

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Jack Rose's Message to the World

In Pointing Out How Easy the Path to the Underworld Is Made by Society For Those Who Have Erred, He Is Doing a Great Work.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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 GOD sent us here to make mistakes—
 To strive, to fail, to begin;
 To taste the tempting fruit of sin
 And find what bitter food it makes.
 To miss the path, to go astray,
 To wander blindly in the night,
 But searching, praying for the light
 Until at last we find the way.
 And looking back upon the past,
 We know we need all the strain
 Of fear and doubt and strife and pain
 To make us value peace at last.
 Who falls, finds later triumph sweet,
 Who stumbles once, walks then with care,
 And knows the place to cry "Be-ware!"
 To other unaccustomed feet.
 Through strife the slumbering soul awakes.
 We learn on error's troubled road
 The truths we could not prize without
 The sorrow of our sad mistakes.

I have heard a great many ministers of the gospel, preachers, reformers and philanthropists talk about the causes of evil in the world and the need of reform; heard them describe what reforms were needed and just how good folks could best help bad people to be better. I have heard sermons and lectures given to the young and to the parents of the young, and all of these addresses contained ideas worthy of serious thought and respectful consideration.
 But the most compelling, far-reaching and absorbing conversation I ever heard on these subjects, and the talk which left most lasting impressions, and which most clearly defined the needs of "good society" reform, was given by a man who barely escaped the electric chair, Jack Rose by name.

Jack Rose Is a Remarkable Man, Doing Much Needed Work
 Jack Rose is a remarkable man. And he is doing one of the most needed works in the whole long list of reforms attempted by innumerable men and women in the world to-day. The Rev. I. H. Brown, of South Norwalk, Conn., who first induced Jack Rose to speak in his congregation, should be crowned by laurels. He had talked with the man who turned State's evidence for several weeks at various times. Then he went to him and said:
 "You have expressed the hope that the world would open up to you some method by which you could earn an honest livelihood for your family. I have found the way. Ever since I

first talked with you my sermons have been made out of the subjects you gave me. You are full of ideas. Come and talk to my people yourself, and then your way will open to talk to me. I will make a plea for more sympathy and more understanding from the truant masters; a plea to have truant and unruly children led away from the wrong paths into right ways by wise and loving methods—not driven like mad dogs into some place of punishment.
 After this man came from the house of correction he many times tried to get a new start in right ways. There is always in every human heart this impulse—this longing to do right. And it was a very strong impulse in the heart of Jack Rose. But the way was very difficult, and no sooner would he get a foothold than some one reminded him of his past, and the new friends and associates in the upper world would draw back and finally he was borne in upon his mind that he belonged in the underworld. For these people did not ask for credentials, and there you had nothing to hide and no cause to feel ashamed of your past.
 And so Jack Rose went into the underworld to become a gambler and a politician of the New York Tammany type.

All that happened to him afterward we knew; but what concerns us is the CAUSE which made him what he was.
 It was no inborn badness; no tendency or taste for evil. It was poverty first, linked with the cruel heartlessness of children better situated than himself. Next, it was the brutal methods permitted by our educational system of punishing truant children.

The Unchristian Spirit of the World Makes Reform Hard
 And finally, the unchristian-like spirit of the world in general toward those who try to follow the Master's command to "go and sin no more," and who find nowhere to "go"; nowhere that their old mistakes do not stand in the way and prevent progress upward, and upward, because of the lack of charity and sympathy in the hearts of good people who had never been tried and tempted by adverse circumstances and unfortunate environments.
 These are a few of the many points which Jack Rose brings sharply to the front in his talks.

There is no reformed-sinner pose about him; no talk about being reformed, and never remaining later unless at some place of amusement.
 "I think she should be home before ten, and never remain later unless at some place of amusement."
"PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE"
 Professor Newell C. Maynard, who will deliver a course of three lectures here on February 16 and 17, is a speaker whose pleasing voice, winning presence, and fund of practical information have the power to hold the undivided attention of an audience from start to finish. Professor Maynard believes that a knowledge of psychology is a great help to every man and woman, and in his lectures upon "The Psychology of Success" shows the uses which may be made of this science by all classes. He will speak three times here, having for his subjects, "Men and Women," "The Happy Child," and "Those Who Win" and the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic Circle, No. 29, under whose auspices the lectures will be given, have already sold a large number of tickets. Those desirous of hearing this unusual course should apply early.—Advertisement.

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Miss Fairfax Answers Queries
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
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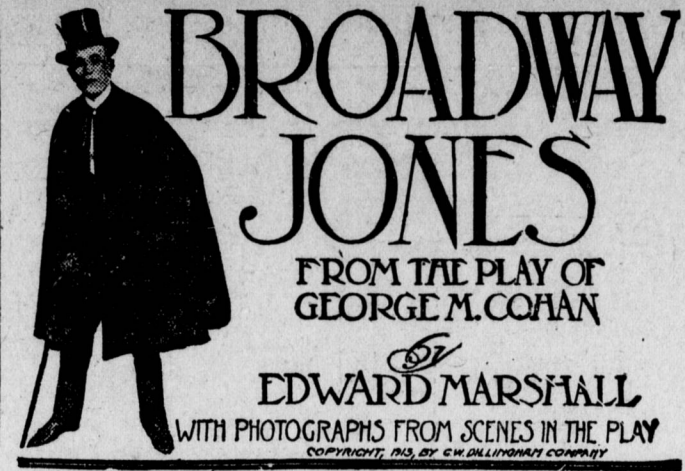
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BROADWAY JONES FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN EDWARD MARSHALL WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

She really seemed very much upset, but not belligerently so. "I'd never be happy if New York should imagine I'd been jilted, or the subject of a practical joke," she began simply. "My excuse for throwing you over is a very good one—my engagement to the earl of Cortland."
 He bowed, too puzzled to find any words.
 "After a few hours' talk with Rankin I became convinced that a marriage between you and me never would have been a happy one."
 Again Broadway nodded. He could quite agree with that.
 "Hence my decision to marry the earl." She went closer to him almost pleadingly. "I've played fair with you, Jackson; now I want you to do the same by me."
 "I'll do anything you ask," he fervently assured her. "Anything within reason, Mrs. Gerard."
 "All I ask is that you keep my secret."
 "I will. What is it?"
 "You really don't know?"
 "No, Mrs. Gerard."
 After another tiny hesitation she held out her hand to Rankin. "May I present the earl of Cortland?" She said, leading the abashed butler forward.

"What!" Broadway was astonished almost to the point of physical collapse.
 "It's true," she went on gravely. "We've had a thorough understanding, and Rankin has agreed to become an earl."
 Again Broadway's surprise was almost more than he could quietly support.
 "Oh, don't be astonished! It's my only protection. Have I your solemn promise that you'll not divulge the secret?"
 "I give you my word of honor," he said fervently.
 "Very well. Goodbye!"
 He earnestly shook hands with her. "Goodbye, Mrs. Gerard. I hope you will be very happy."
 "It isn't a question of happiness, Jackson," she said slowly, and in a way that somewhat worried him. "I simply don't want to be humiliated. You understand?"
 "Yes; I understand, Mrs. Gerard."
 She turned to the earl of Cortland. "Shake hands with Mr. Jones, Rankin."
 Jackson pulled him to one side, almost indignantly. "See here, Rankin, do you mean to tell me that you'd do such a mean contemptible thing as to marry a woman deliberately for her money?"
 "Yes, sir," said Rankin very gravely, "and thank you, sir, for the opportunity."
 "Come, earlie," Mrs. Gerard called softly.
 "Yes, Beatrice," he dropped the hand of his erstwhile employer and took the arm of his affianced wife.
 "We have just six minutes before train time," she admonished him, and turned to Broadway, who was standing, dazed, "Goodbye!"
 He had gone back to the house and was standing leaning somewhat weakly against a pillar of the porch, unable even to make her presence known to the two girls whose laughing, low-toned gossip he could hear from behind the vines, when Wallace came up with his father. He listened to his friend's remarks mechanically.
 "Yes," he was saying, "the entire population of the town is about four thousand. The plant employs about seven hundred." Then, catching sight of Broadway: "There's Jackson now. Tell him what you just told me."
 Broadway went to meet them, glad to have the opportunity to test life, and make sure that it was real, even if the proof showed that the elder Wallace was entirely hostile.
 "They offered you a million and a half, didn't they?" asked Bob.
 "Yes, that's what they offered—a million and a half."
 "Mr. Jones," said the elder Wallace, not without enthusiasm, "my son has been telling me of the grand, single-handed fight that you are making against this giant corporation. I admire your pluck, sir."
 Broadway looked at him with real surprise and hearty gratitude. It seemed that even this was coming out all right!
 "You deserve all the encouragement and assistance possible," said this suddenly delightful gentleman. "Your loyalty to the people of this little town is commendable, sir. You deserve great credit, and I want to shake your hand."
 "Thanks, Mr. Wallace, but the credit really belongs to Bob." The delight which Broadway felt was plainly audible in his voice.
 Bob laughed. "I knew he'd say that!"
 "He has told me of your modesty," said the elder Wallace. "I am very proud that you have taken him into the firm, and if advertising has any market value we'll fight them to a finish. I have promised my son to return here Monday morning. I may have a proposition to put before you. I'd like to see him an equal partner in a business with such a promising future."
 "I don't know what to say, Mr. Wallace," Broadway answered, and he really did not.
 "Monday will be time enough," the elder Wallace answered genially. "I

have an appointment with Pembroke at his house tomorrow. After I have had ten minutes' walk with him I promise you that the Consolidated people will make no further attempts to absorb. But now I must go. Good night!"
 Jackson grasped his hand with fervor. "What a night this was!"
 "Going to motor back?" asked Bob. "Yes; I prefer my motor car to the railroad. See you Monday. Good night!"
 "Isn't it like a dream?" asked Bob after the last glimmer of glow from the car's headlight had vanished down the road.
 "I can't believe it's true."
 "He wants to buy a half interest in your business. Did you get that?"
 "All I want is enough to pay my debts."
 Bob laughed. "Don't tell him that; he's a business man!"
 "But—"
 "I think you'd better let me handle that for you."
 "Will you? Fine!" It suddenly occurred to him that he must tell his friend at once about the Rankin-Gerard episode, but he did not mean to break his promise to the ancient bride. "Say, Bob, I've just—I've just had a telephone message from New York. What do you think has happened?"
 "Go on, tell me."
 "Mrs. Gerard has denied her engagement to me and is going to marry the earl of Cortland."
 Wallace took this in a gulp of joy. "Honestly?"
 "I just got the word."
 "A million congratulations, old pal!" In a mad enthusiasm he shook hands with Broadway. "Three cheers for everybody in the world!"
 Broadway seized him and, in an access of perfect satisfaction with the way the world was wagging they danced there in the moonlight.
 "The earl of Cortland?" Bob exclaimed at length. "Who the deuce is he? I never heard of him."
 "I have. I've seen him."
 "You have? What does he look like?"
 Broadway paused, as if in thought. "Well, he's the very image of—say, you know my butler?"
 "Rankin?"
 "Yes. Well, he looks just like him. You'd hardly know them apart."
 "You don't say?"
 "Yes; a wonderful resemblance."
 "I wonder what became of Rankin?"
 Bob speculated idly. He had liked Rankin.
 "I think he surmised I was going to locate here and he didn't like the town."
 Bob nodded. "Gone, is he? Well, maybe that was it."
 The girls caught sight of them as they approached the house and Clara ran to them. "Oh, there you are! Where's your father, Bob?"
 "He's gone."
 "Oh, I wanted to see him!"
 "You'll see him Monday." He laughed. "Come on. Let's go and get an orange ice-cream soda."
 "Oh, let's! Come on, Josie."
 "We'll be right along," said Broadway. "You go on ahead."
 Josie came down the steps with less precipitancy than Clara, but she did not really hesitate. Broadway went to her with hand outstretched to help and that peculiar earnest face he always wore when thinking deeply, even of the most delightful subjects.
 "Do you care if I call you 'Josie'?" he inquired. "He calls her 'Clara' and she calls him 'Bob.'"
 "Why, that's my name," said she with the simplicity of the frank country maiden.
 He waited not a moment's time. "That's not the reason I'm so anxious to," he said. "It's because I'm fond of you. I love you, Josie."
 "Why, how can you say such a thing?"
 "Oh, I know, you heard I was engaged, but I'm not," he eagerly explained. "That was all a joke. I can't explain it all now. Will you marry me, Josie?"
 "What!"
 "I mean it; honestly, I do! What I've needed, all along, was an incentive."
 He was very earnest; perhaps he was not quite aware that he was slipping into words which she might possibly remember.
 "What I've needed all along was an incentive—something to work for. That's what I've needed all my life. My—er—grandfather had something to work for and he handed it down to his children; now I want something to work for, which I can hand down to our—"
 "Why, Mr. Jones!" He did not even know that she was blushing. He was far too much in earnest.
 "Don't call me Mr. Jones. You know what I want you to call me. Go on. Let me hear you say it, as you used to say it."
 "Jackson?"
 "No; call me Broadway."
 "Why? Do you still love Broadway?"
 "I don't quite know," he answered as he gently drew her toward him and then kissed her.
 She did not resist or protest.
 "Come on," he presently suggested. "Let's you and me go get some ice-cream soda, too."
 THE END

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EUGENICS
 The chart before him lay, wherein to
 Then light, through black despair,
 Shone piercingly
 "They have forgot my brother," whispered he,
 "Jesus, who died for others on the tree,
 And my great father God, who strengthened me."
 —Elizabeth C. Billings in The Survey.

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