EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1915.

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

in the sick room. And it was well in that when the doctors gave him week to live he was ready to begin

in Paul, being of a prodiciously tough ad enterprising digestion, could not ulate his master's grim strugwith disease, but the lesson, after was no richer for the sick than for mealthy. It is as hard to sit still and

healthy. It is as hard to set still and more when you want to play, as to up and roll ink-pots when you are f blind with pain and weakness. She Paul was 14 years old when he re-red to be a writter, and began his long tation of Stevenson. But John Paul's a writtons initiation. It was never a writtons finitation. It was never a a dirtuons insitation. It was never ambilion to copy Stevenson's style, thy a steady application of Steven-san methods and courage to arrive me day at a style of his own. To sub-tematter he barely cast a thought in me sarly days of his apprenticeship. have all that he was after, even man-ber words, form and the co-ordination d parts. He would swallow a book as sepicitivy and almost as quickly as you A parts. empletely and over, and thereafter may swallow an oyster, and thereafter for innumerable hours and over innumerthe sheets of paper would set down in-superable imitations of those beauties and appresses in which his author seemed

is appresses in which his author seemed ist appresses in which his author seemed met to excel. He learned to mimic Taskeray and Dickens with laughable setters and disputch; the "Ancient tarher" (a holiday task); less convinc-hely the elusive Hawthorne; his own god master Stevenson. Poe, Bret Harte set French de Maupussant. I do not wish to advance that John Fagis initation possessed more than a mained ape-like quality of his originals. They were exercises, like the finger work which your virtuoso must go through with in his teens if ever he is to make he matument sing like a bird or rear rument sing like a bird or roar ke a storm.

John Paul was never going to be a vir-John Paul was never going to be a vir-mess of letters (a little bird, not of the signs kind, often whispered as much a his ear), but he was going to be a hely imitation of one, or die for it. It might be that only the most carefully desen in the bishest places would know be difference, or even that Time him-eff, capital unbiasable critic, would be the first to find him out. "I will do," wrote John Faul In his teens, "the very leaf that is in me to do. Whe cares if the monument that I shall erect tumble? Ne I For I shall have done a man's Not I. For I shall have done a man's work in a world that is often clamor-

contented with less words for a boy of 17 with an en-

When John Paul passed his examina-When John Faul passes his examina-tions for college, he returned thanks to ks great gift for swallowing books and membering them. He had never stu-ded, except that which for a preter-saturally serious and humorless year or two he was pleased to call (to himself them) his "art." Nor did the broader ment of the college output him. He speal of the college entice him. He reallowed a little Greek, a little mathe-matics, a little philosophy, because he was a natural-born swallower; but, for he most part, he kept steadily, almost introgaly, along the narrow, up-climbing path of letters which he had chosen. In dass and out he wrote and he read. The profound disinclination of John Fail for study and the attending of es was presently brought to the nocauses was presently brought to the no-ise of the dean. He sent for John Paul, and after reading the young man's char-peter (from Aaron to Xerxes, as J. P. hmself said afterward), with one of base swift upward glances for which he was famous, showed a set of teach sur-measure white and even to be in the imself said arterward), with one of has swift upward glances for which he wa famous, showed a set of teeth sur-pringly white and even to be in the milli of so time-worn a face. "I have your word for it," said the day, who still smilled, "that you are half working at something."

Strevenson was still alive when John Spau began to write essays, stories, mets poems and dramas. The master as at its big desk facing the big composition of comparative biology. This one, who knew John Paul, whise the master of earthy things, where-a the master of earthy things, where-a the master of earthy things, where-a the master of the spirit. That are John Paul was of the spirit. That are John Paul was of the spirit. That are men John the greatest fighter of the the master of latter of the spirit. That are spin that Stevenson had are John Paul was of the spirit. That are men John the great men John Paul bowed and the master of earthy things, where-a the master of earthy things. That are spin that Stevenson had are John Paul was of the spirit. That are men John Paul spirit the the spirit. That are spin the spirit. That are spin the the president had systems like the while. The president had systems like the spirit of the other the spirit the the president had systems like the master of the spirit of the spirit. That are spin the spirit. The president had systems like the while.

the while. The president had eyebrows like thrushes nexts. Under them a pair of reddish-brown eyes twinkled amazingly. Two eyes twinkled, and then suddenly, to John Paul's horror, for a fleeting instant, but one. The president had winked at him. After that everybody winked. And word was passed to the faculty to some such effect as this: such effect as this:

"Unless for conduct unbecoming a gen-lieman (which God forbid) let John Paul n lorre

He tasted popularity. And at first it He tasted popularity. And at first it perplexed him. "It's very curious," thought he; "here am I no different from what I was a month ago, but now everybody acrapes acqualitance, and laughs when I speak. They pass me for a humorist. They think I am a fine fellow, and all because I sent a few barrels of selected manuacripts to an aldish contleman with unusually

oldish gentleman with unusually nd teeth.

However John Paul's popularity came, t seems that he had the wherewithal to hold it, for it stayed. Very many thought



He would swallow a book.

very well of him in the little world under the great clima, and there were some loved him and whom he loved back. cent clima, and there were some who

II. While John Paul was at college he lost Stevenson and found Kipling. The pli-grimage which he had planned to make to Stevenson's home in the South Seas, was off; and he went through the first constrained of the loss what on, and he went through the first great grief of his life. His comfort was certain plain takes from the Indian Hills, printed in double columns, and without covers. He was sitting uncomfortably when he opened the book and began to read; he had not moved when he began to read some of the stories for the second time.

He was never in doubt as to their greatness. He made his first unbl. ed literary judgment and knew that it was sound as Judgment and knew that it was sound as a bell. Till that day he had never seen Kipling's name. In all his after days it was as familiar to him as his own, a talisman, an inspiration, a despair. Here was a man who used old English in the newest and most be liant ways. Even Stevenson sent his ressages by stage coach; but the newcomer telegraphed telephoned, cabled, heliographed and rocketed. Better than this, his were the messages of things as they are; spoke

did not yet know what manner of thing it might be. But he went about inquir-ing of this man and that, and picked up a hint here and a hint there.

It was his plan at this time to practice writing and to search for the truth until he was 30. He did not wish to publish fi line until he was reasonably sure of his matter and his manner. His father his matter and his manner. His father was dead and his mother did not believe in young men working in offices unless they had to. She trusted John Paul and trusted that he knew what was beat for himself. So, when the sons of other well-to-do mothers were graduated and went downtown and learned to chatter about stocks and honds (and nothing better, and some them on the sons of the solution). and some things worse for all the rest of their lives, she saw with equanimity her own son depart on a series of travels which he thought would be good for him and knowledgous. Writing, playing, wondering, inquiring

and finding out, he journed up and down the world, and almost twice around it; rushing home for happy visits and rush-ing off mgain for happier vagabandings. And he rubbed corners with all garts of

people and things, and came of some-times the better, sometimes the worse, but always and forever the more knowing. In the midst of John Paul's educa-

In the midst of John Paul's educa-tional heyday, the most of his mother's trusteed money was lost, and John Paul came scurrying home to confort and to earn. But Mrs. Paul was a staunch woman. 'I don't mind.' she said, 'I have kept a hig house for 25 years now, and between you and me I have always hated it. I've enough money left to keep me in Europe, and enough friends in Eu-rope to keep me amused. The unpleasant part of it is that I can't give you an al-lowance commonsurate with your way of living, or your station in life. In fact.'' here Mrs. Faul smiled arolly, 'I den't think I can give you any allowance at all.' John Paul burst out laughing, and then

John Paul burst out laughing, and then he put his arm around his mother. "If you can be such a good sport." he said. "I've got to be, I'm not ready to make a living yet. But I will." So Mrs. Paul sailed away for a year and a day, and John Paul got him a job in a publisher's office at 55 a week. Some-times, however, Mrs. Paul sent him a little money, but that is a secret. John Paul's employer was a man who could never quite trust anybody to do anything. There was consequently among his employees none of that sense of re-sponsibility which schools a man to do

sponsibility which schools a man to do a little better than he knows how. As far as work went John Paul's position was a sincetter; but in regard to progress was a sinecure: but in regard to progress and development a tragedy. John Faul belonged to a country club, from which in the fall of his mother's fortunes he had forgotten to resign. It got to he May in the publishing house, and our hero had a sickness upon him for blue water and green lawns. He had in bis pocket \$5, which a funity paper had given him in exchange for verses. If he waited till pay day he would have \$20. But it was high May, and no season for waiting. He took his well-worn derby, very sweatty as to the sweathand, from its from hock, and, without a word to anybody, marched out of that office for-

there he corner beta of \$10 on each set. "What you like," said John Paul, aloud. To himself he said. "If we lose the first set I can always sprain my ankle."

But he and his partner won that set ta very close one), and the next and the next, and when John Paul went up to shower and change he was worth \$40, and the world seemed to him an encourwas worth \$10.

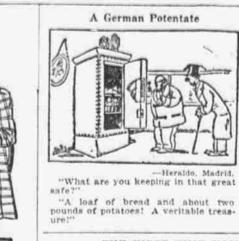
Taily working at something."
"To shall have proof of it," said John Pai.
"It shall be obliged."
But the dean was not obliged—at first, Bdeed, certain dangerous fires flashed from his eyes, when, on roturning to his addet house, he found his neat front Mal completely disordered by the press.
Well that there was some poetry thrown into the bargain, for excepting for "Christobel" and the "Ancient Mariner" and some of Poe there had never been any poetry in John Paul's life before.
To the first time he had some inkling of the sort of thing he would one day what to write himself, namely, the truth about things, ugly or beautiful, but the sort soft there house, is first to the through. "Write" III.



Local Magnate (renowned for his bulk, leaving the barracks)-Can I get out of this gate. my man? Sentry-I should think so, sir. A cartlead o' hay come in by 't this morning

427

It Was a Pile, Too



THE FIRST TIME YOU GO TO DANCING SCHOOL

SCRAPPLE



A

THE PADDED CELL

*15



Different

"Robert, how many times must I tell you that gentlemen do not put their hands in their pockets while walking "I know it, ma, but I'm only with







DAY FOR YOURSELF. Give yourself something every day.

Give yourself Time every day. Give yourself time to get your breakfast, 20 to school, time to learn your lessons, time to go to bed.

Give yourself time to catch street cars, for there will be another car long in case you miss the first one.

If such a dreadful thing should happen to you that you should have to tay after school, remember that that time is LOST and you can never make it up.

Now you see how easy it is to have Christmas every day, and the wonerful part of it is that it will cost you nothing, save you something and FARMER SMITH, make you a great deal happier!

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box Herman Fingeroth, who is in the cture gallery today, lived up to his ainbow pledge beautifully the other He writes, "A poor old lady upped and fell on the ice and I helpei her up. She offered me a nickel,

out I wouldn't ake it." Herman dn't want to be ald for being Ann Elizaeth Grannan, Atthe City, says, am going to very kind to

all my little school Herman Fingeroll ms." Isn't that a happy thought? Rose and Victor Arata, New Market freet, are very faithful to the postthe box. They write very nice letters and your editor looks forward to receiving them.

Bizabeth Cunningham, Cynwyd, two miles from most of her founds, but she is going to bring them spell ? (Five credits.) a lot closer to her by asking them to han the Rainbow Club-a very good New Year's Day. (Ten credits.) ian, Elizabeth. Evangeline Raleigh.

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

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South 45th street, says, "I am so glad the great EVENING LEDGER has such a nice club for us children, and I think it has a very pretty name." Thank you, little Miss Raleigh, for the compliment!

Do You Know This? 1. 1-2-3-4-5 spells since, 6-2-4-7 spells rice. What does 1-2-3-4-5-6-7

2. Write a poem of four lines about 3. What is ice? (Five credits.)

first year at boarding school. It had

required much

saving on the part of his parents to send him, and railroad fare for the trip homeward at holiday time was something beyond the limits of his father's income. So, now, the

fourth day after Christmas, he was standing on the porch forlornly dreaming of mother and coasting parties, and once in a while glancing down at the single skater that was busy tracing fanciful figures on the ice. This was not the first time that he had watched the skater. He was a boy of his own age and he had learned from one of the teachers that he was the son of a wealthy family that lived on the other side of the river. Henry looked longingly at the house on the opposite bank and thought of-Suddenly a scream rent the air. Instinctively his eyes darted to the

skater. The ice had given way! Horrified, Henry stood motionless for just one second, then he dashed down the terrace screaming, "Hold on to the edge, hold on to the edge!" By this time only the boy's head was visible and he was struggling frantically to catch hold of the broken ice. Never thinking of himself, Henry

raced fearlessly out on the ice. Ten more steps and he would reach the boy. He gave a low cry.

The head had disappeared under the water!

(Continued tomorrow.)

th. Wellingto

All right, Spanhull 1 wasn't going to pinch the stoomin' lantera.



Hushand-I think it looks so splen-lid in its present position that it would be a downright sin to remove

