

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MURKIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 12-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the canoe of Martin Frisbie, owned by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stearns, and guide. She is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Angle smiled, while Martin stared at the girl with increased astonishment. He knew who Tim McGuire was, and something of his history, and that Tim's Place was a hillside clearing far up the river, inhabited by an Irish family devoted to the raising of potatoes. He had halted there once, long enough to observe its somewhat slothful condition, and to buy pork and potatoes; but this late was a revelation, and the girl herself, and what manner of heritance she had been blessed or cursed with. Some of her attributes awoke Angle's admiration. She had shown utter abhorrence of this brutal act of herself, a marvellous courage in endeavoring to escape it. She seemed grateful for what had been done for her, and a partial realization of her own unfitness for association with refined people. Her speech was no worse than might be expected from her life at Tim's Place. Doubtless, she was unable to read or write. And so Angle lay, considering all the pros and cons of the situation and of this girl's life.

There was also another side to it all, the human one. They were on their way out of the wilderness, for a business visit to the nearest settlement, intending to return to the woods in a few days—and what was to be done with this child of misfortune? Most assuredly they must protect her for the present. But was there anyone to whom she could be turned over and cared for? It seemed possible this brutal buyer of her would fol-

low her out of the woods, to abduct her if found, and then the moral side of this episode with all its abominable possibilities occurred to Angle, who was, above all, unselfish and noble. Her companion, she was, in her own mind, and immorality were horrible to her.

Here was a self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet it, with justice to herself, her husband, and her own conscience, was a problem. Thus dwelling upon this complex situation, she fell asleep.

The first faint light of morning was stealing into the tent when Angle felt, towards the side, a woman, in her arms, as she doubtless was, fallen asleep almost the moment she lay down; but now she was evidently awake.

Curious to note what she would do, Angle remained with closed eyes and motionless. From the corner of the tent where she had curled up the night before, the girl now cautiously crept towards the side woman. In a hush, upon the bed of boughs, she moved nearer, until Angle, watching with half-closed eyes, saw her lips lowered, and felt two soft, warm lips touch her hair.

It was a trifle. It was no more than the act of a cat who rubs herself against her mistress or a dog who licks his master's hand, and yet it settled once for all that waifs and stragglers were Angle's intention.

CHAPTER III.

Levi was starting a fire, Ray washing potatoes, and Martin, in his shirt-sleeves, using a towel vigorously near

the canoe, when Angle and Chip emerged that morning; and now while breakfast is under way, a moment may be seized to explain who the people were and their mission in this wilderness.

Many years before, in a distant village called Greenvale, two brothers, David and Amos Curtis, had quarreled over an unfortunate division of inherited land. The outcome was that Amos, somewhat misanthropic over the death and breadth of her life at Tim's Place; also to surmise, if possible, how serious a taint of evil she had inherited. That her father was this beyond compare seemed positive; that her mother might have been scarce better was probable. No mention, thus far, had been made of her; but so Angle reflected upon this pitiful child's ancestry and what manner of heritance she had been blessed or cursed with. Some of her attributes awoke Angle's admiration. She had shown utter abhorrence of this brutal act of herself, a marvellous courage in endeavoring to escape it. She seemed grateful for what had been done for her, and a partial realization of her own unfitness for association with refined people. Her speech was no worse than might be expected from her life at Tim's Place. Doubtless, she was unable to read or write. And so Angle lay, considering all the pros and cons of the situation and of this girl's life.

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Greater Opportunities for Musicians in America

By RALPH L. FLANDERS,
Manager New England Conservatory of Music.

There is no opportunity for musicians in this country than in other countries? If under the term musician we understand both the student and the practicing musician, the word opportunity may refer to the study of music, to the hearing of music and to earning a livelihood by the practice of music.

As to the study of music: The teachers in this country are as good as the teachers abroad. We assert this with confidence. The mechanism of playing an instrument is the same here as it is in Europe, and men of the highest training, with every possible inducement to do only their best, have for years been busy in imparting their knowledge and skill to our youth. That not more of the result is seen by the individual local observer is due to the fact that the pupils of a truly reputable teacher, coming from all quarters, scatter after instruction to those remote places from which they originally came, and there in the stress of existence fail to reach the ripest development or remain, as do hundreds of fine talents abroad, mere local celebrities. It should ever be remembered, in this connection, that it is given to only a rare few to shine as world players. Our observation is to the effect that teachers in America are more conscientious than those abroad. At least the inclination to fleece a scholar because he is an American, a rich foreigner, is here reduced to a minimum. Moreover, a talented boy in a provincial town abroad, having exhausted the resources of a local teacher, strives, no matter how excellent the teacher may be, to finish his studies in Leipzig, Berlin, Prague or some other great center. Here, he can enjoy the best things of his art. This same condition obtains in our country. It would seem as if opportunities in this respect to study were about equal.

As to hearing music: Our largest cities furnish orchestral, chamber and virtuosic concerts which correspond with those of the greatest centers abroad.

As to earning a livelihood: Financially, the musician depends upon lesson-giving. We believe we are safe in asserting that those who earn the most in the profession, year in year out, are those that teach. Find the performer who lives by performing alone and you find the man who belongs to the small minority in the profession. Men subsist on theater earnings alone, on the dance business alone, some very few on solo playing. But when one takes the profession as a whole, it is the teachers who work the overwhelming majority. Pianists, vocalists, organists—they all teach.

In our large centers the number of youth now engaged in the study of music in all its forms runs high into the thousands. Every house has its piano or its violin. Excluding England, of which we know little, if one compares the earnings in France and Germany with those in our own land, the American teacher earns more, lives better and is housed better than his European brother.

Comparison of theater wages to-day in Germany with theater wages in America reveals the fact that the average American orchestral player gets more return than his German brother for his services, while the cost of living is pretty much the same. From this state of affairs has arisen the cry of orchestral players to be heard all over Germany.

Ralph L. Flanders



"I Never Had Nothin' But Work 'n' Cusin'."

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Problem of the Degenerate

By PROF. ANDREW WILSON,
Eminent English Scientist.

The degenerate, if I may judge from the attention he has been receiving for some time both in the daily journals and at congresses (medical, educational, and sociological), bids fair to become an object of permanent interest. Perhaps it is well that society—using this term in the widest sense—should concern itself with the problems of the unfit, if only for the reason that they very intimately concern the welfare of the world at large. That the degenerate represents a very real presence in our midst is a statement that admits of no cavil or contention. Every center of population, big or small alike, produces a proportion of unfit units. This result is, obviously, inevitable, when the course of human evolution is regarded, for no exception is justified which assumes that all born will be born sane, healthy, and perfect.

Roughly regarded, there are two main lines on which the question how to stem degeneracy is or can be debated. Of these, plainly stated, the first plan of treatment resolves itself into the phrase, "Stop the supply." It would go straight to the source and origin of degeneracy and its propagation, and would, in so far as possible, prohibit, legally and socially, the reproduction of the unfit. The second mode of dealing with the evil may be described as purely ameliorative. It seeks to develop and to train the degenerate into better ways of life. It demands for him the right to live, and it charges society with the duty of reforming its unfit units. Confessedly, this second plan has set before it a programme of enormous extent—so enormous, in fact, that even hopeful people, cheery optimists, may well stand aghast when they come face to face with the state of the particular Aegaeon Stable they propose to cleanse. Again, those who look on the degenerate as a possible subject for reformation often seem to forget that there is a constant and fresh supply of unfit units being thrown on the world each day that dawns, and that to neglect to take care of this supply is much the same thing as endeavoring to fill the proverbial barrel at the bung-hole while the tap is turned on.

Clearly, if there is to be any hope of seeing the numbers of the degenerate brought within limits which shall render their treatment at all practicable, there must be some check or other device which shall limit—I will not say prevent, because that would be an impossibility—the propagation of the physical and mental wastrels that cost the country millions each year for their maintenance, and this without very much return being visible in the way of their betterment. I have not yet met with any persons who have considered this matter seriously, and who do not agree that the true and drastic remedy is that of seeking to limit the appearance of the unfit on the stage of time. Eustatic humanitarians, so called, who are moved to tears at the thought of the back of a brutal gorilla, who has nearly killed an inoffensive citizen, being made to smart by an effective application of the "cat," are probably the only persons who would enjoy the liberty they have to-day, to multiply as they will, and to send forth into the world the diseased, the insane, the idiotic, and the criminal, to worry, perplex, and perpeize the honest man. Of such persons the least said is the best, only they constitute a menace and danger to the state by their fatuous humanitarianism.

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