

The Room

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Peaceful Valley, Maine, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a blacksmith, who runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his mother, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is raised by Frisbie's party into woods to visit my of of Frisbie, an old hermit, who has been in the wilderness for many years. Frisbie's party into woods to visit my of of Frisbie, an old hermit, who has been in the wilderness for many years. Frisbie's party into woods to visit my of of Frisbie, an old hermit, who has been in the wilderness for many years.

A curious and almost ridiculous espionage followed, however, for a week, and not a pleasant afternoon passed by with this fellow was noticed strolling somewhere near the old mill or past the house. Another amazing evidence of his intent was revealed a few days later, in the shape of a five-pound box of choice candies, that came by express with his card. Aunt Abby opened this and saw the card, and the next day she commissioned the stage driver to deliver the box, card and all, to Mr. Goodnow at his boarding house. A long and adroitly worded letter to Chip came a day later, so humble, so flattering, and so important, that it made her laugh. "I think that fellow must have gone crazy," she said, handing the letter to Aunt Abby, "he runs on so about how he has such hope. He says that he must go about me. He says that he must go away next week, and shall die if he can't see me once more. What all his answers are."

"Nothing, except evil intentions," responded Aunt Abby, perusing the message. "He must think you a fool to believe such talk," she added severely, after finishing it. "Honest love doesn't grow like a mushroom in one night, and the difference between his position and yours gives the lie to all he says. I hope he will go away next week, and never come back."

Whether Chip's studied avoidance of him, combined with the snubbing, served its purpose, or he decided his quest was hopeless, could only be guessed, for he was seen no more near the mill, and the next week his yacht left Christmas Cove, and Chip felt relieved. It had been an experience quite new to her, and, in spite of his annoyance, somewhat exciting. It also served another purpose of more value, it recalled Ray to her by sheer force of contrast. She had felt hurt ever since the night she left Greenville. She had meant to put him out of her thoughts and forget all the silly hours and promises at the lake; and yet she never had succeeded. Instead, her thoughts turned to him in spite of her pride.

And now, contrasting and comparing that honest, manly lad, a playmate only, and yet a lover, with this polished, feline, flattering, shifty-eyed fellow, who sneered at everything good, only made Ray, with his far different ways, seem the more attractive. Then conscience began to smite her. She had yielded to pride and put him out of her thoughts. His uncle had almost pleaded for her return to Greenville, if only for a visit. She knew Ray had spent weeks in searching for her; yet not once in all the two years since they parted had she sent him a line of remembrance.

More mature now, Chip began to see her own conduct as it was, and to regret that she had been both ungrateful and heartless; but she could not confess to any one, not even Aunt Abby. Chip's life had been a strange, complex series of acts of occult effect, and her conduct must be judged accordingly. First, the dense ignorance of years ago, and the saving grace of disgust at such surroundings, such a life. Then a few months with people so different and so kind that it seemed an entrance into heaven, to be followed by weeks of a gross and

insultation that she was a nobody, and an outcast until for Greenville. And then came the climax of all this: the bitter sneers of Hannah, Ray's cool neglect, the consciousness that she was only a dependent pauper, and then her slight into the world and away from all that stung her like no many whips.

By a revision of feeling was coming. Chip, no longer a simple child of the wilderness, was realizing her own needs and her own nature. Something broader and more satisfying than school life and the companionship of Aunt Abby was needed; yet how to find it never occurred to her.

With September came Aunt Abby's annual visit to Peaceful Valley. A few days before their departure, Chip received a letter which was so unexpected and so vital to her feelings that it must be quoted. It was dated at the little village of Grindstone, directed to Vera McGuire, care of Judson Walker, by whom it was forwarded to Christmas Cove.

"My Dear Chip," it began. "I feel that you will not care to hear from me, and yet I must write. I know I am sure to blame than anyone for the way you left Greenville, and that you must consider me a foolish boy, without much courage, which I have been, and realize it only too well now, when it is too late. But I am now of a man to do, I hope, and some time, when I am and try to obtain your forgiveness for being so blind. No one ever has been, and I know no one ever will be, what you are to me. As Old Cy says, 'Blessings brighter as they vanish,' and now at this long separation, one word and one smile from dear little Chip would seem priceless to me, and I shall come and try to win it before many months. 'I am here with Uncle Martin's old to-morrow to gather gum and trap until spring. I have hired two other men to help, and hope to do well and make some money. I think you will be glad to know was well. I do not know that you have been found, and is still hunting for you. Levi told me that the people here are much interested in you, that they are as buried, and he put you there, and I wish I could hear from you, but there is no chance now. Please try to forgive a foolish boy for being stupid, and I hope to see you again during those happy days by the lake. Good-by."

"RAY."

How every word of this half-boyish, half-manly letter was read and re-read

even to the admission of the tender scenes between these two lovers, in which they promised to love each other and be married. "It was silly, I suppose," Chip continued blushing, "but I didn't know any better then, and I was so happy that I didn't think about it at all. I never had a beau before, you see, and I guess I acted foolishly. Old Cy used to help me, too, and took us away so we could have a chance to hold hands and act silly. I was so lonesome, too, for Ray all that winter in Greenville, and I wish I could go back to see you to meet the stage every night for a month, to be the first to see him when he came. I guess he must have thought he owed me. I wouldn't do it now."

Once more Aunt Abby laughed, a good, hearty laugh, and then, much to Chip's astonishment, she took her face in her hand and kissed it. "You dear little goose," she said, "and to think you ran away from me, you cared for like that! I only hope he won't see you, for I can see what the outcome will be."

That night when the tea-table had been cleared and the lamp lit, Aunt Abby sat up and said, "I don't regret guessing of Chip; but this time it was of Old Cy, and all about him. For an hour, Chip, nothing loath, recited his tale, and he must have said, describing his looks and way and how he was as best she could, while Aunt Abby smiled content.

And now, Aunt Abby closed her eyes, let fall her knitting, and leaped into the room. "I have been waiting for you to see me. He was always my best friend, you know. I should judge he must have changed so, I would never know him, and maybe he wouldn't recognize me. Forty years is a long time!" And she sighed. "I don't know what you think of my eyes, let fall her knitting, and leaped into the room. I have been waiting for you to see me. He was always my best friend, you know. I should judge he must have changed so, I would never know him, and maybe he wouldn't recognize me. Forty years is a long time!" And she sighed.

Not longer was she a staid and matronly widow, now, you see, it is true, yet not old, but with rounded face, few wrinkles, and slightly gray hair. Instead was she sweet Abby Grey of the long ago, an unconscious belle of this quiet village and Bayport, as the leader at every dance, every haiking, and every party. Once more she sat up and said, "I have been waiting for you to see me. He was always my best friend, you know. I should judge he must have changed so, I would never know him, and maybe he wouldn't recognize me. Forty years is a long time!" And she sighed.

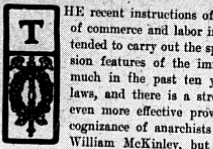
Some sneering critic once said that few young men ever start out in the world until they are kicked out. It was a grain of truth in that assertion, as a grain of truth, and it is, however, but some motive force acts as compelling. In Ray's case it was his uncle's assertion, as if he hoped to win Chip by first showing the ability to provide. "I am for her, which is excellent advice for any young man to follow. "It won't be a pleasant trip," Martin said when Ray proposed to go to the wilderness and, with Levi and a couple of other assistants, make a business of gum-gathering and trap-setting, "but you can't lose much by it. You are welcome to the camp; Levi will see that you have game enough to eat, and boss the expedition. I will loan you five hundred, and with what you have, that is capital enough and you ought to do well. It would be better if Old Cy could take charge, but as it is alone Ray did." Levi's services were easily secured. Two young fellows whom he knew well, and who were as good as dead, was purchased, together with traps and supplies, and after Ray had written Chip his plan, the party started for the wilderness. They had been established there a month and were doing well. The first ice had begun forming in shallow coves when one afternoon, who should enter the lake and paddle rapidly across but Old Cy. "Ye can't sit rid' o' me when trap'n's goin' on," he said cheerily, as Ray and Levi met him at the landing. "I fetched into the wilderness a kiltier and homesteer for the woods last week. I heard the good news 'bout Chip's bein' found, 'n' you'd come here for the winter, 'n' I didn't think of it. I've hired a canoe 'n' started." And then, in the exuberance of his joy, he shook hands with Ray and Levi once more. "The evening, Ray, who had hard work to keep the secret so long, told Old Cy who lived in Peaceful Valley. It was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, a shock of joyful news that made Old Cy gasp. "Why, I feel just like a colt once more," he said after the exclamation stage had passed. "An', do you know, I felt into the way come, though though good news was waitin' for me. I s'pose 'was from hearin' Chip was all right ag'in."

Chance for Inventors. Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record, it would be a structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

Bar Anarchy

America's Doors Closed to Followers of Red Flag

By HON. GEO. B. BILLINGS, Commissioner of Immigration, Boston.



THE recent instructions of Secretary Straus of the department of commerce and labor indicate the rigor with which it is intended to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the exclusion features of the immigration laws. Congress has done much in the past ten years to strengthen the immigration laws, and there is a strong movement directed to obtaining even more effective provisions of exclusion. The laws took cognizance of anarchists at the time of the assassination of William McKinley, but the president's murderer, it was found, was born in America, and it is not surprising that some anarchists manage to get into this country, as into every other.

It has been suggested that each immigrant should produce a certificate from the police authorities of the community from which he departs, this certificate to be a guarantee of his law-abiding character. It is generally understood, however, that this system would not work with complete satisfaction, because the authorities might be anxious to rid themselves of dangerous persons. Recently the suggestion has been made that aliens be deported, if convicted of felony, within three years after their arrival in this country. The immigration bureau years ago adopted the plan of enlisting the services of physicians of the marine hospitals in certain countries to pass upon the physical and mental health of every intending immigrant. This plan has worked well, the physicians recommending the prevention of immigration in many cases.

If the duty and authority of the consuls could be extended so that they would investigate the character of intending immigrants, as well as the physical health of such persons, that, it seems to me, would be a great advantage. It is certainly of the utmost necessity, in view of the recurrence of crimes of anarchistic, if not insane violence in this and other countries, that the closest observation be exercised to exclude the morbid in mind as well as the morbid in body.

Nobody but a madman would commit some of the atrocious crimes that are reported from time to time, and it seems reasonable to suppose that even closer investigation of the character, disposition and environment, and of the political and social affiliations of intending immigrants, would exclude more dangerous persons than the laws now can reach.

Hon. G. B. Billings

Here's to the Bargain Hunter

By GWEN E. BYRON.

Isn't it about time that someone came forward in defense of the bargain-hunter? In one way and another a lot of fun is made at her expense, and seldom it is that she gets her deserts. Men are the greatest offenders, for most women are natural if not systematic bargain hunters. Men speak from a sense of superiority, for who ever heard of a man going on a still hunt for bargains? A mere man when he wants an article goes to the nearest store, sees what he wants, says "I'll take it," then asks the price. One man I know used to buy things by the wholesale. His last offense was buying little Willie, who was 7 years old and growing like a weed, half a dozen pairs of shoes of the same size. Since then his wife has done all the buying.

Yet men are in a great many cases the gainers, for a good bargain hunter is a money saver. When Mrs. B. H. picks up the papers and reads the advertisements of the city merchants, she notes the things she needs. As we all do, indeed; but we are not all of us systematic bargain hunters, and so many of us are short of funds at that particular time. Mrs. B. H. saves for just such occasions. She keeps mental stocks of the things that are lacking or need replenishing in her house or in the wardrobes of herself and family. When she sees advertisements that fit in with her needs she is prepared to take advantage of them, and she goes at it in a business-like way.

The superior woman who "never goes to a bargain sale" misses many an opportunity, and, what is more, that exhilarating sense of having gotten the best of a bargain; for, after all, there is a delicious sense of achievement in having the credit on your side. There is the joy of the hunt, which to the true bargain-hunter is as great as a genuine hunt to a sportsman; there is the knowledge gained of the different stores, which cannot be gotten in any other way; and last, but not in any least, there is the great saving of money. Of course, buying an article simply because it is cheap, when one has no immediate or future use for it, is not good bargain-hunting. It is the systematic bargain-hunter for whom I wish to put in a good word—the woman who knows what she wants, and knows when, where and how to get what she wants.

Young and Old Need Exercise

By PROF. A. HOFFA.

The best place to find out the status of a people with regard to athletics is the hospital. In the many years which I have been connected with hospitals rarely have I run across a patient whose body showed the benefit of development which would result from regular and systematic exercise such as athletics in various forms affords. One might of course go to the other extreme and say that people who are fond of athletics never are sick and consequently never come to hospitals. This, however, would be false reasoning, especially in view of the large number of patients from all classes who come under my consideration.

The truth is that we have too little athletics. The people at large are not yet aware of the wonderful influence which exercise, regular and systematic, has upon the constitution. Athletics in the general sense of the word is the best remedy for a harmonious development of the body and should be recommended and encouraged everywhere. The field of athletics has been so widened as to make possible all kinds and forms of exercises for men and women, young and old.

One of the most erroneous views which people and even partisans of athletics entertain is that athletics must be begun by the young; that older people should let it alone. Nothing is more illogical. Older people should be encouraged to go through certain exercises which will benefit their systems as much if not more than young people.



I Was Just Sixteen When He First Came to See Me.