

# Without Resort to Law

By DONALD ALLEN

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"Come and put in your vacation with me. House in the country. Lake. Fish. Golf. Mighty good-looking girl only eighty rods away. Cupid. Moonlight, etc."

So ex-Judge Gorman wrote to his nephew, Phil Walker, just before college vacation. The judge was a bachelor sixty years old, who had bought a manor house on retiring from the bench. He was alone except for his servants, and Phil was his favorite nephew.

Judge Gorman had caught only a brief glimpse of Alleen Travers as she crossed the lawn of her mother's grounds next door. Any lawyer could have made a case of false pretenses out of that letter, but Phil Walker replied that he would be happy to come. Miss Alleen Travers was just two weeks ahead of him on vacation. She had got home and settled down for the summer before he was due.

When at home she was the man about the house. She could handle saw or hammer, and when the lawn-mower got out of kilter she had a way of fixing it up instead of sending it off to town to be tinkered at. She reached home on this occasion to find that many things needed her attention, and among them was the glazing of a pane of glass in the kitchen window. This was left to the last, but on the day her mother and little sister went away to be gone 'till next week the cook was informed:

"Now, then, if James got that pane of glass and some putty, we will fix that window. We shall need the stepladder."

"It's the easiest thing in the world for a smart and good-looking girl to putty in a pane of glass. She first takes out any fragments of the old pane. Then she mounts to the top of a stepladder and has the cook hold

his name that I may give him seven kinds of law!"

Phil thought he understood the case, and when he got his breath he tried to explain. It was a case of natural cause and effect. Let any young man discover a girl putting in a pane of glass from the top of a stepladder, with the family cook braced to prevent a wobble, and the family dog dozing in the sunshine, and exclamations, falls and bites must follow. It's like the stock market when a report is circulated that John Doe is dead—it creates a flurry. He held no one to blame.

"Say, boy," replied the uncle when the story had been told, "that girl on the stepladder must have been the one I wrote you about. I am afraid you have dashed your case right in the beginning."

"I can call and apologize," said Phil. "And make another mistake? Never! You see, she's mighty good-looking!"

"I—I guess so. I just got one glimpse, and then she came sailing."

"And she's a slyth."

"She flew like one."

"And she didn't have her hair done up and her Sunday clothes on, and you didn't see her in the parlor and have a formal introduction. Then—then, you all tumbled around together and the dog bit you, and the cook probably swore, and taken all together it will require all the legal talents I possess to win your case."

"But what case am I going to win or lose, sir?" was asked.

"Why the mighty good-looking girl—Miss Travers—the girl on the stepladder. I have it all mapped out. I shall give you this place and then board with you after marriage. Right handy for her mother's, you know. Pass back and forth across the dewy grass. One photograph answers for both houses. Birds sing to both at the same time. No separate thunder showers needed. Had it down pat, my boy, and then you got to go wandering around to the back yard and making discoveries. Lands, can I ever convince that girl that you hadn't stood there for ten minutes before the cook yelled out!"

Mr. Phil Walker was contrite enough that day, but on the next he stood on his dignity. What business had a girl, good looking or not, to turn gazier? What business had the family cook to let go of that wabby stepladder? What business had that old dog to bite him? All the injury was on his part. Miss Travers was not the only person to be considered, and he wanted her to understand it.

His uncle saw how things were with him and didn't interfere. Ten days passed—very quiet days. The glass was in and the putty all used up; the stepladder was laid away, and the dog was at rest!

Then the college man ached for exercise. There was an old dead tree on the shores of the lake at the back end of the ground. He would remove it.

He took the saw and went forth. Hat off, coat and vest off, shirt sleeves rolled up, he mounted into the top of the tree to cut away a limb. Nothing started him. He simply slipped and caught his foot in a crotch, and there he was, hanging head downward and yelling for help. He had been yelling for five minutes when he heard footsteps on the grass and some one lifted up his head and shoulders until he could get a grasp with his hands. Then that some one softly said:

"Please don't set your dog on me for it!"

That "mighty good-looking girl" had been rowing on the lake and witnessed the accident just as she landed. She was gone before the tree-climber could descend.

"Say, boy, your case is won, and that without resort to law," exclaimed the uncle as he rubbed his hands in glee. "You discover her—she discovers you. Two discoveries, with the cook and the dog left out. She can't call and thank you for discovering her, because she was on top of a stepladder, but you must call and thank her because you were hanging head downward from a tree. See the difference? Why, boy, your case is won without the jury leaving their seats. Prettiest affair I ever handled."

Mr. Phil Walker called and explained all about that tree and several other things, and there were blushes and smiles and laughter, and a game of croquet on the lawn. And, later on, Judge Gorman was called upon for his house—as a wedding present.

"He knows all the best people in town."

"Why doesn't he associate with them, then?"

"They know him."

# Hints For Hostess

## TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

### A Charming Porch Party.

This delightful affair was given on the porch of a lovely country home, but it may be just as successfully carried out indoors and at any season of the year. There were about 20 guests, each asked to bring her work. The porch was decorated entirely with garden flowers that are so plentiful and brilliant at this time. After an hour of lively chatter, with needle and thread, crochet hook and knitting, the hostess appeared and announced a "so-in" contest. Slips of paper and small green pencils were passed with the explanation that each answer began "So" as the first letters. The questions and answers follow:

- 1. A wise man of ancient times—Solomon.
- 2. That which one voice sings—Solo.
- 3. A necessary kitchen compound—Soap.
- 4. What the twentieth century typing machine should do—Soar.
- 5. To steep in liquid—Soak.
- 6. Serious—Sobor.
- 7. A nickname—Sobriquet.
- 8. Church members enjoy this sociable communion—Socialism.
- 9. A mixture and an explanation—Solution.
- 10. Popular with the summer girl—Soda.
- 11. A church society—Sodality.
- 12. A seat built for two or more—Sofa.
- 13. To dwell for a time—Sojourn.
- 14. A note in music—Sol.
- 15. A name for the sun—Sol.
- 16. Pertaining to a light giver—Solar.
- 17. What an article always is, if bought—Sold.
- 18. Metallic cement—Soldier.
- 19. A man of war—Soldier.
- 20. Nearest the floor—Sole.
- 21. Incorrectness of language—Solecism.
- 22. Alone in the world—Sole.
- 23. A flat fish—Sole.
- 24. What a tramp does at the door—Solicits.
- 25. A tune for an instrument—Sonata.
- 26. Giving forth sound—Sonorous.
- 27. Fainful—Sore.
- 28. Specter, kind—Sort.
- 29. Seed-sprinkler—Sower.

After 20 minutes the "key" was read; then the hostess said: "Having finished 'Soing,' there would be a Garden competition," and she passed another set of papers, with these questions:

- 1. We are a practical family, neither sad nor sentimental, yet we never fail to make everyone shed tears.
- 2. We are noted for our heads; if one of our family falls to have one of good shape he is regarded as of little worth.
- 3. We are great travelers, we wear a green uniform and our flesh is cool and crisp.
- 4. Our dress is pink, but later we wear brown.
- 5. We wear purple dresses above the ground and white below.
- 6. Our leaves are crisp and curled, but our hearts are creamy gold.
- 7. Sometimes large, sometimes small, a gold heart with a rough exterior.

### I am snow white and when good to eat don't take a silken plume.

- 1. I have many little round companions in our narrow green house.
- 2. I blush red because my name is a term of reproach.
- 3. We are famed for our heads, but they must be snow white.
- 4. Of shades of red and yellow; once thought poisonous, now thought mellow.
- 5. Thick is our stalk but tender our crisp.
- 6. Our family name is of the past, tense, yet we are on every table of today.
- 7. Sturdy are we, yet not allowed to live in the sunlight.
- 8. Some of us are crooked all around, others only in the neck.
- 9. We live in bright red houses and have hot tempers.

### THE KEY.

- 1. Onion.
- 2. Cabbage.
- 3. Cucumbers.
- 4. Potato.
- 5. Turnip.
- 6. Lettuce.
- 7. Pumpkin.
- 8. Corn.
- 9. Peas.
- 10. Beet.
- 11. Cauliflower.
- 12. Tomatoes.
- 13. Asparagus.
- 14. Bean.
- 15. Celery.
- 16. Squash.
- 17. Pepper.

The prizes were the most realistic vegetables—cabbage, corn and Irish potatoes, which were candy boxes filled with bon-bons in shape of corn kernels, we carrots, etc. The refreshments consisted of delicious salad in green pepper cases, cucumber sandwiches, olives and salted nuts with coffee.

MADAME MERRILL

# IN VOGUE

Many three-quarter sleeves, built entirely of puffs, are seen in out-of-door gowns.

Fine cloths in dull blue and rose tints are in demand for dressy afternoon frocks.

Turbans are rising in height and also showing the narrow effect at the crown apex.

Narrow ostrich bands edge many of the new wraps and add an extremely smart touch.

Beaver is to have a great season in millinery, if early importations count for anything.

There are some uncertain predictions that the short waistline will come in again.

The correct and suitable shoe for a black satin tailored dress is the black suede or unredded kid.

# CHILDREN'S DRESSES



**L**ITTLE girl's party frock of white batiste with hand-run tucks and Valenciennes lace. Sash and hair bow of light blue satin ribbon, and slippers to match. Lingerie coat of sheer white handkerchief linen and fine English embroidery over a slip of pink China silk. Hat of linen, lace, blue ribbon and wee put roses-buds completes costume small girl will be proud of.

### THE MANIA FOR STORING

Many Women Keep for Years Things That Are of Absolutely No Use Whatever.

Why, oh, why, will women keep for years impossible things, that no one will ever want and that do nothing but accumulate dust and microbes, for the sheer joy of keeping them?

Old magazines and newspapers, bric-a-brac, deservingly obsolete "ornaments," clothes and parts of clothes—they all lie together in some obscure storeroom or closet or box, with no purpose in life except to make still heavier the twice-yearly housecleaning.

One wonders sometimes if the owners are simply too stingy to give away the givable things and throw the rest into the dust heap. But no; they are only the victims of that procrastination that cannot bear to do the most necessary thing now and lets matters slide for years and years instead.

Storerooms were made to store possessions for a season; closets to hold clothing, boxes to contain the tempo-

rary and the useful. By all means, if you are one of these unfortunate slaves to the "keeping" habit, get rid of the trash you have been saving and start life again with a clean record and a lightened heart.

For you will find that your relief and freedom from cars will mean really that to you.

**Hints for Old Ladies.**  
For actual street wear some very pretty bonnet forms are coming in, but the preferred head covering continues to be a close-fitting toque or turban of conservative height and trimming. At the same time the darker Persian silks and lawns are drawn upon for many quaint shapes, over which the figured material is draped, shirred or molded. Hats of this sort and those of dark shot blue constitute the larger part of the carriage and garden hats which city milliners are sending to the fashionable watering places. Usually they are self-trimmed.—Harper's Bazar.

There is a noticeable tendency to get away from the kimono sleeves and to substitute puffed sleeves.

# Social Conditions in Large Cities

By REV. GEORGE W. Mc DANIEL, D. D., Pastor of First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

Text: Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

I wish there were no occasion for this sermon. There are many sensitive souls whom its plain language may offend. They do not believe that such subjects belong properly to pulpit treatment. However, I speak because my conscience bids me. This service is the discharge of a painful duty. "O I seek to please men? If I get pleasure men, I should not be the servant of Christ. The church members of our city in their attitude toward moral conditions may be grouped in four classes. First, those who do not know. They are good people, who attend church. They know nothing of the sin and shame of the city streets. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise. Second, those who know, but do not care. They have no sense of personal responsibility, since they are not participants in the wrong. Their chief concern is in taking care of self. Third, those who know, but say they cannot change conditions. Sin has always existed and always will. The scarlet woman has been in the world since the days of Solomon. It is useless to attempt to purify city life and improve social conditions. Whoever makes the effort is striking his head against a stone wall. Fourth, those who know conditions, feel their responsibility as citizens and Christians and endeavor to remedy the existing conditions. They may not like the error of my rifle, but nevertheless, I am determined to take the shot.

With this in view I, accompanied by an officer in citizen's clothes, took two walks down Broad street and saw sights which I blush to mention. The first was on Thursday night, the first clear night after about ten days of rain. They had come out like the insects from under bark and sod, with the first return of the spring sun. They swarmed the streets until it was difficult, and in some respects, dangerous to walk. Girls resorted to the back parlors of Italian confectionaries, where they sat in suggestive positions to welcome and tempt whoever might enter therein. An older girl, on evil bent, led her little sister on her perilous mission. Others whose lives disgraced the name of woman stood on corners or marched brazenly down the street. Boys in knee trousers and girls in short dresses were out in the darkness of the night, when they should have been at home. Mashers followed girls from block to block and around corner after corner, and led them down dark alleys. All of this and more I saw. 'Twas enough to make the head heavy and the heart sick.

On the second night we visited the moving pictures. I saw nothing objectionable per se in the pictures. A minister was present, and they would be guilty of no impropriety. All classes and conditions were in attendance. A dude, dressed in Prince Albert, a bloated faced sport and a weasly half-faced man were there, who bought tickets in rotation and entered one after the other. Little children under ten and giggled old women with bent forms were there. What have you to say about these shows? Two things: First, they prove the text and demonstrate that the American people are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. On two blocks on Broad street last Friday night more people saw the moving pictures than assembled in seventy of the eighty white churches of this city. They lined the block and backed up on the side street waiting for admission and yet we see this is a Christian city. Would that it were, but many of the church members love the places of pleasure more than the house of God. They are too tired to attend the church on Sunday evening, but can parade the streets and stand for a long time and spend hours seeing moving pictures and vaudeville after a hard day's work. Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!

Passing from the places of pleasure, we saw young girls, whose mothers thought they were in no harm, entering automobiles and going on joy rides with young men who meant no good. One of the most demoralizing agencies in Richmond is the automobile of the son of the rich. If you want to ruin your son, get him an automobile. Not more than one out of ten can own a machine without neglecting his business or injuring his morals. If the numbers of the machines that ride slowly along Broad street to entice young girls coming from the plays, or stand on Mayo and East Franklin streets after the midnight hours, were published in the daily papers, they would strike many hearts with consternation, and arouse the rich to the danger of their sons. If our papers want something sensational call their attention to this field of investigation.

It is not pleasant for one to speak so plainly about the deplorable conditions in the city that we love, but to keep silent is a sin. To submit without a protest is to stifle conscience and betray a trust. We boast of our city as a churchgoing, well governed town. The conditions which I saw convince me that Richmond is an apple orchard without bud rotting at the core. The social impurity and moral degradation are indescribable and unspeakable. As the city grows in size, it grows in wickedness. Can we check this evil? If not, we are to go the way of other cities.

**On the Ball Ground.**  
There is no reason why the boy and young man on the baseball ground cannot be a Christian and lead an exemplary life. The church, shop, bank and office should stand for one and the same thing.—Bishop J. H. Vincent, Methodist, Indianapolis.

**Future Progress.**  
Our future progress must be spiritual. Physically we have done the best and intellectually we have made our giants. Man is as yet being made, and he has the tools of his perfection.—Rev. C. J. Harris, Universalist, Atlanta.

# TEMPERANCE NOTES

## DOCTORS ALTER THEIR VIEWS

Where Moderation Was Permitted Few Years Ago Total Abstinence Now Recommended.

The bishop of Durham said recently in a public sermon:

"We find now the constant and agreement of doctors on the subject of alcohol to a vast degree going in a direction opposite to that which they took in 1859. Then their opinion might be summed up thus:

"A little wine or beer or a very moderate amount of spirits is good for most people, but there are some who can do without it, and some who would be much better without it."

"Their opinion summed up now would be something like this:

"For the vast majority of the human race nothing of the kind is the best rule; there are a few exceptions for whom it is either good or gives no harm."

It has been many years since those who spoke of the dangers lurking in the use of alcohol were scoffed at as ignorant and prejudiced, and they were told: "Hear what the doctors say in favor of alcohol as both food and medicine."

Some of the doctors took it upon themselves to cover with abuse all those who favored abstinence, especially among their own number. Some regarded a physician as being unscientific if he did not order it. Some of us laymen remember well how heated some of the doctors became in their condemnation of the "fanatics," as they stigmatized those who urged abstinence.

Now a great change has come and it is indicated in such statements as the following:

Dr. Howard A. Kelley, of Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, at the Washington meeting of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Habits, speaking, "as a physician with 32 years' experience," said:

"I began my practise in private life by prescribing alcohol in its various forms as an easily diffusible stimulant in cases of periodic weakness, in low fevers, and exhaustion, in accordance with the common custom of a generation ago. . . . My experience has told me that the effect is temporary, evanescent; that the drug (for such it is) does no real good, and that a dangerous habit is thus easily eradicated, a habit that may utterly ruin the patient's body, soul, and spirit."

Dr. W. H. Waugh, editor of Clinical Medicine, Chicago, said in a paper read at the same meeting: "Personally I stand ready to use alcohol any time when I believe it to be to the best interests of my patients, but I do not know a solitary case or a solitary case occurring in the widest range of medicine practise in which alcohol is the best remedy that can be applied."

Concerning the use of alcohol in pneumonia, Dr. A. A. Hill says: "I rely on digitalis, strychnine, careful feeding, and absolute rest, but always refuse at the critical period when the overburdened and dilated right heart has almost reached the breaking point, to help my patient over the precipice by prescribing the so-called stimulant that must often by its paralyzing effect on the cardiac nerves take away his last chance of recovery. Lobar pneumonia, cardiac failure—so runs the usual certificate, and the cause of the cardiac failure in 95 cases out of 100, is alcohol."

Dr. Stille, a German health officer, replied recently to a brother practitioner who had said that an abstaining physician has no right to impose his views upon his patient and deny him alcoholic drinks, when he stands ready to relieve depression. Dr. Stille said that only a very small part of the alcohol consumed can be said to afford pleasure in any true sense, and that is so infinitesimal compared with the misery it causes that he should consider himself inexcusable if he did not do all in his power to combat alcohol. He thinks that if any one is not convinced of the general injuriousness of alcohol it can only be because he has not made a sufficient study of the subject.

A book on "Vital Economy; or How to Conserve Your Strength," by John H. Clark, M. D., just published in London (1909), contains this statement:

"The doctor is certainly responsible for a large share of the drinking customs of the present day. He gives indiscriminate or indefinite advice 'to take a little whisky with lunch and dinner,' or burgundy, or claret or port, as the case may be, and the patient is pretty certain to carry out the prescription—in all probability to the end of his days."

**Drunkenness and Divorce.**  
United States census returns show that drunkenness figured as a direct and contributing cause in 19 per cent. of all divorces from 1887 to 1906 in the United States. According to the census figures, liquor was the sole cause of divorce in 13,516 cases, and the cause in combination with some other in 17,765 cases. In addition to this, there were 130,287 in which drunkenness was an indirect or contributory cause.

**Marvelous Speed of Ostrich.**  
When terrified an ostrich will travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

**Good Drink in Tropical Climate.**  
A favorite drink in the South Sea islands is made of a mixture of lime and oranges.

**City's Many Servants.**  
New York city is a liberal employer. It pays \$132 a minute to its servants, others of their children.

# TEMPERANCE LESSON

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 25, 1910

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Galatians 5:15-26. MEMORY VERSE.—22, 23. GOLDEN TEXT.—If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit.—Gal. 5:25.

## Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The adventure with Apollyon the great dragon that fought against Babylon's Pilgrim, in order to prevent him from reaching the Holy City symbolized a heavenly character, a heaven of eternal life, an earth transformed into heaven.

In the lesson appointed we have a characterization of Apollyon, "the foul fiend," a monster hither to behold, clothed with scales, with wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and a mouth like a lion, amid fire and smoke, throwing "flaming darts as thick as hail."

Some years ago, in an article in the New York Journal, John L. Sullivan said: "Remember, young man, that if you couldn't lick John L. Sullivan, you can't lick the thing that is stronger than he is. Leave whisky alone." Sullivan was not the kind of man from whom one expects moral teaching, but when the great fighter admits that whisky defeated him and took him into captivity, he becomes an object-lesson for every young man.

With the newspapers and reporters. The Golden Rule—that is the spirit which wants to do to others as we would have them do to us, the spirit that will make sacrifices in order to know how to help others—enlightened the newspapers and the reporters on its side.

There can be no inspiration without information. Hence the teacher and class should be constantly collecting temperance material. A month before the temperance lesson she should be directed to say to her class, "I want you all to clip from the papers every article of news concerning the effect of the saloon or drink. Paste these on a strip of cloth, and we will see who has the longest strip on Temperance Sunday."

Once in the New Century Teacher there was an article entitled, "Their Exhibits." It told how a teacher asked her scholars to look about during the week for proofs of the evils wrought by the liquor habit. There were some rather unique "exhibits;" one boy brought his bicycle tire that had been cut by a drunken man; others told stories of what they had seen.

This same plan could be utilized for a general exercise on Temperance Sunday. For a first attempt, special arrangements would probably have to be made with individuals or with teachers in order to insure definite reports or "exhibits." To carry the plan to perfection, the superintendent or a committee should confer with those who are to furnish the object lessons, and see that they are ready to go to the platform and able to do their part clearly and completely, see that they are fully provided with materials, and that suitable arrangement of the platform is made. A question or two by the superintendent may be effective in bringing out the point to be emphasized.

"It is reported in the public press that President Taft had turned his back on moderate drinking. At a little dinner at Hot Springs, Va., he not only turned his wine-glass down, but said in response to a query, 'Yes, and it is going to stay turned down; I am not going to drink anything again, ever.'"

In his early life Lincoln was abstemious but not a total abstainer, but he was a keen observer of the effects of intoxicating beverages among his early companions. Very shortly after his removal to Springfield in 1837, he joined a Total Abstinence society.

Seventeen of the presidents of the United States signed the following Declaration:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disease of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

"A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the presidency he stopped at the old Washington house in Chester for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the general pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said, 'General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?' The general refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect and in the most dignified manner replied: 'Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it.'"

The boys and girls can join the Golden Rule in a series of very interesting adventures with the doctors, medical societies and laboratories, where from these friends they may obtain ammunition for their warfare against intemperance.

The Loyal Temperance league and the Knights of King Arthur (which is the largest fraternity of church boys in the world, with 1,400 chapters and 25,000 members) and other kindred organizations can do heroic work.

Twenty-three hundred years ago, the question arose whether the Athenians should grant Demosthenes the honor of a crown. He had fled from battle, and his counsels, though heroic, brought the city to ruin. Demosthenes' speech is the masterpiece of all eloquence. Of the accusation by Aeschines it is praise enough to say that it stands second only to that in it Aeschines warns the Athenians that in granting crowns they judged themselves and were forming the character of their children.