

FOUND A REAL HERO

He Was Only a Tramp but Proved Himself to Be a Genuine Man.

By SARAH ESTELLE BALCOM.

"I'm up a stump, Darce, and that's the truth of it. I'm tired, at sea, marooned. My publishers have ordered a tramp series. I've read you the first chapter, and you say it won't do."

"That's right—won't do at all," assented Alvin Dacre, poet, critic and magazine editor. "You don't get the right touch, you see. You make the tramp all beer and dirt—no human interest. Get back to your old forte—the simple villager. Look here, there's a big chance on Japan. Put in a year there and write something worth while."

"I'd do it only for little Paul," said Philip North, and his big bluff voice became gentle as that of a woman's. "He couldn't stand a trip like that."

Little Paul, the crippled brother, was the tender spot in the heart of Philip North. Even Alvin Dacre had seen something in the wonderful love between those two that made his own barren heart ache at times.

"Well," he said, "if you're bound to immortalize the tramp, do it right, that's all. Cultivate the genius. Study him. I've an idea. Come with me."

Dacre was erratic and willful, and North never questioned his leadership. The former proceeded to the cheap lodging house district of the city and piloted the way up the stairs of one of its cheapest structures. He spoke to a man at a desk. The latter called an assistant, and a minute later the two friends were halted in front of the last of a row of narrow sheet iron rooms with a wire netting over the top.

On a wretched cot lay a big, good-natured looking fellow, unmistakably



It Was Frowsy.

a tramp. He was only half dressed, and he stared with bleared eyes at his unexpected visitors.

"Remember me, don't you, Frowsy?" inquired Dacre.

"Why, sure," assented the tramp after a long stare. "You're the gent that paid me to stand for a photograph and put me in the paper."

"That's right, Frowsy. Well, I've got you a longer and a better job."

"What doing?" challenged Frowsy, suspiciously.

"This friend of mine is writing a book on tramps. He wants you to hang around his place for a week or two. Just act natural, and let him study your fine points. See?"

A queer smile crossed the tramp's face. He blinked grimly. Then he said:

"Sorry, governor, but it can't be done."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm in pawn. You see, my best partner, Slim Larry, was taken in yesterday on a ten dollar fine. I sent out most of my clothes to get enough to have a man see the alderman. It didn't work, and I reckon I wouldn't look very invitin' anywhere hangin' around in these togs."

"You needn't worry about that," said Dacre. "Mr. North will start you out with a new suit of clothes—and a bath."

"It looks good," remarked Frowsy, "but I couldn't rest easy with Larry in trouble. Tell you, gents, and Frowsy grew eloquent, "I've had partners, but none like him. He's been fallin' lately, and it's the country air or the buryin' ground for him. He's got a poor relative on a farm, and we'd arranged to get him where he'd be safe and comfortable, when the police took him in. When I get him out, gents, I'm open for a proposition."

"Give us the details about your friend, Frowsy," directed Dacre, "and we'll fix that end of the case."

"You will?" questioned the tramp eagerly. "Then I'm your man."

It was a transition of splendor for Frowsy from the slum district to the apartments of the story writer. Little Paul took a great fancy to Frowsy. The tramp was full of fascinating stories of the wanderlust, and the poor little fellow valued his reminiscences of "hitting the road" because he himself was shut out physically from such peregrinations.

"Well, North, how are you getting along with your model?" Dacre asked

of his friend one evening at their club.

The literary man shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Your plan is a failure, Dacre," he said. "I haven't so far traced any of the undersurface heroism you predicted as the occasional characteristic of the occasional tramp. Frowsy is prosaic and humdrum. His sole ambition in life is to shirk work. He will tell wonderful stories of the tricks of the trade performed by Slim Larry—nothing better than riding on the bumpers or raiding a farmer's kitchen, though."

"Well, there's his hero worship. His friendship for little Paul is something pathetic."

"Yes, that is true," acknowledged North, the old tender gleam coming into his fine eyes. "What's that!" he almost shouted, as a bell man hurried to his side and repeated into his ear a telephone message just received.

"Dacre, my home is on fire!"

The apartment house where North lived was about six squares from the club. In a wild fever of suspense and excitement the two men ran all the way. A groan came from North's lips as they turned a corner. They came in sight of the building. It was a mass of flames.

"Paul!" shouted the frenzied North, and made a dash for the fire-fringed doorway.

Dacre and a policeman dragged him back and held him by main force.

"One man just rushed in there," said the officer. "He'll never come out alive."

As a burst of flame slinged and drove them back, Dacre set up a great shout.

"Look, North, look!" he cried.

Three stories up, hanging from the sill of a window of the North apartments, was a man. The flames seemed to scorch his head and his clothing was on fire. It was Frowsy, and in one arm he bore a huddled form wrapped up in a drapery.

"Catch him!" rang out in anguished but imperative tones from the tramp, and just then four firemen ran up with the safety net.

Unsinged, unharmed, little Paul was extricated from the net just as Frowsy fell into it, a helpless mass.

"You brave fellow!" almost wept Philip North, as clasping the hand of the tramp he accompanied him to the hospital.

"You saved Slim Larry—I didn't forget," murmured the loyal Frowsy, and faded away with pain.

Frowsy recovered from his burns and was sent to the farm to join his partner, a pensioner of North for life. The tramp book was published and was a success. Its author sent a copy to Frowsy.

"Say," said the latter the next time North and little Paul visited the farm, "that tramp hero in your book does some big things, Mr. North."

"Nothing to equal what you did for little Paul," declared North gratefully. "You risked your life to save him. Do you think we can ever forget?"

Frowsy placed a loving hand on the little golden head.

"To think of it!" he said, huskily—"the city cut out, and Larry and me happy and honest and comfortable here. Say, the story book can't beat it. Every time I think of it I feel as if this battered old heart of mine was all clean again."

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CURIOUS TRADE OF AFRICA

Hippopotamus Ivory Once Much in Demand, and Now the Hide Is of Much Value.

One of the curiosities of African trade, now far more uncommonly seen than formerly, is the ivory of the hippopotamus. These teeth are much harder than those of the elephant, and for a long time were used for the manufacture of false teeth, which were skilfully carved from that material. Old Le Vaillant remarks, in his African Travels, now more than a hundred years old: "It is surprising that Europeans, especially Frenchmen, should make an article of commerce out of the teeth of the hippopotamus, for with the help of science they are made to replace our own, and we may see them flashing delightfully in the mouth of a pretty woman." Science has found a better substitute for this, and the trade in hippopotamus teeth has fallen off. The making of sjamboks, or whips, from the hide is still a flourishing industry; and during the Boer war an enterprising genius sold many stripes of the thick hide, at a shilling apiece, to a train load of Canadian recruits, by calling the stuff "billong"—that is, sun-dried beef. The teeth of the walrus more nearly resemble elephant ivory, and are in good demand in Japan for small carvings; and fossil ivory from Siberia has long been used in China.—Harper's Weekly.

Honor Accorded to Bulldog.

One day when he was in Constantinople, Herr von Kiderlen Waechter, says the Hamburger Nachrichten, went to call by appointment on the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, Count von Pallavicini. He was accompanied, of course, by his bulldog, and when an acquaintance detained him for a minute in the ambassador's ante-chamber, the bulldog walked on and entered the count's room. The count, being almost blind and a little deaf, heard a noise in the room, and, thinking the German minister had entered, called out: "Good day, my dear Kiderlen! Have you good news from Berlin?"

His Business.

"Can you tell the signs of the times?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't. I paint 'em."

ALWAYS OTHER FISHES

By F. H. LANCASTER.

Volla! Pierre had never been drunk before. Had never done any-

thing that a straight young man should not do until the "turpentine man" came out of the bayou and said to old man Etienne that he would give him three dollars a hundred for the turpentine rights in his state of 10,000 pine trees. And that very same day Pierre came to ask old man Etienne for his daughter.



Help! But the old man was rough on Pierre, and refused.

But it was not because of what the old man said; it was because he saw Amanda walking to church with the "turpentine man" and could not make Amanda see him that made Pierre take a bottle of whisky down into the bend of the bayou and get drunk. Yes, and stay drunk, sleeping most of the time till the bottle was empty.

It was the suck of the oars in their locks that woke him. Then voices came, and he listened:

"Dey say Pierre ain't going win race this year."

"Pourquoi?"

"Dey say 'turpentine man' going run his fast boat; dey say Amanda going sail wit' him."

"Ha!"

The suck of the oars died away. Pierre plunged into the bayou and swam until sober. "Parbleu, dere's more dan one girl in de world!"

Alores quill? As soon as he was sober he went down to the store and bought two yards of very narrow, very pink ribbon, and he must have wanted it for a fishing line, because, as he strode away from the store he was saying under his breath: "Il y a les autres poissons dans la mer, toujurs. Ah, oui! toujurs."

And so thinking of the other fishes always in the sea, Pierre made his way through the woods to old man Aloysius' front gate. He surprised Cecelia on the front steps, Pierre sat down beside her. And presently Pierre's thoughts came to the front with:

"I been t'ink, me das maybe you'll sail in 'Lis des Eaux wit' me on Fourth of July. Das make me proud, yes."

Cecelia was swept into silence by the rushing sweetness of this surprise. There was only the trembling strong fingers pressing a tiny packet into her hand, only the pleading of that pleasant—very pleasant voice:

"Das my color, pink. You going wear it?"

"Yes," she murmured, "I wear it."

It was a hot day, that Fourth of July, with a boat race on the bay. The regatta was to be run in three classes. Schooners, sloops and cat-boats. Some there were in that sweltering crowd who followed the flight of the schooners, but upon wharf and beach and bank every 'Cajan's eye was upon the cat-boat race, and every sou of 'Cajan's money was upon one of the two racers. The "turpentine man's" cat, the Kitten, that flew the blue pennant, and Pierre's 'Lis des Eaux, that flew the pink. They were well matched boats, and beauties, gleaming white with their broad belts of brilliant blue or pink; each with a big new sail, each with a lovely girl in the bows flying the colors she favored. They crossed the line at the judges' stand. Hearty cheering started them on their second course, and after the cheer one single voice like a dropping shot: "Watch out he don't get your wind!"

For whom was that warning meant? What was it worth? Perhaps one of the young sailors knew. Tense, with ever an eye to the girl in his bows, the "turpentine man" gave his boat every advantage his skill could compass.

Already the Lily under her reef was footing it after the Kitten, and already, but too late, the "turpentine man" had seen the white puff now beginning to turn black. It was too late to shorten sail now if he meant to leave himself a chance to win.

On they came, the Kitten and the Lily, and the squall, half a mile, quarter, eight; while the sky darkened and the Lily, like one struck by a strong hand, lay over. But there was a sure grip upon her tiller and no flutters of hope or fear shook the hand that held the balyards. She righted gallantly under her reef, and with the foam curling along her rail, flew away before the rising wind. And then the watchers had eyes for the Kitten, and as they turned their eyes upon her the squall struck her. They saw her go over in the shivering water. Boats shot out, children lifted up their voices and wept.

Cecelia, looking back at the rescuers and their rescued, watched merrily.

"Dey most made some more fish," she laughed, and Pierre laughed also—with tenderness.

"You bring me good luck," he said, gallantly. He had fairly forgotten that Cecelia was herself "the other fish."

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MONSTER

CELEBRATION

AT

Dwight, Ill.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15

AUSPICES OF FRANK L. SMITH BASE BALL TEAM

AMUSEMENTS OF ALL KINDS

6 Round Sparring Match

Between

BILLY SHANNON and TOMMY TAGUE

of Chicago

FRED GILMORE, Referee

Wrestling Match

CYCLONE NELSON vs. TOMMY BURNS
of Dwight vs. of Chicago

FOOT RACES WATER FIGHT

Free Vaudeville Shows

BASE BALL GAME

CABERY vs. FRANK L. SMITH'S

Music by Dwight Band

DANCE AT MAZON HALL

IN THE EVENING

PLAN TO SPEND THE DAY AT DWIGHT