

"PRIDE OF THE WORKROOM"

Lesson in Humble Life of English Seamstress Overtaken by Sudden Death.

Prosperity no more secures happiness and influence than June insures sunshine. Apart from that spiritual state which makes for peace, the actual contentment of men or women in our world is chiefly founded upon their relation to work.

A story of victory in the face of apparent failure may be read by the student of human history in an obscure paragraph of an English newspaper, setting forth an inquiry by a coroner's court into the death of an old dressmaker who had been run over on a London street.

Mary Anne Bruce was seventy years old, and lived with her sister in Poplar. She left home daily at eight o'clock in the morning, and reached there about nine at night. She had a small old-age pension, and earned eight or nine shillings a week.

But this slender dose of shillings, contrasting with the long hours of work, was not the whole story of the dressmaker's life. Witnesses further testified that she had been employed by one firm for 40 years, that she was "the pride of the workroom," and that all the employees were "much upset" on hearing of her death.

Forty years of toil, and then sudden death overtaking age and unguarded weakness! It is a grim and gloomy record in the newspaper history of an ambitious, money-loving age. But she was "the pride of the workroom," and her fellow workers loved her.

Sensitive to Art.

Said the art gallery guide: "Just watch the crowd a while and see which of their antics impress you most."

Presently the visitor said: "I think it is the queer attitudes so many of them strike."

"Exactly," said the guide. "They are imitating the poses of the figures in the portraits. Anybody who sits for a portrait is supposed to strike a graceful attitude. All these people who have never been painted realize the grace there is in the pose of the head, the turn of the wrist, the slope of the shoulders."

"The men are as bad as the women. They straighten up, they droop, they tilt their heads, they arrange their hands and feet in imitation of the figures they admire most. Sometimes their attempts are very clever, again they are simply ridiculous."

Ancient Superstitions.

A writer in one of our leading dailies remarks: "No one knows why the number 13 is counted unlucky." Thirteen was the number sat down to that "Last Supper," and the old painter, in depicting the scene, makes Judas, in rising hastily, upset the salt. To eat together was the sign of friendship.

Would Concentrate Charities.

Mrs. Rheta Childs Dorr, writing in one of the magazines of the fighting chance of the city child, thinks that the foes of the child, poverty, disease and premature death, should be fought by an organized army rather than the amateur skirmishers that give their time to it.

Too Grave a Risk.

Nubbins—I should like a vacation, sir. Do you think you could get along without me for a couple of weeks? The Boss (heartily)—Sure! Nubbins (a little dubious)—Well, I guess I won't let you try it.

A Leadership Explained.

"How did you come to appoint Bliggins leader of your glee club? He can't sing." "That's why. We let him stand up and beat time on condition that he won't try to sing."

A Twentieth Century Kingmaker by Fred A. Boalt



70 years ago Andrew Belton, twenty-six years old, went from London to Morocco on an impulse, kicked Aziz off the throne, put Mulai Hafid on it and returned to London by the next boat.

Now he is twiddling his thumbs and waiting for something to turn up in the king-making line. Kald Belton—to give him his correct title—is the newest thing in twentieth century kingmakers.

Belton was in South Africa in 1908. He came to London on six months' leave. Two weeks of London fogs and drizzle and the prospect of a half-year of inactivity filled him with disgust.

Then a friend wrote him that he had been commissioned by a syndicate to secure a mining con-



cession in Morocco from a pretender to the throne named Mulai Hafid. Would Belton like to go along?

He met the friend in Tangier, and the two were joined by a third Englishman, Redman, who had been brought up in Morocco, knew the natives and spoke Arabic fluently.

At Larache, a port eighty miles south of Tangier, they succeeded, by the aid of the British vice consul, in hiring mules to take them to Alcazar, a town twenty miles inland, which was held by the troops of Sultan Aziz.

The sultan had issued an edict forbidding natives to assist Europeans. Their muleteer refused to go further than Alcazar, as the tribes were carrying on the jihad (holy war) against the Christians. So they employed a notorious brigand and horse-thief, one Abselem, to take them through to Fez.

Dressed as Moorish women, the Englishmen reached the gates of Fez on July 13, to be informed that the pretender and his court had arrived three days before.

Next morning they sent a messenger to the grand vizier that three Englishmen desired an audience with the sultan. At noon the following day two soldiers came to them from the vizier and escorted them to a house which had been placed at their disposal at Mulai Hafid's order.

They remained indoors until the 15th, when a mounted escort conducted them to the palace.

Arrayed as Moors of the highest class, they were received by Kald Meshwar, the master of ceremonies, who carried a tall wand with a silver knob, and who preceded them up a staircase and into a long, narrow room, where, at the further end, sat Mulai Hafid, cross-legged on a dark green velvet couch.

His two viziers, El Glawi and Si Aissa, were sitting on his left. Walking slowly the kaid advanced to within three paces of the throne, bowed, introduced the Englishmen simply as three strangers anxious for an audience, bowed thrice, and retired a little way.

The pretender smilingly motioned them to be seated on three chairs placed on his right, and then said: "Marhaba bi kum" ("You are welcome").

Belton's first impression was that he had never seen a handsomer man. This is his description of him: "A very high, broad forehead, with large black eyes full of light, which sparkle with genuine merriment when he is amused; a big, straight nose; fairly full cheeks, a square, resolute jaw, and the firmest of mouths, set off by a black beard and a small mustache. His complexion is a deep olive; and when he stood up I saw he was well over six feet in height, and finely proportioned to a magnificent physique." He came to business at once.

"Why are you in Fez?" he asked. The concession was named, the price stated, and the pretender ordered Si Aissa to go into the matter further.

"And you?" questioned Mulai Hafid, pointing to Belton.

"I am a soldier," said the future kingmaker. "I have come to offer my services."

"Allah, Allah!" the pretender repeated very slowly; then asked many questions.

Then came Redman's turn. What did he want? He would be useful to Belton as a khalifa (right-hand man).

On the 25th Belton and Redman were again summoned before the pretender, this time in an inclosure close by the palace, where 4,000 troops—infantry, cavalry and artillery—were drawn up and waiting.

"There are some of my soldiers," the pretender said; "see what you can do with them."

The boy—he was little more—was game. The

maneuvers that afternoon were distinctly "smart." At the finish he was given command over 7,000 troops of all arms.

He made those half-wild tribesmen drill as they had never drilled before. He overhauled the arsenal and government stores. He wrote to his commanding officer in South Africa tendering his resignation. He was no longer Lieut. Belton of a British regiment of infantry; he was Kald Belton, kingmaker.

The mahalla of Aziz at Alcazar deserted and proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan. The event swelled the pretender's army by 1,200 fighting men. All through the fall and winter Belton worked on his raw material, and by spring had a superb fighting force, disciplined as well as fearless.

In June of last year Aziz dispatched a strong mahalla to march against Marrakesh. Belton, with 15,000 men and artillery, met the sultan's army within four hours of Marrakesh, routed it with heavy loss, and scattered it. Aziz himself only escaped by hasty flight to Settat, the nearest French military post, from which he afterwards journeyed to Casablanca under a French escort.

The tribes and towns proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan amid great rejoicing. He, on learning of the victory of his southern mahalla, notified the diplomatic corps at Tangier of his wish to be recognized by the powers of Europe and assuring them of his readiness to accept the act of Algiers.

The whole of the diplomatic corps, with one exception, ignored the communication. The exception was Dr. Vassel, the German consul, who recognized Mulai Hafid as the rightful ruler of Morocco.

On Sept. 10 Belton received from the hands of Mulai Hafid his commission, giving him control over the whole of the army and conferring upon him the title of Kaid of Ascaar (kaid of the troops).

Aziz was safe in Tangier, but his brother, Mulai Mohammed, whom Aziz had imprisoned when he came to the throne, had been released and was starting another revolution in Casablanca. Belton met and defeated Mulai Mohammed's army and took him prisoner.

That was in October of last year. On Nov. 13 Mulai Mohammed was brought to Bab el Buchat, where Mulai Hafid was. On the following morning, in the presence of 4,000 of Belton's troops, Mulai Abselem M'rani, an uncle of Mulai Hafid, was tried for treason by the cadis. He had been in treasonable correspondence with Mulai Mohammed.

The cadis found him guilty and sentenced him to have the palms of his hands cut and sewn in a single leathern glove so that he could write no more letters. The punishment was carried out.

That same day Belton took his courage in both hands and address Sultan Mulai Hafid in this wise: "You are still waiting for European recognition. You will wait long if you continue such practices. The powers will hear of this punishment through the French press, which is hostile to you."

The remonstrance had its effect. A week later Belton saw the uncle. The glove had been taken off his hands and the wounds were almost healed.

One by one the power recognized Mulai Hafid, and Kald Belton was an amused witness of a tug of war between the diplomats of Germany, France and Spain, who were all pulling for favors and concessions from the man they had been so loath to recognize. Naturally, Dr. Vassel, the German consul, was the new sultan's favorite. German syndicates got valuable mining concessions which France wanted.

France retaliated by re-establishing the military mission which had been with Aziz at the time of his defeat. This move threatened Belton's su-

premacny. The sultan gave him an opening. "You looked worried, commander, when I saw you on parade. What is wrong?" he asked.

Kald Belton replied: "I am worried. Are these French officers going to serve under me, or am I going to serve under them?"

"I cannot give you an answer to any of those questions tonight," the sultan replied, "but whatever happens, remember this, that people who are forced on me will never be my friends."

That very night Belton dispatched a mahalla against Alt Yussli, who was plundering caravans and travelers. The force was held in check by tribesmen and the sultan ordered Belton to conduct the campaign against the bandit in person. He went reluctantly, for the court was tense with intrigue and the French were straining every nerve to get their military mission established.

He caught up with Alt Yussli and after five hours of hard fighting defeated him, compelled him to surrender and collected heavy indemnities. Then he hurried back to Fez, wondering what his enemies had been doing in his absence.

Ominous news awaited his return. Germany had agreed to give France a free hand in Morocco on condition that Germany's commerce was not restricted. The French minister had visited Fez.

Belton went straight to the sultan who said: "You have heard the news?" "The agreement? Yes. It was a surprise to me."

"A greater surprise to me," the sultan replied. Germany had kept, not only the sultan, but her own consul, Dr. Vassel, in ignorance of the negotiations. While Dr. Vassel was assuring the sultan that Germany would not desert him in his time of need, Germany was doing that very thing. Neither knew the thing was going to be done until after it was done.

The next six weeks Belton spent in studying French diplomacy. The French officers shunned him, cut him, described him as a renegade. The sultan replied to these slanders that Belton had served him well. The French replied that French officers would serve him equally well.

The sultan refused flatly to part with Belton.

In the spring there were uprisings, which Belton put down. At Fez the undercurrent of intrigue continued to flow, and the French were slowly gaining ground. The treasury was empty. The creditors of Aziz were clamoring to be paid. France was the chief creditor, and the French were offering further loans.

Belton broke the power of the bandit tribes and posted back to Fez. He demanded to see the sultan. An audience was refused. He waited days and weeks, repeating his demand. He appealed to the grand vizier, reciting what he had done in the sultan's service. The hardships he had borne and the excitements and the dangers had turned his hair white. His health was broken.

The sultan would not see him, would not explain. He, worried, harassed and bullied by the French, was ashamed to face the young Englishman who had placed him on the throne and confessed to him that he had no choice but to let him go.

He decided it would be better to resign at once than to be kicked out later by the French. He tendered his resignation to the sultan through the foreign minister.

The resignation was accepted, presumably with regret, and Belton lost no time in returning to London. Since his return the sultan has conferred on him the insignia of a grand officer of the Orders of Moghrebis and Mulai Indress for distinguished services to the Moroccan empire.

Two badges and a star are all he has to remind him of the days when he essayed the role of kingmaker.

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MONEY MADE IN TWO WAYS.



"That palmist will tell you when you are going to die." "And then run and tell the undertaker, I suppose, and get a commission on the business."

The Enemies.

Apreros of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city: "I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis."

"Why," said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every 48 hours.'

"A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted: "Well, it ain't enough," it said."

Speaking of Fires.

Roy Bone, a brother of United States District Attorney Harry Bone, several years ago was a reporter on the Wichita Beacon. In going to a fire one of the members of the fire department was thrown from a horse cart and killed. Bone wrote a head, with this as the first deck: "Gone to His Last Fire."

The piece got into the paper and Bone was promptly "fired."—Kansas City Journal.

Local Enterprise.

Tourist—why do you call this a volcano? I don't believe it has had an eruption for a thousand years!

Guide—Well, the hotel managers in this region club together and keep a fire going in it every year during the season.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Sprouting Up.

"Don't you think, Mary, you are too old to play with the boys?" "No, mamma; the older I get, the better I like them."—Judge.

PRESSED HARD.

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.