

# THE SUBSTITUTE.

**A Soldier Personates a Comrade to His Mother.**

By MURIEL E. GRAY.

**Among the young men who marched away to the Spanish-American war was Elmer Wilkinson, a boy of eighteen. His mother was an invalid and gradually losing her eyesight. When she made goodby to her young soldier son she said:**

"Dear boy, this is the last time I shall ever see you, even if you return."

"Don't talk that way, mother," he replied. "Perhaps you'll see me with a pair of straps on my shoulders." But the soldier never returned. He died in a hospital of a fever, leaving a message for his mother and sister with his captain, Wendell Clifford, to deliver when he should return to the United States. Wilkinson's death occurred at the close of the war, and Clifford sailed north with his regiment only a week later. Therefore no news of Wilkinson's death reached his home until it was brought by his captain.

When one morning Dora Wilkinson received Captain Clifford's card her first thought was to keep from her mother any bad news he might bring from her brother. Mrs. Wilkinson at the time was on the verge of nervous prostration, and Dora dared not impose upon her any further strain. Entering the room where Clifford was waiting, she closed the door behind her, then in a low voice asked for news of her brother. The word she received was not altogether unexpected, for she had been informed of his



"I'M GOING TO TELL MAMMA ON YOU." illness, but it was nevertheless a great shock. Clifford comforted her as well as he could. As soon as she had made some recovery she told him that on no account should her mother at present learn of her son's death.

While they were conferring the door opened, and Dora's brother Harold, aged seven, came into the room. Dora was distressed at his appearance, fearing that he would tell his mother that an officer had called and she would expect news from her son. She exacted a promise from the boy that he would say nothing about Captain Clifford, offering a large bribe if he kept it.

But Harold could no more know what was not to be told without telling it than he could keep candy in his pocket without eating it. Leaving the room, he went straight to his mother and told her there was a man down stairs with brass buttons on his coat and a gold eagle on his cap. The first intimation of this to Dora was the mother's voice from above, crying:

"My boy, my boy! Why don't you come up to your mother?"

Dora's heart sank within her. "Go to her," she said to Clifford. "She can't distinguish you from my brother. You'll have to let her think you are he."

"Coming, mother, dear," cried the captain cheerily. And he hastened upstairs, while Dora, seizing Harold, locked him in his playroom, then joined Clifford and her mother. She found the old lady with her arms about Clifford, patting and caressing him. Hearing a footstep, the mother said:

"Is that you, Dora?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why should you have kept Elmer's arrival from me? Why didn't you bring him right up?"

"He had but just arrived," stammered Dora.

"We didn't like to give you too much joy all at once," said the captain.

"For the time being the matter worked well enough. Mrs. Wilkinson noticed only that her son's voice was deeper than it had been, but he told her he had caught cold coming up on the transport. In order to get away from her he said he must report in camp at a certain hour. Going downstairs in company with Dora, they both stood for a few moments looking at each other in silence."

"This must end in disaster," said Dora ruefully.

"It can be kept up for some time," replied the captain reassuringly.

"Not with Harold in the house."

"You know I'm still in the service. I don't need to come very often to see your mother."

"That's fortunate in one respect—in another unfortunate. She'll be worrying all the while when you don't come."

"I see. Well, call on me when you need me."

"Thank you. I must think of some way to break the matter to mother. I'll talk with the doctor about it."

The same day Harold was packed off to an aunt with a letter from Dora explaining the circumstances. Mrs. Wilkinson bore her supposed son's absence until her daughter thought that he had better come again. The doctor had said that the invalid must not at present on any account be told of the deception and an occasional visit from

# A LOST ART.

**It Restored a Child to the Home of Which He Had Been Robbed.**

By ALBERT J. FORBES.

**While I was secretary of legation at Vienna, finding it necessary to see Count Czshardi, who was connected with the Austrian foreign office, on official business, I went to his country home, a couple of hours' ride from the capital. I found a mediaeval castle in excellent repair and standing in the center of a large tract of land. After driving more than a mile from the gateway I stood at last on the steps leading up to the main entrance of the castle. The outlook was charming. American thought I am to the core, I thought that I would not object to have been born to the inheritance of such a place.**

I found the count a cold, formal man, though he treated me with distinguished consideration. He was unmarried and lived alone—that is, if one can be said to live alone who is surrounded by secretaries, attendants and servants. I conferred with him upon the matter of business that brought me to see him and dined with him, after which, pleading occupation, he turned me over to one of his secretaries, a young man about my own age. I was pleased at this, for I had dreaded passing an evening with a man who was repulsive to me from the moment I first saw him.

"Tell me something about this place. I am sure there are many interesting incidents in its history," I said to the secretary while we were smoking.

"There is nothing in its history more interesting to me than the recent change of ownership," he replied. "The count has only been in possession a year."

"Please tell me all about it."

"The last owner of the place and the title, of course, was Count Herbert Czshardi, a cousin of the present owner."

"May I draw him?" asked the captain in return.

The case was too serious for even a smile from Dora, but she wished that the boy might be temporarily rendered inanimate.

Clifford had Harold with him half a day when it occurred to him to talk him back to his aunt. A telephone to Dora secured the address and her acquiescence.

Dora made one grave mistake. She failed to inform the oculist of the all important secret. Mrs. Wilkinson told him that she would like to surprise her son and daughter by having the operation performed without their knowledge and appear to them endowed with her natural eyesight. He fell in with her plan and assisted her to arrange matters to that end. Mrs. Wilkinson suggested that her supposed son and her daughter should visit Dora's grandmother, who had heard of the young soldier's return and was anxious to see him. Dora, realizing that she could explain matters to her grandmother, accepted the invitation for herself and Clifford. The visit was made and the grandmother let into the secret.

As soon as the pair had gone on the visit Mrs. Wilkinson telephoned her oculist, who sent a nurse and a carriage for her. She was driven to his office and an operation successfully performed. The patient's eyes were bound up and she was told not to take the bandage off till the next afternoon. Then she was sent back home in care of the nurse, who was to remain with her till the bandage was removed.

The next afternoon the surprise that had been planned by Mrs. Wilkinson was to take place. The couple that had gone on the visit were to return at 4 o'clock, and Mrs. Wilkinson was to take off the bandage upon their arrival. A few minutes before 4 it was removed, and when a carriage rolled up to the sidewalk Mrs. Wilkinson was near the front door ready to spring into her son's arms when he entered.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the young officer and Dora entered. Mrs. Wilkinson was about to spring into Clifford's arms when she saw that he was not her son. She drew back.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Dora, turning white.

"Who is this gentleman? I expected to see Elmer. I have submitted to an operation and can see quite well. I wished to surprise my boy."

Clifford saw that the time had come for him to rise to the occasion.

"Madam," he said, "I am your son's friend. I am more than that. I am, I trust, to take your son's place, to love you and cherish you as your own boy would do were he here with us. But he is not here. He died for his country and asked me on his deathbed to tell you that his last thoughts were of the one he loved best in all the world—his mother."

"It was a sad ending to the poor woman's surprise. The blow, if not softened at the time, was rendered in the end more endurable by a devotion on the part of the young soldier to his friend's and his wife's mother that lasted until that mother was called to join her own son.

"The Courts. It was at an afternoon tea, with the usual musical accompaniment. The man's man had been literally dragged there, an unwilling victim, by a zealous friend who liked afternoon teas with a musical accompaniment. Needless to say, the zealous friend was a ladies' man."

"The man's man was very unhappy. He had sukked and had positively refused to be introduced to the bevy of charming girls presiding at the tea tables, much to the thagrin of the ladies' man, who naturally couldn't understand the attitude of the man's man. It was inexorable, from his point of view. But a ray of hope glimmered in his breast when the man's man rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"I say, old fellow, introduce me to the fat lady sitting over in the corner, will you?"

The eyes of the ladies' man glistened.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he cried. "Have you got a crush on her?"

"No," replied the man's man savagely. "I should say it was quite the other way. She's sitting on my hat!" Philadelphia Ledger.

Whether he was or was not the rightful heir, he had been brought up a noble.

There is another womanly trait in me. I am timid in the dark. I don't look under the bed for burglars, but I carry an electric hand lamp with me wherever I go.

That night I did not sleep well. I was thinking of the poor little fellow who had often doubtless pined, perhaps slept, in this very room. He had lived here in luxury ignorant of the fate that awaited him and now was sleeping in a squalid room in a peasant's hut. After lying awake till I

heard the clock in the tower strike 2 I got up, took my electric lamp and walked about the room. There were pictures on the wall, and I examined them by the light of my lamp. One, a picture of an open window, arrested my attention before I went to bed from the fact that the artist had not put anything in the easement. Why he should have painted a window without some flowers or a bird, or some one looking out of it excited my curiosity. Flashing my light upon this picture, I started with astonishment. The window was occupied!

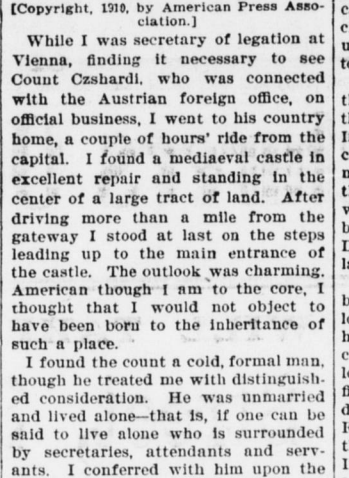
I was at first too much absorbed in the phenomenon to notice who was the occupant. I am not superstitious. Indeed, I refer everything to a natural cause. It was no ghost-looking at me. It was one who had been put there with some sort of paint that would only appear when illuminated by a certain kind of artificial light. Doubtless it required electric or similar rays.

But the figure in the window—a beautiful boy of twelve, with thick locks tumbled over his head, a child's honest eyes, a mouth pursed up as children often do when interested— looked me straight in the face. My first thought was that he was the dispossessed lad. But, no, Little Franz was now twelve years old, and this boy could not be more than ten. In a corner my light revealed not the artist's name, but "Herbert David Paul Cshardi—1832."

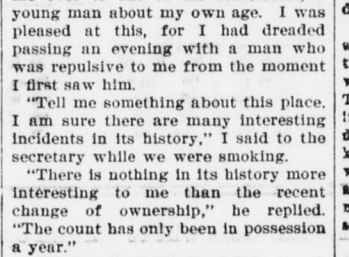
It occurred to me at once that this was Count Herbert, the father of the dispossessed boy.

It was near dawn before I fell asleep, and I did not awaken till 9 the next morning. The picture of the window was directly opposite me. Though the sunlight was shining upon it, it was truly a window. Had I been dreaming? I thought not. Nevertheless during the morning I shut out what light I was able from the room and examined the picture again with my lamp. The boy was there, but not so distinct.

Before I left the castle I had figured out a possible solution to the case that had been, I believed, wrongly decided by the courts. In returning to Vienna I learned the whereabouts of both the countess and Little Franz. The boy was living with his peasant mother, and the countess was living in a humble cottage near by. I went first to see the boy.



THE WINDOW WAS OCCUPIED.



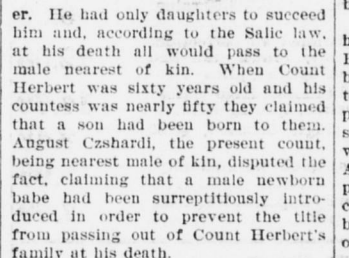
HE HAD ONLY DAUGHTERS TO SUCCEED HIM, AND, ACCORDING TO THE SALIC LAW, AT HIS DEATH ALL WOULD PASS TO THE MALE NEAREST OF KIN.



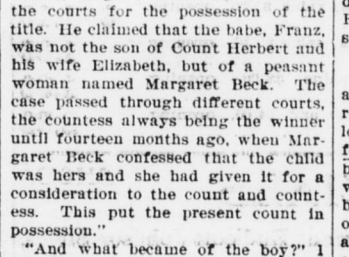
AFTER THE CELEBRATION.



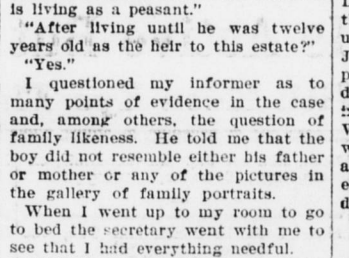
HE SAT THERE ON A LITTLE IRON SEAT, HIS HEAD BOWED IN THE UPRIGHT PALMS OF HIS HANDS.



AFTER THE CELEBRATION.



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# The Crusade

**For a "Sane Fourth."**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

**The recent order of Mayor Gaynor of New York forbidding the sale of fireworks, firecrackers, etc., from June 10 to July 10 and edicts along the same lines by the authorities in other communities have started a national wide movement to make the Fourth of July hereafter a noiseless one. One of the plans to bring this about is the forming of a national organization, the work of which will be to call to the attention of every community the long list of Independence day casualties caused by the use of explosives and in other ways induce them to confine the celebrations to parades, field sports, pyrotechnic displays safely and skillfully conducted, etc.**

This matter of having what is called a "sane Fourth of July" has been agitated for several years, but not since it started have so many executives taken it up and expressed their approval of the move as at present. President Taft has endorsed it and expressed his interest in it in a letter as follows:

"I am heartily in sympathy with the movement to rid the celebration of our country's natal day of those distressing accidents that might be avoided and are merely due to a recklessness against which the public protest cannot be too emphatic."

Last year, owing to the work of those who are agitating the "sane Fourth" idea, there were fewer accidents than on any Independence day in some years, the statistics showing thirty deaths. This was an unusually small number, but in 1909 a number of cities had adopted the plan. Figures gathered show the number of people killed and maimed in the last seven successive observances of the national holiday was much greater than the combined losses of the American forces in seven important battles of the Revolution.

During the last five years the death list totals 1,153 and the list of injured 21,520. Of the injured, 88 were totally blinded, 389 partially blinded, 388 lost legs, arms or hands and 1,067 lost fingers. During the last seven years blank cartridges alone have gathered in a death harvest of 794, mostly boys between the ages of six and eighteen years.

"But, gee, ma, how kin us fellers show how we licked the British?" mournfully asks the small boy of his mother when the matter is laid before him.

A way is being found all over the land. Here is how Washington celebrated the Fourth last year: During the day there were patriotic public entertainments at which the Declaration of Independence was read and patriotic addresses delivered. Then there was an automobile floral parade, the cars being decorated with flowers and flags, and many other affairs that delighted both young and old in the capital. At night there were many displays of fireworks, the abolition of which is no part of the program of those desiring a "sane Fourth." They want fireworks, but want them handled by experienced men so as to avoid accidents. Not one gunpowder accident was reported in Washington during the day, while on the Fourth of 1908 there were 104.

In the cities that adopted the "sane Fourth" plans last year and in those preparing to do so in 1910 the pageant idea predominates, with floats representing local historical scenes as well as those of national interest. In Pittsburgh over \$100,000 will be expended on the coming Fourth along these lines. The historical and artistic displays now being arranged promise to excel anything of the kind ever before shown there. Besides the historical scenes, other floats will show the city's industrial greatness. Many excellent field sports have also been arranged to interest the boys.

The Tail of a Fish. A fish's tail is its wings. Owing to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its cleaving form a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon tired. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body a high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish of sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat.

Hardly. Hewitt—You should make hay while the sun shines. Jewett—I can't if I stick to my business of making umbrellas.—New York Press.



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# THE CASE OF HOMER BYRD.

**How a Man Was Made to See Himself as Others Saw Him.**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

**The Village Improvement society had concluded a very interesting meeting and was regaling itself upon the dainties which the ladies had provided.**

Mrs. Wixom nodded her head vigorously over her plate of ice cream. "Serves Homer Byrd right," she whispered hoarsely in her neighbor's ear. "He don't deserve no light in front of his old place; most tumbledown old rat trap in Upper Village! The miserly old codger!"

"They say he spends a good deal of money helping those who need it," said Esther Fray as she set down her coffee cup and turned a reddening face to the excited little group. "I heard that he helped old Jake King last winter when Jake broke his leg and—"

"Just hear her talk!" That same evening shortly after the Village Improvement society went into



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