

# PHILANTHROPY FEMINE

By CLAUDE PAMARES  
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It could not be said of Miss Hatfield, minister, that at the age of thirty she was a good-looking woman. A "buster" that she cannot be expected to be. She will be kind and have a desire to reform the world and elevate the moral standard of humanity generally.

Miss Hatfield had that desire. In visiting New York city she had many times observed hard up looking men who were seemingly "driving into corners" of weakness because there was no one at hand to encourage them and hold out a helping hand. She had often been tempted to address them, but her brother Ben happened to be along or she had seen some policeman watching her or the hard up looking man made a sneak as she was about to step.

It was when Brother Ben went to Europe on business that his sister determined to carry out her long cherished plans. She had the time and the money, and the steamer was hardly clear of Fire Island when she was in the city with her trunk and a letter to a boarding house where she had been acquainted for a number of years. In confidence she told the landlady of the object of her visit. It was all very well to donate libraries and to endow hospitals and colleges, but when a man was working the streets of New York with his eyes gawking at his vitals and hope gone out of his heart, of what use were such institutions to him?

"If you don't make a fool of yourself then I don't know how to make hash," replied the practical and level-headed landlady, as she remembered the names of a few hard up men of the scores that had taken her in for a few weeks' board since she had been in the boarding house business.

"But how can I make a fool of myself, as you term it?" was asked. "If I speak kindly and encouragingly to some hopeless and penniless man, if I help him to a situation; if I give him the opportunity to earn an honest living once more, where can you criticize me?"

"Never your mind. You've got money, and you've got a heart, and I've nothing further to say."

If she had had anything further to say it would have done no good. It wasn't two hours later that Miss Hatfield set out on her quest. She hadn't far to look. Any one who is seeking a homeless, penniless man from twenty-five to seventy years of age can find him in upper Broadway at any hour of the day or night. He is there and looking for a good thing.

Miss Hatfield found one leaning up against the railing in front of a drug store. His face betrayed gloom and his general attitude disconsolation, and as he looked in the bottles in the window he seemed to be wondering which held laudanum and which strychnine. She was about to address him when a plain clothes detective came from the other direction and said to the man:

"Now, then, out of this or I'll run you in."

The homeless man sighed and moved on wearily. He looked like one hurt and humiliated. He moved down toward the East river, as if he would take a header off the dock and end it all. Miss Hatfield followed after and at the corner she overtook him and said:

"You seem to be in trouble, sir, and if I can assist you I shall be glad to do so."

He was a man about thirty years old. He had the look of a gambler and free lunch writer all over him, but the old maid's eyes detected no sign. He looked at her for a minute and wondered what sort of a "plant" it was. Then he became conscious that he had struck one of those "good things" he had read about and heard tell of—a female philanthropist. Removing his hat and deepening his hopeless look, he replied:

"Miss, I have been out of work for weeks, and so help me heaven, I have had no food for two days. I was thinking of throwing myself under a street car and ending it all."

"How wicked to think of taking your own life!"

"But of what use to live and walk the streets penniless and hungry? Didn't you just see a detective drive me along like a dog?"

She had a few almost like shooting him. Please follow me to my boarding house and tell me your story."

He followed. He winked at an acquaintance as he followed, and his wink was returned. He ran across the landlady as he entered the house after Miss Hatfield, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he found her face so familiar.

At the same time, however, he realized that she was not a philanthropic landlady—not one to be taken in by any ordinary tale of distress.

Sitting in the parlor beside the old maid and working up all the parties he could, the tin horn man told his tale. It was one that brought tears to her eyes. He was honest enough to plead guilty to embezzling \$20 from his employer to bet on the races and repent enough to say that nothing on the face of the earth ever again should lead him into crooked paths if he could get a new start.

She had been the first and only one to speak a kind word. She had been the first and only one to condemn him too strongly and to lead him to believe that his crime might be condoned and a new start made. He was told that he should have free room and board until he could look around. Advertisements should be put in the papers to aid him. Miss Hatfield herself would go to various stores and offices and use her personal influence.

# On the Veldt

By FRANK H. SWEET  
Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham

It was the dry season on the veldt, and the grass was burned down and half covered with yellow dust. Not a kraal was to be seen or a habitation, not a tree or shrub so far as the eye could reach—only the ochre brown earth stretching away and at last ending in the same level sky lines to the north and south and east and west, and crossing the sun blistered waste one little animate dot, the canvas covered wagon of a Boer family trekking with the sheep and cattle in search of a water course that had not dried up.

For three days had the dot been moving across the waterless waste, and for three days had the sun left the thirsty sky line in the east only to glare down pitilessly until it dropped behind the equally thirsty sky line in the west, and now the tongues of the cattle were hanging from their mouths and the sheep bleated piteously, and the small quantity of water brought along for the trekkers' own use was exhausted.

By the end of the second day they had expected to find water, but the stream contained no lead, and the water was so dark and muddy, and for two or three days they had followed its course hoping to find some sink hole or pool, which the water had not dried, now they were wondering the necessity of seeking the next water course, for another twenty-four hours away, if that were dry also, what then?

Other families had trekked over this veldt before them, and more would follow, for this was the annual custom. When the dry season came and burned every vestige of green from the home grazing land, the Boers would load their families into the great wagons, drawn by many spans of oxen, and, driving the sheep and cattle before them, seek the water courses that had not dried up. And there they would

work for somebody else or to buy a claim at a fabulous price, so I shouldered an outfit and started prospecting a little. I kept it up three weeks, and now," his eyes flashing eagerly into the grim ones above him, "I believe I've found a spot that will turn me in a lot of money. But I'm out of provisions and must go back after a supply. I don't suppose you have any you would sell?"

"No," shortly, "but where's your outfit?"

"Oh, I've concealed that in the sand. I guess it'll be all right. Anyway, there was nothing else to do. But I didn't stop you to talk about myself, coloring a little. I wanted to say that you're the awful thirsty. At home we would drop everything to furnish such cattle with water quick."

"The Boer's face relaxed somewhat. 'Even if there was no water between four days' journey?' he asked contemptuously. 'You outlanders, who would do anything to make rivers as you call them, I suppose?'

"There is the water course only one day's journey behind you," the boy retorted, "and your cattle show they were not attended to there. No matter the hurry a man may be in, it is a crime to neglect beasts as you have yours."

"The water in your behob is dry, as this is, and as the next one may be dry," the Boer said. "My teams have not had water in three days, and God knows what may happen if the next river bed is like this one and the last."

"The boy's face paled suddenly. 'The river dry?' he gasped. 'Why, I've only just enough with me to last one day.' Then he forgot himself in concern for the cattle.

"You must turn back toward the place I've found," he cried authoritatively. "It's only five or six miles away. There's a hole in the river bed that has water, and it's thirty yards or so wide, and several feet deep. It will be enough to supply your herds for some weeks. And beyond it are three or four miles of good grazing where the soil has not yet become dry. If you can on this course the cattle will all perish."

The Boer had straightened up, preparatory to riding on, but at this he turned back.

"What?" he cried, "and plenty of it?" He raised his hand to his mouth and called to the men in front. One of them rode back. To him he gave a quick, peremptory order. Then he turned back to the boy.

"Do you understand what you have done?" he demanded. "This place you have discovered will need water to salt it, and if you use that, as we doubtless shall, you will lose all the benefit of your discovery for this season."

The boy threw back his head as though to ward off the insinuation. "The cattle need the water more than the land," he returned. "If the water is gone when I return with the provisions, I can go and prospect somewhere else, and perhaps come back after the rain has fallen. The folks at home would not want me to put by money at the expense of suffering."

The Boer leaned down and held out his hand.

"It is well," he said simply. "You do not get back to the basin with us. We do not sell provisions, but we have plenty which will give you. And it may be with a friendly word, by taking the last trace of hardness from his eyes, that we will be able to advance the success of your object here."

Now there is nothing more objectionable to a Boer than an outlander or wanderer—alien. He feels that their coming into the country threatens his institutions, and that the very object of their coming is wrong. The treasures of the earth belong to the earth, and should not be wrested away. The bustle and desire for change, for wealth, for investigating, even the progressive ideas of these outlanders are causes for suspicion and dislike. So when a cherry "Hello" came from the wayfarer their answer was but a gruff and unintelligible grunt.

All this time the train was moving forward, but slowly, for oxen are plodding travelers. The boy was obliged to pause for the animals to pass, and he watched the long, straggling line with the interest of a newcomer. After the cattle and sheep and their guard came the creaking, unwieldy wagons, with their inspangled oxen. Beside the first of these wagons rode a large, broad faced man whose white hair and blue eyes were strikingly prominent in the head of the family. As he came opposite the boy stopped forward.

"Hello," he called again cheerfully. "The man looked down at him, his face hardening, but he stopped.

"Well," he said harshly, "what do you want? Isn't it a little strange for a boy to be crossing the veldt without a horse?"

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answered carelessly. "I walked up from the country three months ago. You didn't have any money enough for a horse and a good outfit, and I needed the outfit most. Besides, I was raised on a farm and am used to walking. A man I met carried my outfit to the mines, and I pegged on behind."

"No, indeed," quickly, "I didn't come here for fun. I'm going to college some time, and that takes money; and I've got half a dozen brothers and sisters who are planning for different things. It was easiest for me to leave so all of them put in their savings toward my expenses. Of course I don't expect to get rich, frankly, but I shall work hard to take back enough to get us all a good start."

The Boer grunted.

"Why are you going back, then, without your outfit?" he demanded.

"Got to have something to eat," the boy answered easily. "I went to the mines first, but the only opening was to

# Gypsy Jan

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay  
Copyright, 1908, by Eddy Douglas

Clayton struck off from the wood path he had been following to the main road. He had chosen the end of September for his vacation. Already summer was melting into autumn, the maples were tipped with yellow, and in the dark recesses of the woods sun gleamed through a color that was almost funereal. As he walked on elder hand stretched fields of alternate stubble and green grass, starred here and there by patches of goldenrod or slender purple asters. Fall sounds were in the air. Low-cries clipped, birds came across the fence. Bits of this-world-and-that lazily in the morning sunlight. Except for occasional farmhouses standing by the way or a passing team, the road was deserted, and Clayton was rousing pleasantly on his solitude when an unexpected form past a clump of trees brought him moon a camp of gypsies. He went forward with quickened interest.

They had pitched their tents in a little hollow through which a stream ran. In the background stood a canvas covered wagon and a half dozen lean, tethered horses. In the foreground stretched the ashes of a fire. Round this clustered a few half naked children and some wrinkled crones with huge gift cartons in their ears.

"The men of the camp had evidently gone foraging, nor were the women slow to turn a penny, for one of them called out to Clayton that she would sell him a penny for a piece of soap. He had it and all, it must be by some young, black girl, such a one as he saw approaching half a mile beyond the camp, a tall, little creature, who walked with the grace of those accustomed to the open. She wore a red skirt, a white blouse falling away from her throat and caught with a bit of dull yellow that matched her griddle. She was barefooted, and her arm showed through, dusky and rounded. Her dark hair was twisted with what looked to be scarlet beads, but which upon nearer inspection proved to be rose fruit strung on grass.

"The princess of my tribe," thought Clayton.

She was playing with a curious dagger that she held and did not see him till he accosted her. Then she looked up, startled.

"Will you tell my fortune?" he queried, smiling, and held out his hand.

"When it has been crossed with silver," she answered, her black eyes glancing.

"The life line is deep," she went on quickly. "You have made your way so far, for you are ambitious and hardworking. You do not come from Brierley village nor from the country round here. You are nearly thirty and unmarried. Do I read true?" she asked, with a swift upward glance.

"Quite true," said Clayton amusedly. "No woman has touched your heart, but there is one who soon will."

"Dark and very wealthy. You will see her this afternoon at 4 o'clock."

"Well, I'm glad I'm warned," said Clayton, with a laugh. "How long have you been here?" nodding in the direction of the camp.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can I tell? A few days—a week maybe. We gypsies do not measure time."

"And what is your name?"

"Jan," she answered, turning on her heel with the indifference of a queen. Now that she had told her fortune she seemed anxious to be gone.

"A mercenary young wretch, like the rest of them," murmured Clayton, looking after her.

That afternoon he strolled toward the village. The season was over, and most of the large hotels were closed. So were the handsome private cottages, save a few whose owners preferred the luxury of salubre.

And, the summer home of Alyard, the copper king, was still open, Miss Alyard it was said, caring more for her tabbies and kamels than for society.

As Clayton passed it, admiring its green lawn and well kept flower beds, a smart trap came down the driveway. In it sat a girl dressed in white. Clayton could not see her face, for she held a lace parasol to screen her eyes, but he liked the patrician pose of her head.

As they rattled past him with a gay clanking of silver harness the coachman turned in answer to some question.

"It's exactly 4 o'clock, Miss Alyard," he said deferentially.

Clayton started and then laughed at himself for being foolish enough to mind a gypsy's prophecy. And yet—the prospect was alluring—a rich wife

# POWER OF MIND.

Always a Valuable Asset in Presence of Danger.

Presence of mind is always an asset. It is especially valuable in presence of danger such as springs from the presence of men intent upon murder. This was never better exemplified than when a gang of men set out to take the life of Mazzini. He got to hear of their project. All the precautions he took was to get ready a store of very excellent cigars. The ruffians presently appeared at his address. "Come in, gentlemen," he said and passed his cigars. To each man he handed one. Taken aback at their reception, they seemed abashed and confused. "I know that you came to kill me," he said. "Why do you not proceed to your task?" This was too much for even this bloodthirsty deputation. They could not kill the man whose cigars they were smoking and who invited them to carry out their task. Muttering some excuse for having interrupted his studies, they shuffled out of the room and troubled him no more.

Each man has his own method with which to assassinate. With Napoleon it was the eye which counted. While he was visiting the Duke of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha one of the duke's retainers made up his mind to slay him. He had so frequently heard the great man denounced as the curse of Europe that he felt impelled to seize the chance to destroy him. He was a common soldier at the time and had to do sentry duty in one of the corridors of the palace along which Napoleon passed. He put his finger to the trigger as the duke, accompanied by Napoleon, drew in sight. He aimed for Napoleon's heart. Napoleon saw him. He said nothing, but simply fixed his eagle eye upon the youth. The latter seemed spellbound. He let the musket fall with a crash to the floor of the stone corridor. He felt, he said, as if he must have swooned. Napoleon took no further notice, said no word, passed upon his way as if nothing had happened. That one flashing glance had saved his life. He knew its effect and value—St. James' Gazette.

Jealousy.

The beautiful girl's sweet smiles changed to dark frowns.

"You dissembler," she hissed. "I hate you!"

The young man dropped his cane in astonishment.

"Hate me!" he gasped. "Why, it was only yesterday you said you loved every hair on my head."

"Yes, but not every hair on your shoulder," she answered as she held forth a golden coil of evidence—C.R.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

In Effect Jan. 1, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.

7:07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9:42 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains for Philadelphia at 8:30 a. m. and New York City at 8:30 p. m.

10:10 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12:35 p. m., and connecting with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

11:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:50 p. m.

12:45 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Espy, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 2:35 p. m., and connecting with trains leaving New York City at 9:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:00 p. m., and Buffalo at 10:30 a. m.

12:45 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m., and connecting with train leaving Buffalo at 2:35 a. m.

1:30 p. m. weekly from New York City at 10:00 a. m., and Philadelphia at 9:30 a. m., 10:00 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 4:35 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 8:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:35 p. m., and Buffalo at 9:30 a. m.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l. Supt.

T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Act.

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Miss Hatfield had that desire. In visiting New York city she had many times observed hard up looking men who were seemingly "driving into corners" of weakness because there was no one at hand to encourage them and hold out a helping hand. She had often been tempted to address them, but her brother Ben happened to be along or she had seen some policeman watching her or the hard up looking man made a sneak as she was about to step.

It was when Brother Ben went to Europe on business that his sister determined to carry out her long cherished plans. She had the time and the money, and the steamer was hardly clear of Fire Island when she was in the city with her trunk and a letter to a boarding house where she had been acquainted for a number of years. In confidence she told the landlady of the object of her visit. It was all very well to donate libraries and to endow hospitals and colleges, but when a man was working the streets of New York with his eyes gawking at his vitals and hope gone out of his heart, of what use were such institutions to him?

"If you don't make a fool of yourself then I don't know how to make hash," replied the practical and level-headed landlady, as she remembered the names of a few hard up men of the scores that had taken her in for a few weeks' board since she had been in the boarding house business.

"But how can I make a fool of myself, as you term it?" was asked. "If I speak kindly and encouragingly to some hopeless and penniless man, if I help him to a situation; if I give him the opportunity to earn an honest living once more, where can you criticize me?"

"Never your mind. You've got money, and you've got a heart, and I've nothing further to say."

If she had had anything further to say it would have done no good. It wasn't two hours later that Miss Hatfield set out on her quest. She hadn't far to look. Any one who is seeking a homeless, penniless man from twenty-five to seventy years of age can find him in upper Broadway at any hour of the day or night. He is there and looking for a good thing.

Miss Hatfield found one leaning up against the railing in front of a drug store. His face betrayed gloom and his general attitude disconsolation, and as he looked in the bottles in the window he seemed to be wondering which held laudanum and which strychnine. She was about to address him when a plain clothes detective came from the other direction and said to the man:

"Now, then, out of this or I'll run you in."

The homeless man sighed and moved on wearily. He looked like one hurt and humiliated. He moved down toward the East river, as if he would take a header off the dock and end it all. Miss Hatfield followed after and at the corner she overtook him and said:

"You seem to be in trouble, sir, and if I can assist you I shall be glad to do so."

He was a man about thirty years old. He had the look of a gambler and free lunch writer all over him, but the old maid's eyes detected no sign. He looked at her for a minute and wondered what sort of a "plant" it was. Then he became conscious that he had struck one of those "good things" he had read about and heard tell of—a female philanthropist. Removing his hat and deepening his hopeless look, he replied:

"Miss, I have been out of work for weeks, and so help me heaven, I have had no food for two days. I was thinking of throwing myself under a street car and ending it all."

"How wicked to think of taking your own life!"

"But of what use to live and walk the streets penniless and hungry? Didn't you just see a detective drive me along like a dog?"

She had a few almost like shooting him. Please follow me to my boarding house and tell me your story."

He followed. He winked at an acquaintance as he followed, and his wink was returned. He ran across the landlady as he entered the house after Miss Hatfield, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he found her face so familiar.

At the same time, however, he realized that she was not a philanthropic landlady—not one to be taken in by any ordinary tale of distress.

Sitting in the parlor beside the old maid and working up all the parties he could, the tin horn man told his tale. It was one that brought tears to her eyes. He was honest enough to plead guilty to embezzling \$20 from his employer to bet on the races and repent enough to say that nothing on the face of the earth ever again should lead him into crooked paths if he could get a new start.

She had been the first and only one to speak a kind word. She had been the first and only one to condemn him too strongly and to lead him to believe that his crime might be condoned and a new start made. He was told that he should have free room and board until he could look around. Advertisements should be put in the papers to aid him. Miss Hatfield herself would go to various stores and offices and use her personal influence.

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