachers were ordered to annul their membership in the Teachers' Federation within 30 days! They refused and a fight is now on. Parents and pupils are taking sides. The controversy is of nation-wide importance. Its union labor possibilities and the manner in which it may affect the training of Young America are points yet to be decided.

An American's Heroism in Stricken Serbia The noble work of Doctor Ryan in caring for typhus patients and wounded soldiers in Belgrade is one of the high lights in the latest foreign letter of Fullerton L. Waldo. The author paints a wonderful picture of the horrors of war and the Scranton physician's devotion to duty in the shadow of death.

Ancient Pueblo Life in Philadelphia Mrs. Lucy Wilson has excavated many important Indian relics in New Mexico for the Philadelphia Commercial Museum. Her expedition has been most successful in securing many genuine rarities. Along with the fascinating history of the Aborigines are interesting photos.

Romance and Reward of American Songs A noted Philadelphia music publisher takes Joseph Jackson behind the scenes and shows the secrets of how songs are produced, popularized, circularized and published. Mr. Jackson gives many interesting instances of the manner in which ballads are accepted by the public.

"The City of Pleasure" By ARNOLD BENNETT The fourth instalment of this wonderful tale of mystery. The characters are all introduced and the settings prepared for interesting episodes to follow. Mr. Bennett is one of the most popular and widely read of living novelists.

The Dangers and Benefits of Exercise By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D. How to take exercise with profit; the exercise that builds up and that which actually reduces bodily vigor are given in detail. Some health hints that are practical for the average person and scientific from the physician's standpoint.

Women's Interests Mrs. Christine Frederick's "The Vacuum Cleaner." The different types and kinds suited to each household duty. "Start Your Easter-Lilies Now," by Jane Leslie Kift. "Observation Classes for Home Makers," by Virginia Earle. "Welfare Work for Women," by Eleanor Gilbert. "Child Mortality the Result of Ignorance," by Louise Hogan Peggy Shippen's society page.

Sports Magazine "The Weight Juggling Mistake of the New American Boxing Association," by Wm. H. Rocap. "The Innocent Victim of an Incomplete A. A. U. Investigation," by E. R. Bushnell. "The 'Lead-Off' Man Who 'Gets On' Wins the Ball Games," by Geo. M. Young.

"The Managerial Fight in the American League," by Soney McLinn. "Fitchburg Just Knew Pat Would Get There," by James M. Guilfoyle. "Ten Women Exchange Shots," by F. W. Wilson. "Making Motorboat Champions Under Present Rules," by E. H. Rosenberger.

Intaglio Section The New Idea in Naval Warfare. Marine Pictures of Marines and "The Screen Makers." Feats of Engineering. Late War History as Told by the Camera. sbury Park Carnival.

Sunday, September 12th PUBLIC LEDGER "A Worthy Philadelphia Institution"

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