

RUSSELL SHERMAN,

Was an Excellent Scholar, but Not Especially Manly.

By OLIVE EDNA MAY.
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Russell Sherman led his class at the normal school. He was a hardworking student, spending all his surplus in odd jobs by which he could get his way while obtaining an education. He roomed alone, having no intimate associates and taking no part in the athletic games of his fellow students. "I like Sherman," said Tom Blake, one of the students, "but he's most too delicately organized for a boy and has all the sensitiveness of a girl. I caught him crying one day when he saw something that hurt his feelings. Think of a fellow fifteen years old crying!" One day Blake while walking across a campus saw Sherman shrinking away from Jim Potter, a bigger boy.



THIS TIME IT WAS A CAKE.

he was following him up with inches fists. Tom hurried on and said Potter hiss between his teeth: "Sissy!" "What's the matter between you?" asked Blake. "None of your business," said Potter. "What is it, Russell?" "He sits next me in mathematics and wanted me to 'pony' him this morning at recitation. I couldn't. The teacher was looking straight at us."

"You lie!" said Potter. "Russell, instead of answering the suit with a blow, shrink back. His eye was scarlet, and his eyes were wet." "I wouldn't stand that if I were you," said Blake. "It's better get thrashed than to take the lie."

"I don't want to fight any one," retorted Russell in a trembling voice. "I'd like to be let alone." "Well, take that for a parting gift," said Potter, and he slapped Sherman's cheek. Blake, who had been curbing his indignation, could no longer stand this illing of the strong over the weak, striking him, but Potter was too quick for him, and avoiding the blow, planted his mate on his cheek. A number of boys just out from recitation saw the fracas and, running forward, surrounded the combatants.

"A ring, a ring!" Blake and Potter stripped to the waist. "What's it about?" asked one of the boys. "He's fighting for Sissy Sherman," said Potter. The eyes of all were turned toward Sherman, who was vainly endeavoring to suppress tears. He started to go away; then, as if ashamed to leave a fight that was on his account, he turned back and stood on the outer edge of the circle.

The combatants were between sixteen and seventeen years old. Potter's heavier than Blake, who was taller and slender. Blake had the advantage of a good cause, while Potter soon learned that he was without sympathy of the spectators. Russell Sherman, though not physically strong or manly, was respected as the ad of his class, and the head of the class property to be treated with respect as such. Therefore he, who was defending Sherman, as considered to be fighting for the honor of the class. Besides this, many of the boys had been bullied by Potter, and they would be glad to see him wined.

dwindled. Sherman had brains, and the pre-eminence of brains over muscle is fully recognized in the twentieth century. But he possessed a certain kind of pluck that no other boy in the school displayed. He was the only boy there who was earning his own education.

The day after the fight Tom Blake saw Russell Sherman coming across the campus toward him, but Sherman when he reached a fork in the corner walk turned aside, going in another direction. Blake saw plainly that the boy he had fought for shrank from meeting him. At first he didn't like this action on the part of his protegee. He thought that Sherman should have come up to him frankly and thanked him for standing by him so far as to fight for him. But Blake was a thinking sort of a boy, and it occurred to him that if the tables were turned, if some boy bigger and stronger than he had fought for him, how would he feel toward that other boy? He could not quite put himself in such a position, for he had good strength for his age and was not fearful. Nevertheless he could excuse Sherman on the ground that he had needed protection from a bigger boy, had secured it and would naturally feel demeaned by accepting it.

Blake went on to his room and, glancing at his study table, saw something on it, flat and round, wrapped in white paper. Taking off the cover, he came to some old paper, which contained something soft. Removing this wrapper, he uncovered a pie. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how that came here."

He ate half the pie, then bethought himself who had left it there. Numerous inquiries failed to elicit the donor. He racked his brains to discover what friend he had that would thus favor him, but could not think of any one. One person occurred to him as the possible giver—that was Russell Sherman. But the pie had been tied up with a very narrow blue silk ribbon instead of a string, the ends being tied in a bow. Blake knew that no boy would ever tie up anything with a bow. No one of his aunts, sisters or cousins must have sent it to him.

He thought that when he met Sherman again he would say something to make him feel easier about his position. He found an opportunity one day when coming out of recitation. "Hello, Russell!" he said. "Hello, Blake!" was the reply. "Going to win the valedictory?" "I don't know."

"I hope you will." "Why?" "Oh, I think you're a pretty good sort of a fellow!" "I don't believe you respect me much."

"Yes, I do. Why do you think I don't?" "Oh, I don't fight my own battles." "You would with boys of your size?" "I haven't had a chance before this to thank you for that fight you had with Potter. It was mighty good of you."

Blake felt Russell's hand feeling for his and saw a pair of grateful eyes turned upon him. Thinking the affair was getting mawkish, he made pretense of wishing to catch up with another boy and ran away. When he went to his room to prepare for supper he saw another gift on his table. This time it was a cake. Again Blake questioned the maids and others in the house, but no one could, or, rather, would, tell him who had left the gift.

Meanwhile Russell Sherman was distinguishing himself in his classes, continually gaining honors. Graduation day came, and the boys made their speeches. Last came Sherman with the valedictory. He had fulfilled the expectations of his teachers, his standing being higher than had ever been reached in the school before. As soon as he started to speak persons in the audience began to whisper to each other: "How young he is! His voice hasn't even changed." The boy acquitted himself well and received more enthusiastic congratulations than are usual on such occasions. The world admires strength, but loves weakness.

The graduating class separated, some to go the next autumn to college, others into business. During the summer Tom Blake went to a farmhouse where boarders were taken. On ascending the steps he saw a girl in a white dress dart into the house. He thought nothing of this, however, till supper time, when he saw the same girl sitting at an opposite table and trying to hide her face from him. After supper he met her in the hall. He stopped her and asked: "I beg pardon. Aren't you a sister of Russell Sherman?" "I am Russell Sherman."

A GLASS EYE.

It Turned the Scale in a Matter of Love.

By THOMAS R. DEANE.
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I courted Jeannette abroad. There is no better field for love-making than traveling abroad, with nothing to do but enjoy oneself, or, rather, oneselfes, for as "it takes two to make a bargain," so it takes two to make love. Jeannette and I met at Sorrento, where we sat in a pavilion in the midst of an orange grove looking on the bay of Naples spread out several hundred feet below us. Spooky young men are always talking to spooky young women about fiekleness, and I found a convenient illustration in the ever changing hues of the Mediterranean. Besides, there is something in the Italian climate to quicken love. It is soft and balmy, yet the skies are bright and blue.

Then in Rome we dawdled through the Forum and sat on the stone seats in the Coliseum just as youtng men and maidens did some eighteen centuries before, except that the Roman couples of those days were there to see gladiators kill one another or wild beasts feed on lean Christians. But we were under the blue sky of Italy, and, as I have said, the Italian climate quickens love.

From Rome we drifted into Florence and stood at evening looking over the stone coping of the Ponte Vecchio at the placid Arno flowing beneath us while the last rays of the setting sun gilded the neighboring hills. And—as I think I have remarked before—the Italian climate is conducive to love.

But I didn't say that about the English climate. The English climate is conducive to let me see—the English climate is conducive to colds, sore throat, rheumatism, the blues. I wonder that the English people ever marry for love, and I fancy there is less marrying there on that account than in any land on the face of the earth.

It may seem that this is not only disagreeable, but a digression. It may be the former, but it is not the latter. At any rate, it is a part of my story, for Jeannette and I parted in Florence, having pledged our troth on the elevated Piazza Michelangelo overlooking the city. We were sitting beneath one of half a dozen statues of David, each being the original statue, and came together again in England.

What a change, not only in the climate, but in us—I mean in Jeannette! In Italy she had been responsive to my slightest whisper. Indeed, the slightest whisper the better it accorded with our meditative surroundings. In England I, being hoarse, was obliged to speak to her with the voice of a megaphone, and she, being deafened by a cold, could scarcely hear me. Instead of leaning her head against my arm and looking up at me with a happy smile, she had done in the Italian moonlight, speaking of pots and palatiers, she sat regarding me with watery eyes, saying that she wished it would stop raining.

This story goes to prove that what writers on the development of civilization say about the effect of climate on peoples is true. In Italy Jeannette and I had loved; in England the marriage question became one of practical advantage. I found that I was not as much in love as I had thought I was until Jeannette indicated that she was meditating giving me the grand bounce. This brought me to my senses.

Young Lord Crickenback, who never appeared without a very large flower in his buttonhole, a monocle on his right eye, was the man who taught me that, despite my present watery surroundings, I did not wish to surrender Jeannette. Why had I not continued to keep her in Italy, or why did I not insist on the knot being tied before coming to this land, where there is no sentiment, only interest? This Lord Crickenback had nothing whatever to recommend him except that he had a title. Even with his title on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean I could have snapped my fingers at him.

Jeannette did not break with me. I think she would have done so had not the sun occasionally broken through the clouds to remind her of those happy days she had passed with me at Sorrento, at Florence and at Rome. On such days I noticed a sudden demonstration of a dormant love for me that had not entirely died within her. I wished on such sunny days that there were some places where one could go similar to the Piazza Michelangelo at Florence or the Corso in Rome. But there are no such places in London. The most enjoyable is Hyde park, but the sun doesn't shine long enough to dry the benches. And a wet bench is no place for spooning. One bright day I took her to the Tower, and we sat together in the courtyard of the old pile.

THE TEMPLE BELL.

A Mysterious Disappearance and the Explanation.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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Hedges and I topped up the dry bed of Furnace creek and left Death valley. "Hark!" said Hedges in a strange voice. Across the hidden jagged ranges came a sweet musical echo. It was repeated again and yet again to my astounded ears.

"It's a bell," I almost gasped at him, "a bell here—a bell in Death valley!" With a choking cry Hedges melted from my side. I heard the stamping of his mule and then the sharp clatter of small hoofs among the stones. "Come on!" he shouted back at me. "Once in India I heard it and— His voice died away in the darkness, and when the sound of hoofs ceased altogether I was left alone with the intermittent sound of the bell.

I stood listening, listening, until at last my feet moved toward that spot in the gloom where my burro was picketed. I felt for and found the remaining bag of ore which Hedges had left to my share, and I flung it across the back of the beast with eager hands. A great clearness was in my mind, and in my heart was a yearning pity for the poor—the poor of the world, at whose feet I longed to pour my sack of gold—and I hastened forward eager to give all that I had to charity.

The bell rang softly as I approached, and every chime fell straight on my plying heart. A faint red glow was reflected on the rocks ahead, and around the bend of a huge boulder I came upon the temple in the wilderness. The red light came from the sanctuary lamp hanging within the tiny building. It tinged the gray rocks with a strange, unearthly coloring and gave to the white walls of the temple a delicate rosiness.

My knife ripped a hole in the canvas sack, and then, staggering because of its great weight, I lifted the gold and poured the precious lumps into the alms basin. As the last lump of ore clanked into the basin the clearness in my head seemed to snap as if some one had struck me a sharp blow. I felt myself sinking, sinking to the marble floor. It seemed years before I felt its cooling touch on my cheek, and then all was dark.

When I awoke stars were shining out of a black sky, and I heard a hoarse whinny from the burro near by. I was lying on my back, and my temples throbbd dullly. The white temple had disappeared. My eager search among the rocks was unavailing. Thus I found myself a beggar at the gate of Death valley. I knew that Furnace Creek ranch was somewhere—it must be near, and without food and with only a small canteen of water I set forth on a journey that I knew must end in death.

The next day I met Hedges. He was tramping slowly toward me with eyes fixed on the ground. Behind him trailed a pack mule. His bag of ore had disappeared. "Meddler!" he almost sobbed as I trudged painfully into view. He slipped from his mule and ran toward me with outstretched hands. "What is the matter, old man? Why didn't you follow me that night? I had to go. You see, I had heard the bell before!" I stared at him from hopeless eyes, and he read the truth.

"You didn't—you followed the bell?" he stammered. "Yes," I said thickly. "And your gold—the ore?" "I gave it—gave it to the poor of the world," I said bitterly. "I had to do it." He nodded understandingly. "I will tell you my experience, Peter, after you have eaten. I have food here and materials for a fire. I will make some coffee." "Where have you been?" I asked. "I found the ranch. I left my sack there and loaded with food to return for you. Don't say another word until you have rested."

Late in the afternoon when the sun was drawing down behind the dark range Hedges told his story: "Five years ago, before I met you, Meddler, I traveled for a large dealer in precious stones. I went to Calcutta on the track of a pair of magnificent pigeon blood rubies, the property of a gambling maharajah, who was hard pressed by his creditors. "These I bought, together with several other splendid stones, the combined value of which was \$200,000. "I walked into Calcutta from the maharajah's palace just as dusk was

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TWAIN SAVIOR OF YANKEE PARLOR

Missourian Changed Dread Center Table's Style, Says Ade.

Enforced Reading of "Lives of the Saints" (on Subscription Only) Suggested by "Innocents Abroad" and "Huckleberry Finn." Hence the Boom Asserts Chicago Humorist.
A new benefit conferred on mankind, and especially American boyhood, has been discovered by George Ade in the June Review of Reviews. The newly unearthed boon was the forcing on the awe inspiring parlor center table of literature that was good, yet light, and not of the sort to cause anguish to fill the youthful soul on Sundays.
Mr. Ade wrote in part as follows: "Mark Twain should be doubly blessed for saving the center table from utter dullness. Do you remember that center table of the seventies? The marble top showed glossy in the subdued light that filtered through the lace curtains, and it was clammy cold even on hot days. The heavy mahogany legs were chiseled into writhing curves from which depended stern geometrical designs or possibly bunches of grapes. The Bible had the place of honor and was flanked by subscription books. In those days the house never became cluttered with the ephemeral six best sellers.

Style Painfully Uniform. "The book agents varied, but the book was always the same—many pages, numerous steel engravings, curlicue taffettes, plattudes, patriotism, poetry, sentimental mush. One of the most popular still resting in many a dim sanctuary was known as 'Mother, Home and Heaven.' A ponderous collection of 'Poetical Gems' did not fail to lure the publishers in any roly poly entanglements. Even the 'Lives of the Presidents' and 'Noble Deeds of the Great and Brave' gave every evidence of having been turned out as piece-work by needy persons temporarily lacking employment on newspapers.

"Let us not forget the 'Manual of Department and Social Usages,' from which the wife of any agriculturist could learn the meaning of R. S. V. P. and the form to be employed in acknowledging an invitation to a levee. "Subscription books were dry picking for boys; also they were accessible only on the Sabbath after the weekly scouring. On week days the boys favored an underground circulating library, named after Mr. Beadle, and the haymow was the chosen reading room. Just when front room literature seemed at its lowest ebb, so far as the American boy was concerned, along came Mark Twain.

Joy Succeeded Horror. "Can you see the boy, a Sunday morning prisoner, approach the new book with a dull sense of foreboding, expecting a dose of Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy?' Can you see him a few minutes later when he finds himself linked arm in arm with Mulberry Sellers or Buck Fanshaw or the con-vulsing idiot who wanted to know if Christopher Columbus was sure enough dead? No wonder he curled up on the hairoloth sofa and hugged the thing to his bosom and lost all interest in Sunday school.

"The new uniform edition with the polite little pages, high art bindings and all the histerous woodcuts carefully expurgated can never take the place of those lumbering subscription books. "While we are honoring Mark Twain as a great literary artist, a philosopher and a teacher, let the boys of the seventies add their tribute. They knew him for his miracle of making the subscription book something to be read and not merely looked at. He converted the front room from a mausoleum into a temple of mirth."

Couldn't Walk. "Wife—you told me the other day we must avoid all luxuries and confine ourselves to absolute necessities only. Hubby—That's so, my dear. Wife—Well, last night you came home from the club in a cab. Hubby—Yes, but that was an absolute necessity.—Fliegende Blatter.

Cause Enough. "What made him angry when he was telephoning to the lawyers about his father's will?" "He was cut off."—Buffalo Express.
The Kind It Was. "Walter, this chuck steak I ordered is like wood." "Yes, sah. Dat am woodchuck steak."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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