HIS FATHER'S SON.

By E. A. WHARTON.

Lawrence K. Neville, Jr., aged six, puffed his impatient way through the front hall and out upon the piazza, careful, even then, to keep on the rug and to close the screen door softly. For upstairs in a darkened room Muvver-lover lay in care of a white-capped nurse, who was perpetually putting her finger to her lips and making frantic gestures for silence if he so much as thought aloud.

Baby sister wailed continually, and Boy resentfully wondered why nurse didn't make her keep still. He was sure that kind of a noise must disturb Muvver-lover far more than a little whistling and slamming of doors. But perhaps it was because she was a lady-baby, he thought, as he settled himself to watch for Daddy. Folks had to be polite to ladies. He'd like to ask Muvver-lover, but they hadn't let him see her for days and days. Always before when she had been sick he had been allowed to tiptoe in and rub her head, and she had said it made her better. But then there had been no cross nurse.

The lad leaped to his feet as his father came in sight, and raced to meet him. Daddy would make everything clear. The man's strong hand closed over the small brown one, and Neville smiled down into the wistful upturned face; then straightway all but forgot the child's existence. And Boy, skipping along to keep pace with his father's swinging stride, for the first time in his short life found Daddy unresponsive. As they ascended the steps, Neville roused from his abstraction to hear Lawrence say: "Is it 'cause she's a lady-baby, Daddy, and we must be polite to ladies?"

"That's exactly it, Boy;" he answered the last clause of the question. "Men must always be polite and considerate to ladies under all circumstances. Run out now and play, and be very quiet." A perfunctory kiss dropped upon the lad's cheek, and Daddy tiptoed up-stairs.

Boy gazed after him with a queer, choky feeling in his throat till the door to his mother's room closed behind him. Then he stood still, trying to understand what it all meant. Had he done something to displease Daddy? And didn't Muvver-lover love him at all since sister came? He clenched his fists and winked hard. He wouldn't cry! If they didn't care, he wouldn't either.

A shrill whistle sounded at the gate and he ran out to meet the boy who sat just across the aisle at school. "No, I can't have anyone come here, because my mother's sick," he explained with an odd little assumption of dignity. "I'm sorry, too, for it's lonesome when your folks are sick."

Returning, he went to the kitchen door. He wondered at black Susan's tender manner and at her muttered "Pore li'l lamb!" as he dragged his feet up the back stairs. The playroom, over the kitchen, was fitted with all sorts of things that boys like. There were a few simple tools that Daddy was teaching him to use, and apparatus for light gymnastics, for Boy's parents cherished theories as to training children. Just now the room was crowded; his bed had been moved from his pretty room next to Mother's, and there was a cot, where Susan slept to look after him.

In one corner were the toys that he was beginning to consider too babyish for a six-year-old; chief among these was a rag doll. To Boy, Moll's bowed head and dejected air indicated grief at being thus cast aside, and with ready sympathy he took her in his arms and sat down to meditate.

He was almost happy as he ran down-stairs at Susan's call. He and Daddy would have a chat over dinner, and then it would be time to go back to school, where there would be a delightful half-hour in which he could yell and whistle to his heart's content. But Daddy did not appear. Susan explained, as she brought his soup and pushed Boy's chair closer to the table, "Yo' paw can't come now. He tole me to give yuh yo' dinner an' sen' yo' back to school, lest yuh git late."

As he ate his solitary meal, Boy wondered why Susan's cooking didn't taste as good as usual. Even his favorite pudding lacked flavor. Then he wondered why Daddy didn't come, and why they got that baby, anyhow. To be sure, if Daddy and Muvver-lover really wanted her, why he'd try to want her, too. But it really didn't seem to him they needed a baby.

He clambered down from the table and went back to the playroom, for a last look at Moll, the only member of his small world that had not failed him. He reluctantly laid her on his bed, and was turning away, when a sudden thought struck him. Why not? It was Friday, and teacher had expressly said at noon that they might bring their dolls if they liked. He was sure Moll would like it better than being shut up there alone.

Moll was essentially a boy's doll, from her sturdy, tightly-stuffed arms and legs to the cut and quality of her substantial garments. One instinctively felt that she, too, should have had her woolly locks cropped and have been put into trouserss. Boy tucked her comfortably under his arm and hop-skipped along the walk and out on the street.

A blue-eyed, befrilled angel from next door came dancing by with an equally befrilled doll in her arms. She was in the "high first," and had been Boy's sworn ally for at least three or four weeks that they had been neighbors. Now she stopped. "Is it a boy doll?" she asked, holding out her hands. "I should think you'd rather have a boy-doll," she added, as she returned Moll. "This one is nice and big and—and cuddly, but she's kind of—fat, and needs some new clothes."

A group of girls trilled, and she tripped away to join them. Boy turned Moll over and surveyed her critically. New clothes, indeed! Weren't the skirt and jacket made of his own best suit, and the stocking-cap and leggings exactly like his own? What more could a boy want? Girls were different. He supposed baby-sister would want a doll like Edith's when she got big. He tucked Moll up more comfortably and trudged on. Two or three big girls passed and chaffed Boy about the doll. He was tempted to be saucy, but remembered Daddy's teachings in time to tighten his lips and pretend not to hear. "Men must always be polite to ladies," he reminded himself as he snuggled Moll closer.

Just before he reached the schoolgrounds a little chap from the kindergarden bumped against him with a sneering remark about "girl-boys." Boy's face was so red that the freckles on his nose looked white, and the hands thrust deep in his pockets were clenched till they hurt. But the boy was littler than he and Daddy said that only cowards hurt little fellows.

Boy backed against a tree, and, looking quite over the smaller one's head, pursed his lips into a whistle. He was conscious that it wasn't much of a tune; the sound wouldn't come, somehow, but it served.

Others gathered, some to join in the fun, some to see fair play. Boy whistled calmly on till Pug Walters, at least three sizes larger and the bully of the primary grades, stole behind him, and shouting: "Hey, sissy, lend us your doll!" snatched Moll from under his arm and held her aloft by one leg. "Let's have a game of football, hey?" He held the doll out and drew back his foot, but before he could kick, a tornado of arms and legs struck him, and the doll was forgotten in an attempt to defend himself.

Now Boy was no mollycoddle, in spite of the alliterative titles and his beloved doll. Among Daddy's theories was one that every male human being should be able to defend himself, and Boy had been learning to do that about the time he got steady on his feet.

The units of the yelling circle that formed as if by magic saw no occasion to interfere, and Boy, unconsciously giving vent to the loneliness and heartache of the preceding days, as well as the rage that had been accumulating over the insults to himself and Moll, pommeled his antagonist with vim cheered on by his partizans.

It was a fight to the finish, with no referee to call time. Back and forth they went, now one gaining and now the other. Boy forced Pug to the edge of the ring and was about to strike once more, when a sudden silence disconcerted him. Looking up, he found Teacher close beside him and a grieved droop to the corners of her mouth, and turning his head to avoid her eyes, he saw Daddy at the outside of the ring, watching in puzzled silence.

Miss Haines turned to the biggest one of the group, "You might have prevented this," she murmured reproachfully. "You know how we depend on you big boys." She pushed Pug toward him. "Since you didn't see fit to stop the fight, you may take this boy to the cloakroom and put him in order, and then take him to his teacher."

Boy, narrowly watching Miss Haines thought he detected a flash of satisfaction in her glance at Pug's rather swollen face. But he told himself that he must be mistaken; Teacher couldn't be anything but sorry over a fight. Daddy, now—

Someone had picked up the doll, and Miss Haines was brushing and shaking it as though her one object in life was to render it immaculate. When all the boys had gone, she extended her hand without a word, and Boy took it, feeling himself grow smaller every instant. Daddy stood aloof, as though merely an observer. Could it be possible that he did not mean to interfere, to explain? Teacher would be kind, of course and she would mean to be just, but she couldn't understand; ladies never did, not even Muvver-lover. He'd have to be punished, he knew but he wouldn't mind that—much—if Daddy would only go away. His lips were beginning to tremble, and if he should cry, Daddy would be so ashamed.

Neville's hand closed reassuringly over the dirty, bloodstained one that stretched toward him in half-conscious appeal, but loosened as Miss Haines brought a basin and proceeded to wash away all removable signs of conflict. There was a lump at one corner of his right eye. Boy thought it must be dirt, and put up his hand to brush it off. Miss Haines pressed the cold cloth on the spot and deftly applied a bit of courtplaster to a cut on his chin There was a bare place on his fist, too Miss Haines dried his hands and face on her handkerchief and put her arm around him. "Now, Lawrence, tell me about it. Who began the fight?"

No answer.

"Did you hit him first?"

Boy nodded.

"You did?" Teacher gasped, and Daddy's face grew stern. "Didn't he do anything to you?"

Another nod.

'Call you names?"

A nod.

"Anything else?"

"Jerked Moll away from me and was going to kick her."

Miss Haines looked puzzled. Daddy interposed. "Why did you bring your doll to school, Lawrence?"

"Miss Haines said we might, cause it's Friday afternoon."

Bit by bit the story was elicited, and presently Boy, his head on Faith Haines' shoulder, was sobbing out the incoherent details. Daddy caught the words "lonesome—Muvver sick, Daddy—didn't care, Moll—lonesome, too," and when Boy regained sufficient self-control, to lift his head and turn a shamed little face to his father's with a "'Scuse me, please, Daddy. I didn't mean to," the slender throat was still clutching. "I—I—" Neville's own eyes were misty and his voice not entirely steady.

Somehow the lad found himself close to his father's side, mopping his face with the paternal handkerchief. Neville rose. "I'll take Lawrence home with me, Miss Haines, unless you think it will be quite subversive of discipline. He's hardly in condition for school"—his lips twitched as he scrutinized "bumps" on the small face—"and besides, I want to make a few facts clear to him. It's been an anxious time at home, but that's no excuse for me."

Boy tucked the doll under his arm and snuggled his sound hand into his father's. "I s'pose maybe Moll's tired and we'd better take her home first," he suggested in response to Daddy's proposal of a trip to the Zoo.

That was an afternoon to remember. They walked past the schoolhouse and through the park beyond and stopped to watch the swans on the pond. During the hour at the office that Daddy craved as a favor, Boy curled up in a big leather chair supremely content. Then came hours at the Zoo, when just he and Daddy were alone in a charmed world, where Daddy retold his favorite "Just So" stories as they wandered from place to place. And without anything being said about it, Boy came to know that he had his own place in Daddy's heart that not all the baby sisters in the world could oust him from, and that Muvver-lover loved him just as dearly as ever.

That evening, when he was all ready for bed and feeling a little homesick as he knelt to say his prayers because Muvver-lover was not there to hear him, Daddy came to say that he might see her for a little while if he would be very still indeed.

Baby sister slumbered peacefully while he stroked her cheek and kissed the tiny fingers that clung to his. Mother had been told a part of the story. The fight had shocked her at first, but she had not been the one sister in a band of sturdy brothers for nothing. Boy climbed up and nestled into his old place beside her. He smiled contentedly as her fingers caressed his bruises, while she whispered: "He's mother's comfort, her dear baby boy."

As he was slipping into dreamland, Daddy lifted him and carried him back to his bed at the other end of the hall. He cuddled closer and flung one arm about Daddy's neck as the man murmured: "He's Daddy's brave little man."—From the Ladies' World.

SOME PRICELESS TABLEWARE

Special Staff of Servants Required to Handle Royal Service.

The table at which the King and the Prince of Wales dined side by side with President Fallieres and M. Cambon was laden not with gold plate, but with something much more valuable—a service of bleu de roi Sevres china, so valuable that no price can be put upon it. President Fallieres had it specially sent across from the Elysee, of which it is one of the most artistic ornaments. Much of it dates back to the early days of the famous factory, and when one of the plates is broken a rigid inquisition is held by government officials into the cause of the accident. Indeed, so much value is attached to the fragile ware on which dinner was served that only a special staff of servants, all experts in handling it are allowed to touch a single article. The china was brought over in crates specially designed so that no piece can, unless by the most extraordinary mischance, suffer from the roughness of a sea journey.

The whole service is of the most beautiful description. The centres are white, with gold figuring, but the rims for a couple of inches are in the rich inimitable blue called bleu de roi, over which is sprayed the same gold figures. The dessert was served on a set of dishes of the same pattern, but having on the rims ovals, each with a hand-painted, exotic bird of brilliant plumage. His Majesty drank his after-dinner coffee from a cup made at the Sevres factory in 1858. The pattern follows the same lines of blue, white and gold, but the inside is of pure gold. So good is the work of the cups that, although their manufacture is—for Sevres—so recent as 1858, they cannot be replaced with the same perfection. The gold in them makes them quite heavy to the hand. They are among the most exquisite samples of the potter's are in this particular form in existence. Only the knives, forks and spoons for the dessert service were of gold. These, too, showed such an artistic sense in the craftsmen that they were in keeping with the china.

The menu was entirely prepared in the Embassy kitchen by M. Briandt, the chef there.

Montana during 1907 produced sapphires worth $229,800.

A Warning to Capital of The Misuse of Power

Ey Woodrow Wilson,
President of Princeton University.

FOR the first time in the history of America there is a general feeling that issue is now joined or about to be joined, between the power of accumulated capital and the privileges and the opportunities of the masses of the people.

The power of accumulated capital, as at all other times and in all other circumstances, is in the hands of a comparatively small number of persons, but there is a very widespread impression that these persons have been able in recent years, as never before, to control the national development in their own interest.

The contest that has resulted is generally said to be between capital and labor, but that is too narrow and too special a conception of it. The contest is rather between capital in all its larger accumulations and all other less concentrated, more dispersed, smaller and mere economic forces in the land. This process of segregation is always a symptom of deep discontent.

No observant man can longer shut his eyes to the fact that the contesting forces in our modern society have broken its unity and destroyed its organic harmony—not because that was inevitable, but because men have used their power thoughtlessly and selfishly, and because legitimate undertakings have been pushed to illegitimate lengths.

The most striking fact about the actual organization of modern society is that the most conspicuous, the most readily wielded and the most formidable power is not the power of government, but the power of capital.

We have forgotten what the power of government means, and have found out what the power of capital means, and so we do not fear government and are not jealous of political pawer. We fear capital and are jealous of its domination.

There will be need of many cool heads and much excellent judgment amongst us to curb this new power without throwing ourselves back into the gulf of old (governmental) domination, from which we were the first to find a practical way of escape.

Capital now looks to the people like a force and interest apart, with which they must deal as with a master, and not as with a friend. No one can mistake the fact and no one knows better than the manipulators of capital how many circumstances there are to justify that impression. We can never excuse ourselves from the necessity of dealing with facts.

I am sure that many bankers must have realized that the most isolated and the most criticised interest of all is banking. The banks are, in the general view and estimation, the especial and exclusive instrumentalities of capital, used on a large scale. They stand remote from the laborer, and the body of the people, and put whatever comes into their coffers at the disposal of the great captains of industry, the great masters of finance, the corporations which are in the way to crush all competitors.

I shall not stop to ask how far this view of the banks is true. But they are, in fact, singularly remote from the laborer and the body of the people, from the farmer and from the small trader of our extensive countrysides.

I trust you will not think me impertinent if I say that they (the bankers) excuse themselves from knowing a great many things which it would be manifestly to their interests to know, and that they are sometimes singularly ignorant, or at least, singularly indifferent, about what I may call the social and political functions of banking, particularly in a country governed by opinion.

"Barbarians at Play"

By J. T. Lincoln.

THE green field lay bright in the sunshine, while beyond rolled the ocean, blue as the sky above it. About the side lines great ladies and gentlemen of fashion were gathered to enjoy the game. Some sat in finely upholstered carriages, drawn by magnificent horses, whose golden harness trappings glittered in the sunshine; others sat in automobiles, while others, clinging to the tradition of an earlier day, were there on horseback. On the piazza of the club-house finely gowned women and well-groomed men drank tea while they watched swift-footed ponies, bearing their crimson and yellow clad riders helter-skelter over the field. As for the game, it was a splendid show—they played well, those husky young fellows, with a skill and courage altogether admirable, giving the lie to the notion that wealth and dissipation necessarily go hand in hand.

As I watched the game, admiring the skill of the players, and realizing the magnificent surroundings in which they spend their lives—surroundings permitting of infinite leisure for the cultivation of body and mind—the words of Matthew Arnold, in his beautiful apostrophe to Oxford, came to my mind. "There are our young Barbarians at play." Arnold, it will be remembered, referred to the upper, middle, and lower classes of English society as Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. The aristocrats, he said, inherited from the Barbarian nobles, their early ancestors, that individualism, that passion for doing as one likes, which was so marked a characteristic. From the Barbarians, moreover, came their love of field sports, the care of the body, manly vigor, good looks, and fine complexions. "The chivalry of the Barbarians with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing,—what is this," he asks, "but the commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class?" "There are our young Barbarians at play." That line of Arnold's coming to my mind, which at that moment was contrasting the scenes I have described, suggested the thought that despite the familiar words in the Declaration of Independence, and our inherited repugnance to the idea, we have an upper, middle, and lower class in America.—The Atlantic.

Make Use of Swamp Land

In Most Cases, by a Proper System of Drainage, It May Be Made to Pay.

By H. W. Swope.

THERE is a great deal of low land in every state. Most of it will be reclaimed some time and made into good, productive farm land, but there are places on almost every farm where different treatment might work beneficially without any special outlay. During these last three wet seasons there have been many acres of low lands that could not be cultivated, and consequently were waste lands. I want to make a little suggestion as to how we can make use of these lands. Sow them down with tame grasses. I have gone through many big sloughs that ran through two or three farms and noticed that while one farmer had a fine stand of timothy hay on the lowest spot his neighbor, whose land wasn't any lower, let it go to weeds. One farmer in particular hauled off two loads of this hay an acre, worth $8 a load, while his neighbor was paying taxes on the same kind of land and didn't get a cent from it.

This timothy and clover will not only net a good income, but will increase the fertility of the soil, thus putting it in fine shape for grain growing when the wet season is over. Land worth $50 to $100 an acre is too valuable to let lie as waste land, when you can easily get $16 an acre out of it. The trouble in such cases is that such land has always been waste land, and the farmer's attention has never been called to the possibility of reclaiming it easily and cheaply. Sometimes a shallow ditch through the lowest part will carry off most of the water quickly, thereby rendering a portion of the ground suitable for certain crops.

Of course, the real remedy is a thorough system of drainage, with tiles running back well to the high grounds.

YOUNG WALTER SCOTT.

How the Boy of the Canongate Told Stories to His Comrades.

The business office of a writer to the signet, as a Scotch lawyer is called, is not an especially cheerful place at any time, and the interior of such a room looked particularly cheerless on a late winter afternoon in Edinburgh in 1786. A boy of fifteen sat on a high stool at an old oak desk and watched the snow falling in the street. Occasionally he could see people passing the windows men and women wrapped to their ears in plaid shawls for the wind whistled down the street so loudly that the boy could hear it, and the cold was bitter. The boy looked through the window until he almost felt the chill himself, and then to keep warm, held his head in his hand and fastened his eyes on the big heavy leaved book in front of him which bore the unappealing title Erskine's "Institutes." The type was fine, and the young student had to read each line a dozen times before he could understand it. Sometimes his eyes would involuntarily close and he would doze a few moments, only to wake with a start to look quickly over at another desk near the fire where his father sat steadily writing, and then to a table in the corner where a very old man was always sorting papers.

The winter light grew dim, so dim that the boy could no longer see to read. He closed the book with a bang.

"Father."

"Yes, Walter, lad?" The lawyer looked up from his writing and smiled at the figure on the high stool.

"I'd best be going home; there's no more light here to see by."

"A good reason, Walter. Wrap yourself up warm, for the night is cold."

Young Walter slid down from his seat and stretched his arms and legs to cure the stiffness in them. He was a sturdy, well built lad, with tousled yellow hair, frank eyes with a twinkle in them, and a mouth that was large and betokened humor. When he walked he limped, but he held himself so straight that when he was still no one would have noticed the deformity.

Five minutes later the boy was plowing his way through the narrow streets of the Canongate, the old town part of Edinburgh that had as ancient a history of street brawls as the Paris kennels. Nobody who could help it was abroad, and Walter was glad when he reached the door of his father's house in George square and could find shelter from the cutting wind. The Scotch evening meal was simple, soon over, and then came the time to sit before the blazing logs on the great open hearth and tell stories. The older people were busy at cards in another room, and Walter, with a group of boys of his own age who lived in the neighborhood and liked to be with the lame lad, had the fireside to themselves. In front of the fire young Walter was no longer the sleepy student of Erskine's "Institutes"; his eyes shone as he told story after story of the Scotch border, half of them founded on old ballads or legends he knew by heart and half the product of his own eager imagination. Whole poems, filled with battles and hunts and knightly adventures he could recite from memory, and his eye for the color and trappings of history was so keen that the boys could see the very scenes before them. They sat in a circle about him, listening eagerly to story after story, forgetting everything but the boy's words, and showing their fondness and admiration for the romancer in each glance. Walter was minstrel and prophet and historian to the boys of the Canongate by the winter fire, as he was to be later to the whole nation of Englishmen.—From Rupert Sargent Holland's "Historic Boyhoods" in St. Nicholas.

On Commercial Politeness.

The man who solicits your advertisement, the salesman who has samples to exhibit, the life insurance agent whose hair-trigger tongue pleads eloquently for your family, even the seductive canvasser, who tries to inveigle you into buying a history of the world in twenty-five volumes, can be listened to for a courteous minute or two and politely dismissed without seriously clogging the wheels of business. Perhaps they may really have something worth while to offer. Above all, the tellers and the cashier of every bank need a course in the art of gracious expression. Why should the depositor of money be regarded with frowning suspicion, and why should his mistake in indorsing checks wrong side up or his failure to have his books balanced regularly call forth shouts of correction instead of a few words of kindly instruction? After all, he is only ignorant or only forgetful. No dark scheme for defrauding the bank lurks behind his failure to follow the bank's rules. Courtesy is its own reward. It pays in personal satisfaction, in minimizing friction, in making friends and in raising you in the eyes of your business associates.—Scientific American.

City Linear Table.

The city child was describing to her friends a very tall tree she had seen in the country.

"Oh, it was awful big," she said.

"Well, how big?" they asked.

"Three flights," came the answer.—New York Press.

Not a Bark.

Terrier—Don't you have any dog watch on this craft?

Tabby—No. This is a cat boat."—Life.