

THE REVIEW

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M. T. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher.

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The "Uplift" in the Slams.
Dr. Bernardo, who died in London some months ago, was a practical philanthropist, perhaps the wisest of his day. He never let his sympathies run away with his horse sense.

He saw the children of the poor in London growing up in ignorance and squalor, in hunger and in vice. He saw also what has been the clear vision of wisdom and experience—that no men or collection of men could permanently help the children unless they also helped themselves and that they must be given the opportunity for self-help.

So he set about it in the most practical way. He got out the boys and girls—these almost inevitable hoodlums and abandoned women—away from the grime and the slime of London. He took them to the country, where the air was pure, where they saw the sky and felt the sun. They gained in health. He educated them, and they grew in learning and in morals. They were taught useful trades and delighted in them.

Recently a fresh contingent of these Bernardo boys and girls left London for Canada. They went joyfully. They are well welcomed gladly. They make good citizens wherever they settle. Canada has known many of the sort. Figures show that 98 per cent of the Bernardo children do well. Eighty per cent of the Bernardo boys sent to Canada in the past have become land owners. Any part of the globe would be glad to have such re-enforcements.

Lone St. Helena.

It will never be possible to add to the tragic interest centering around the island prison of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. He was alone in his genius, alone in his career, alone in his fate. For years the eyes of the world were upon the engaged captor, and St. Helena became a name to make monarchs and diplomats shudder and dread.

Since the removal of the remains of Napoleon from the island where he died the place has been garrisoned by a small force and held as a naval coaling station. It is now proposed to abandon the post, and the question arises, What shall be done with St.

Helena? What it is of itself is nothing, but what it became through the accident of Napoleon's guarded exile there it can best remain by letting it revert to a wilderness, the sport of waves and tempest. When all the world is under the spell of progress, desolation is the fitting state for the petty domain over which Napoleon reigned by the grace of his conquerors after kingdoms and princelings which his sword had exalted and cast him off.

Birth of the "New South."
A recent book dealing with the period immediately following the great civil war gives in a modest way the story of the birth and development of that new south the genuineness of which has sometimes been questioned. Mrs. Avarry's "Dixie After the War" brings out strongly the courage with which the people of the war ridden North faced the altered conditions of their lives after the surrender in 1865. In politics there was friction more or less acute, but the main task of building up ruined homes and fortunes was performed by willing hands—hands unaccustomed to toil. Herein was displayed a bravery of soul that recalls the times which tried men in the American colonies before and after the Revolution.

Absolute destitution reigned in many sections of the south after Appomattox, and the energy displayed by the men and women of one well to do if not opulent families was at once proof and promise of a new force. Old things had passed away, and the people would rise to the new occasion and not get tired. Former masters envied the trained capacity of their old slaves for practical work, but they did not fold their hands and let the inferior class rule the day. Men of high attainment of the aristocratic class, having put all to the hazard in the war and lost, made a new start in life on the capital of the "left" alone, did whatever they could find to do and instead of sulking made merry over their humilty. Says the author of "Dixie After the War": "With less than half a chance to be glad, the southerner will dance and sing—and make love." Poor as every body was, it did not seem hard to laugh and dance and sing "with the war over and our boys coming home for good." Ruined, beggared, their ranks sadly depleted by war's ravages, subjected daily to insolence from the race that had been their slaves, the southerners turned their backs upon despair. They were carried through the social and domestic crisis by that spirit which later made the industrial new south possible.

The Woman Or the Car

By Elliot Walker

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Ladd, the proprietor of the Tamaracks, shook his head with discouraging firmness. "No," he declared decidedly; "I accommodate people here, not automobiles. I don't cater for the machine; second, I won't have one run since my dog was run over; third, there's no use of talking. Better go along."

In the sudden darkness of the summer twilight came a blinding flash, disclosing more clearly the occupants of the big touring car—the chauffeur, gesticulating angrily; two other scowling men; a woman in a blue dress.

"With a rush of wind the storm broke. A deafening thunderclap shook the earth. The rain, almost horizontal in the dying air, drove a deluge of great drops under the hastily arranged covers.

"I'm going to get out!" shrieked a small scared voice. "I want to be in a house! Mamma, come!"

"A tall figure leaped from the piazza of the little hotel, shoved Ladd out of the little hotel, and held out a pair of shirt-sleeved arms.

"You shall, baby!" he shouted. "It's a confounded shame! You, too, mamma! Let the men take care of the animals. Hurry, or you'll be drenched!"

"Look out!" cried the mother sharply, for the child had jumped recklessly.

"Thank you, I feared she would fall. Yes, I think it is best. I'll be right in."

She fumbled for a bag, spoke rapidly to one of her companions and sprang from the step unassisted to run up the short path after the mounted figure, striding swiftly, with the little girl clinging to his neck.

Ladd's loud voice came to her ears above the din.

"You're all welcome, I say. I'll be here and feed the crowd, but that pesky machine can't lodge at my place. No, no, no. Sorry, but I've sworn to pass 'em along."

"A fine specimen you are to run a hotel," scolded the man by the driver.

"It's my horse," retorted Ladd.

"Well, keep it and be hanged! I wouldn't put my head under such a roof. We'll be here in the morning, old man. Take care of Mrs. Dixon. Push her along. Henri. Never mind speed limits."

A few rattles, a dozen snorting gasps and the car dashed away through the mud.

Mr. Ladd, bareheaded and dripping, gazed after it with a satisfied grin.

"Too bad to break up a party," he grunted. "This storm will last a good hour. They'll get a nice twenty mile trip to Jepworth, splashing soot dirt. Well, I've got two guests, anyhow, and tomorrow I make my third nick on old Hank's tonnage."

He chuckled his way into the barn.

Lois Dixon sat in the dining room, a small apartment largely given over to social usage when the delights of the table. A high chair had been found for Dot, who was assaulting bread and milk. Seraph Ladd, corpulent and apologetic, talked from the adjacent kitchen.

"Oh, no, my dear," she was saying. "The Tamaracks isn't much of a hotel. Folks stay here for meals, and we take in a few transients and occasionally a regular. The regulars are mostly men who come to fish and kill time. There are good trout in the tamarack swamp brook, but it's a pesky hole. That man you see is a regular. He has been here a week."

"I can hardly say I saw him. Everything was done so quickly. I'm quite dry now, and so is Dot. My husband doesn't appear to approve of automobiles," this last sentence with an aggrieved intonation.

"He doesn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ladd rather warmly. "Jason is a good natured, but a little slow-witted, but after our dog was knocked across the fence (poor old thing; he was only gnawing a bone in the road) Jason went an oath never to let a car stop overnight again. So he boarded up the shed. My, the way some of these people whiz along a country road is fearful! Your supper is most ready, Mrs. Dixon. I take it you are a widow woman."

"Yes, I've been widowed for five years," Lois interrupted. "We were simply taking a short pleasure drive. A slight accident delayed us for an hour, else we should be at home by this time. We were making for Jepworth, where I have a sister."

"I see," Mrs. Ladd began to place dishes. "I don't wonder."

"A friend of mine and his brother, besides the chauffeur," explained Lois, blushing a trifle. "It did seem queer that I was left so unaccompanied to the care of strangers, but I can look out for myself, and I always go prepared for emergencies. Still I should have thought—"

"Oh, it's the machine every time," laughed the old woman. "Men seem to forget. What with their wrangling and hurry for cover, you and Dot were better off of it."

"Apparently," Mrs. Dixon's tone was sarcastic. "However, to let me come in unattended and to leave an explanation to me when I was upset and trying to calm Dot?" She paused. Seraph was eyeing her slyly.

"Consider, I must say," observed the hostess. "Well, draw up and eat."

"Mercy! You have cooked enough for three!" Lois laughed outright.

"It's not all for you, my dear. Our regular hasn't had his supper. He turned up only a few minutes before you did. I'll think the bell for him. You don't mind company, do you? He's a real nice man, but sort of quiet this trip. Acts sort of impatient and nervous, but which isn't his usual way."

"I must ask you to introduce me, then. I'll be glad to thank him for helping us."

The bell rang softly in the hall. Lois, buying herself with her napkin and with Dot, did not glance at the entering figure.

Mrs. Ladd, impressed by the importance of the act of introduction, spoke up smartly.

"Nai, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Blakeley—I mean Mrs. Dixon. Mr. Blakeley, Mrs. Dixon. This is her little girl. Dear, dear! Wasn't it funny that I should have got you twisted?"

"Very funny," murmured Blakeley bowing and making considerable noise with his chair. Lois dropped her napkin. Dot stared, smiling and nodding.

"Now I've embarrassed myself, cried Mrs. Ladd, retreating to the kitchen. "Gracious!" she exclaimed to herself. "Neither of them can find a word to say. I must get out of this door or they will hear me."

The silence was broken by Dot. "You've got whiskers," she remarked, with complacency. "That's why! Didn't you know me?"

"No," said the man thickly. "I hadn't my glasses on. I recognized no one. I put that wasp over your head, dumpee you in a chair and called Mrs. Ladd. I didn't know you, dear."

"And you're put on a coat," went on his equivoquer, surveying him affectionately. "I liked you better with just a moustache. It seems ever so long since you came to see mamma."

"Hush, Dot," said her mother softly. "But he used to bring me candy, perfume, and flowers. Mr. Barker doesn't like Mr. Blakeley best. Don't you?"

"She checks crimsoned. "I'll be home in the morning, I'll take you to the room. I'll be up in a minute. Be a good girl and run out to the kitchen for her."

Dot tipped to Blakeley's chair. "Good night," she said coyly and put up her lips.

The man kissed her tenderly, with a great lump in his throat. He had hoped many good night caresses from this little one, but that hope no longer existed. As she disappeared he gazed steadily at the woman opposite.

"Let us have it over, Lois," he blurted. "I heard the news a month ago. Believe me, my dear, I shall try to think only of your happiness. Barker will be a very happy man."

"Not with me, Nat."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I do not intend to become Mrs. Barker. I have not yet given him my answer. He will get it tomorrow when he returns with his automobile. You have been informed."

Her eyes shone into his as he strained forward, eager, transformed with a sudden joy.

"Lois," he cried. "Oh, my love, tell me, is there a chance for—yes, yes, you are crying, dear?"

"My introduction wasn't so far wrong after all, Jason!" beamed Seraph Ladd the next day. "I wonder what Mrs. Dixon thought when I called him 'Nat,' so familiar? She says she likes Mr. Blakeley the next time I see her."

The ownership of a patent.

Suppose that a prior patent is infringed and no way is seen to avoid infringement by changing the product or the process of the machine so as not to embody the principle of a patented invention. The simplest way, of course, would be to buy the patent. If the patent cannot be bought, but a fraction of the patent can be obtained, no matter how small a fraction—say one-tenth of the entire right in the patent—the owner of the one-tenth would be just as well off as the owner of the whole. The courts have held that a patent is not like the capital stock of a corporation and that the owner of more than one-half of the title to the patent has no claim upon the owner of less than one-half. Each is at liberty to do with his portion what he pleases and cannot be made to account to the other. The owner of one-tenth may make ten times as much out of the patent as the owner of nine-tenths, because of his greater business ability or greater capital or for other similar reasons, and it would not be equitable to make him turn over nine-tenths of his profits to the other owner.—Elwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

His Great Niece.

There was a certain excise-man in Shrewsbury who was very thin and neat in his attire, but who had a bottle nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him "Noey," and this name he carried with him wherever he went. Next day, however, the excise-man reappeared, even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said "Noey," but that as soon as he was seen coming the boys ran by themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the mad boy and spoke more sharply. "You have no business," said he, "to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occupation. Don't look at him." But again the excise-man returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone by. "Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler."

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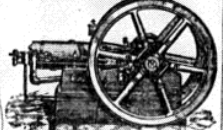
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