

# After Many Years.

A Story of Two Ellens, a Schoolroom, Some Mills, and a Syndicate.

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man at the desk had a worried look. He lifted his pencil from the memorandum slip and stared at the figures—then he shook his gray head despondently.

Again he added up the columns, but the total remained the same. The pencil dropped from his fingers and the memorandum was pushed aside.

He stared through the window beside him and the look of worry slowly deepened.

"It's no use to fight any longer," he muttered. "I'll have to throw up my hands." He drew his breath sharply. "How can I tell Ellen?" he half moaned.

A step at the door startled him. He looked around suddenly. A girl was standing in the doorway, a slender girl, with a smiling face.

"A penny for your thoughts, daddy," she cried, as she came forward and laid her hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Make it a million pennies, dear," said the man, half seriously, "and perhaps I'll betray them."

The girl dropped into the chair beside the desk.

"Do you wonder why I am here, daddy?"

"If you want me to wonder, dear. Of course, I've ceased to wonder at anything you do. Is this something very special?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Then it can't be money."

"No, daddy."

Her look was bright and yet tender.

"I am here, daddy, because I was sure you wanted me. I know you don't believe in that. But it is quite true. I felt you calling me, daddy. I felt that you needed me. Be very fair, daddy. Wasn't I in your mind?"

His look grew gentle.

"You are always in my mind, Ellen."

She patted his hand.

"Yes, daddy. But wasn't I in your mind more especially this morning?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes."

He turned away as he uttered the word and stared again through the window.

The girl drew nearer and her white fingers tightened on his hand.

"New, see here, daddy," she quietly said, "you are not playing fair with me. You are keeping something hidden that I should know. You do it in a very clumsy way, daddy. A child could see through you. Come, now, 'less up, daddy. Is it business?"

"Yes," he murmured.

The girl suddenly smiled.

"I was afraid it was you, daddy. I was afraid you had been to Dr. Arthur and he had told you something you didn't want me to know. And so it's only the business? What about it, daddy?"

He turned and looked at her.

"It's in a very bad way, dear," he answered. "I had made up my mind to tell you to-day."

The girl nodded.

"That's what drew me down here," she gravely said. "Go on, daddy."

His air of trouble came back.

"It looks, my dear, as if your father was a bankrupt. The mills have been going wrong. The Acme syndicate is too much for us. They undersell us and their grip on the market can't be shaken off. We are doomed, Ellen, doomed."

The girl gently stroked the man's hand.

"That's bad, daddy, very bad. I know how you must feel after all these years of toil and upbuilding. But be philosophical, daddy—and don't you dare worry about me. I can do my share toward supporting the family—and there's no doubt I need the discipline. I've been a much pampered girl, daddy, but you haven't spoiled me. Cheer up, dear. After everything else is gone, we will still have each other."

He raised his eyes and she saw that there were tears in them.

"Why, daddy?"

She rose quickly and put her arms about him. And for a little while they were silent.

"Now we really must cheer up, daddy," she presently said, and smilingly kissed his cheek. "Don't you laugh, but something tells me hope and help are on the way."

He shook his head at her.

"I know of no way in which help can come," he said.

In hand, and the man at the desk pointed to the chair the girl had just vacated.

"Thank you," said the young man. "My errand is a slightly peculiar one. It may seem trivial to a man of business. I came in to make an inquiry."

He hesitated.

"Go on," said the older man.

The young man looked about the room and his eyes encountered the gaze of the girl. He looked back.

"This isn't the place to intrude a touch of sentiment," he resumed, "but it is sentiment that drew me in. May I ask if you are Mr. David Burrill?"

"I am," the older man responded.

"The name of Burrill is not a common one," said the stranger. "But it is a familiar one to me. It is so familiar that when I saw it above your office door I stopped short. Then I entered. I hope you will accept the explanation I am about to offer. Let me first say that the name of Burrill is fondly remembered and cherished by my father. He believes that one who bore that name had a marked influence on his early years. He has often told me how she aided and encouraged him. The impression she made on his young life has not been effaced by the years. It would please my father to know that the name she bore drew my attention. He would feel that it was a tribute, even though a small one, to Ellen Burrill's gentle memory."

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## A Man Must Find Himself.

A man once came to me and said, "What do you think I had better do with my son?" And in telling him, it seemed to me that I had somewhat embodied my feeling about the question of the art student. "Your son," I said, "undoubtedly has some talent for art, start him in art if you like, but first of all, I'd make a man of him because he will then do well what he pleases." For it seems to me that before a man tries to express anything to the world he must recognize in himself an individual, a new one, very distinct from others. Walt Whitman did this, and that is why I think his name so often comes to me. The one great cry of Whitman was for a man to find himself, to understand the fine thing he really is. If liberated. Most people, either by training or inheritance, count themselves at the start as "no good," or "second rate" or "ordinary," whereas in everyone there is the great mystery; every single person in the world has evidence to give of his own individuality, providing he has acquired the full power to make clear this evidence.

He paused and again his gaze met that of the girl. And the girl suddenly arose and came forward and put out a slender hand.

"Thank you, sir," she said, and her voice trembled. "This is a very beautiful thing you have done. We are used to hearing Ellen Burrill praised, but your tribute is different—it is so unexpected, so sweet and fine and sincere."

The young man's face flushed as he resumed his seat.

"Then I was not wrong in assuming that you might be of the same kin?"

The man at the desk slowly nodded.

"Ellen Burrill was my sister."

A smile suddenly lighted the young man's face.

"Then you were the little Davy, the young brother whom Ellen was educating? She often talked of you—of her hopes and plans for your future."

The older man gravely nodded.

"I am David," he answered. "Ellen was both sister and mother to me."

He turned toward the girl. "This is my daughter, another Ellen Burrill."

The young man bowed.

"You must be proud of your name," he said.

"I am proud," replied the girl; "very proud."

The stranger looked back to the older man.

"Would you care to listen to some things my father told me concerning this teacher whose memory he holds so dear?"

"Yes, yes," the older man answered, and the girl suddenly drew her chair nearer the stranger.

"Perhaps," hesitated the young man, "the time is not an opportune one."

"The time is your own," said the older man.

The young man still hesitated.

"My father was a poor boy," he presently began. "His home was a poor one, there were other children and he knew but little parental restraint. He grew up wild and lawless—if the term can be applied to a child. His days in school were stormy ones, and usually there was punishment waiting for him when he reached home. But somehow he managed to keep his place through the primary and intermediate grades and finally found himself in the highest or grammar grade. He was ten years old, rude and mischievous, and preferring school because it was more comfortable than home. One day, after he had been especially annoying, a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw a new teacher smiling down at him. He cowered, expecting a blow, but the new teacher only looked down and said: 'I want to talk to you after school.' That talk after school was something my father will always remember. It was the first time that anybody had thought it worth while to speak to him pleasantly. It was not a sermon that he received in that memorable half hour. The new teacher talked to him about himself—about the great world outside, its chances, its rewards. Somehow she contrived to arouse the boy's ambition. He suddenly felt that he was meant for better and bigger things

than could be found in that dull suburb of the same old town. She was only a young girl, this new teacher, but no one's words had ever impressed him as hers did. He came out of that dingy schoolroom a different boy. The next day he found that the teacher's name was Burrill, Ellen Burrill. Of course the change in the boy was not immediately apparent. He was still mischievous, still a source of trouble to the other teachers. But he studied harder, he worked harder. And all the time his expanding mind held fast to the things Ellen Burrill told him in that wonderful half hour. Sometimes he had a chance to walk home with her, and when one of his companions called him 'teacher's pet' he fought with him, and when the others interfered he fought with them and was only subdued when a swiftly thrown stone knocked him senseless. That hurt kept him in bed for almost a week, and Ellen Burrill came to see him and brought him a big orange and a little bunch of flowers and a glass of jelly, and read to him from a wonderful book called 'Ivanhoe.' She let him take the book when he was well, and he read it lovingly every word. Then came another wonderful book, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' and after this there were histories and Plutarch. He fairly devoured them all, the teacher—he was as tall as she was when he was twelve—helping him by suggestion and explanation and frequently testing his knowledge. His association with her had improved him in other ways. He was more careful about his personal appearance and his manners must have improved greatly. Chances came to him to earn small sums of money on the outside. He worked hard. He studied hard. He meant to rise. He was eager to get out into the world

"Trust me," laughed the young man, and put out his hand.

The girl came forward. Her wet eyes were glistening.

"Mr. Greer," she said, "I—I knew that someone was bringing us glad tidings. There, there, daddy, you know it's true. If you will come to dinner with us I will tell you all about it."

The young man smiled.

"I will gladly come," he said, "both for the dinner and the story."

"And for a keepsake that I want to send your father," said the girl, "in remembrance of my Aunt Ellen. It is the copy of 'Ivanhoe' that she loaned him in that time so long ago. And I will write in it, 'In remembrance of the Ellen you loved, from the Ellen who loves you.'"

"Fine," murmured the young man.

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"Fine," murmured the young man.

## Dresden's Fine Points.

By REV. DR. E. C. BASS.

It halted at our feet and held our gaze for a week, and every day this city of art, and culture, and enterprise grew upon us. How can 500,000 people have so clean and sweet streets? There is less in Dresden to offend the senses than in any other city on either side of the ocean. No wonder that resident Americans love their adopted home, and many come hither to tarry days and weeks. It is a great show, every way first class—just the window exhibits of one of those streets! The finest of goods and jewelry and pictures, most attractively arranged, all along the way for blocks! If New York and Chicago have as fine goods on sale, their store windows are not so rich to the eyes of gazers and passers-by.

The picture gallery is Dresden's finest show. No words can adequately describe any great or beautiful thing. We must see and feel in order to see well. Hundreds of these paintings are so fine that any one of them would be a great treasure in a home or in a small collection, but in such a wilderness of pictures very few really attract attention and abide in the memory of the sightseer. The following held us: "The Tribute Money," "Judas Bargaining With the Jewish Rulers," "Christ Among the Doctors of the Law," and the "Sixteen Madonna." This last is counted Raphael's masterpiece. Once seen, it must remain a cherished memory. The authorities were wise in assigning to this picture a room by itself. But my very amateur opinion is that they can and should be wiser still. The light does not properly fall upon this canvas. A different room—one very differently lighted—is needed. A score or two of people can sit or stand in this room, but only one good viewpoint can be found, and hardly a half dozen can get that viewpoint at once—and that one viewpoint is not good enough. Yet, to see this one picture a little, and to see it imperfectly, pays for a long journey. Luther and Raphael were born in the same year (1483), and both wrought greatly for their own day and for all later ages.

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