

NO MAN IS WHOLLY BAD.

By WILLIAM REGINALD MACKRILL

It was not Jim Wilson's fault that he was born with a game leg. But it was Jim's fault that the game leg proved his undoing. Reared in all the luxury of southern affluence before the war, he had squandered first his inheritance, then a competence earned by shrewd speculation, and, finally, a snug ten thousand dollars wrong from its rightful owners by a series of tricks that form in themselves a story of human perversity, but are without importance in this account. These tricks were the third degree in his career, however, for they landed him behind the bars; and when "Limpy" Wilson returned to his old haunts he fell to the lowest plane. He developed into a first-class sneak thief, expert in "lifting" costly wraps and furs from unoccupied carriages, from theatre boxes and hotel parlors. How he accomplished these slick abstractions was more than the average individual could understand. It was his beautiful assurance, his unobtrusive approach and departure, his suavity and grace that made him for a time the foremost exponent of his art. But he went down hill steadily, and when New York became too hot, Chicago, wealthy and wide open, welcomed him to the ranks of the pickpocket and the purse snatcher.

Jim had two passions: first, his uncontrollable mania for theft; second, and dominating much of his life, little Alice, daughter by his second wife, who kept for him the tiny apartment

to any day in the week but Sunday, when they always went for a walk on the Lake Shore.

"Why no, Papa, it's the 6th day of December—my birthday." "Don't you remember?"

She wanted a turkey dinner, and before he left the house she had planned a royal spread, with cranberries, and celery, mashed potatoes and gravy, and a pie for dessert. Old Mrs. Janschowski, the Polish widow, of whom they rented their two little rooms, had offered to prepare the dinner on her big stove. All Jim had to do was to bring home the turkey and the trimmings. He promised solemnly, though he had not a cent in his pockets. And Alice had hugged him in delight, saying, "You are my very dearest bestest papa."

Jim stopped at a corner and looked up and down the street wondering how he might raise the price of that turkey. A soft-footed policeman approached. An osen stick prodded him in the back. "Move on. Get to cover," said a gruff voice. He started in sudden fear and slouched into the darkness of a nearby alley. It was the same old story. For weeks luck had been against him. It seemed as though the whole police force of that great city had suddenly opened its eyes to his existence. Wherever he went there appeared the brass buttons, the badge, the club. It was getting on his nerves, and he feared to attempt schemes that a few years ago

he had done so easily. He had a sudden idea. He slipped into the alley, unlocked the door, and slipped into the tiny apartment.

There was a muffled sound in the hall. He looked out his hat and sat down by the table.

"Oh, I've been here for a year or two," he said carelessly, smiling at Alice. "I'm on the force—plain-clothes man. Didn't expect to see you, though." Then, with meaning emphasis, "No monkey business. The jig's up. It won't pay, you know," for Jim had measured with his eye the distance to the door, calculating his chances. "Who's the kid?" he went on. "Reminds me of one I lost a couple of years back with diphtheria. Pretty near broke my wife's heart. Sit down, Jim. I'm in no hurry."

Jim gave a long sigh. Yes, the jig was up. This man knew him like a book. This man ran him into Sing Sing years before. This man was his Nemesis.

They understood each other now, and for the time restraint was at an end. The captain made himself most agreeable. He had a pleasant face, with deep-set, twinkling eyes, and the heartiest laugh Alice had ever heard. She thought him almost as nice as her papa. He sampled the turkey and the cranberries, and tipping back his chair crunched a long stick of celery in his strong, white teeth, talking briefly. Jim in words Alice could not understand.

"Fine turk, Jim, but an unlucky pinch. Just happened I was in the store getting one for myself. Piped your lay, and would have landed if I hadn't slipped on the ice. Never thought of old Limpy Wilson till I saw that trail in the snow. Good copy. Unlucky leg, that, Jim."

Presently the captain rose. "Guess we'd better get along, Jim," he said briefly.

Jim put on his coat and hat and turned to Alice with a wistful smile. "I've got to go out for a while, little sweetie," his voice trembled, but Alice did not notice it. "The captain has come to offer me a job—a fine place that will fix us up alright. I'll be back soon." A desperate hope was in his mind. He gave it voice as they reached the street. "Cap," he said pleadingly, "wait a few days till I can place the little girl. She's all alone, I can put her somewhere so she'll be taken care of and won't know. For God's sake, Cap, help me out. She thinks her daddy's straight as a string."

The captain's eyes were full of pity. "No friends?" he asked. "Not one, except old Mrs. Jan, and she's got seven of her own."

"It's a tough proposition, Jim," he was silent for some time. His hand was on Jim's shoulder, the slack of the coat in his firm grip. "Tell you what I'll do, Jim. You can take your choice. I'll give you a year to brace up, and you can stay right here and keep the kid. That's one side; here's the other. There's five thousand dollars for me when I deliver you over to New York headquarters. I'll take the kid and give her a home, and use the money for her education. My wife would treat her like a daughter. We'll tell her you've got a job in New York, and that she's to stay with us till you send for her. When she's old enough to bear it, we'll tell her you're dead, as you will be long before you serve all your time. Now I'll let you go, as I say, and if you turn square it'll be alright. But I'll watch you like a hawk, and if you trip up again, so help me I'll take your medicine, child or no child. And you know, as well as I do, that you're too old a dog to learn new tricks. Speak up, now. I'm waiting good time."

And Jim spoke quickly. As much as he loved liberty he loved Alice more. He could not hope much longer to keep from her the awful secret of his life. Better that he should give up now, and spare her the disgrace. "I guess you're right, Cap. I'll give in."

A week later Jim stood before the rail in the familiar New York headquarters, and heard himself sent down for trial. There were many charges against him. He could not expect less than thirty years. Presently those massive iron doors would clang behind him, and the world would forget him forever. Well, Alice would be happy. She would think kindly of him. She would not know.

And under the captain's watchful care Alice never knew.

Hirobumi Ito is called the Grand Old Man of Japan. He is described as being to Japan what Peter the Great was to Russia. In the diplomatic history of Japan he is what Richelieu was to the France of Louis XIII.

Mrs. Samuel Smartwood who died in Pennsylvania recently, at the age of 47, was the mother of twenty-five children. She married at 14, and her first child was born soon after she was 15. There were but two sets of twins.

WOMAN IN POLITICS.

RECENT FIGHT AGAINST BOSSES DEVELOVES HER AS A STRONG FACTOR.

Campaign of Good Government Calls Out Enthusiastic Aid of Feminine Sex.

"The man can do it but will not; the woman would do it but may not. We are bound hand and foot, but fortunately our tongues are not tied," said Mrs. A. A. Kholentz, of Richmond, Indiana. A bitter fight was on for the election of Mayor of that city. The present incumbent, whose private and public life is obnoxious to the better element of the town, was up for re-election. For eight years the political machine had backed the Mayor, a more fool in the hands of unscrupulous leaders. The forces of good government seemed on the verge of defeat, when the women arose in their might, twelve hundred strong, demanding that their little city be controlled by men of clean character—that good instead of evil, honesty instead of graft, decency instead of indecency, be the watchwords.

They held a great mass meeting and made stirring speeches. It was not a question of politics; it was the moral sentiment of the community speaking through its wives and mothers. And it was effective. The Mayor went down to defeat. Said a leading paper: "The women of Richmond made the result possible. The tide began to turn when the women met and in behalf of womanhood and the sanctity of the home protested against the continuance of the present regime. It was not until then that the real import of the fight was felt."

Hot Stuff in New York.

Not only in this Indiana town, but in larger centers, the women were active in the campaigns. In New York their earnest work on behalf of Jerome, reform candidate for re-election as District Attorney, has called out the admiration of even that opponent of woman's activity in municipal affairs, the Boston Herald, which says editorially:

Bless the women! How they are working for Jerome and against the bosses, with their practical sense, their public meetings and street parades, their hubbels of Jerome literature; their armies of picked newsmen dealing out hot stuff at the subway and the uptown during the rush hours; their night processions of autos with stereophones that about the split ticket to teach the masses how to use it; their volunteer bands of watchers upon lodging houses and tenements to prevent the colonialists from sneaking in; their municipal leagues and clubs and sweet rainy drives! They are giving the men practical lessons in electioneering, and demonstrating their capacity and genius for systematic and effective work which would rejoice Justice Brewer and confound Grover Cleveland.

In Graft-Ridden Philadelphia.

But the women of Philadelphia were equally active. Their aid was solicited by the city party in the great work of reform, to secure for the citizens an honest, decent administration, and a physically clean city. And right well they did their work. In nearly every one of the forty-two wards they assembled in enthusiastic crowds, and listened to addresses from prominent women speakers, including Mrs. Rudolf Blankenburg, Mrs. Ovea Wister (wife of the author of "The Virginian"), and Miss Jennings, sister-in-law of Mayor Weaver. In the Toledo Morning Times appeared the following trenchant comment on this feature of the Quaker City campaign:

In quiet, staid, precedent-loving Philadelphia, the women are in politics up to their elbows. They are so aroused in the battle against politics and graft that they are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men and fight.

It is a grand good thing to see them come out of their home-grown "sheltered" life, and put their shoulders to the wheel of a nation for the accomplishment of a downfall of the public evils that have been made apparent in their city. It requires a nerve for the first woman to act. Formerly people didn't admire nerve in a woman. They do now.

The old manner of sitting back and waiting to be "protected" is disappearing—possibly because there were not enough protectors to go around; possibly because every decent woman is called on in every city a half has been called on in the ancient way wherein the woman's head fringed over his dull routine, her brain rusted from disuse, and her personality shrunk from the compression of the "sheltered" life.

Now she breathes comparatively untrammelled, the atmosphere of the whole world, and rejoices in the use of all that in her life, her pent-up activities have leaped the barriers, and she, first of a human, with humanity's interests at heart.

The women may prove a power for good in graft-ridden Philadelphia. Whether or not this activity of woman in municipal affairs is welcomed, the practical efficiency of her efforts in the recent fight against the bosses cannot be denied.

Massachusetts Milliners Warned

The crusade against the killing of song birds for millinery purposes has been waged for years, yet the vanity of women in this matter of personal adornment has proven invulnerable against diatribes of reformers, ridicule of men, and the pleadings of the humanitarian. Each fall the hats of the feminine sex have been adorned by the plumage of some of our most beautiful songsters. In Massachusetts, moral suasion having failed, the legislature has enacted a law providing a penalty for "the use of plumage of song or insectivorous birds in the making of picture hats or other head adornments of women." Notice has been sent to the milliners of Boston and throughout the Commonwealth. It is announced that the State laws covering possession or wearing for purpose of dress or blandishment the body, skin, feathers, or parts thereof of insectivorous and wild birds whether taken in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, will be vigorously enforced. Persons having prohibited birds and feathers in their possession, whether wearers or dealers, are liable to arrest.

We Are the Greatest Letter Writers.

The United States sent out in 1904, four thousand one hundred and nine million letters about as many as all from Great Britain and Germany combined. France sent 844 million and no other country reached 500 million. The Germans lead in postal cards, 1,161 millions against 770 millions for the United States.

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The National Anthem.

Army regulations have been amended so as to prescribe honor for the United States colors as follows:

"Whenever 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played by the band on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present in their official capacity, all officers and enlisted men present will stand at attention, and if not in ranks will render the prescribed salute, the position of the salute being continued until the last note of 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The same respect will be observed toward the national air of any other country when it is played as a compliment to official representatives of such country. Whenever 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played as contemplated by this paragraph, the air will be played through once without the repetition of any part, except such repetition as is called for by the musical score.

"At every military post or station the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of the reveille, or of the first note of the march, if a march be played before the reveille. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of the retreat, and while the flag is being lowered the band will play 'The Star Spangled Banner,' or, if there be no band present, the field music will sound 'To the Color.' When 'To the Color' is sounded by the field music while the flag is being lowered the same respect will be observed as when 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played by the band. The national flag shall be displayed at a sea coast or lake fort at the commencement of an action and during a battle in which the fort may be engaged, whether by day or at night."

A medical note states that a negro in a hospital, on the promise of free treatment and attendance, readily submitted to the application of a new anaesthetic which a local physician had discovered. The negro died in about a minute before the operation began, which was then discontinued. After a consultation, the physicians in attendance unanimously agreed that the patient would have died under the influence of any other anaesthetic; to say nothing of the cutting up, all of which would doubtless be a comfort to the victim if the news could be conveyed to him.

Prattice said the poetry which a handsome girl appreciates best is written with a moustache on her lips.

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JIM LEAPED TO HIS FEET WITH STARING EYES.

on the West Side, in the very heart of the Polish quarter. During her ten years of life Alice had never wavered in her absolute adoration of her father, and Jim returned her affection to the limit of his nature.

They say that criminals are born, not made. It is a true saying, in Jim's case, at least. As a boy he was in no way abnormal, adhering in all respects to the proud traditions of his stiff-necked father, who owned broad acres in Mississippi and ruled his hundreds of well-kept slaves with firm generosity. There was no mother. She died during Jim's infancy. But at fifteen came a sudden passion for money. His monthly allowance was too slender for his expensive tastes. He must have more. He thought about it night and day. And then cropped out a strain of low cunning that had shown at intervals in his paternal ancestry for generations uncounted. He formed his plans elaborately, and one night during his father's absence he entered the library, broke open the little iron safe, and decamped with upwards of a thousand dollars in cash.

Ten years later Jim returned to the plantation. Here he found strangers, from the North, to whom his father had sold the family home. To his credit be it said that he wept over the old man's grave, and again when the County Judge turned over to him, in securities and cash, all his father's property, for there was no will and Jim was the only heir. He had left home a boy; he returned a man, experienced in the ways of the sea and in the paths of crime. But his suddenly-acquired wealth, his recollections of his father, and contact with old and forgiving friends, seemed to wipe out the past. He threw aside his degenerate habits. He became a gentleman, and took up his abode in the city of New York.

It is a far cry from the plantation to Chicago, and the little room in the Polish quarter. Thirty years lay between—three decades of steady degradation. Very bitter were Jim's recollections this December night, as he limped along State street beneath the glare of the electric lights eyeing sharply every carriage waiting by the curb. A raw wind blew in from the lake. His hands were numb. His whole body ached with the cold. His game leg, which had been doctored during his term in Sing Sing, was beginning to bother him again. It had a way of stiffening in the hip joint, so that his toe dragged a little at every step.

And as though the situation were not sad enough already, fate threw another burden on his shoulders. He had made a promise to little Alice, and it must be kept, regardless of consequences or effort. She had slipped into his bed early that morning and cuddled down beside him. "Papa," she said, "do you know what day to-morrow will be?"

"Not Sunday, surely," he replied. He could attach no special importance

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