

# Akin to Love

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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The door of room 14, primary department, opened very slowly, very contritely, and a small, anxious, freckled face peeped in. Miss Orvis turned from the blackboard at a smothered giggle from the children and saw the freckled face.

"Come in, Hardy." The curving line of her pretty, sympathetic mouth straightened with sudden determination. It was the fourth time that week that Hardy Andrews had come in late, and even the children were beginning to look upon it as a joke. Discipline must be enforced, even when the delinquent is only seven and a half. Miss Orvis left the blackboard with "I see a bird" half finished and stepped forward to meet Hardy.

He was smiling comfortably in his half shy, half roguish way and flirting openly with Marguerite Maguire in the front seat.

"Hardy, you are late again."

"Yessuh," said Hardy happily.

"It's the fourth time this week, Hardy. Have you any excuse?"

"No'm." Hardy rubbed one shoe over the toe of the other and tried to jam his stockinet cap into his side trousers pocket.

"Why didn't your mother write one for you?"

It was so still in the large, sunny schoolroom you could hear the clock tick high up on the wall and the buzzing of the flies over near the open window where the rows of geraniums stood, but slowly the color mounted in Hardy's little, thin, freckled face, and after a minute he looked up at Miss Orvis, his big blue eyes filled with a half apologetic bewilderment.

"I never had any mother." The silence was worse than ever. Miss Orvis caught her breath and looked at the rest of the children to see what horrible effect the announcement had made on them, but they were only interested and joyous over the diversion. Hardy caught the look and hastened to cover his mistake.

"But I got a father, Miss Orvis, all right. I'm Reddy Lane's kid, and Reddy's a watchman over on the bridge at night, and he don't get home till most 10 o'clock in the morning, and that's why I'm late, 'cause I like to have breakfast with him."

Miss Orvis hesitated, but the blue eyes pleaded well their cause, and she smiled as she laid one hand on Reddy Lane's kid's head.

But somehow all the morning she caught herself musing on the child who had no mother. It was a tragedy, of course—some stormy, tear swept page of life from the great city's underworld and only this bit of wreckage left to tell the story. Tears welled to her own lashes once or twice as she watched Hardy's small, eager face, so trusting and foolishly happy when he had nothing in the whole world to be happy for except the mere fact that he was alive.

As the lines were forming at noon she touched Hardy on the shoulder and told him to wait a minute at her desk, and the little fellow obeyed, watching the rest of the boys proudly from his post on teacher's chair. And when all was still in the great building Miss Orvis came back and took him on her lap.

"Your papa's a watchman, you say, dear, over on the bridge?" she began, but Hardy interposed hastily.

"Oh, no, not my father—that's Reddy. I never had any father. I'm a foundling kid, Reddy says, and his mother rented me, and then she died, and Reddy adopted me his own self, so now I'm his kid."

"Oh, see," Miss Orvis leaned back in her chair and gazed at the cheerful little face. "And you and Reddy live on Cherry street?"

"Yessum. We got a room with the Battersons, a whole room of our own, just for Reddy and me. And the Battersons have only got one room left for their own selves, and there's six of 'em."

"You don't say so." Miss Orvis caught the lonesome little figure close in her arms. "Is—Is Reddy good to you?"

"You bet he is," came the smothered gasp from her shoulder. "He never hits me, and he takes me out on the big bridge with him nights and lets me see the lights on the river and the boats and the trains and everything. He's fine to me. When I said you scolded me 'cause I was late, he said it was a—shame."

There was a sudden noise at the door behind them, a queer hasty noise, half a cough, half a choked explosion of laughter, and Miss Orvis stood up quickly.

"Hello, Red! This is teacher."

It was the only introduction they ever had, those two, and neither ever forgot the moment. Flushing to the curls of her soft dark hair, Pauline Orvis saw before her Reddy Lane of Cherry street. He was tall and broad shouldered, this watchman on the big bridge, blue eyed, with keen, unwavering gaze, strong jawed, with a mouth close tipped and short fair hair that curled crisply back from his young, resolute face. In his navy blue sweater he looked like a college boy, but the hands that held his cap were the hands of the toiler.

"I just run around after the kid there," he explained, lowering his voice as if he were in a sanctuary. "He's always home as soon as the show, and I'm worried when he don't show up.

They don't leave enough of a little chap like that to shovel up after a street car fender rolls him under, and I get fussy when he don't hustle in. I didn't know you'd kept him. What's the row?"

"Why, nothing, nothing at all," Miss Orvis said hurriedly. Just why she should be excited or confused over a caller from Cherry street she could not have told herself, but the steady, anxious, admiring gaze of Reddy's blue eyes was disturbing her customary tranquillity and dignity. "I was only having a quiet little chat with Hardy. I wondered why he was late so often."

"It's my fault," protested Reddy hastily. "You see, ma'am, I'm up all night on the bridge, and I don't get home till about 9, and the kid here likes to eat with me. The Battersons never give him anything, and it's up to me to see that he gets his feed. And I don't want him to go to school hungry."

"No, indeed," said Miss Orvis emphatically. Then she hesitated. Hardy had rambled over to the colored charts and was busy. She lowered her voice as she asked, "Hasn't he any one at all—I mean any one of his own people?"

"No, ma'am," Reddy answered earnestly. "My mother got him out of the foundlings when he was about two months old. They lets the kids out up there, you know, two-fifty a week, and the old lady thinks maybe it would be company for her with me away nights. His father took a tumble off a ferry-boat, and just as she was leaving Hardy up at the foundlings his mother fopped all to once and died too. So I took him when my mother died last winter, and the two of us has bachelors' hall over on Cherry street."

"It was very kind of you," Miss Orvis tried to say more, but the words would not come. It was all so brief, so simple and awful, this little tragedy of the very poor man.

"I haven't been sorry I did it. There's always enough for him, and I'd like to give him a chance. He's thoroughbred all right."

"Perhaps I can help, too," said Miss Orvis hesitatingly, half shyly. "I'd like to ever so much."

Reddy's clear, anxious eyes looked at her longingly. In her trim, girlish way, with the glamour of another world about her, a world apart from the "bridge" and Cherry street, she seemed to typify all he wanted his little thoroughbred to attain.

"I could take him with me over to the settlement," she went on, "any evening or afternoon perhaps," with a swift uplift of her long lashes at him. "Perhaps you might like it, too, Mr. Lane?"

Like it? Reddy walked on tiptoe all the way downstairs, his eyes still full of a wonder like those of a dream haunted child, and Hardy had to dodge the trolleys himself at the Bowery crossing.

The next night as Pauline Orvis went up the steps of the Endeavor settlement she found the two already there, waiting patiently. And as she laid her hand in the warm, strong grip of Reddy Lane she felt as though fate had laid a trap for love, with sympathy as its snare.

And after that night a queer thing happened to the teacher in room 14. Every morning as she stood at the head of the stairs, with the two lines of small boys passing her, all at once the color would rise in her cheeks as Hardy drew near, for not a single morning passed that he did not bear a love offering of fresh violets. He confided to her the very first morning where they came from.

"Red gets them from an old man on the bridge every morning fresh. He says they look like you."

One night toward the end of June they stood out on the stone balcony of the settlement house, looking down on the crowds passing below along the highway of push carts. Miss Orvis was pleading the cause of Hardy.

"Let me take him with me for the summer," she begged. "It has done him so much good, being with me—"

"Some one else, too," murmured Reddy, but she went on:

"I am going to the mountains, and he would be so much company for me. Besides, it will give you time to study if—that is, if—she hesitated and bent farther away from him over the broad, low parapet—"if you really intend taking the civil engineering course—"

"You know what I intend doing," he interrupted. "You know just as well as I do what you've done for the little chap and me. Of course he can go with you. I suppose I may run up now and then just to see how he's getting on."

"Oh, of course." Her voice was low and without invitation.

"And if I pass and get the Harrison appointment this fall, why, it's you that's to blame."

"Blame?" The word left her startled and vaguely frightened.

"That's what I said. You've taken and encouraged me the same as you have the boy and made both of us love you to death. Oh, you know it's so all right. And if I do win out and make something of myself it's you that made me try and feel it was worth while. Before I was only thinking of the boy and working for him, but now—"

"Yes?" He could hardly catch her whisper, but his hand suddenly crushed over hers as it lay lightly beside him.

"Now it's for you and me. Can I come if I win the appointment?"

Down in the street below some one was playing on a harp, while a ring of children danced and sang the chorus of a popular song. The words floated up to the shadowy balcony:

"Life is so short that when we die 'Tis time enough to say goodbye."

She turned her face to his.

"Come anyway," she said.

# The Remarkable Landis Family.



FRED LANDIS.

THE Landis boys have done very well in life. There are five of them, three of whom have achieved some measure of national reputation. The one most prominently before the public just at present is Judge K. M. Landis of Chicago, who recently compelled John D. Rockefeller to appear before him and give information as to the interior works of the Standard Oil monopoly. As United States Judge for the northern district of Illinois it devolves upon Judge Landis to assess fines against the Standard Oil company for accepting illegal concessions from the Chicago and Alton railway in no less than 1,400 instances. Should the court assess the maximum fines the defendant company would have to pay about \$29,000,000 for its disregard of the law.

Judge Landis is forty-one years old. He bears the peculiar given names of Kenesaw Mountain, his father, a surgeon in the Union army, having been wounded in the civil war battle of that name. Early in life he was a newspaper reporter. He was private secretary to Walter Q. Gresham when the latter was secretary of state under President Cleveland. Judge Landis has practiced law in Chicago for many years. President Roosevelt appointed him to the district bench in 1905.

Charles B. Landis, an elder brother of the judge, is more widely known. He has been a member of congress from the Ninth Indiana district for ten years. The congressman is a life-long newspaper man, being the publisher of a paper at Delphi, Ind. In congress he has made a record as an able orator. One of his latest efforts was a speech on the tariff question, advocating the "stand pat" doctrine, which has been pronounced by veterans one of the best tariff speeches in recent years.

Personally Congressman Landis is jovial and witty. He takes delight



JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS.

In telling funny stories, of which he seems to have an overflowing stock. Many of these deal with the Indiana Hoosier and are reminiscent of the congressman's newspaper life.

When Charles B. Landis first went to Washington he was accompanied by his younger brother Frederick, who served him as private secretary. One day Frederick, who also did some newspaper correspondence from the capital, thus following the family bent, packed up his belongings and took a train for home. His home was and still is with his mother at the family homestead in Logansport.

"When will you be back to Washington?" inquired Brother Charles.

"Not until I come back as a member of congress," replied the youngster.

Three years later, when Frederick Landis was thirty, he returned to Washington as member of congress from the Eleventh Indiana district. He was re-elected at the close of his term, but was defeated in his third campaign last year. In congress young Frederick Landis made an excellent record. During his first term he modestly refrained from proving his oratorical abilities, but in his second term he arose to the occasion in a speech on the insurance problem, in which he scored the grafters so eloquently that his reputation as an orator was well made. The ex-congressman is a noted stump speaker in Indiana and is said still to have political ambitions. He practices law at Logansport.

Another of the Landis brothers is postmaster at San Juan, Porto Rico, while the fifth is a successful physician in Cincinnati. The brothers were born in Ohio, but grew up in Indiana.

On to Him.

"Did he have any luck fishing?"

"Well, he says he caught a number of fish, many of which weighed three pounds."

"I see. They were so small it would take a great many of them to weigh three pounds."—Philadelphia Press.

# "DOC" CLEMENS.

Our Own Mark Twain in His New Academic Costume.

Mark Twain's trip to England was a great success. He could not buy Windsor castle of King Edward, but he brought back with him to American shores an Oxford degree. He wants it distinctly understood that he is to be addressed hereafter as "Doc."

The British scholars made a great time of it in giving him his title of doctor of letters. And every one is agreed that he looks perfectly swell in his new academic gown, with cap



MARK TWAIN IN ACADEMIC REGALIA.

and hood to match. The costume is really more becoming as worn by the author of "Innocents Abroad" than his much talked of white suits for cutting west and evening dress. With his tall, bushy white hair and heavy

mustache he looked quite as stunning as anybody when he marched up to the chancellor to receive his honors, although Prince Arthur of Connaught was in the procession and Lord Curzon, ex-viceroy of India, headed it with a page holding up his long train. Dr. Clemens' exuberant locks were in such contrast to the bald pate of the professor who presented him to the chancellor that a student, in accordance with a freedom that has prevailed at such ceremonies from time immemorial, called out:

"Couldn't you spare him some of your hair, Mark?"

Another irrepressible searcher for learning inquired:

"Have you got that jumping frog with you, Mark?"

The new doctor of letters tried to look solemn, as became his dignity, but it was not a very successful effort. He almost lost his serious mien when some one inquired:

"What have you done with the Ascot cup, Mark?"

The remark referred to a placard Dr. Clemens saw a newsman carrying when he first arrived in London. It was not punctuated as intended and read, "Mark Twain Arrives Ascot Cup Stolen."

Alluding to the incident at the luncheon given by the Pilgrims, he said:

"No doubt many a person was misled by those sentences joined together in that unkind way. I have no doubt my character has suffered from it. I suppose I ought to defend my character, but how can I defend it? I can say here and now—and anybody can see by my face that I am sincere, that I speak the truth—that I have never seen that cup."

A train was halted near Liverdon, in France, by the presence on the line of thousands of crows engaged in picking up refuse thrown out of the restaurant car of the Strassburg express. The birds were crushed in such numbers that the engine wheels skidded, and the train was temporarily stopped.

Shocked into Generosity. A small church was in need of repairs, and a meeting was being held to raise funds for that purpose. The minister having said \$500 would be required, a wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation rose and said he would give a dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him upon the head, whereupon he rose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake—he would give \$50. An enthusiastic present, forgetful of everything, called out fervently, "O Lord, hit him again!"

## CONGO ROOFING

The NEVERLEAK

LAY IT YOURSELF ROOFING.

On any kind of a roof, on any pitch of roof, in any climate, in any weather, Congo Roofing proves its merit. For sheer durability it out-ranks all rivals. If you need a new roof over the worn-out shingles, or the old ready roofing, don't buy till you see our goods. A glance at a sample will convince you. We send same free.

POTTER-HOY Hardware Co.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.—Condensed time table effective June 17, 1907.

READ DOWN		STATIONS		READ UP	
No.	Time	No.	Time	No.	Time
1	7:05 a.m.	1	7:05 a.m.	1	7:05 a.m.
2	7:15 a.m.	2	7:15 a.m.	2	7:15 a.m.
3	7:25 a.m.	3	7:25 a.m.	3	7:25 a.m.
4	7:35 a.m.	4	7:35 a.m.	4	7:35 a.m.
5	7:45 a.m.	5	7:45 a.m.	5	7:45 a.m.
6	7:55 a.m.	6	7:55 a.m.	6	7:55 a.m.
7	8:05 a.m.	7	8:05 a.m.	7	8:05 a.m.
8	8:15 a.m.	8	8:15 a.m.	8	8:15 a.m.
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10	8:35 a.m.	10	8:35 a.m.	10	8:35 a.m.
11	8:45 a.m.	11	8:45 a.m.	11	8:45 a.m.
12	8:55 a.m.	12	8:55 a.m.	12	8:55 a.m.
13	9:05 a.m.	13	9:05 a.m.	13	9:05 a.m.
14	9:15 a.m.	14	9:15 a.m.	14	9:15 a.m.
15	9:25 a.m.	15	9:25 a.m.	15	9:25 a.m.
16	9:35 a.m.	16	9:35 a.m.	16	9:35 a.m.
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81	8:25 p.m.	81	8:25 p.m.	81	8:25 p.m.
82	8:35 p.m.	82	8:35 p.m.	82	8:35 p.m.
83	8:45 p.m.				