

was that strong, I put her in for only five cents a week. But we got so poor I let it run. When she died I borried the money and sent it to the office, tellin' Mamie partikler not to say anythin'. But they must 'a' ast her questions and found out she was dead 'bout an hour. So I lost the insurance

to yez. May the Lord bless yez with riches. It's you as'll do good to them as'll need it."

As Susan closed the door after the Irishwoman, the memory of that morning came back to her; the Waldorf, the tapestries and lyre shaped chairs; the crowd of smiling, cul-



SHE WROTE AN ARTICLE ON THE VALUE OF MAINTAINING IDEALS IN LIFE.

and all I paid in. It's the bad luck follies one, that tuk even the insurance." The woman sighed. "Excuse me, ma'am, for botherin' the likes of yer, as oughtn't to know trouble——"

"We all have our share."

"Yes, ma'am, rich and poor has their troubles. I always say that, but them that works for their bread has the hardest time."

"I work for mine."

"An' hasn't yer a husband?"

"Yes, but he's lost everything. I can hardly realize that I ever was able to be helpful to others."

"It'll come again, ma'am."

"Perhaps. There's always the comfort of knowing it could be worse."

"That's thrue, mum. I sez that the day Pat O'Shea was electrocuted. A terrible day 'twuz for the O'Sheas. God save us from the like! We'd nothin' to eat, an' I'd to pawn me shoes to git this soap. But me Jamie is a good boy an' doesn't loaf roun' corners or drink like the rest. An' we manages to keep together in our two rooms. I'm thinkin', ma'am, as I'll be goin' now. Good luck

tivated women, the heartaches and straining to keep up appearances, and Mrs. Pierce-Rollins accepting the plaudits of her patrons with the knowledge of the fifteen hundred dollar check stowed away for her trip to Europe.

"I think I respect the Irishwoman more, after all."

Then she sat down and with numb fingers wrote an article on "The Value of Maintaining Ideals in Life," for which the editor sent her a special line of praise but a smaller check than usual.

But Susan was happy, and in so far as happiness is the much sought after heritage of mankind, who shall say she was not blessed?

Frederick Marcy Dobbins.

"THAT BLESSED BOY."

TIMOTHY O'NEILL, known as "Puggy" among his colleagues of the messenger boy service, pursued his dignified way down Fifth Avenue. His nickname was not given to him for any abstruse reason, but for a natural cause on the surface of things, namely, his nose; and anybody

who particularly noticed Timothy's visage would feel that the fraternity could hardly have done otherwise. But there are many variations of the genus pug, and though Timothy's had a heavenward trend, it was not to be styled impertinent and did not look amiss in the midst of his face, for none of his features were classic.

as naturally as the sun draws water, but realizing his professional responsibilities, he shrugged his shoulders as if to shake off the magnetism, turned his face away, and passed on. A Fifth Avenue stage lumbered by with its low, inviting steps so near that Puggy was again obliged to draw upon his moral force and resign the tempting opportunity with a sigh. How



HER HORSE CAME UP NECK TO NECK WITH THE OTHER AND SHE REACHED FOR THE BRIDLE.

Puggy's progress was not to be termed fast, nor was it slow. It was moderate. While true to the traditions of the service, he was not without a natural sense of duty, which made him valuable to the company. On this occasion he was carrying a sheaf of roses from a bachelor apartment on Forty Fourth Street to a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue, just below Thirty Ninth. They were a birthday gift from a dutiful young man to his rich grandmother.

After one speculative sniff through the tissue paper, Puggy held the package carefully away from him and looked brightly about. At the corner of Forty Fourth Street some boys just out of school were "shooting craps"—this drew Puggy

many avenues of enjoyment are closed to those engaged in the sober performance of duty!

Puggy, in his own boyish fashion, began to reflect upon the monotonies of existence, even in a crowded city. He did more things than most people, perhaps, and his days were full of variety and change, but it was all impersonal. The errand was more important than the boy, and nobody noticed him except to observe that he was clothed in the uniform, the credentials of his service. It might just as well be any other of the nine hundred and ninety nine boys—no one would know the difference.

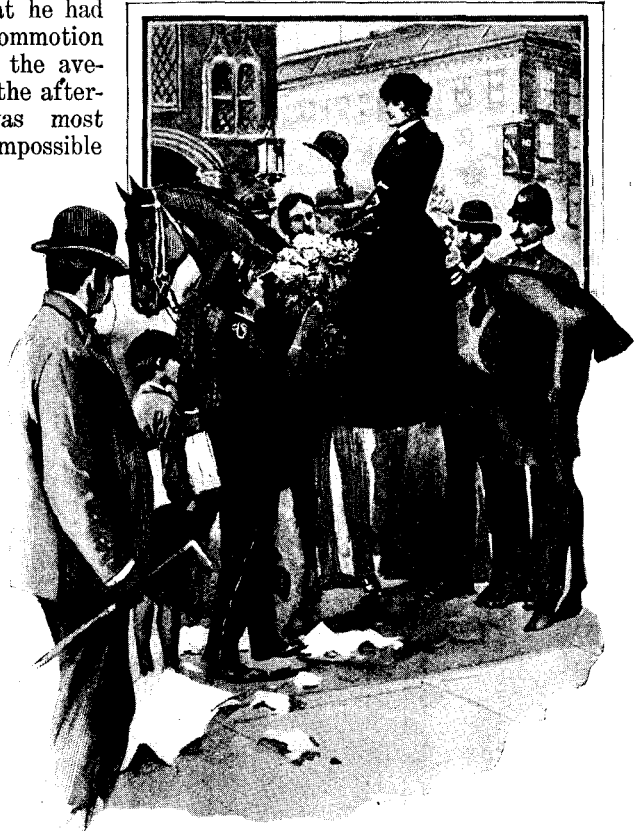
Puggy sighed. He had reached Forty Second Street, and had been so absorbed

in his unwonted reverie that he had failed to notice a great commotion several blocks farther down the avenue. It was at that time of the afternoon when the street was most crowded and when it seemed impossible that a runaway could go a block without bringing up short in a wreckage of broughams and victorias—but here was one followed by a swaying road cart, that seemed to be successfully eluding everything in its way. The horse had dashed in from a side street, and the cart had slued dizzily around behind; two hatless girls sat in it, clinging to the seat and to each other.

There were screams and shouts. At Forty First Street a policeman rushed out at the horse's head; he missed the bridle and was thrown back heavily. There was a congestion of cars, trucks, and carriages at Forty Second Street. Each one who looked on mentally marked that as the scene of the coming fatality.

The general attention was so rigidly enchained by the frantic horse and the two human beings that it was carrying to destruction that no one noticed—except Puggy—that the thunder of the hoofs was composite, that there were two horses going at breakneck speed; but as the other caught up from the rear and forged along beside the cart, those who looked on helplessly saw that a girl, a daring horsewoman, sat on his back, bending low, urging him forward.

Puggy will never forget the look on the girl's face as her powerful horse came up neck to neck with the other and she reached for the bridle. He winked his eyes hard and expected to see her torn from the saddle and dragged along the street. The runaway swerved violently away, but the girl held the rein and kept her seat. He slowed up and began to plunge. A dozen men rushed out to the cart and managed to lift down its frightened occupants. A dozen more



THE CROWD FOUND ITS VOICE IN A GREAT CHEER.

rushed for the horse's head. They finally held him. The girl on her great horse, hatless, with disordered hair, sat aloft in the midst. She drew the back of her gauntlet across her forehead and looked about for the first time, bewildered. Nobody had as yet acquired enough equilibrium to speak or to do anything. Every one still stood staring at the girl.

Puggy's feelings had been stirred to unusual depths. At the most critical moment his heart had ascended to the back of his throat, and he felt queer all over. Now every fiber of his being cried out in admiration for this deed of courage. To show how he felt was a physical necessity. Suddenly he started forward, and as he did so he tore the tissue paper cover and the card of address from the beautiful sheaf of roses.

He wiggled his way through the crowd like a gimlet, and reached the girl's side in a few seconds. With his left hand he caught the flap of the saddle and pulled

himself up so as to stand on the extreme tip of his toes, and handed her the roses with the other. The tension snapped, and the crowd found its voice in a great cheer, followed by another and another. Even the fashionably dressed women in the victorias stood up and waved their parasols and joined in the general shout. Each one forgot his identity in the common enthusiasm for a heroic deed.

The girl had mechanically extended her hand for the flowers, and then recollecting herself and wondering, looked down for the boy—but he was gone, and so she buried her face in the roses, and the crowd cheered again.

People now began to crowd around her with words of praise and of congratulation. Her groom, looking pale and frightened, had ridden up, and she turned to him with the word "Home."

Puggy belonged to the American, not the Roman populace, still he was an "honorable man." At first loftily treading, he was unconscious of the direction that he took; but as his heroic exhilaration died fitfully away, the reaction set in, and he became at first dejected and then miserable; for an unpleasant, a trying duty loomed ahead. He must return to the bachelor apartment on Forty Fourth Street and communicate the fact that he had appropriated the bunch of American Beauties with which he had been intrusted, and which had cost—oh, how much?

He turned uptown again and walked steadily along engaged in speculations as to how the gentleman would take it, and, like his millions of brothers and sisters under similar circumstances, he composed eloquent explanations and touching offers to make good the loss out of his salary. And of course when he presented himself before the gentleman, his inspirations de-

serted and he was left alone to blurt out the naked facts.

The young man heard him to the finish with evident interest. Then he observed:

"I suppose my card was still attached when you made the presentation?"

Puggy had certainly not unattached it; there was every reason to suppose that it was there. The young man smiled grimly at the humor of the thing and at the boy's added discomfiture. Then he said kindly:

"We'll let the flowers go for today. What's your name? Timothy?—Puggy for short. All right, Puggy, then, come back tomorrow at this time. I may have another errand—and here, go get some soda water as quick as you can."

So dismissed, Puggy retired to his office and sat on the bench between two other ordinary messenger boys waiting for a call. He did not speak of his romantic adventures, for he felt that there would be no responsive thrill in the bosoms of his colleagues; and though he sat next to them, physically brushing their coat sleeves, he was in reality in another world separated by infinite space.

The next morning the young man in the bachelor apartment received a note in a familiar hand which sent his blood tingling through his

veins and then speeding back again to his heart so that, as he opened it, he was pale. This is what he read:

DEAR ROLAND:

Your roses, which seem to have dropped from heaven, have brought me literally to your feet. Forgive me for my pride and my cruelty. It was all my fault—and you are generous—but I will tell you that tonight if you will come. How did the messenger boy know me? Yours,

ALIX.

"That blessed boy!" murmured the young man. And of course Puggy was their Buttons.

Anna Northend Benjamin.



TIMOTHY O'NEILL, ALIAS PUGGY.

THE STAGE

THE NEW "JULIET" AND ANOTHER "ROMEO."

Faversham's great hit with his semblance of intoxication in "Lord and Lady Algy" recalls the fact that it was the tipsy scene in "The Masked Ball" that made Maude Adams famous in a night. It was in October, 1892, at Wallack's (then Palmer's), and she had been promoted from the part of the crippled working girl in "The Lost Paradise" to be John Drew's first leading woman.

She was born in Salt Lake City in 1872, and her father's name was Kiskadden. Her mother, Annie Adams, at present a member of the Charles Frohman forces, was a favorite player in the Mormon theater. According to a newspaper story printed at the time of the success of "The Masked Ball," little Maude appeared in her first part with J. K. Emmet when she was five years old. The mother disapproved of the idea, and the father declared, "I won't have the child making a fool

of herself." But Maude herself settled matters by gravely remarking, "I won't make a fool of myself, papa." And up to date she has certainly kept her promise.

Miss Adams' appearance as *Juliet* last spring awakened an interest in playgoing circles that is comparable with nothing but the stir created by the arrival of some great star like Bernhardt or Irving.

Portraits of Maude Adams in issues of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* still in print have appeared as follows: July, 1895; March and November, 1896; September, 1897; December, 1897, as *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," and April, 1898, in riding habit.

William Faversham is one of the most serious, grave, and reserved actors on the American boards. Born in England of good family, and with a university education, he came to this country something like ten years ago, and has since devoted himself sedulously



MAUDE ADAMS AS "JULIET."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

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WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "ROMEO."

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.