

MAN'S FREEDOM

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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When John Sherwin was thirty-five freedom came to him like a shock. Nellie, the crippled sister he had supported since his father's death, when he was thirteen, died. Three months later the weak, pretty, incompetent mother, who had also depended on him, went out like a breath of summer wind. The tiny house, alone, was left, and Annie Martin was putting it to rights and wondering when this big, dark, self-sacrificing man would wake to the fact that he had a right to the normal life of other men—when he would discover that he loved her.

But he did not see it. From childhood she had lived there beside him with her mother, helping where she could, never falling him. Duty had made a slave of him. A boy who supports a mother and sister at thirteen, who studies at night and sits at an office desk all day, who is nurse to an invalid and the payer of bills, is old before his time.

Annie had become to him like the sky and the green grass—he failed really to see her. Years were showing with Annie, too, but gently, for her great sweetness was an inner thing. She was tall and fair and quiet, and would have died for him had he needed it.

When his mother had been dead a year and most of the bills were paid, something happened. His old friend Morris came into the office at closing time, and walked home with him.

"Look here, Sherwin," he said; "you've been studying mechanics on the quiet for the last twenty years—I know you had to stay here while others were depending on you. Now, throw it up and come over to the shop. It will be work you want to do, and if you get on, as I know you will, I'll take you into partnership in a few years. You've got the scrapping habit with yourself—you allow yourself no pleasure, no time, nothing but drudgery. Can't you see you're getting to be an office fixture, man? Just a machine? Think about my offer—no, don't think—accept!"

John Sherwin stopped short on the street and looked at his friend.

"Morris, I believe you are right—I'll resign Saturday, and come over Monday. It's what I've always wanted, and now I dare to change."

"That's the ticket—and since your house is paid for, get married, live a

—on her gloves and preparing to join the dense stream of church-goers that flowed past.

"Where is Annie?" he asked, tossing his soft hat to the porch floor and shaking his heavy dark hair in the sun. "Is she going to church?"

The old lady stared at him wistfully, wondering at his new look of youth, thinking of her daughter's happiness.

"Annie? Going to church?" she said, but not meaning half she said. "Young folks must worship trees nowadays, I believe. They seem to think God is only outdoors—if they think of religion at all! What do you want with Annie?"

He laughed, but an impulse of foolishness came over him, a memory of the time when his father died, and he, a rough-haired little boy, had played with the golden-haired girl child named Annie.

"I came over to play with Annie," he said, with a serious face. "Can't she come out? Won't you let her?"

The mother caught his mood. "You'll have to find her, John. She ran away. I saw her go up the hill and into the woods a while back. She—"

But he was gone, bareheaded, swinging over the grass toward the hill.

Then he came to where she stood, leaning against a tree, her heavy fair hair bright against the trunk, her blue dress falling away from her white arms and neck. As he came closer, still silently over the grass, he saw that her deep eyes were very serious—too serious for a pretty woman's eyes on a Sunday in May. Suddenly he was afraid. What if she would not listen to him? What if, after all, she did not care as he did? His whole look was a plea, a cry for her tenderness.

She heard him and turned and met that look, giving a startled, almost pitiful little cry. He had intended to speak of something else first, but now it seemed to him that even an instant was longer than he could wait to know his fate with this dear woman, who had so long been near him and still so far from him. He came to stand beside her.

"Annie," he said, haltingly, "I have come to say that I—love you. I have always loved you, but I didn't know it consciously till last night. You know I have always been a little stupid and slow, and was bending under my family burden, and had no life of my own that I could have asked you to share, even had I thought of it. But I have always loved you—how could I help it?"

Still she looked straight at him, her eyes very sweet and her cheeks pale. He went on:

"Annie, you don't know how I want you—need you! If you could marry me—love me."

Something unresisting in her attitude made him take both her hands, draw her to him, hold her closer and yet closer. "Will you, Annie?"

She took a quick, deep breath and nodded her head against his shoulder, and he stooped and kissed her soft cheek.

Then, with a quick gesture, she broke away from him and searched his face—the good, kind face, with its few weary lines, and its dark eyes full of hope and love. Her own eyes filled with tears.

"What is it?" he asked, quickly, coming to put his arm around her.

"You stupid, blind, slow darling!" she murmured. "Can't you see that though I love you now that you are free and happy, that it almost killed me to have you bearing that burden alone so long? Didn't you see that I have wanted all the time to help you? But I'll forgive you, now that you have at last asked me!"

Treasures From Rubbish Heaps. Rev. Professor Milligan, D. D., lecturing before the Glasgow branch of the Egyptian Research Students' association, referred to the papyrus fragments recently recovered from ruins of houses and temples, and especially from the rubbish heaps on the outskirts of old towns and villages in Egypt. Thanks to the dry climate, these had remained uninjured, and the result was that we had now a very large number of original documents or papers extending from several hundred years before Christ far down into Byzantine times. It was proved conclusively, the lecturer said, that the Greek in which our New Testament was originally written was the "common" language or vernacular of the day.

Apples in British Markets. The apple is the most important fruit coming to the British market. American apples are very popular, led by such varieties as the Newtown Pippin and the Hood River. The only objection urged is that of size. The most popular sizes are those ranging from 120 to 150 a crate, whereas some of the arrivals from Oregon and California run as large as 70 or 80 a crate. The English retail trade does not want the extra large apple. Fruit is sold by the pound, and the number of a fruit that can be contained in a fixed weight plays a large part in its sale.

Tried on Biscuits. "Why does a player pick up two bats before he goes to the plate?" "It makes one bat seem lighter. Don't you see?" "I see. It's a fine scheme. I think I'll try it on the biscuits at our board ing house."

The Diagnosis. "I can't imagine what is the matter with my daughter, doctor. She mopes around all day and seems to be eating her heart out." "Eating her heart out, eh? If that's the case, she evidently has indigestion."

Triumph of Ratiocination. Damocles saw the sword suspended by the hair. "Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king.

TIP FROM FAN IS VALUABLE

Instances Are Many in Which Star Heeds Suggestions From Bleachers—Ewing Took One.

Almost every ball player, in either the major or the minor leagues, is able to tell of some occasion when his immediate action was influenced by some suggestion from the fans before whom he was playing at the time. Ordinarily the players have a sort of contempt for the people in the stands, but once in a long while the latter come across for a great measure of appreciation.

One of the most illuminating illustrations of the susceptibility of the player to the people sitting behind him was afforded one day when, in a close game, "Buck" Ewing, the greatest catcher of all history, was trying to hold a runner on second. There was also a runner on first and a hard hitter—Jake Stenzel by name—was at bat.

After Ewing had thrown the ball down to second three or four times a fan up in the stands yelled to him: "Why don't you get that man at first—he's half way down to second all the time?"

Ewing took the tip. Making a bluff to leave the ball to second, he suddenly turned and hurled it to first, getting the runner there by three or four yards.

"A tip from the fans is worth two from the coaches," said Ewing, as the umpire declared the man on first out, and the game was over.

"Chief" Zimmer, one of the greatest backstops of his day, or, indeed, of any other day, tells of a time when he was catching a game for the old St. Louis club in New York. The score in the ninth inning was 2 to 1 in favor of St. Louis, but in the last half of the last inning the Giants got a man around to third base, with only one man out.

The batter lifted a foul fly way over beyond the left fielder's reach. Zimmer set sail for it and easily could have made the catch. As he was putting out his hands for the ball a man in the 50-cent seats yelled:

"Let it go, Zim; if you catch it the man on third will score." Zimmer, in telling the story, said: "I let the ball go and it was only reckoned as a foul. On the next pitch the batter had struck out, and the next man flied out."

"So there was one occasion when the advice of the fans was better than was the judgment of our coach or the advice of our captain."

John Clarkson, after his transfer from Chicago to Boston, used to tell of a time when a Hub fan came to his relief in an emergency. Clarkson was pitching against his old teammates. The score was 2 to 1 in Boston's favor, but every base was occupied with a White Stocking and the count on "Pop" Anson at bat, was just "three and two."

"Aim one at his head, John," shouted a Chicago man in the grand stand. "He's mad enough now to hit at anything."

Without a second's hesitation, Clarkson aimed the ball at the left temple of the White Stocking's leader, and let it go. Swinging manly at the ball, Anson missed it by a foot, and the game was over.

FRED CLARKE MAKES RECORD Although Handicapped by Injured Leg Manager of Pittsburg Pirates Gets Ten Putouts.

While a larger number of putouts have been reported made during a single game in minor leagues, it remained for Fred Clarke, one of the "old men" of the Pittsburg club, to establish a record for major league ball.

Fred's ten putouts during the Cardinal-Pirate game the other day established a mark that has never been equaled in the "big show," and the probabilities are that it will stand for some time to come.

Only twice, so far as known, has Manager Clarke's performance been equaled in any kind of a league. On September 19, 1896, Dick Harley, playing center field for the Springfield (Mass.) club, came through with eleven putouts. On August 17, 1897, Shorty Slagle, playing with Grand Rapids, chalked up an even dozen putouts.

AMERICAN POLO PLAYERS AT WORK



Preparing for Big Games. The illustration given above shows two members of the American polo team practicing at Lakewood, N. J., for the purpose of getting themselves into condition for the big games with the English team. The championship games will start at Mineola on May 31.

MILLERS ARE RUNNING AWAY

Joe Cantillon's American Association Team Starts Out With Rush—All Teams Look Alike.

Joe Cantillon's merry Millers are converting the American association pennant race into a merry scramble for second place and answering the question affirmatively that they can



Manager Joe Cantillon.

get along without "Daredevil" Dave Altizer and "Long Tom" Hughes. If the Millers had not won the pennant so decisively last year, it is quite possible there would not be so much concern in other camps. Philadelphia in the National league and Detroit in the American league amassed quite a large margin, and yet critics are a big factor in the success of youngsters.

PLAYERS DON'T GET CHANCE

Manager Tenney Says Many Youngsters Not Given Opportunity to Prove Their Worth.

"Many young ball players do not have a chance to prove their worth with the big teams," says Manager Tenney of the Boston Nationals. "They show enough ability in the minors to warrant scouts recommending them for purchase or draft, but when they report for duty they find there is so much competition that they must sit on the bench rather than display their skill. Soon they are turned back to the minors without a trial, and in many cases they become discouraged. Those are the very men I want to build up my team. We haven't had a chance to do much scouting, but we are willing to profit by the other clubs' research. I can prove what I say by pointing to Goode and Clarke of my team. They have been with other big clubs but have never had a chance to play regularly until now. Constant practice and increased confidence in themselves have developed them into first-class ball players, and I would not displace them if I could. Experience is a big factor in the success of youngsters."

ON THE GREEN DIAMOND



Heino Zimmerman rapidly is showing "he is there."

Fred Merkle smashed out a long distance home run at New York. Babe Adams appears to be pitching the brand of 1909 ball this season. Teams may win and teams may lose, but the Tigers grow on forever. Young Wheat of Brooklyn promises to give Frank Schulte a race for slugging honors this season.

The White Sox made nearly as many hits this year as they did in the whole season of 1906, said one fan.

Johnson, the Highlanders' shortstop, who has been shy on the batting end, woke up and batted out a home run off Hall of Boston.

Scout Fred Lake of the Browns is gum-shoehing around the Eastern league at present, but he has not dug up any players as yet.

The Philadelphia fans say that Hans Lobert is a much better third sacker than Eddie Grant. It does seem that way in the score so far.

Trying to kill the ball doesn't kill it as often as it kills batting averages. Goode has a finished style in the outfield, judging fly balls well and making no fuss about getting under them.

Thus far all the heavy hitting of New York teams has been done away from home—mostly in southern training.

"Tris" Speaker, the Red Sox run maker, believes that the best kind of a batting average is one that is built while team mates are on the sacks.

Nashville, Tenn., is crowing over the fact that Sunday ball can be played there now. It is twenty-eight years since such a thing was possible before.

The unconditional release handed Sam Leever by the Pittsburg club marks the end of the big league career of one of the veterans who has done much for the Pirates.

Anti-fal producers have been trying for years to reach Clyde Engle, but the handy man of the Red Sox has a treatment of his own. His early season speed is a testimonial.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip at Harrisburg.

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Brief Mention of Matters as They Occur at the State Capital Official and Otherwise.

School Board Code Signed. Governor Tener approved the school code and it took effect at once, except where otherwise provided. The information that it had been signed was communicated to the House while in session, and received with applause. The Governor used several pens in signing the bill and they will be presented to Senator E. L. Tustin, who presented the measure in the Senate, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer and Dr. G. M. Phillips, of West Chester, a member of the School Code Commission. Dr. Phillips was present when the code was signed.

Small-Pox Among Foes of Vaccination. The State Health Department received information that smallpox had broken out near Waynesboro, Franklin county. This town has been a stronghold of the anti-vaccinationists and Commissioners of Health Dixon has recommended general vaccination. Two cases of smallpox were diagnosed as chicken-pox by a local physician and the reports to the department show that a number of people have been in contact with them.

More Money Voted By House. The House passed finally the following appropriation bills:

St. Vincent's Maternity Hospital, Philadelphia	\$8,000.00
St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia	60,000.00
Salvation Army Home, Bellevue	2,500.00
Catholic Home for Children, Philadelphia	6,000.00
St. Vincent's Home, Philadelphia	8,000.00
House of Refuge	240,000.00
Improvement Children's Home, Pittsburg	5,000.00
Springdale General Hospital, Pittsburg	1,800.00
Institution for Blind, Pittsburg	100,000.00
Cheyney Institute	10,000.00
Glen Mills School	55,000.00
State College	890,000.00
University of Pittsburg	275,000.00
University of Pennsylvania	985,000.00
Monument to John Morton, Chester	5,000.00
Crittenden Home, Philadelphia	2,000.00
Sisters of Charity, St. Catharine's Home, Reading	1,000.00
Pennsylvania Home for Blind, Philadelphia	28,000.00
German Hospital, Philadelphia	20,000.00
Glen Mills Hospital	25,000.00
Seranton State Hospital	128,213.20
Packer Hospital, Sunbury	14,000.00

Senate Passes Important Measures. Among the more important bills passed by the Senate were these:

The House bill requiring that the payment of wages shall be semi-monthly and providing penalties for the violation of the act.

Appropriating \$80,000 to George Gray Barnard, the sculptor.

House bill providing that all buildings (inside) inside of coal mines shall be constructed of incombustible material.

House bill amending Section 19 of the act of June 10, 1893, so as to authorize County Commissioners of each county to construct a permanent election room or election house and for that purpose to purchase such real estate as they deem necessary.

House bill requiring fire drills in factories and industrial establishments—where women or girls are employed.

House bill creating the office of fire marshal to be attached to the Philadelphia Department of Public Safety.

The Senate passed a joint resolution which has already been adopted by the House, stating that it is the earnest wish and desire of the people of Pennsylvania that the Panama Canal be so fortified by the National Government as to insure its continued freedom from any danger of injury, destruction or capture.

House bill permitting corporations manufacturing electrical machinery to own real estate in Pennsylvania.

House bill permitting boxing matches in Schuylkill, Luzerne and Montgomery counties.

House bill exempting savings accounts of less than \$1,000 from taxation for State purposes.

House bill providing for the payment for the maintenance and support of children or minors who have been sentenced by Pennsylvania courts and committed to institutions outside the State.

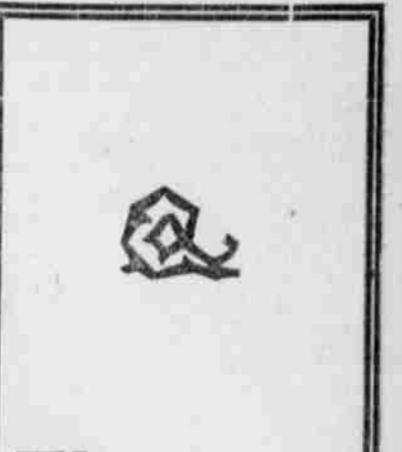
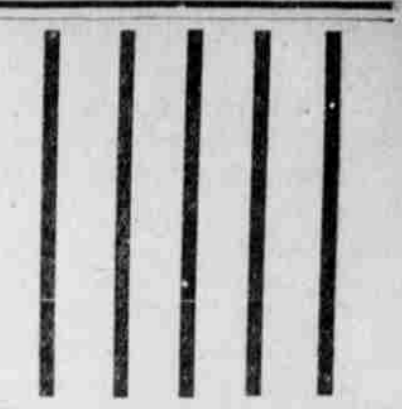
House bill making it unlawful for unauthorized persons to interfere with electrical meters or other electrical appliances.

House bill proposing an amendment to the Constitution so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

House bill regulating the lending of money upon personal property, salaries and wages. Providing for the liquidation, distribution of assets and dissolution of corporations under the supervision of the Commissioner of Banking.

Appropriating \$20,000 to the Philadelphia Jewish Sanatorium for consumptives, located at Eaglesville, Montgomery county.

Regulating the purchase or condemnation of real estate by boroughs for the purpose of constructing wharves, landing places, etc.



Elusive Isabel

By Jacques Futrelle

A Mystery Romance of the Diplomatic Set in Washington

Political intrigue is the theme of this fascinating and interesting Serial, the first chapter of which will appear in our next issue.

The plot is original and daring and is woven around the United States Secret Service. It is not a blood and burglar tale, but a story of a very clever man and a still more clever woman.

The peace of the world is threatened by a meditated Latin compact and with the fate of nations in the balance, comes a battle of wits between the man and the woman.

How they both win out is best learned by following the story through the succeeding installments in this paper.

