# THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF

him John Paul Hved in an extraorchaos of ciation and despondency.
despondency he wrote sloomy,
childish tales that nobody would but in clation he made clated, plotove stories that found a ready mar-His young people were always so corely and contatically in love with stather, and so cleanly, and yet with fervent, honest animal passion that fervent, honest animal passion that sters of magazines were amused and and the editors of those magazines for me of the same. They got more of the same cloud indeed for John Paul and sweetheart to make a beginning of anted life upon. The which they did, the love making more divinely riotous of folish than any which John Paul and ever managed to invent for any of imaginary lovers. doary lovers.

of the love stories which he had sold a became heartily ashamed. They fell a far short of the truth. And of those far short of the truth. And of those sich he set himself presently to write was still more ashamed. For these it to be deliberately false. Having samed at last the truth about love, and we sacred it must be to the two who are taught and are teaching it to each sher, he knew that he must lock his wiedge in his breast and, for his pub-invent base imitations. In himself he excused himself; saying

Max yet the matter didn't matter, and it he was still after nothing but man-m, ways and means of telling, and of sought words. But in his heart he was better. Love in the abstract may had for the asking, but in the concrete, sich is marriage, it must be paid for nigal tender. John Paul was no longer ming to learn how. He had learned by after a fashion that was at least nown, and he was writing for revenue They made a foolish beginning of mar-They made a foolish beginning of made at life. "Damn a man," thought John hal, "who haggles on his honeymoon." is as for her (and he blessed her for it, she didn't know one side of a coin the other. People in a certain state of life required certain things. One does them and one's husband paid for the certain tolk there is no comben. For gentle folk there is no com-brable bappy medium of parsimony. A lay may ride in a carriage, or she may rilk, but she must not be submitted to as smells and insolence of subways and greet cars. It is not necessary to follow her Paul and his wife step by step into

on Paul and his wife step by step into is hole, at the bottom of which they resently found themselves. It wasn't very deep. Standing on tiptoe you all see over the edge. In moments of adjarated hopefulness you could scram-te halfway out, only to be tumbled back d. unwilling, to extemporize. The hole which they dug for themselves, of in which they lived thereafter, was this kind. They were never in a posi-

on to pay for what they were getting, in for what they had had. John Paul malke a man who runs a long race com scratch against a big field. His competitors were bills, all rushing ahead or dear life. And it was really prefty tee him chase manfully after them, deverhaul them one by one; but with beders, the long handicap bills, he off never quite catch up. Again and ain it looked as if he was going to, talways the unforeseen happened, and numbled and fell or was tripped and

old bills and the new, and poured his stream of love stories, and sicker and sicker of the writing of

FARMER SMITH'S

them, and received higher and higher pay.

John Paul perpetrated, much against his will and only because he knew that "Very well," said John Paul, "Uli find them, and received higher and higher pay.

John Paul perpetrated, much against his will and only because he knew that he could sell it, a very long story, for which he received the largest sum of money that he had ever possessed at one time. Now was the chance to climb plumb out of the hole in which they lived; but to the young people it seemed that the time was not yet come for that, but for a home in the country, where the babies would grow even fatter and more beautiful than they were in town.

They bought an abondoned farm. It had upon it a very tiny farmhouse, which, so the village builder said, could be ordered, heated and plumbed for \$2500.

John Paul hesitated, but not for long. His stories were selling like hot cakes;

His stories were selling like hot cakes; he would simply have to increase his output (for the tenth time since his mar-

ringe).

There was nobody to tell John Paul that he must not do business with builders on the strength of their own representation. You must make a hard and fast contract with them, or kick them downstairs. But John Paul, in spite of much definite knowledge to the contrary, could never get over his deplorable habit of trusting people and believing what they said. The village builder had white hair and beard; child-like blue eyes, and the neatest, most self-respecting clothes imaginable. He was a charming old fellow. For doing over the house \$2500 was



He poured forth his stream of love

his outside figure. He was to supervise every inch of the work, and for so doing and for saving a little here and there, he was to receive a commission of 10 per Well, he went to work on John Paul's

house and called for \$500, for \$1200, for

"Now," said John Paul to his wife (he was very tired, having worked over-time), "that's the last payment, and the house is promised for the first of next

He telegraphed to the village builder: "Will the house be finished on the first as promised?" The answer was from the builder's son:

The answer was troin the builder's son:
"Impossible finish before seventh."
The next day came another telegram:
"Owing to father's illness work has been delayed. Kindly sent check for

bels. and sickness came, uninvited,
John Paul rushed out to the country.
The builder himself was too ill to be
sclore and nurses in the land, and all
swhile John Paul ran furiously after
be old bills and the new, and poured

\$600.

John Paul rushed out to the country,
the lived and of the people's hearts in it.
That knowledge he was getting—in buckseen, or to be consulted about business;
slck as he was, the desire to speak out
and tell the truth about anything surged
within him. "I haven't got it," said John Paul.

"Did you have anything in the nature of a written contract?"
"He has letters of mine in which I state definitely that \$2500 is all that I can or will raise."
"Has he?" said the lawyer, and he

"I will fight," said John Paul.
"Don't," said the lawyer. "Pay. Al-

ways pay."
"But it's a cheat, a steal."
"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, "con-vince the court that respected, whitevince the court that respected, white-haired old man, a grandfather many times, just risen from a sick bed, has cheated a healthy young man, who wears smart clothes and belongs to the stratum of society which is commonly supposed to have plenty of money! It will be cheaper for you to pay. Verdicts in such cases are not for such as you. There was no writing. The man was your agent. You have to stand for what he has spent."
"But," said John Paul, "he has done

"But," said John Paul, "he has done expensive things that I told him not to do, and he has left undone inexpensive things that were necessary. The house isn't a house, It's a mess. The beastly blank old blank has gone and put colored

glass in the front door."
"The proof of these things?"
"Are in my letters to him." "You can produce them?"

'Ask the July fireplace to give back the Christmas log," said the lawyer.
"Your advice," said John Paul, "doesn't
syen comfort me; but I suppose it will

ost nothing. "It will," said the lawyer, "but when I think how much I am saving you, I feel glad that this should be so."

That night John Paul walked the streets of New York until daylight. For the first Ime in his life he was in genuine despair, and felt that he had failed in everything and must go on failing. Night after night he thrashed about in his bed and could not sleep. Everything that he had ever known, thought about or touched rose up in his mind to make him unhappy.

Where were the friends he had loved and who had loved him? He had had to work too hard; he had had no time for them; they had fallen behind; they had gone shead. Where was that high ideal that he had set for himself of roses has

gone anead. Where was that high ideal that he had set for himself of prose nurrative? Buried with Stevenson on the Samoan mountain. What of the truth that he was going to seek and speak? Was there never to be an end of writing love stories for revenue only? Once he had wasted three months of incomehe had wasted three months of income producing possibilities upon a play. He cursed plays, actors, managers a little, himself much. Bills that whined to be paid, bills that threatened him with the paid, hills that threatened him with the law, danced and pranced and insulted in his tired, restless brain. And there was no way out, no way out. What happens exactly, if you just sit still and let things happen? He did not know. But all sorts The young people became radiantly excited. They went forth into the city and bought chintzes and wall papers and some beds and things. To pay for them John Paul hammered out some extra love stories and could not sleep at night for love of the new house, and the fact that his overtired brain would not stop working.

could have a good honest cry it would calm his nerves and send him to sleep. But he could no more cry than he could pay his bills. And mornings when he went to his desk to work he could no more pay his bills than he could write.

But John Paul ought not to have been discourant of knowledge was what he had discouraged. Knowledge was what he had always been seeking-knowledge of the truth; knowledge of the world in which he lived and of the people's hearts in it. That knowledge he was getting—in buck-ets. And weary and heart-sick and brain-sick as he was, the desire to speak out

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

# SCRAPPLE



-The Passing Show

Billeting Officer-Can you take two men? Old Lady-Wa-at? I'm rather 'ard of 'earin'. B. O. (at top of his voice)-Can-you-take-two-men? Old Lady-It's no good; I can't 'ear a word you say,

Policeman (who has his suspicions)-He says he's going to give you four

Old Lady-I know 'e didn't; 'e said two!

### When Sphinx Meets Sphinx



Kitchener-Hullo, old girl! What a treat to hear a little silence again!

The Sphinx (joyously)-(The British War Minister was announced to intend to include Egypt in his tour of the Near East.)



Father-I shall not remit the check you asked for. Son-I shall never forget your unremitting kindness!

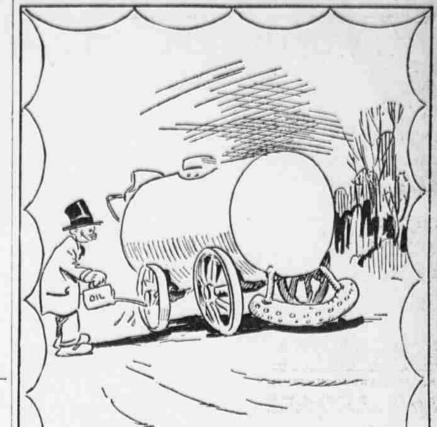


Paddy (who has had his periscope smashed by a bullet)-Sure, there's seven years' bad luck for the poor divil that broke that, annyhow.

### Poor Fellow

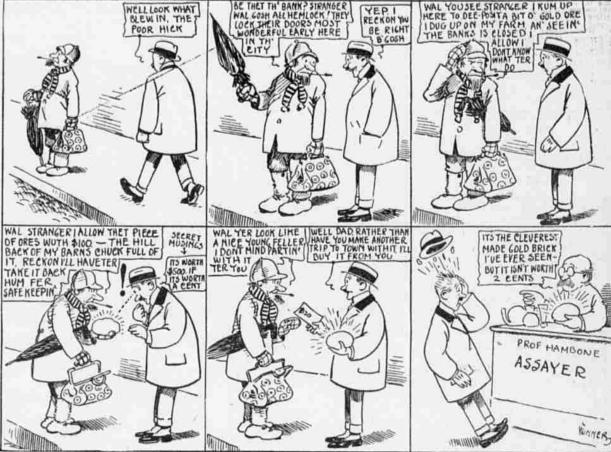
Sick Man-It doesn't make much difference whether I die now or not. Doctor - Why, my good man, why

Sick Man-Well, I must owe you several hundred dollars by now, and I'll be in the hole, anyway.-Siren.



THE PADDED CELL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?





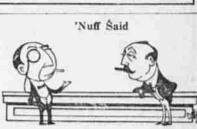
Intemperate

Betty-How do you like my nev

Bill-Looks like a full-dress

wine-colored gown?

-London Opinion. 'Looking Around."



'How is she fixed?" "Her father's an actor and her uncle hasn't any money either."

## GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children-What an elegant time this is to get new members for mer Smith's Rainbow Club!

y time flies (without wings) and you are happier. Thank you so much for all you have done for our club during 1915. It is Bys nice to have people thank us for what we do and so I am thanking you. Now you may see me bowing very low and saying in my most polite

Mon: "I thank you, my dears, for all you have done for our club." Remember when you are trying to get members you are little salesmen you must ARGUE-you must show the one you are talking to where

or she "comes in." Suppose some one says, "Oh, pshaw! only kids belong to Farmer Smith's sinbow Club." You must answer, "No, that is not true, for many large boys ad girls belong and besides many grown people would like to be 'kids' (as you all them) once more."

We will tell you more later how to get new members. Just try and keep trying-it's lots of FUN.

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

THE WAY.

DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH

AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A

LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG

Name ......

Age ......

School I attend.....

in it was the boy he had saved. A

"Mother," he was saying, "let's

And that's exactly what Henry did

So, after all, Henry's holidays were

### Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, Henry's Holidays EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. (Continued.) wish to become a member of Never stopping to consider that the your Rainbow Club and agree to

in ice would give way under his an weight, Henry rushed straight to place where the boy had fallen in. Crack went the ice! Henry screamwith all his might and plunged town into the freezing water. A on thoughts raced wildly through ha mind when, surprises of surprises, s feet landed on the soft muddy bed of the river. The water reached only

to his shoulder! Instantly he realized that the other Quicker than it takes to tell, two must have lost his footing. pairs of strong arms surrounded them st in answer to his thought a and carried them safely to the shore. hand clutched wildly at his coat. swift as a flash he grabbed at the ed self he found himself in a snowy water and caught the boy's sleeve. He white ted and somebody was feeding truck the hand that was clinging to him hot chicken broth. Just across the overcoat so hard that it fell limp. the room was another bed just like Quickly he pulled the boy to his feet his own and the somebody that was

A man's voice sounded hoarsely very lovely person was bending over Hold on a minute longer." the shore of the boy's home.

"It's not I," shouted Henry, "I'm right, water's not deep. Save this holidays." He was making a desperate fort to hold the almost unconscious

Two stalwart men plunged boldly pleased to reward him by allowing the icy water and, pushing the him to accept the invitation ice this way and that, waded alst-deep to the half-frozen boys, very happy ones!

# Our Postoffice Box

RAINBOW CLUB

John Tenalgia, in the picture gallery, is one of the very active members Do not say: "I have nothing to do," simply "get busy," for by keeping of the 8th street branch of the Rainbow Club. Susanna Kessler, Haddonfield, N. J.,



writes a very pretty little letter. She says: "I am getting a number of little girls together who want to belong to the club. Here are

JOHN TENALGIA some kisses (many kisses inclosed); they are all for you. May your days be bright as the Rainbow!" Charlotte Rodenhauser, Columbia, Pa., says, "I wish I could have become a member before this time, so that I could have been keeping the Rainbow pledge that much longer." A good will like yours, Charlotte, should have no trouble in making up for lost

Williamette Haney, Germantown avenue, has \$37 in the bank. She has written several letters to your editor and we hope that she will write many more. Mary Wagner hints that she might give a "Rainbow Fair" in the springtime-it's a secret so far and I know that you will be very anxious to hear all about it.

Anna Biernbaum, West Diamond street, sent us a nice letter with the names of her friends who have joined the club. So many levely little notes are coming in that I wish I could When Henry came to his bewilderborrow a whole page of the Evening Lenger and let you see every one of

## Do You Know This?

1. How many words can you form from this one word-STRANGE? (Five credits.) make him stay for the rest of the

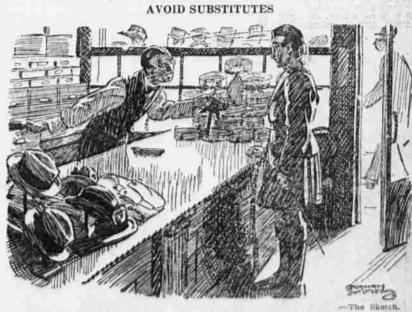
tence: "A holiday is when we don't for when the teachers at school heard have any school"? (Five credits.) of his bravery, they were only too 3. Divide 999,999 by 7 and then multiply the dividend by 132,645. What do you notice about the result?

(Five credits.)

2. What is the matter with this sen-

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





The Scot-Do you sell garters for stockings worn with the kilt?

The Assistant-No, air; but we have some charming sock-suspenders in



Teacher-What does work at, Johnay? Johnny-Please.

