

HELPING HELPLESS GIRLS

Women in League in New York to Aid Their Sex.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE HERE GIVEN

Girls' Service League is Dedicated to Aid and Protection of Those Who Work—A Most Worthy Organization.

By Frederick J. Haskin. New York City, March 3.—There still exists today a popular superstition that women are traitors to their own sex, that they fight a petty, guerrilla warfare among themselves, and that when a woman is down and out it is invariably a man who comes nobly and disinterestedly to her rescue. This may be true in some places, especially in the masculine mind, but it isn't so in New York. Here "Women for Women" is a popular slogan in the business and industrial worlds, and the city is filled with feminine clubs and societies whose sole object is the assistance of promotion of their own sex. One of the most interesting of these is an organization of working girls, known as the Girls' Service League, which is dedicated to the aid and protection of girls who work. Every girl on its membership list is constantly on the lookout for girls of distress or unhappiness among her friends and acquaintances. When Laura, the landlady's daughter, suddenly falls into deep depression, or when Katie comes to the factory with eyes red from weeping, the G. S. L. member does not remain an innocent bystander. Usually she puts a tactful arm around Laura or Katie, and says: "Say, kid, if there's anything wrong, come on up to the club and talk it over with our secretary."

director, "and she is very young, and therefore so very stupid. The man, too, is very stupid. He thinks that I, Camilla, would help him desert this child, who is to have a baby." A Dramatic Rescue. Yet another member of the league saw her chance to rush to the rescue of her sex when she came across a young girl in the midst of a heated argument with a man in a corner of a subway station. Without the slightest compunction, she listened to the conversation and heard enough to convince her that the girl was in serious danger. So, approaching the couple boldly, she asked the girl if she could speak to her a minute. "Listen," she said, in some embarrassment, as she had never rescued anybody before, "I wouldn't go with him, if I was you. You can't trust any New York guys. If you ain't got any place to go, you can come to our club. It's all right. You can look it up in the telephone book." "But how will I get rid of him?" asked the girl nervously. "Oh, just leave that to me," said the G. S. L. member. "Say," she exclaimed, walking up to the waiting man, "beat it. This girl's a friend of mine, and I'll tell her father if you don't beat it quick!" At the club, the rescued damsel, whose name was Grace, told the director that she was eighteen years old; that she had met the man for the first time that evening; that he had taken her to a chop suey restaurant, and then had asked her to go to a dance hall with him. But when they reached the door of the so-called dance hall, Grace had sense enough to perceive that it was a hotel. So she had turned and fled to the subway station, where the man had followed and argued with her. Grace, it seemed, was a Philadelphia girl, who had become rebellious of parental discipline and had packed her suitcase and left home a few days before, after her family had retired for the night. She arrived in New York at 3:45 in the morning, and, calling a taxicab, asked the driver to take her to a hotel. At a moving picture theater the following day she met another girl named Anna, who took her to a dancing studio. Here Grace had danced with several strange men, and had been instructed by Anna in the art of picking up men who would take her to the theater. Grace had tried it for the first time the night she was found by the G. S. L. member. When Grace's father came for her, after she had been at the club several days, the director was surprised to learn that she was not eighteen years old, as she had claimed, but only fourteen. Thus, from the foregoing, it may be seen that women are not an indifferent to the welfare of their sex as is commonly supposed. As gallantry declines among men, it apparently rises among women. For the ideals of these girls are the ideals of the medieval knight—to succor weakness, and especially the damsel in distress.

ORIGIN OF HAWAIIANS.

Question Is One Which Still Baffles All Scientists.

Whence came the ancient Hawaiians and others of the Polynesian race, is a query which baffled the members of the Pacific scientific congress when it was in session here last August and which is answered in part by Louis R. Sullivan, of the American museum of natural history, New York, who has been conducting investigations here since the close of the congress relates a Honolulu dispatch. Bodily, facial and cranial characteristics of the Polynesian, according to Mr. Sullivan's tables, show that he is eleven parts Mongoloid, five parts European, and two parts Mongoloid-Melanesian. The seemingly unavoidable conclusion is that the Hawaiian and his Polynesian brothers originally came from Asia. The ancient Hawaiians were a race of regal proportions the most commanding physically. Mr. Sullivan believes the world has ever seen. There never has been any doubt that the Hawaiian, Samoan, Tahitian, Tongan and Maori are closely akin. Their legends, speech, customs and build all testify to the relationship, but hitherto their origin has been lost in the mists of the ages. In order to reach a solution of this riddle, and before he felt he had established the mongoloid-European-Melanesian theory, Mr. Sullivan measured the heads and bodies and noted the characteristics of 2,000 natives of the Hawaiian Islands. This relationship makes the Hawaiian a cousin of the Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatic races, including the Malays, as well as a connection of the American Indian and Eskimo. He also draws some of his blood from the continent of Europe and a very little from the original stock of the Australian aborigine. Through the agency of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, which houses one of the most complete, if not the most complete ethnological collections in existence the interesting search is continuing. Hawaii and Samoa already have been surveyed and farther south scientific expeditions are pursuing the trail. When this data is as complete as it can be made, it will be tabulated and analyzed and the results published within a year or so. Meanwhile, the Polynesian is dying fast; his race is passing out at high speed and the investigations are being pushed with as little delay as possible. A Fable.—First Smashed-up Autoist: "Sorry, old man, I'm afraid I was on the wrong side of the road." Second Ditto: "No, no, it was all my fault. I was entirely too interested in the scenery."

The Prodigal Village by Irving Bacheller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER THREE

Which Tells of the Complaining Coin and the Man Who Lost His Self. There was a certain gold coin in a little bureau drawer in Binville which began to form a habit of complaining to its master. "How cold I am!" it seemed to say to the boy. "I was cold when you put me in here and I have been cold ever since. Br-r-r! I'm freezing."



"I Am Cold, Top," Said the Shepherd.

children and who had fallen sick of the influenza with no fuel in her house.

"I am cold, too!" said the Shepherd. "Why, of course you are," the coin answered. "That's the reason I'm cold. A coin is never any warmer than the heart of its owner. Why don't you take me out of here and give me a chance to move around?"

"Things that would not say a word to other boys often spoke to the Shepherd.

"Let him go," said Mr. Bloggs. Indeed it was the tin soldier, who stood on his little shelf looking out of the window, who first reminded Bob of the loneliness and discomfort of the coin.

As a rule whenever the consciousness of the boy was touched Mr. Bloggs had something to say.

It was late in February and every one was complaining of the cold. Even the oldest inhabitants of Binville could not recall so severe a winter.

Many families were short of fuel. The homes of the working folk were insufficiently heated. Money in the bank had given them a sense of security. They could not believe that its magic power would fail to bring them what they needed.

So they had been careless of their allowance of wood and coal. There were days when they had none and could get none at all.

Some men with hundreds of dollars in the bank went out into the country at night and stole rails of the farmers' fences. The homes of these unfortunate people were ravaged by influenza and many died.

Prices at the stores mounted higher. Most of the gardens had been lying idle. The farmers had found it hard to get help. Some of the latter, indeed, had decided that they could make more by teaming at Millerton than by tilling in the fields, and with less effort. They left the boys and the women to do what they could with the crops. Naturally the latter were small.

So the local sources of supply had little to offer and the demand upon the stores steadily increased. Certain of the merchants had been, in a way, spoiled by prosperity. They were rather indifferent to complaints and demands. Many of the storekeepers, irritated, doubtless, by overwork, had lost their former politeness. There were days when supplies failed to arrive. The railroad service had been had enough in times of peace. Now, it was worse than ever.

Those who had plenty of money found it difficult to get a sufficient quantity of good food, Binville being rather cut off from other centers of life by distance and a poor railroad.

Some drove sixty miles to Hazelmead to do marketing for themselves and their neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bloggs, however, in their luxurious apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, knew little of these conditions until Mr. Bloggs came up late in March for a talk with the mill superintendent.

Many of the sick and poor suf-

ferred extreme privation. Father O'Neil and the Reverend Otis, Singleton of the Congregational church, went among the people, ministering to the sick, of whom there were many, and giving counsel to men and women who were unaccustomed to prosperity and ill-equipped to enjoy it. One day, Father O'Neil saw the Widow Moran coming into town with a great bundle of fagots on her back.

"This looks a little like the old country," he remarked. She stopped and swung her fagots to the ground and announced: "If do that an' my God help us! It's hard times, Father. In spite o' all the money, it's hard times. It looks like there wasn't enough to go round—the ships be takin' so many things to the old country."

"How is my beloved Shepherd?" the good Father asked. "Mother of God! The house is that cold, he's been layin' abed for a week an' Judge Crooker has been away on the circuit."

"Too bad!" said the priest. "I've been so busy with the sick and the dying and the dead I have hardly had time to think of you."

Against her protest he picked up the fagots and carried them on his own back to her kitchen.

He found the Shepherd in a sweater sitting up in bed and knitting socks. "How is my dear boy?" the good Father asked.

"Very sad," said the Shepherd. "I want to do something to help and my legs are useless."

"Courage!" Mr. Bloggs seemed to shout from his shelf at the window-side and just then he assumed a most gallant and determined look as he added: "Forward! March!"

Father O'Neil did what he could to help in that moment of peril by saying: "Cheer up, boy. I'm going out to Dan Mullin's this afternoon and I'll make him bring you a big load of wood. I'll have you at your work to-morrow. The spring will be coming soon and your fuel will be back in the garden."

It was not easy to bring a smile to the face of the little Shepherd those days. A number of his friends had died and others were sick and he was helpless. Moreover, his mother had told him of the disappearance of Pauline and that her parents feared she was in great trouble. This had worried him, and the more because his mother had declared that the girl was probably worse than dead. He could not quite understand it and his happy spirit was clouded. The good Father cheered him with merry jests. Near the end of their talk the boy said: "There's one thing in this room that makes me unhappy. It's that gold piece in the drawer. It does nothing but lie there and shiver and talk to me. Seems as if it complained of the cold. It says that it wants to move around and get warm. Every time I hear of some poor person that needs food or fuel, it calls out to me there in the little drawer and says, 'How cold I am! How cold I am!' My mother wishes me to keep it for some time of trouble that may come to us, but I can't. It makes me unhappy. Please take it away and let it do what it can to keep the poor people warm."

"Well done, boys!" Mr. Bloggs seemed to say with a look of joy as if he never perceived that the enemy was in full retreat.

"There's no worse company," these days, than a hoarded coin," said the priest. "I won't let it plague you any more."

Father O'Neil took the coin from the drawer. It fell from his fingers with a merry laugh as it bounded on the floor and whirled toward the door.

"How Is My Dear Boy?" the Good Father Asked.

"I'll be on my best behavior. Come on," said the minister.

The two men hastened up the street followed by the dejected little yellow dog, Christmas.

Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were out with a committee of the children's helpers and the minister was dining alope that day and, as usual, at one o'clock, that being the hour for dinner in the village of Binville.

"Tell me about yourself," said the minister as they sat down at the table.

"Myself—did you say?" Hiram Bloggs asked as one of his feet crept under his chair to conceal its disreputable appearance, while his dog had partly hidden himself under a serving table where he seemed to be shivering with apprehension as he peered out, with raised hackles, at the stag's head over the mantel.

"Yes." "I ain't got any self, sir; it's all gone," said Bloggs, as he took a swallow of water.

"A man without any self is a curious creature," the minister remarked.

"I'm as empty as a woodpecker's hole in the winter time. The bird has flown. I belong to this here dog. He's a poor dog. I'm all he's got. If he had to pay a license on me I'd have to be killed. He's got to me. He's the only friend I've got."

Hiram Bloggs riveted his attention upon an old warming-pan that hung by the fireplace. He hardly looked at the face of the minister.

"How did you come to lose your self?" the latter asked.

"Married a bad woman and took to drink. A man's self can stand cold an' hunger an' shipwreck an' loss o' friends an' money an' any quantity o' bad luck, take it as it comes, but a bad woman breaks the works in him an' stops his clock dead. Leastways, it done that to me."

"She is like an arrow in his liver," the minister quoted. "Mr. Bloggs, where do you stay nights?"

"I've a shake-down in the little loft over the o' blacksmith shop on Water street. There are cracks in the gable, an' the snow an' the wind blows in, an' the place is dark an' smells o' coal gas an' horses' feet, but Christmas an' I snug up together an' manage to live through the winter. In hot weather we sleep under a tree in the o' graveyard an' study astronomy. Sometimes I wish I was there for good."

"Wouldn't you like a bed in a comfortable house?"

"No, I couldn't take the dog there an' I'd have to git up like other folks."

"I would think that a hardship?"

"Well, ye see, sir, if ye're layin' down ye ain't hungry. Then, too, I like to dilly-dally in bed."

"What may that mean?" the minister asked. "I likes to lay an' think an' build air castles."

"What kind of castles?"

way like one overjoyed and eager to be off. "God bless you, my boy! May it buy for you the dearest wish of your heart." "Ha! ha!" laughed the little tin soldier, for he knew the dearest wish of the boy far better than the priest knew it. Mr. Singleton called soon after Father O'Neil had gone away. "The top of the morning to you!" he shouted, as he came into Bob's room. "It's all right top and bottom," Bob answered cheerfully. "Is there anything I can do for you?" the minister went on. "I'm a regular Santa Claus this morning. I've got a thousand dollars that Mr. Blog sent me. It's for any one that needs help." "Well, be all right as soon as our load of wood comes. It will be here tomorrow morning," said the Shepherd.

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' often o' a time when I'll have a grand suit o' clothes, and a shiny silk tie on my head, an' a roll o' bills in my pocket, big enough to choke a dog, an' I'll be goin' back to the town where I was brought up an' I'll hire a team an' take my ol' mother out for a ride. An' when we pass by, people will be sayin': 'That's Hiram Bloggs! Don't you remember him? Born on the top floor o' the o' sash mill o' the island. He's a multi-millionaire an' a great man. He gives a thousand to the poor every day. Sure, he does!'"

"Blenkinsop, I'd like to help you to recover your lost self and be a useful, respected citizen of this town," said Mr. Singleton. "You can do it if you will and I can tell you how."

Tears began to stream down the cheeks of the unfortunate man, who now covered his eyes with a big, rough hand.

"If you will make an honest effort, I'll stand by you. I'll be your friend through thick and thin," the minister added. "There's something good in you."

The door opened and there on the threshold stood his old self. It was not at all the kind of a self one would have expected to see. It was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome self—the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with curly, dark hair above his brows.

Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and groaned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture.

"I know you," he whispered. "Please come in."

"Not yet," the young man answered, and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad."

Then he vanished. Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his eyes. "Christmas, o' boy, I've been asleep," he muttered. "I guess it's time we turned in."

(To be Continued.)

"I Know You," He Whispered. "Please Come In."

"You or you wouldn't be having a dreadful time like that?"

"Nobody has ever talked to me this way," poor Blenkinsop sobbed. "Nobody but you has ever treated me as if I was human."

"I know—I know. It's a hard old world, but at last you've found a man who is willing to be a brother to you if you really want one."

The poor man rose from the table and went to the minister's side and held out his hand.

"I do want a brother, sir, an' I'll do anything at all," he said in a broken voice.

"Then come with me," the minister commanded. "First, I'm going to improve the outside of you."

When they were ready to leave the house, Blenkinsop and his dog had a bath and the former was shaved and in clean and respectable garments from top to toe.

"You look like a new man," said Mr. Singleton.

"Seems like, I felt more like a proper human bein'," Blenkinsop answered.

Christmas was scampering up and down the hall as if he felt like a new dog. Suddenly he discovered the stag's head again and slunk into a dark corner growling.

"A bath is a good sort of baptism," the minister remarked. "Here's an overcoat that I haven't worn for a year. It's fairly warm, too. Now if your old self should happen to come in sight of you, maybe he'd move back into his home. I remember once that we had a canary bird that got away. We hung his cage in one of the trees out in the yard with some food in it. By and by, we found him singing on the perch in his little home. Now, if we put some good food in the cage, maybe your bird will come back. Our work has only just begun."

They went out of the door and crossed the street and entered the big stone Congregational church and sat down together in a pew. A soft light came through the great jeweled windows above the altar, and in the clear-story, and over the organ loft. They were the gift of Mr. Blog. It was a quiet, restful, beautiful place.

"I used to stand in the pulpit there and look down upon a crowd of handsomely dressed people," said Mr. Singleton in a low voice. "There is something wrong about this, I thought. There's too much respectability here. There are no flannel shirts and ginghams dresses in the place. I can not see half a dozen poor people. I wish there was some ragged clothing down there in the pews. There isn't an out-and-out sinner in the crowd. Have we set up a little private god of our own that cares only for the rich and respectable? I asked myself. 'This is the place for Hiram Bloggs and old Bill Lange and poor Lizzie Quenselle, if they only knew it. Those are the kind of people that Jesus cared most about.' They're beginning to come to us now and we're glad of it. I want to see you here every Sunday after this. I want you to think of this place as your home. If you really wish to be my brother, come with me."

Bloggs trembled with strange excitement as he went with Mr. Singleton down the broad aisle, the dog Christmas following meekly. Man and minister knelt before the altar. Christmas sat down by his master's side, in

a prayerful attitude, as if he, too, were seeking help and forgiveness. "I feel better inside and outside," said Blenkinsop as they were leaving the church. "When you are tempted, there are three words which may be useful to you. They are these: 'God help me,' the minister told him. "They are quickly said and I have often found them a source of strength in time of trouble." "I am going to the work for you and there's a room over my garage with a stove in it, which will make a very snug little home for you and Christmas." That evening, as the dog and his master were sitting comfortably by the stove in their new home, there came a rap at the door. In a moment, Judge Crooker entered the room. "Mr. Blenkinsop," said the judge as he held out his hand, "I have heard of your new plans and I want you to know that I'm very glad. Every one will be glad." When the judge had gone, Blenkinsop put his hand on the dog's head and asked with a little laugh: "Did ye hear what he said, Christmas? He called me Mister. Never done that before, no, sir!" Mr. Blenkinsop sat with his head upon his hand listening to the wind that whistled mournfully in the chimney. Suddenly he shouted: "Come in!" The door opened and there on the threshold stood his old self. It was not at all the kind of a self one would have expected to see. It was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome self—the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with curly, dark hair above his brows. Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and groaned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture. "I know you," he whispered. "Please come in." "Not yet," the young man answered, and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad." Then he vanished. Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his eyes. "Christmas, o' boy, I've been asleep," he muttered. "I guess it's time we turned in." (To be Continued.) Michigan's highway department plans to build 1,000 miles of good road each year.

LIME — CEMENT BURT OATS CALL AND SEE US CARROLL BROS. REAL ESTATE \$\$\$\$\$ If You Want Them, See ME