

# John Larch

BY CHARLES CLARK MURKIN  
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CHAPTER I.  
Chip was very tired. All that long June day, since Tim's last departure out into the wild, had roused her to daily toil, until now, wearied and disconsolate, she had crept, barefoot, up the back stairs to her room, not one moment's rest or one kindly word had been there.

Below, in the one living room of Tim's Place, the men were grouped playing cards, and the melody of their castles, their laughter, the thump of knuckles on the bare table, and the pungent odor of pipes, reached her through the floor cracks. Outside the fireflies twinkled above the slow-moving river and along the stump-dotted hillside. Close by, a few pigs dozed contentedly in their rudely constructed sty.

A servant to those scarce fit for servants, a moon at his back and call of all Tim's Place, and laboring with the men in the fields, Chip, a girl of almost 16, felt her soul revolt at the silt, the brutality, the coarse existence of those who lived here.

And what a group they were! First, Tim Connor, the owner and master of this oasis in the wilderness, 60 miles from the nearest settlement; his brother, Mike, as coarse as his wife and a half a dozen children who played with the pigs, squealed as often for food, and were left to grow up the same way; and Pierre Lobec, the hired man, completed the group.

There was another transient resident here, an old Indian named Tomah, who came with the snow, and deserted his hut below on the river bank when spring unlocked that stream. Two occasional visitors also came here, both even more objectionable to Chip than Tim and his family. One was her father, known to her to be an outlaw and escaped murderer in hiding; the other a half-breed named Boldue, but known as One-Eyed Pete, a trapper and hunter who made his home in a log cabin on the Fox Hole, ten miles away. His face was horribly scarred by a wildcat's claws; one eye-socket was empty; his lips, chin, and protruding teeth were always tobacco stained. For three months now, he had made weekly calls at Tim's Place, in pursuit of Chip. His wooing, as might be expected, had been a persistent leering at her with his one sinister eye, oft-repeated innuendoes and insinuations of lascivious nature, scarce understood by her, with now and then attempted familiarity. These advances had met with much the same reception once accorded him by the wildcat.

Both these visitors were now with the group below. That fact was of no interest to Chip, except in connection with a more pertinent one—a long conference she had observed between them that day. What it was about, she could not guess, and yet some queer intuition told her the concern earned her. Ordinarily, she would have sought sleep in her box-on-legs bed; now she crouched on the floor, listening.

For an hour the game and its melody of sounds continued; then cessation, the tramp of heavily shod feet, the light extinguished, and finally—silence. A few minutes of this, and then the sound of a chair's covers, low yet distinct, reached Chip from below. Cautiously she crept to her window.

"I gift you one hundred dollars now, for so girl," Pete was saying, "an' one hundred more when you fetch her."

"It's three hundred down, I've told ye, or we don't do business," was her father's answer, in almost a hiss.

A pain, like a knife piercing her heart came to Chip.

"But 'spose she run away?" came in Pete's voice.

"What, 60 miles to a settlement! You must be a damn fool!"

"An' if she so mind me?"

"Wal, thrash her then; she's yours."

"But I no gift so much," parried Pete; "I gift you one-hundred now, an' one hundred when you fetch her."

"You'll give what I say, and be quick about it, or I'll take her out to-morrow, and you'll never see her again; so fetch her to-morrow!"

"An' you fetch her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I told you. And so the bargain was concluded.

Only a moment more, while Chip sat numb and dumb, then came the sound of footsteps, as the two men separated, and then silence over Tim's Place.

And yet, what a horror for Chip! Bold like a horse or a pig to this worse than disgusting half-breed, and on the morrow to be taken—no, dragged—to the half-breed's hut by her hated father.

to their ghastly influences. They followed the hunter and trapper day and night, luring him into safety or danger, as they observed there, and in countless numbers, ready and sure to avenge all wrongs and reward all virtues. They had a Chieftain also, a great white specter who came forth from the rocks in winter, and swept across the wilderness, spreading death and terror.

To Chip, educated only in the fantastic lore of Old Tomah, these terrrors were hardly less than a vision. She could not turn back—better death among the spites than slaving to the half-breed; and so, faint from awful fear, gasping from miles of running, she fled into the wilderness. And now a little hope came, for the road bent down beside the river, and its low voice seemed a word of cheer. Into its cool depths she could at last plunge and die, as a last resort.

Soon an opening showed ahead, and a bridge appeared. Here, for the first time, in this vantage point, she halted. How throes blossomed, how knotted legs now seemed! She hugged and patted them in abject gratitude. She crawled to the edge and looked over to the dark, gurgling water. Up above lay a faint ripple of silver. Here, also, she could see the moon almost at the zenith, and a few flickering stars.

A trifle of courage and renewal of hope now came. Her face and hands were scratched and bleeding, clothing torn, feet and legs black with mud. But these things she neither noticed nor felt—only that blessed bridge of logs that gave her safety, and the moon that bade her hope.

Then she began to count her chances. This landmark told her that five miles of her desperate journey had been covered and she was still alive. She began to calculate. How soon would her escape be discovered, and who would pursue her? Only Pete, her purchaser, she felt sure, and there was a possible chance that he might return to his cabin before doing so. Or perhaps he might sleep late, and thus give her one or two hours more of time.

And now cheered by this trifling hope and lessening sense of danger, her past life came back. Her childhood in a far-off settlement; the home always in a turmoil from the strange men and women ever coming and go-

## The Relations of the Employer and the Employee

By HON. W. H. SEVER, M. P.,  
Founder and Head of Big Industrial Community of Port Sunlight, England.



The only way to remedy social evils is to conduct our affairs to the greater benefit of all. The relations between myself and my workpeople are of a strictly business character, into which no thought of charity or philanthropy ever enters. You can't carry on a business of this extent, or, indeed, any business whatever, on sentiment. You must adhere strictly to common sense, and to contract agreed and entered upon on both sides. In the same way I argue that if the employer feels the need after a day's work of a comfortable and attractive home, the workman must naturally feel the same. It appears to me that those who have contributed towards the prosperity of a business have the same right as myself to live a pleasant life in pleasant surroundings.

I can look any of my workmen in the face and say, "I have never patronized you and I never intend doing so," and any of them can look me in the face and say, "I never received pay from you that I had not fully earned. And that is all I want." Believe me when I say that the strongest bond which can unite employer and employed is the common interest which they all take in the common enterprise.

Remember, self-interest is the rule of life, and especially of commercial life. But there are two kinds of self-interest. selfish self-interest, which takes care of only number one, and that broad, intelligent self-interest, which seeks to find the interests of self by regarding the welfare and interests of others. Now, I endeavor always to keep in mind the welfare of my employees. They in turn look after my interests.

Selfishness never really pays either the employer or the workman. And again, I encourage intelligent interest in the working of this great concern on the part of my workmen. For instance, we have a regular "suggestion" bureau here, if I may so term it, by which any workman who invents and patents a mechanical improvement, which many of them do, especially in the direction of life and limb saving contrivances in the midst of all this very dangerous machinery, shall be directly benefited.

As far as possible I give my 3,500 employees chances and opportunities for raising and benefiting themselves whilst they work together for the good of the whole concern.

Wages are raised, hours are lessened, the article is produced better and cheaper by the labor-saving machine, and a high-class machine necessitates the employment of the best workmen possible to manipulate it. Another remarkable fact is that every rise in wages and shortening of hours is followed by a reduction in the cost of labor and of the cost of the article produced, and that reduction results in a bigger margin of profit for the employer.

## The Social Life of Girls

By FRANCES CLEVENGER.

The girl going to school, being young, is naturally fond of having a good time, of going to matinees, of dancing as many nights a week as she can manage to get invited, and of having as great a number of callers as she possibly can.

Her fondness for having a good time is all right, provided that indulgent parents do not allow it to be carried too far. Just now her main object in life is to get an education, and those in charge of her should see that nothing is permitted to interfere with her obtaining it.

Whatever of little dissipations there may be should be confined to Friday and Saturday nights, so that you can make up for lost sleep the next morning.

If you have callers, they should not be permitted to stay after half past ten. If they do not go home at this time and if you are too shy to ask them to go and as a consequence father or mother does it for you, do not be so foolish as to get angry and consider that your caller has been insulted. Your parents know that a girl going to school needs all the sleep she can get, and if the young fellow is a gentleman, he will look upon the rebuke in the spirit in which it was given.

In your thirst for a good time do not think to ape your older sister by having a flirtation and a beau. Nothing is more silly in a girl of your age and nothing more likely to be productive of disastrous consequences.

No girl going to school is capable of knowing enough about men to exercise sufficient judgment in choosing a husband. When she gets out of school she will have plenty of time to look around her a bit, and then, when she has reached a mature age, to choose.

In the meantime do not take it ill of father if he insists that the boys may come only on Friday and Saturday nights and that the other nights you must devote yourself to your studies and be in bed before ten o'clock.

## The World Demanded Upon America

By DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS,  
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Chicago.

We stand to-day in the presence of the fact that America is not only incumbered opportunity, but it must take imagination to see the opportunity. Imagination has been defined as the faculty of the ideal and the power to realize the ideal.

The power to realize the ideal is the will, and be free till she is free from the pride which is willing to satisfy itself with anything less than the incarnation of the ideal. The hour has come when America needs to know that the moral imagination addressing itself to the future of America must, through the will of America, not less than through the intellect, not less than through the heart, answer the demand of the world; and the demand of the world upon America is that at last American genius shall produce such character in purity, in loftiness, in grandeur, in self-sacrifice as will justify the mighty expenditure which has been made by all lands and by God himself to create the American opportunity.

Success is an ancient game of chance in which the chances are all against the player. The winners are now divided into three classes: First money; second, money, and third money. There are also a few other things like character that count a little. The rules of the game are very strict. Cheating is not allowed—discovered. Some have played according to rule, and even been successful, but not as we speak of success to-day—Life.

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