

he Boycott .: on Caroline

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

ELL, if girls aren't the when the little crowd of five girls was meanest!"
His sister dried her eyes told them all about it, half-unconscious-and looked up. "But not all girls, Will, and perhaps arts the qualities possessed by the peo-W

these girls don'tthese girls don't—
"Oh, that's right, stand up for 'em,
after they've treated you like dirt all
summer! For downright meanness and
hatefulness give me a lot of girls.
Why, a crowd of fellows would no

more act the way this crowd of girls has done than—than——" And he stopped hopelessly, as if the thing was beyond comparison.

"Well, of course, boys are different." |
"Yes they are When a follow who

"Yes, they are! When a fellow who seems to be the right sort moves into a town, do the fellows of that town let him alone—snub him for three straight months? Don't you think it! They give him a show—they're civil to him, and if he turns out to be of their kind, then he's one of the crowd, and that's all there is to it."

were quivering again-"that they just

"Nonsense! Why shouldn't they like your looks? It's just their meanness."
"Will! Will!" There was a note of tragic excitement in his sister's voice. "There they come now—turning the corner. They go past nearly every day. They have picnics and—and things."
Will seated himself on the railing of

the veranda and looked hard at the five laughing girls who were coming toward the house in an old-fashioned

"Don't seem too interested. Will. "Don't seem too interested, Will. Don't-don't look at them like that."
"Why can't I look at them?" he retorted, savagely. "Guess if I want to look at them there's nothing to prevent it. They're not so much to look at,

anyway."
The "crowd" of girls drove by with not a glance toward the big house, on the veranda of which Will and Caro-

ine Stuart were sitting.
"They do have awfully good times," said Caroline, wistfully, "and they seem awfully fond of one another."

"I guess I'll go up and write some let-ters," she said, a few minutes later, "I like to keep my letters written up, because—well, you can see that it's been pleasant to get them since I've

Her brother looked after her darkly. "Poor Cal! She never did a mean thing in her life. Why any one should want to snub her is too much for me. "O mother," he called, as a pleasant-

faced woman came round the house, "can't you come here a minute? I want to talk to you."

She took the chair he offered her. "It

does seem good to have you home, Will, and I'm more glad for Caroline's sake than for my own. She has had a pretty hard summer of it."

"That's what I want to get at. What under the sun's the matter? What do

those girls mean by lining up against Cal?"

His mother shook her head and raised her hands hopelessly.

"Will, girls are queer," she said. "I can't understand it. Why, if they'd let Cal be one of them, they'd find her the jolliest and best of the lot. When she first came here in the spring she saw right away that they were the ones she would like to know and she was she would like to know, and she was one would like to know, and she was so pleased to think that there would be nice girls for her to have a good time with. The first night we sat here on the porch they went by laughing and talking, and Cal looked after them forlornly, and I remember I said to her, 'Never mind, Cal, you'll be one of them in a week,' and she said she supposed of course they'd call—or do something, but they didn't, and that's all there is to it. They simply act as if Cal wasn't

And then words failed him. "In addition to everything else," said the boy, after a few minutes of silent fuming, "these five estimable young ladies are acting pretty silly in snubbing Caroline. Cal could give those girls all sorts of a good time, and she

would love to do it."

"Of course she would. When she saw how big the house was, she said to me first thing, 'Isn't it lovely, mother? We can have people here all the time.' And your father bought that automobile for no other reason in the world except that he thought it would be pleasant for Cal to take peo-

"Well, mother," said Will, quietly, "it's just a clear case of snub, isn't it?" Perhaps the whole thing would not have happened if just the week be fore the Stuarts moved to Elmwood Marion Foreman had not read a story about some people who were "vulgarly No one in Elmwood was "vulgarly rich," and as Marion's imagina-tion was such that she was bound to fix the phrase on some one, it descended upon the people who were expected in a few days to move into the big

about the new family.
"Why, really, Marion," he said, after Marion. she had put a half-dozen questions to him in rapid succession. "I can't account for this sudden interest of yours. I can't say that I know a great deal count for this sudden interest of yours.

I can't say that I know a great deal about the Stuarts. The man, so I am gold, made a great deal of money last in her mind. The next afternoon,

course this had to happen the very day we walked instead of drove!" and then they glanced up and saw her, and looked with studied care out at the Caroline drove by, her heart beating very fast. Every instinct prompted her to offer to drive Kitty Benton back to town. But would they accept the offer? Would they not think she was

"There is a girl," she informed them,
"and I think she is about our age. I
suppose she will attempt to buy her
way into our crowd. She will wear better dresses than any of the rest of us, and she will think that just because she has more money than we have that it is her place to lord it over us. Now, we must show her that the old families of this town are not going to succumb to mere wealth. We must be quite oblivious to her guady display. It is fortunate we understand the situation before she comes, for now she will be given no opportunity to humiliate us."

All of this made a deep impression better dresses than any of the rest of

All of this made a deep impression upon the four other girls. Marion, be-cause she was the most imaginative of the crowd, had become in a sense that's all there is to it."

"Well, that does seem to be the fair way. And I don't know—I don't know what it is I've done. I haven't done anything; you see, I haven't had a chance. I suppose"—Caroline's lips way of assimilating the things she read, and that made her companions feel that Marion had attained to a

feel that Marion had attained to a very deep understanding of life.

The first day Caroline Stuart walked down the main street of Elmwood, they felt their suspicion that she would attempt to "lord it over them" to be confirmed. Her gown bore the marks of a city dressmaker, and she walked very straight and carried her head very high. That was partly because she had been taught to do so at school, and in part because, feeling timid with so. in part because, feeling timid with so many strange eyes upon her, she sought refuge in dignity. Her impulse was to look with friendly interest at the five girls as she passed them, but feeling shy, she looked straight ahead instead

"Well, of all the airs!" gasped

"It is evident that she feels miles above us!" sputtered Kitty Benton.
"We will not trouble her," commented Doris Morton, with dignity.
"It's just as I told you," insisted Marion. "Now the only thing to do is to let her absolutely alone."

They did. When she passed them upon the street they were deeply absorbed in one another. They studied he art of passing her house without knowing it was there. When she began driving in her pretty pony-cart they regarded it as a personal affront. The strange part of it all is that they were in truth kindly girls, and would man, the real, true girl that was there in spite of all her foolish notions, swept away all else. Running quickly to the sobbing girl, she sat down beside

er, and put her arms round the shak-

ing figure. "Is there anything we can do? Is there anything at all? We just can't bear to see you cry like this! Isn't there something we can do?" Caroline's grief was too deep to admit

of surprise. "I'm lonesome," she sobbed out, "so lonesome! I can't bear

solded out, "so lonesome! I can't bear it! I can't! I can't stand it to have you all treat me like this! I want friends! I—oh, I want to go to your

say anything about it to the others.

Will Stuart was disposed to think is sister should refuse to have any

lly, as that, but his mother saw it siny, as that, but his mother saw it differently. "Just see how happy she is, Will, just see how she's changed, and don't say one word against those girls. I tell you, every time I hear Cal's laugh ring through the house I

ive thanks for joy."

At the end of the first week Marion oreman told the story to her father—
was truly remarkable that she had

ept it as long as that. He talked to

her very seriously about how wrong she had been, and she received the lec-ture with considerable humility. "Caroline is the finest girl I ever

knew," she assured him. "It comes natural for her to do kind things for people. I suppose," she added, after a moment of reflection, "this instance goes to prove that rich people are not always as black as they are painted."

Foreman, "you will find as you go through life that it isn't money or the lack of it that makes the man or woman. It is the heart that is with

n."-Youth's Companion

dear daughter," said Judge

have any

ave felt very badly indeed at the idea have felt very badly indeed at the idea of hurting any one's feelings. Their attitude had grown upon them to such an extent that with the coming of the big red, automobile, the first to be seen in Elmwood, the ignoring of Caroline Stuart had become a duty.

Perhaps few girls of her age have ever passed as unhappy a summer as Caroline Stuart passed that year. Of a warm-hearted, sunny nature, she was

a warm-hearted, sunny nature, she was a girl to whom friends were a neces-sity. She was so free from any idea of distinctions created by money that the secret of the thing never dawned

upon her. She supposed, on the other hand, that the girls did not like her. It was a beautiful day in September, and her young, naturally buoyant heart made her wish to get outdoors and be doing something, even if she must do it by herself. Will and her father had gone in the automobile to an adjoining town, and her mother was lying down with a headache. So she started out alone to drive up the winding river road which skirted the edge of the

The country round Elmwood was very beautiful, and Caroline threw herself into the spirit of the day, telling herself that some time, in some other place, she would find friends to enjoy the world with her, and that meanwhile she would try to enjoy it by herself.

She was succeeding in getting more easure out of the drive than had been hers for a long time, when sud-denly she heard laughing voices, and eering through the trees, saw the five girls into whose friendship she had at one time supposed she would be taken. They were spreading a cloth upon the grass and opening some parcels. She watched them through dimmed eyes until they sat down and began to eat. Then, when she could bear it no longer, she whipped up her pony and started briskly up the road.

The day had lost its charm. She did ot see the woods and the river and the soft sky. She knew only that the world seemed a hard, lonesome place, and that her heart was yearning for friends and companionship, for the kind of fun those girls were having.

It was very near the same spot that apon her return, a half-hour later, she saw Marion Foreman and one of the other girls helping Kitty Benton down on was such that she was bound to take the phrase on some one, it descending the properties of the thinks it will be a pleasant place for his family. I think I heard some one say that there was a young girl and a boy. I believe they are very nice, sensible people."

"That night she asked her father all bout the new family."

"They are newly rich," corrected her

In India people believe that ele phants have a religion and a god.

THE PULPIT.

thing had befallen her, for she was hopping on one foot, and moving as if it pained her. Caroline guessed at once that the girl had sprained her A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY ankle, and that they were helping her to the big, flat rock close to the river. They did not notice her until she was near them, so near that she heard Marion call to the girl behind, "Of REV. DAVID J. BURRELL, D. D.

Subject: A King in the Pillory.

New York City.—"A King in the Pillory" was the subject of a strong sermon preached by the Rev. David James Burrell, D. D., LL. D., Sunday in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue. The text was from I Kings xii:2: "And it came to pass when Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, heard of it (for he was in Egypt), that they sent and called him." Dr. Burrell said:

In reading the chronicles of the Kings of Israel we come upon the name of Jeroboam, and it is almost always mentioned in these terms, "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." This is repeated no less than eighteen times with weary reiteration. Jeroboam has stood in the pillory three thousand years, with that placard over him. Why is he thus branded and dishonored?

oner: Would hely not tell her in so many words that they did not care to have anything to do with her?

Of course they would, and she would not go back. But the idea of leaving any one in trouble when it was within

Of course they would, and she would not go back. But the idea of leaving any one in trouble when it was within her power to offer help came over her as too dreadful to be considered, and she wheeled the pony sharply round.

"I beg your pardon," she said—her effort to keep her voice steady made it sound very cold—but I believe you have met drive you back to town I shall be glad to do so."

"Thank you," said Kitty Benton, shortly, "but I think we can get along all right."

Caroline turned her pony and drove quickly down the road.

"Maybe it seemed mean," said one of the girls, as they stood watching the pony-cart.

"Nothing of the kind!" declared Marion. "Did you notice how she did it? Why, she never so much as looked at us! Just looked straight beyond us, as if she were talking to—to servants."

Marion and Doris Morton were appointed to go into town to get a bugg; for Kitty. They had gone about half a mile when, making a sudden turn, they came upon the pony-cart tied to a tree. They saw that it was empty, and just as they were about to pass on they heard a strange sound. They looked at each other queerly, and then they heard the sound again, a deep, long sob that went straight down into their hearts.

"Marion looked uncertainly down the road, and then took a few noiseless steps in among the trees. Under a big five, her face buried in the moss, lay Caroline Stuart, her pretty blue dress such crumpled, her whole body shaken with sobs.

Then the real girl in Marion Foreman, the real, true girl that was there in spite of all her foolish notions, swept away all else. Running quickly to the sobbing girl, she sat down beside her, and put her arms round the shaking figure. "Is there anything we can abstract the angelia figure. Extension and the shaking figure. "Is there anything we can be a figure." Is there anything we can be a figure. The training the propersion and provide the propersion and provide the shaking figure. "Is there anything we can be a figure." Is there anything we can be a figure. The pretty blue dress

all eyes turned to Egypt; and Jeroboam was sent for.

He had longed for that message, and hastened to answer it. He was probably not more than a fortnight on the way. The Israelites had consumed forty years in the same journey, when they came up "out of the house of their bondage;" but Jeroboam's feet were winged with ambition as theirs were not. What dreams and visions stimulated him! The crown beckoned him!

sobbed out, "so lonesome! I can't bear it! I can't! I can't to have you all treat me like this! I want friends! I—oh, I want to go to your picnics?"

"But—but we thought you were so rich!" stammered Marion. "Your house is so big, and the pony-cart and the automobile and—and we thought—"

Caroline sat up then, amazement checking the sobs. "Well, what has that got to do with it?"

"Why—why, you see, we thought that you were—O dear, I don't know, Maybe we've been all wrong. I—I'm sorry."

"Do you mean," began Caroline, very slowly, "that there isn't anything if particular the matter with me, that you don't hate me, and that you actually thought that I didn't want to have anything to do with you?"

But Marion, covered with confusion, was crying herself now, which was perhaps the best thing that could have happened, for they put their arms around one another and cried together. Any one who knows much about girl nature can tell the rest of the story. Of course Caroline went back for Kitty, and then there were more explanations and more tears, and everybody agreed that the whole thing had been too silly for words. Each girl confessed that down in her heart she had wanted Caroline as a friend for dong time, but had not known just how to say anything about it to the others. Will Stuart was disposed to think!

Whe met the assembled people at the schema and was formally inaugurated. "God save the King." The hopes of the ambitious youth were real-tized at last. What an opportunity was fored him! He met the assembled people at the schema and was formally inaugurated. "God save the King." The hopes of the ambitious youth were real-tized at last. What an opportunity was fore him! What an outlook, if only he would reign in the fear of God. But, alas, he began in the wrong way. Thinking only of personal advancement, he left God out of the way. Thinking only of personal advancement, he left God out of the way. Thinking only of personal advancement, he left God out of the way. Thinking only of personal advancement, he left God ou

om the standpoint of mere state craft this may have been "good policy;" but it was bad religion. Any form of idolatry is offensive to God. It is not necessary to set up a golden calf. We may make an idol out of wealth or pleasure or honor. We may frame an idol out of our imagination.

weath or pleasure or honer. We may frame an idol out of our imagination. All gods are false, except the One who has revealed Himself in His word as the true God. And anything is an idol which is served or honored more than we serve or honor Him.

The second sin of Jeroboam was against himself. He was warned twice, but refused to heed it. On one occasion, as he stood beside the altur presuming to burn incense there, an unknown and unnamed prophet stood beside him crying, "O altar, altar! thus saith the Lord: A child shall be born who shall destroy the priests of the high places and burn men's bones upon thee!" And when Jeroboam stretched forth his hand and cried, "Lay hold upon him? his hand was palsied, so that he must needs entreat the Lord to restore it.

On another occasion his son, the heir versus weight helper dearments."

On another occasion his son, the heir-apparent, being desperately ill, the king, knowing the futility of praying to the golden calves, sent his wife in disguise to the prophet at Shiloh. As she approached the prophet's door he cried, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam! Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have heavy tidings for thee. Go tell Jeroboam. Thou hast done evil; therefore, I will bring evil upon thy house, for the Lord hath spoken it."

All warnings were lost upon this man. God did the best He could for for him, as He does for every inveterate sinner. He warns, promises, en On another occasion his son the heir-

Art is Long.

Perhaps the reason short calls are fashionable is that the caller who stays less than fifteen minutes is not

treats in vain. He sends blessings in-numerable, then chastisements, sorrow, adversity to no purpose. Like Jero-boam, being wedded to his sins, they "run upon the bosses of the shield of God."

The third sin of this man was against the people. His influence was like the upas tree; and they sat under it. He "made Israel to sin." He issued a

the people. His influence was like the upas tree; and they sat under it. He "made Israel to sin." He issued a proclamation requiring them to bow at the idolatrons shrines; and during all the subsequent history of the ten tribes his baneful shadow was over them. They had fourteen kings, before they were led away into exile, and there was not a godly man among them. One after another they took their places in the pillory beside him, being characterized on this wise, "Who followed in the steps of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin."

But why do we have the record of these sins? Would it not have been kinder to pass over them in silence? In the Assembly Hall of the Military Academy at West Point you may see the portraits of the various captains who have commanded there. One place, however, is left blank; it is the place that should have been occupied by Benedict Arnold, the traitor. The picture of Jeroboam might in like manner have been turned to the wall, but for the fact that the reiteration of his sin carries a great lesson with it, namely, the perpetuity of influence. "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself," There are three kinds of influence which every man exerts; and we may wisely consider them.

The first is voluntary. The sins of Jeroboam were not inadvertant; he meant to have the people worship the golden calves. He did wrong deliberately. There are others who do likewise; thieves, rum sellers, dive keepers, managers of Sunday theatres, purveyors of unclean literature and authors of infidel books; these do evil with malice aforethought. Not content with runing themselves, they plan to ruin others. To all such the word of the Master applies: "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

But there are multitudes who do good and intend to do it. The world is full

were hanged about his neck and the were drowned in the depth of the sea."

But there are multitudes who do good and intend to do it. The world is full of them: teachers of truth, "sisters of them: the properties of them." It have done it unto one of the least of the Master applies. "Inasmuch as \$6. have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The second kind of intuence is automatic. And this is by far the largest whether we will or not. I used to come among the Pocono. Hills; but when a man among the Pocono Hills; but when a man among the Pocono Hills; but when a was last there the waters were dull and dark, and my errand was value, and the side of the man who had built a paper mill up above did not mean to kill the side. In evertheless, the refuse had effectually for the properties, and the properties of the things that followed Jerochow and the properties of the things that followed Jerochow and the properties of the man who had lived on the Reign of Teror. It is thus the man do will life said on his deathbed, "I wish you could gather up my influence and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be. His body might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be. His body might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be. His body might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be. His body might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be. His body might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it with me." Alas! that could not be with might lie in the sepication of the Tenth regiment and bury it will be a made and always the might be a made a

The lesson is plain. Let us look to our influence! But how? The secret of doing good is being good. Can men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? "A good man out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth good fruit." Our influence is never thistles? "A good han out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth good fruit." Our influence is never better than our character, and character has its seat and centre in the heart. If we would set ourselves right in the matter, the first thing to do is to come to Christ, that we may rid ourselves of sin; and all the rest is following Himthat is, to believe His teaching, to de His work and to be like Him. Light cannot help shining. It sounds no trumpets, waves no banners, makes no announcement of its coming, but just comes. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify God."

Stantaneous. Brooks was 20 J.

Andrew Carnegie, in a letter received by Dr. J. F. Bucher offers to give \$25,000 for the erection of a science hall for Waynesburg college, providing \$50,000 additional endowment is raised. The college authorities expect to raise the required amount.

The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered the employes of the maintenance of way department to work 10 hours a day instead of 9. This gives an additional hour to about 12,000 men between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

O may I join the choir invisible Of those immortal dead who live again In minds made better by their present live

live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that piece the night
like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search
To vaster issues.

The Bud and the Blossom.

There is not such a great difference between grace and glory after all. Grace is the bud and glory is the blossom. Grace is glory begun, and glory is grace perfected. It will not come hard to people that are serving God down here to do it when they go up yonder. They will change places, but they won't change employments.—D. L. Moody.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

TO SECURE REDUCED RATE

Committees Are Named-State Board of Trade Will Aid in Fight Against Railroads.

The standing committees of the The standing committees of the Pennsylvania state board of trade, which was organized at Harrisburg, to make a systematic campaign for the election of legislators piedged to a 2-cent flat passenger vote on the railroads, were appointed by ex-Mayor Vance C. McCormick of Harrisburg, president of the heard. Federalized raincaus, were appointed by ex-Mayor Vance C. McCormick of Harrisburg,
president of the board. Following is
a list of the standing committees:
Constitution and by-laws: William H.
Stevenson and W. A. Griffith, Pittsburgh; Wilmer Crow, Harrisburg; J.
D. Wentz, Washington. Finances:
William R. Brinton, Lancaster;
Clarence E. Greesey, York; Joseph
C. Smith, Harrisburg. Baggage and
transportation: D. C. Shaw, Pittsburgh; F. H. MacIntyre, Philadelphia;
H. D. Burlingame, Altoona. Interurban railways: D. D. Harmon, Pittsburgh; Representative William T.
Creasy, Catawissa; A. M. Howes,
Erie.

The Capitol Dedication commission officially fixed October 4 next as the date for the dedication of the new State Capitol. President Theodore Roosevelt, and probably Mrs. Roosevelt, and the members of the President's cabinet and their wives will attend the exercises. A large grandstand will be erected at the entrance to the Capitol for the dedicatory exercises. In the evening it is probable a banquet will be served to which the President and other dignitaries will be invited. The commission consists of Gov. S. W. Pennypacker, Speaker Henry F. Walton, Senator John C. Fox, of Dauphin; Senator W. C. Sproul, of Delaware, and members of the board of public grounds and buildings. The Governor will communicate with President Roosevelt regarding any suggestions he desires to make relative to the dedication. The Capitol Dedication commission

New Castle council ordered the city solicitor to file a bill in equity to compel the Bell Telephone company to use the new city conduit, which cost nearly \$100,000.

John Rugh, 83 years old, was found dead at the gateway leading into his stable yard at his home in the Eighth ward, Greensburg. He is

Rugh, of Greensburg.

John Z. Murrin was killed and J.

M. Thompson had a leg and arm
broken by a falling tree at Murrinsville, Butler county. The men stopped to watch the lumbermen fell
trees. One tree, carried out of its
course by the high wind, fell on Murrin and Thompson.

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