

Jim's Schooling

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

The capitalist looked up from the card he held in his long, slender fingers. He saw a dark-eyed young fellow, with big shoulders and a resolute chin. At least those were the distinguishing characteristics of the older man first noticed.

"James Protheroe," he murmured. Then he added, with a little gasp, "not the son of my old boyhood pal, George Protheroe?"

"The young man smilingly nodded. Whereupon the older man seized him by both hands and forced him into a chair.

"My dear boy," he cried, "where were my eyes? Why, you're just like your dad. Well, well! Bless him, I haven't seen him for twenty years. Call you James, eh? Who's that for?"

"For me! Shake hands again, name sake. You are a remarkably fine young man. And how's father?"

"Very well, sir. He sends you a letter," and the young man drew it from his pocket.

"Sounds just like old George," he chuckled. "I'm—um—um. Lean you my boy Jim. Teach him a little business. Got some capital he might invest. Good boy. Um—um—um. It would be funny, wouldn't it, if Jim and your motherless girl should take a shine to each other? I wouldn't object. I know she comes of good stock."

"What's that?" cried the startled young man.

"That wasn't meant for you to hear," laughed the other, as he folded the letter and pushed it in his pocket. Then he added: "See here, my boy, you must come along with us to Bevington. We are going down there on our private car; a thirty-mile ride over our new suburban road. I've got business with a man at Bevington that must be attended to this noon. Then I've got to be back here at 2 o'clock to meet a New Yorker who is passing through. My daughter Ethel, Miss Mason, her companion, and two young college fellows of her acquaintance will go on the trip with me. Ethel will take along a hamper and feed us in the car, and we ought to have a jolly time. I want you to meet my daughter."

"Thank you," said the young fellow. "I believe I have already met her. I went to your home to see you and found you had left the house a little earlier than usual, and your daughter—I'm quite sure it was your daughter—kindly told me that you never transacted any business at home."

"But you told her who you were?"

"No, I didn't," replied the young man. "After her remarks I couldn't very well. It's business you know, that brings me to Cleveland."

James Norcross laughed again. "She probably took you for a collector," he chuckled. "But here, we must be off. We have to meet the others at the square in just ten minutes." They were waiting and waiting when the two men approached.

"Ethel," said the older man, "I want you to become better acquainted with James Protheroe, of Kansas, whom you have only met in a business way. I believe you have often heard me speak of his father."

There was one thing she was grateful to him for. She knew that he admired her. His frank, open glance told her that. But he had the good sense not to annoy her by any special attentions.

"Pretty soon the little party scattered, Jim and the young man going out on the rear platform to smoke, leaving father and daughter and chaplain in the car.

"What do you think of Jim?" said the capitalist.

"Rather strong of Kansas, isn't he?" laughed Ethel.

"Oh, I don't know," said her father. "He doesn't make any parade of his talents. He's just like his old dad. There wasn't a keener boy in town. We were chums, you know, and both of us started in without a dollar. I fancy we've both done pretty well."

"Is Mr. Protheroe's father a man of property?" inquired Ethel.

"I should say he was! The last I heard about him he owned the opera house, the hotel, the bank, the finest residence in town, and held a first mortgage on the biggest meeting house in the city. Jim's financial future is all right. He's an only child, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Ethel. "The big hamper turned out to be most disappointingly loaded, and everybody began about a picnic appetite. Then they rolled into Bevington, and leaving the ladies in charge of the two eastern men, James Norcross took the Kansas lad and started to keep his engagement with the local townsmen. And at 1 o'clock they were back in Cleveland. The capitalist signaled the motorman to go ahead on the return trip.

"We should be able to run the thirty-two miles back to Cleveland nicely in two hours," he said to Jim. "I must be there at 2 o'clock and we have a clear track all the way. We've had litigation over this road and it isn't doing a regular business yet, but we'll be running on schedule in a day or two."

They were out of earshot of the others, and Jim leaned toward the capitalist.

"Mr. Norcross," he said, "have you noticed that the motorman has been drinking heavily?"

"No!" cried the capitalist. "Has the idiot started one of his periodical sprees? Best man in my employ when he's sober. When he's drunk he's a stupid log. Keep your eye on him, Jim."

The young man nodded and started down the aisle to the motorman's vestibule.

It might have been ten minutes later when he noticed that the speed was increasing to a really dangerous rate. Looking ahead he saw—amile or so away—a sharp curve. He knew that it was highly hazardous to attempt to strike it at that high rate of speed. He reached forward and caught the motorman by the arm. The latter turned with an oath, and unsteadily rising to his feet, struck at him blindly. Jim flung him aside, shut off the power and put on the air brake. The car slackened speed plumbly, but finally came to a standstill half way round the curve.

Then Jim turned. The motorman had fallen and struck his head against the ironwork at the end of a seat. He was lying on the car floor unconscious. Ethel was unaware that anything unusual had taken place. She sat in the last seat at the rear, with her back to the front of the car, her companion, Miss Mayer, beside her. Presently her father came down the aisle and stopped.

"I was beginning to wonder where all the men were," said Ethel, as she laid her hand affectionately on her father's arm. "I felt quite neglected. Are we waiting on a switch?"

"There has been a little accident, my dear," said her father. "We're not on a switch."

"Accident, papa! Who is hurt?"

"The motorman. But not seriously. Jim says it is a scalp wound. He's got him all bandaged up nicely, and as soon as he gets over the effects of the shock he'll be in very fair shape."

"Is Jim—Mr. Protheroe—a surgeon, too?"

ABEL MITCHELL'S WILL

Abel Mitchell called to his typewriter. "You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from his papers before he spoke.

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 1:30. But she quietly put on her hat, and with a murmured good-night left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl. A girl who asked no useless questions. Ethel had reached the age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl why couldn't he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper.

"Jim was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhaps I didn't invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disclosed my little command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl I said wait. How long?" he asked. "Until you reach years of discretion, I cried, and turned away. Jim is 24. And I married at 21. Yes, and ran away, too. But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father has given him dollars where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost."

He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his keen gray eyes down the closely written lines.

"He has given up his father for a pretty fancy," he murmured. "Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? What is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him in to this marriage. A rich man's son, they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. Father!" he said. "I am to be married tomorrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding? I turned on my heel. Then I looked back. You know the price you pay? I cried. Yes, father, he said, with his head high up. I know. Good-bye and God bless you."

He asked a blessing on me! Ho, ho, ha; that's the spirit! But he'll not get for good this time. I'll cut him off with a dollar. Let him sup on herbs for awhile. That'll take the venom from love's young dream. I'll draw up a new will at home tonight and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know that his foolish fancy has cost him I'll write him a letter—no, a letter he can't destroy. I'll be sure. That's the thing—a letter."

He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. A rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a way he had.

"Ah, Miss Morris," he said, "back again!" He had quite forgotten that he had sent her home.

The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed upon the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl—dainty and neat from the tip of her new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But he did not look up.

"Just in time," he added. "I want to dictate a letter before you go."

He paused, and the girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the typewriter.

"You have been with us so long, Miss Morris," the old man continued, "that you view you as a confidential agent. Besides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unknown girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his; that tonight I change my will, cutting out of my estate a solitary dollar. Are you ready?"

The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two.

"James Mitchell," began the old man, "as you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I desire you to know that I have no wish to be further communicated with you. While I cherish the impression that you were hired into this unhappy marriage—"

The typewriter stopped.

"Unhappy marriage," the old man repeated, and the clicking recommenced. "Yes, I cannot accept this as any excuse for your undutiful conduct. Tonight I change my will, and you may rest assured that your name shall be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say, and to reply will be expected. Abel Mitchell."

The young girl drew the sheet from the machine, and bringing it forward laid it on the old man's desk. Abel glanced it through.

"A beautiful copy," he said, and carefully folded it. Then he placed it in an envelope and dipped a pen in ink.

He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them, too. "You insulted me and you insulted my permanent father. Have no mother?" she paused a moment. "When you insulted that my father was mercenary in this matter you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I disobeyed my father, too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring you no surprise."

The old man dropped his eyes beneath her reproachful gaze.

"Perhaps I was hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great." Then he quickly added: "But knowing as you did that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?"

"I could make it clear to you I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him—all that was left to him of life and kin, the babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in criticizing your wishes. He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud, so self-willed. I am very sorry that I should be the means of separating you, and I—"

"I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear—my husband—has made."

"Where is Jim now?" he asked. Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you not enjoying your—your wedding tour?"

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl. "His duties began today. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you know."

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my dollars?" said the old man.

"Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man fingered in his chair. "And why not?" he asked.

"I think you understand," said the girl, and her gaze dropped to the letter on the desk.

"Does Jim know you are here?"

"No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at 5 o'clock. I must go. Good-bye."

Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope, and the envelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed them into the waste basket.

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang and reached for his hat.

"There," he said, "I'm ready. Then he added, "Will you give me your arm, my dear?" As they passed through the doorway he paused.

"I think, Abol," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends. And now we must hunt up Jim, and draw him home with us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOMENTARY SMILES.

Must Be Scare. "Mamma," said little 5-year-old Tommy. "No only good little boys go to heaven."

Also Correct. "What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil in the grammar class.

Unmilking the Cows. "Well, Clara, what did you see in the country?" asked a father of his little 12-year-old daughter, who had just returned from a visit to her grandparents.

The Man with the Coin. The man who holds the bow. Has lately had a show.

She Yielded Not. Mrs. Tifford—Must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?

Had Nothing to Learn. Mr. Westside—Have you read Dante's description of Hell?

With but a Single Thought. He—Ah, it sometimes seems as if I could get into anything.

No Cake. Mrs. D. had invited some friends to dinner and desiring to make a favorable impression, she had previously cautioned her little daughter Belle as to her conduct at the table.

Grain-O Brings Relief to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and which is universally injurious.

At the head of the procession—More often—ahead of it. OUR GREAT ALL DAY FRIDAY SALES. BEGIN AT 10 O'CLOCK. CLOSE AT 6 O'CLOCK.

WHEN we conceived the idea of our Great All Day Friday Sales in Scranton, we were fortified with experience ammunition from the great and lasting success of these sales in our Wilkes-Barre store.

2 3-4c Yard for White Shaker Flannel. A Friday bargain to jam this store. Heavy quality cream white shaker flannel, regularly sold at 5c and 6c a yard.

5 1-2c Yard for Hill Muslin. Every woman knows this justly famous brand of bleached muslin. A limited quantity to each customer on Friday at the above price.

4 3-4c Yard for New Fall Percales. Bran new goods. Bran new styles. Bought for this great Friday sale—only we didn't intend to sell them so cheap.

- Notions for Friday. Brush Binding, blue and grey... 4c. Bone Casing, nine yard piece... 8c. Fancy Garter Lengths, yard... 3c. Rubber Carpet Laces... 1c. Satin Hose Supports, wide belt... 21c. Dexter Knitting Cotton, ball... 4c. Agate Buttons, 8 dozen for... 5c.

We Serve Dinner in Our Elegant Restaurant, from 11.30 to 2. 25 Cents.

Umbrellas—A Big Bargain for Friday. The biggest Umbrella Bargain we have ever offered. The lot consists of women's and children's school umbrellas—24 and 26 inch—nicely covered.

Jonas Long's Sons. A FATHER'S DEVOTION. True Story of "Bob White. Ah! Bob White." From the Binghamton Republican. Last Spring Alfred Miller, of No. 21 Spring Forest avenue, received a present of a pair of common quail. They were kept in the house until tamed sufficiently to be trusted in a large cage without danger of injuring themselves in an endeavor to escape, and then moved to more commodious quarters.

School Opens Monday Bring your children to us for School Shoes. The New York Shoe Store. Tablets given Free.