

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 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 started 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.

"Now, see here, daddy," she quickly 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."

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 your attention. He would feel that it was a tribute, even though a small one, to Ellen Burrill's gentle memory."

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?"

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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 and do the wonderful things those other poor boys had done. And yet when his last day in the old building came and he realized that they must separate, that he would know this sweet and gracious helpfulness no more, he wished for the moment that he had failed in his examinations instead of doing so well. And when the teacher told him how proud she was of him and how she knew he was sure to become a good and worthy man, and when nobody was looking suddenly stooped and lightly kissed his cheek as she bade his goodbye, he broke down; big boy that he was, and cried. Well, the chance he hoped for came, and it led him almost across the continent and involved him in many serious struggles. But through them all he never forgot those parting words of the little teacher. It was nearly ten years later when he heard her name again and then she was dead."

He stopped and looked around. The older man had turned and was staring through the window and the girl was crying.

For a little while no one spoke.

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. Wait 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.

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 at 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 cringed, 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 tame 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

Then the girl looked up. "And this boy who knew my Aunt Ellen was your father?"

"Yes."

"May we ask your name?"

The young man flushed. "Pardon me," he said. "I was forgetful. My name is Greer—Dunham Greer."

The man at the desk suddenly turned around.

"Greer?" he echoed. "Is your father the railway man?"

"Yes."

"The Greer of the Acme syndicate?"

"I believe he is the Acme syndicate."

The older man drew a long breath. "Will you pardon me if I ask what brings you here, Mr. Greer?"

The young man did not hesitate. "I came to make some inquiries concerning the Lincoln mills."

The older man nodded.

"I thought so. This is the office of the Lincoln mills. I am their owner."

The young man gave a little start. "This is a day of unusual happenings," he hastily said.

"You know the condition of my mills?" said the older man steadily.

"Yes, I think I know."

"If you do not know," said the older man, "I can quickly show you."

The young man suddenly smiled. "Wait," he said. "Here's an idea. It's all mine, and what is much better, it will meet with my father's approval. He will like it because it gives him the chance to show—in a somewhat roundabout way—his regard for the memory of his teacher. You are a Burrill, you are of the kin. She loved and toiled for you. Listen and tell me if this meets with your approval. The Lincoln mills will not be closed. You will continue their owner and operator—the syndicate agreeing to contract for every yard of cloth you make at the prevailing market price. Does that suit you?"

The older man's lip trembled. For a moment he could not speak.

"Can you do this?" he murmured.

"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.

Indian Law Makers.

In the constitutional convention at Pawhuska in the Osage Nation on December 31, 1881, the constitution of the Osage Nation, by which the Great and Little Osages united and became one body politic under the style of the Osage Nation, was adopted. James Bigheart was president of said convention. All the framers of the Osage constitution, with the exception of one, Cyprian Tairian, were full blood Indians, he being a mixed blood. The interpreter, Paul Akin, and the secretary, E. M. Matthews, were both mixed blood Indians. All the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court were mixed blood Indians, while the Associate Justices were full bloods. Medico-Legal Journal.

ONE DIVORCE TO TWELVE MARRIAGES IN AMERICA

Government Experts Announce That These Will Be the Figures Ultimately in the United States and the Present Rate of Increase in the Ratio and Regard Their Estimate as Conservative—Divorce More Frequent in the Far Western States Than in the East.

Two-thirds of the Total Number of Divorces in This Country Between 1887 and 1906 Were Granted to the Wife—Desertion the Cause in 39 Per Cent. of the Cases—Delaware Has Lowest Divorces in Proportion to Population, With New York and New Jersey Next Lowest.

In two large volumes of statistical reports, entitled "Marriage and Divorce," recently issued by the Federal Government, there have been compiled complete data upon this absorbing problem of social life in the United States. It has been analyzed, classified, compared in a score of different methods, all of which point to the one dominating fact, namely, that in the United States divorces are steadily increasing, not merely in number as the population increases, but in proportion to both marriage and population.

The period covered in the report is the twenty years from 1887 to 1906, and the previous twenty years between 1867 and 1886 is fully covered for the purposes of comparison. Starting with marriages, for that is the necessary preliminary to divorce, it is found that the marriage rate fluctuates according to commercial prosperity. Financial panics always pull down the rate of increase, this being noticeably apparent during the

Indian Ter.	5,550
Arkansas	5,440
New York	2,690
Connecticut	2,320

Washington	513
Montana	479
New York	60
Delaware	43

Japan	215
United States	73
Switzerland	32
France	23
England	2

hard times of 1894 and 1904, when in each case the totals decreased below that of the previous year.

More Marriages in South.

The percentage of marriages is greater in the South than in the North. The Western States, during the last few years, have made a rapid jump upward in the marriage rate and are passing the Southern States. The percentage of marriages to every 10,000 of population has been decreasing somewhat in the North Atlantic and North Central States, while it is increasing rapidly elsewhere in the Union.

The highest marriage rate is in the old Indian Territory part of Oklahoma, followed closely by Arkansas and Texas. The lowest rate is in California, Connecticut and Delaware. New York is well down toward the bottom of the list, close with New Jersey, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

In the United States as a whole there are ninety-three marriages for every 10,000 of total population, and 357 marriages for every 10,000 of the population of marriageable age, or above fifteen years old. The only countries that rival this high rate are Western Australia, Hungary and Saxony, which present about the same average figures. The fewest marriages occur in Ireland, with Sweden next. Ireland's rate is less than one-half that of the United States.

The number of divorces granted in this country in 1887 was 9937. Forty years later, in 1906, the number was 72,062. Taking the census years of 1870 and 1900 as a basis for population, this was a percentage increase of from 28 to 73 per 100,000 of population. The rate of increase was nearly three times, and the evil has been growing in even greater proportion during the last half dozen years.

Rate Constantly Increases.

The movement, though occasionally checked or retarded by commercial crises, periods of business depression or other causes, has been almost without exception upward. In only four years, 1870, 1884, 1894 and 1902, was the divorce rate for the country as a whole lower than it was in the preceding year. The upward movement, although varying in intensity in different sections, has been general throughout the country.

Divorce is far more frequent in the far Western States than in the East. Washington has a long lead, with Montana a close second. Colorado is third. Delaware has the fewest in proportion, with New York and New Jersey next lowest.

It is not easy to account for the wide variations in the divorce rates in different States, New York with only sixty to every 100,000 married persons, and Washington with 523 in similar proportion. The results are affected by a great variety of influences. The population as regards race or nationality; the proportion of immigrants, and the countries from which they came; the relative strength of the prevailing religions, and particularly the strength of the Roman Catholic faith; the variations in divorce laws and in the procedure and practice of the courts granting divorce; the interstate migration of

divorces granted to wives were for adultery of the husband, and 10 per cent. of the divorces granted to husbands were for cruelty on the part of the wife.

Three-fourths of all the divorces granted in the United States are for one or the other of the three great causes—desertion, cruelty and adultery—and their frequency is in the order named. Of all the cases in twenty years the percentage was: Desertion, 38.9; cruelty, 21.8; adultery, 16.3. All other grounds for action, such as drunkenness, neglect to provide and many other legal charges figure only in small fractions.

Adultery is the only ground on which the number of divorces granted to the husband exceeds the number granted to the wife. This difference may be attributed to the probability that the offense when committed by the wife is less likely to be condoned and perhaps more likely to be discovered. Public sentiment doubtless condemns the offense in the wife more strongly than in the husband, and possibly the courts are in some degree influenced thereby.

The enormous increase in divorce in recent years is almost wholly in the less serious charges of desertion and cruelty.

Few Cases Contested.

Only 15 per cent. of the cases brought in twenty years were contested, and in many of these the contest was merely a formality. The wife more frequently contests than the husband. Cruelty heads the list of contested grounds and desertion is at the foot. Alimony is asked in about two cases in every fifteen and granted in two cases out of twenty-two.

A most interesting phase of the question is how long marriages last before divorce is granted. Owing to the law's delay and the time required before a decree can be obtained, the percentage is small in the first two years of married life, although many couples separate very quickly. The highest figures are reached after three and four years of married life, and then gradually decreases. More than one-half of all divorces are granted before the end of the ninth year.

The rapidity with which matters come to a crisis in the married career is indicated by statistics of the time when they actually separate before applying to the courts. More separations occur in the first and second years of married life than in any subsequent year. By the end of the fifth year more than half of all the separations have taken place.

The Federal Inquirers were not able to obtain complete data about the occupations of divorced persons, but from the partial figures collected they were able to show that actors and professional showmen head the list in proportion to their numbers, with musicians and teachers of music coming next. Commercial travelers rank third. Divorce is least frequent among agricultural laborers and clergy-men.

The courts have granted on an average three out of every four divorce petitions filed.

Cows Liked Band Music.

Twelve or thirteen cows in a herd were grazing in a large field opposite a dwelling house. One day a German band began playing on the road dividing the house from the field.

No sooner did the cows hear the music than they came from the further end of the field and standing with their heads over the dividing stone fence quietly listened to the music.

On the departure of the musicians the cows followed them as far as they could on the other side of the wall. When they could go no further they stood looking piteously. Some of them became so excited that they ran "round and round the field, seeking to get out. Finding no outlet, they returned to the corner where they had lost sight of the band and remained there for a long time.—American Naturalist.

How He Knew.

In an assault and battery case tried in a Cleveland court the prosecuting witness testified at length that the defendant had knocked him senseless and had then kicked him for several minutes.

"If this man's attack rendered you unconscious," demanded the magistrate, "how is it that you know he kicked you when you were down?"

HERE'S THE PERFECT WAITER.

Soup and Culture at Chicago University.

There is now a school for waiters at the University of Chicago. Forty young men, who combine a deep knowledge of psychology and ethics with a gift for breaking dishes and spilling soup on professors, are being taught the gentle art of serving food in an ultra-cultured manner at Hutchinson Hall, the University Commons.

The laboratory method has been chosen to start the new college. Actual experience three times a day will fit the Midway youths for their new activities and prepare them for any exigency that may arise after the completion of their education. Thomas L. Barrall, manager of the Commons, is dean of the latest university department.

The Commons manager attacked his subject under six different heads, including the "last word," in Italian, in which the aspiring waiter is notified that "good scholarship will not make up for a deficiency in efficient and willing service." Mr. Barrall's aim is to obtain artistic service from the kitchen to the customer and then back again with the leavings.

The volunteers, who are trying their best to memorize the new rules, will receive three twenty-cent meals a day for their service, which will be two and a half hours in duration. They will be given the extra attention of receiving bread, butter, and a drink with each meal, but they must not "take rolls or gems in place of bread."

Following are some of the rules for the perfect waiter laid down by Mr. Barrall:

Do not talk, scuffle, or drop your trays.

Avoid, in all cases, eating your meals in sections, part before and part after you work; avoid keeping ice cream or a la mode checks in your pockets.

It is not permitted that you have any one else eat in your place.