THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

MAKE a start he took his pride by the hair and told his own story to an and cynical friend, who was also passrich. And this one, repressing all his icism and speaking the kindest words, thout any sting in them anywhere, proeded to lend John Paul \$10,000, upon the curity of John Paul's abandoned farm, and all but abandoned house.

And John Paul carried the check to his bank and slept that night the sleep of happy child.

They moved, bag, baggage and bables,

ate the new house and, thanks to the ps,000 (which had to be paid back some (ay), John Paul declared a long rest for his jangling nerves and brain. But was hard to rest. The venerable village builder, unusu-

my presperous, and quite recovered from is serious illness the would have thanked on was occasionally to be seen passing a new buggy drawn by a handsome horse. And John Paul wished very much to rush out and murder him.

But in spite of his rages, John Paul scovered, gradually, tone and spirit; and to suffer from cacoethes scribendi and e cast longing looks at paper and inkwells. And when at last he began once more to write it was with a heart full of new matter.

"I tell you," he said, "I haven't played the game. But I'm going to. All the suff I've ever written is false, and I knew it when I wrote it. The public is beginning to stand for the truth," here hamed over many recent stories, novels and specials. "And I'm going to tell the ruth, too. I'm sick of suppressing real things and human things, because it has ben the fashion to suppress them, so that bread and butter misses may not be corrupted. Is literature for children g is it for grownups? I've lived and I've learned, and whatever I know to be tre I'm going to write about,"

And he began, as ne had threatened, to

write what he described in a general way as "real stories." The forced sweetness, spimism and galety of the tales which had supported him for so many years ramished from his manner and his mattr. He feit, or so he said, as if he had just managed to crawl out of a vat of malasses. For the deliberate, cloying falancess to those early tales he substituted a too fervent sincerity. He had so longed to speak the truth that he now make it with a kind of defaut ferceity.

I have told this story all wrong, if the reader has not learned that whatever John Paul did he did to excess. He was always biting off bigger hunks of life than the could chew. He spent too much, and therefore he had to earn too much, when he took a cold bath it was ley, when he took a cold bath it was ley, when he took a hot one it was of a temperature that would have scalded anybody else. He exercised till he was exhausted, or lay on his stomach and read until he was ditto. If he liked his food he ate altogether too much; if he didn's which for some unknown reason, he did which for some unknown reason, he did

he ate altogether too much; if he didn't like it, he pulled in his belt a couple of holes. And of late years, whenever he had begun to catch up with his bills, he went, as the saying is, "way up in the sir"; or, conversely, when the bills gained on him, down in the depths.

he got down to telling the truth as he knew it, that he should at first fling atl reticence to the winds and produce tales which dwelt upon usly truths at the expense of truths beautiful, and, consequently, losing the excellent balance between these extremes, which is life, he successful and truth prositive.

when these extremes, which is life, he succeeded only in telling lies.

The merit of these tales (they were never published) existed only in their manner and in the sincerity with which they were written. He saw this himself

DOES A DOG HAVE A SOUL?

If not, can you explain the life struggle of this wolf-dog between the instinct of the wild and his sense of duty toward man?

> READ "KAZAN"

James Oliver Carwood A gripping story of animal life and the rugged northwest. Begin it with the first instalment

EVENING LEDGER

presently, and tossed them into the fire. But he was not discouraged; he had not expected to do what he had always longed to do, the very first time he tried it. There remained still a balance of some weeks set aside for "rest," and he made the most of it.
"The main thing," he explained to Mrs.

Paul, "is that I've reformed. I'll be hitting things right presently, and then no-body will be able to say that I'm writing things that I can't believe, just to get money. Do you know," he went on, "that for years and years I've been writing tales, for no better reason than because I knew I could sell them? That's kind of ugly-isn't it? When you come to think it over, I'm what they call a problem."

p-p-p---"
"You needn't say it," Mrs. Paul hastily "Well, anyway," said he, "I've re-

formed. I've been taken off the streets by charitable people and given a chance to earn an honest living."

So saying, and having lately completed a true tale to his illting, and sold it to a magazine, which had also grown dis-gusted with polite lying, he rejoiced exceedingly, and sported with his babies, toor and slept the sleep of the just.

The story in question was true enough head

and had a certain piquancy, but it wasn't over the temples.)
very pretty, and since prettiness was the spirit of mo
what the admirers of John Paul had of John Paul; he learned to expect from his commercial soke it with a kind of defiant ferocity. He had pen, the inevitable happened—letters. By every mail they came to him, abusing him and reviling him. Even the editor

was one which hurt him peculiarly, and which, for some unknown reason, he did not at once destroy.

"For years I have had strength and courage from the sweetness and purity and the belief in people's goodness and honesty that shine like diamonds in all your stories. But now-I have just fin-

worried and puzzled John Paul, until one day he searched through a barrel of old papers and found a signed letter in the very same writing.

Forthwith he was overwhelmed with laughter and rolled deliriously upon the attic floor. Mrs. Paul came running up to investigate. John Paul pulled himself together and wiped the tears from his

You know that anonymous letter that made me so mad?"
She nodded.
"It was written by a girl named Eva

Southworth. One night she spoke to me on the streets, and cried and said that she wanted to reform and be good. I gave her all the money I had. * * *" "What did she look like," asked Mrs.
Paul, with coldness.
"Oh, rats!" said John Paul, "The point

ts that she did reform. And this letter—this old signed letter—tells me of her marriage and happiness. • • • And narriage and napputess.

now, instead of congratulating me un turning honest, just as she did, she abuses me; says that I have made her quiver with disgust,' and accuses me of having turned literary street-walker.

* * It's really too good to be true.
Oh, the fools, the pitiful, prurient fools

Oh, the fools, the pitiful, prurient fools messed all over this poor old footstool."

But John Paul's editors and admirers would not let him complete his reform. Furthermore, the interest on his mortgage was past due, and the bills accruing from his long rest were beginning to clamor, and the brand-new house was a pressure peak of realize. He laughed in pressing need of repairs. He laughed, realizing for the first time in his life that there were such things as disillusionment and old age, and as he went to his work-table, immediately after breakfast, he remarked, with courageous cheerfulness.

heerfulness:

cheerfulness:

"Well-back to the streets."

"Now just what," said Mrs. Paul, "if anything, do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said John Paul, "that I am going to write a charming story about a charming boy who meets a charming girl. After a charming courtship, they have been been appropriated. are to be charmingly married, and then one charming, bright, blue day in the morning they are going to find a charm-

morning they are going to find a charming baby—in a cabbage patch."
Mrs. Paul sighed.
"In real life." she said, "one doesn't.
I think it's rather a pity."
"Oh," cried John Paul, and he flung
himself, with mock beseechingness, at
her feet, "don't you turn against me-

"No fear!" said she, her hands on his head. (His hair was getting a little thin The spirit of mockery went clean out of John Paul; he best swiftly and, just like one of his own idiotic lovers (for revenue only), kissed his wife's charming



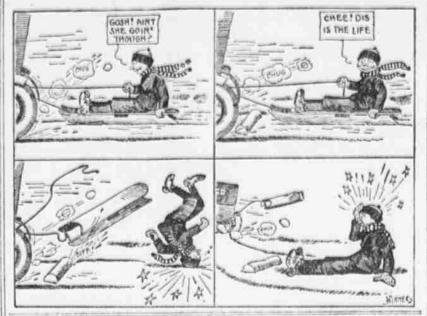
SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



One Resemblance

bles his father? Mother-Yes. He keeps me up late every night.



Yes, possession is nine points of the

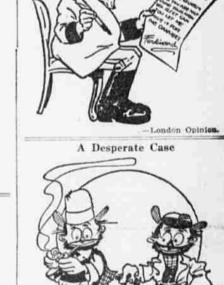




Dector (to colored lady who has given him a quarter for attending her husband, who died)—No, no, Mrs. Sciplo, I won't charge you for that last Mrs. Scipio-You take it, doctor, sah, you deserve it; you done your work



Conflicting Views of the Present Appearance of Wilhelm II.



"I heard you "I heard you wuz in the hospital. Wuz you very bad?" "Bad? I should think I was bad! Why, a pal o' mine brought me a bot-tle o' wine an' I couldn't so much as look at it!"

FARMER SMITH'S



RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

One afternoon a little girl's mother started to go out, and when her little daughter asked her how long she would be gone, she said: "I will be back Duncan, Sherwood road, Overbrook, in a minute."

And the little girl said, "Mamma, how long is a minute?" Of course, we know that a minute is one-sixtieth part of an hour and that an hour is one-twenty-fourth of a day and that there are seven days

in a week, fifty-two weeks in a year and also that there are twelve months in a year, but this does not help us any when we try to find out how long a minute is. This brings us to the story of TIME. How long is a minute? We may say it is that unit which we con-

veniently use to designate part of our life-time.

Did you ever try to catch a minute? Or did you ever stop to think of NOW? The instant you try to think of NOW it is gone and another minute, another hour, another day, another week and another year has gone. The wonderful thing to remember about a clock is that it has twelve hours and that those twelve hours are marked with Roman numerals and

that you can make all of those numerals with one hand, crossing your first two fingers to make an "X" and leaving the third and fourth finger for the one and two, making XII. When you have time take your watch or clock and see the second-hand spin around for a minute and then try to find out how long it is. We hope

when you do this you will see how useless it is to try to hurry. You have all the time there is, FARMER SMITH.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

small island and right at that moment

a cance came into view from its far

Wanita waved wildly and screamed

Before she had time to realize her

own fear he was beside her and she

was gasping forth her story. In a

second he had grabbed the bucket

from her hand and quick as a flash he

was at the mouth of the cave dashing

Back and forth he ran refilling the

"Stay out there, little girl," he

cried to Wanita, and he rushed into

"Boy, boy," he called, looking fran-

tically about for Kawasha, but no

(Continued Thursday, January 6.)

The cave was empty!

bucket and quenching the fire until

he was able to force an entrance.

the cave.

answer came.

water into the flaming opening.

she had summoned to her aid!

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. 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. Name Address Age

School I attend..... Wanita and Kawasha (Continued.)

Wanita stood horrifled-the cave was filled with smoke. "Kawasha," she screamed, "we'll burn to death."

shore! "Little sister," he cried bravely, "run like lightning through that flame. Leave me here." shot over the waves. Wanita's heart

"I won't, I won't," and she rushedtoher brother's side and

tried to pull him to his feet. He only sank back with a moan of pain. "Run, Wanita," he begged, "run

for aid." Wanita looked wildly about, the flames were rapidly spreading. Summoning all her courage, she shot through the leaping flames and almost at one bound gained the outside of

the cave. Like a frightened deer, she ran this way and that, looking desperately for P. but she saw none. Suddenly her

Welcome, little Mary and William to the Rainbow Club! You are the

Our Postoffice Box



MARY AND WILLIAM DUNCAN

first pair of twins to appear in our picture gallery and we are all very glad to see you. Please write to us very often and tell us just how it feels to be twins.

Ronald Roche, Germantown avenue, writes to know whether or not his little sister might belong to the club. He says: "She will be 4 years old in February. I think it would be best to teach her your beautiful little motto eyes spied an old bucket. Quickly she while she is growing. Her name is snatched it and ran to the water's Nelly." That is a very lovely thought, Ronald, and we are more than pleased In the centre of the river was a

to have little sister join the Rainbows. Madeline Capozzi, South 8th street, wrote us a very nice letter and we would like to receive another one from her real soon. Rose Frasch signs herat the top of her voice. The cance self "Yours in friendship." Isn't it stood still! It was a white man that nice to think of all the new friends we are making through the club?

Do You Know This?

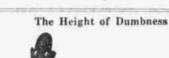
1. What is the matter with this sentence: "James don't know his lesson? (Five credits.)

2. A grocer received the following

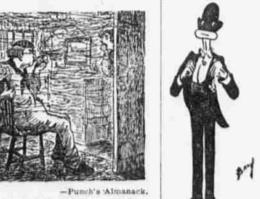
order: "Please send me a pound of 19-21-7-1-18." What did he send? (Five credits.) 3. Name a poet who wrote about

the snow. (Five credits.)

The names of those who joined Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club this week will be published in Saturday's EVENING LEDGER.



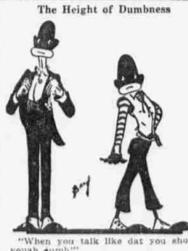
NATURALLY



"A fellow doesn't have to be rich to enjoy life."
"No, he doesn't have to be, but the chances are that he prefers to be."

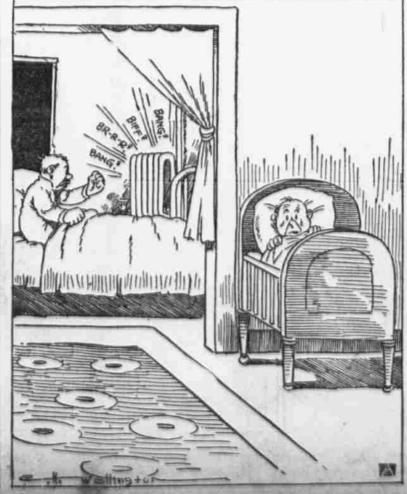
"Why don't you open the window, grandfather, and let some of the smoke "Not likely! Look what I've got to pay an ounce for it now.

War Economies



youah aumb: "G'wan man! Youah so dumb you

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



MORE WORK FOR THE NAVY



The boy on the rails—'i. Jellicoe! If you're goin' down again, you might ave a look fer my knife, will yer? It's got two blades an' a brown 'andie.





Eva-He says his love is like the one. Grace-H'm! That kind of love makes