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By MARTIN GOLDTHWAITE

The nineteenth century made some vonderful changes in personal responsibility. During the early part of it, whether or not there was more inherto leave a great deal to the honor of individuals. An exercise of anything keeps it alive. When it is dormant it is liable to retrograde. It was not till 1860 or thereabouts that the punch system for fare collectors on railroads and street car lines was introduced, and the companies made the public their agents, informing them of the conductor's duties. It was one of these notices posted in a street car that gave rise to Mark Twain's celebrated doggerel:

A pink trip slip for an eight cent fare,
A blue trip slip for a six cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a five cent fare,
Punched in the presence of the passengere.
Punch, brothers, punch; punch with care;
Punch in the presence of the passengere!

Then, too, the merchant of the early part of the nineteenth century considered it a disgrace to fail in business. He had inherited from his ancestors the tradition that in monetary transactions he could only maintain a respected position among his fellow men by paying dollar for dollar. Many a of that time died of a broken heart not entirely because of the loss of his wealth, but the loss of his honor. These illustrations could be added ad libitum, but the two mentioned will suffice to give the younger members of the community today an idea of those

times when there were no patent de-vices for insuring honesty. When the war between the states broke out Ned Carleton, a boy of fif-teen, enlisted, though he was three year: under the required age, and marched south with his regiment. After the battle of Shiloh he was reported missing and was dropped from the regimental roster. His family mourned

him as dead. In the year 1900 a man giving his name as Judson MacIntyre called upon an oculist to save the sight of one of his eyes. The oculist after a num-ber of visits on the part of the patient discovered that he was suffering from a depression at a certain point in his skull, causing a pressure on the optic nerve, and recommended trepanning the part. MacIntyre was operated on by a surgeon and the moment he became conscious after the passing of the effect of the anaesthetic cried out. rising to a sitting posture:

"Stand fast, boys! We're drivin' 'em." "Don't excite yourself," said the surgeon gently forcing the patient down on his back.

"Oh, I see," said MacIntyre, looking about him, "I've been hit. I'm in hospital, I suppose."
"The operation has been succe

You'll be all right very soon." "Did we lick 'em?"

"Lick whom?" "The Confederates."

Those about the patient looked at one another as much as to say, "He's out of his head." "You must keep quiet, Mr. MacIn-

tyre," said the surgeon. "MacIntyre! Who are you talking Ned Carleton of the Indiana volum-

And so he was. For forty years a pressure on his brain, recarioned by a wound in the head, had may him oblivious to his existence for the first tifteen years of his life. How he had come to assume another name he didn't quite remember, but during four decades he had lived under that name. But he had not lived in America. His earliest remembrance was of Australia, though how he got there he didn't know. He had been a sailor a part of the time since he began his second existence, while the rest had been spent as a sheep herder.

And now Carleton, fifty-five years old, having recovered from the operation. was obliged to go out into the world and earn a living. He had been well educated for a boy of fifteen and wrote an excellent hand. He went about ap plying for a clerkship. Everywhere he applied he was received with sur-

"We don't hire any one of your age for a clerk," he was told. "We pre-fer very young men."

"I'm a good penman. Can't you give me some copying to do?" Wrypewriting?"
"Typewriting! What's that?"

"That young lady will explain it to you," pointing to a girl clicking a machine.

The poor fellow, taking up as he did the thread of life from the age of six-teen, did not apply for a man's work. One day Carleton, being kindly received by a benevolent looking gentleman, told the man his story, eliciting

a great deal of interest.

'I will do what I can for you," said the gentleman. "We need a collector. How would you like that position?" "Glad to get anything," said Carleton. "and I'm sure you will find me honest. I'll not pecket my collections." The gentleman did not seem impress-

ed with that phase of the case, but he gave Carleton the position, naming his salary at \$10 a week. Carleton

"Do you mean, Mr. Gregory," he "that I am to be trusted to collect funds for you and be paid only \$10 a week? It seems to me that you need a trustworthy person for that service, and a trustworthy person hould command more money."

"Oh, we don't take any account of honesty. There are insurance com-panies who attend to that." "And if I appropriate the funds I col-

"They will secure your arrest and put you in jail."

Carleton looked at the man in as

"Do you think, Mr. Gregory, that to deny a man your confidence is con-

ducive to honesty?"
"To speak frankly, I do not." "Then why do you refuse to trust

"Because it is the system under which all men work. We cannot do business under different conditions "May I consider your offer over

night? "Yes, if you like,"

Carleton had been born of Christian parents, who had taught him to be scrupulous in the matter of "mine and thine," never to tell a lie and to consider himself required to deal honorably by all men. This offer of a postwith an insurance policy on his honor was a bitter pill for him to swallow, but he must make a living and the next morning he went to Mr. Gregory and told him that he was ready to go to work.

"Very well; go upstairs and have your photograph taken."

"Photograph! What's that for?" "A custom of these times. All our employees are photographed. If they run away with our funds and we have a likeness their capture is easier."

"Do you mean, Mr. Gregory, that you keep a rogues' gallery of your clerks? "Not at all. We keep the gallery, and it is for the individual to make rogue of himself."

Carleton stood looking at the gentleman with eyes wide open. Finally he

said: "I was brought up by a father and a mother who would have considered if dangerous to me not to give me their implicit confidence. You are treating your fellow men as they dared not treat me, and by doing so if you are not encouraging dishonesty you are surely paving the way for it. If I acceded to your terms I should consider that so far as you are concerned I had a right to beat you if I could. This would be the first step to my own degradation. The next would be to beat the rest of the world if I could do so without risk to myself. I am much obliged for your offer, but I cannot accept it. I was born at a time when all men were trusted till they proved unworthy. I came to my youth at a time when my countrymen were acting upon the highest principle of honor in giving their lives for their fellow men. Suppose that vast army who died on the battlefield and in the hospital should rise from their graves and con-Would they not shudder at the standard of honor which has re placed the one under which they gave up their lives?"

Mr. Gregory listened to these words spoken by one who had really but just renewed his existence from that period when the youth of the country had lived under a higher standard of honor, a standard of truest manhood, and when he had finished said:

"The years, the centuries, are rolling on. The standard of one age is not the standard of another. But while we must preserve our individual honor we must submit to that which exists about

"You have passed with but a single step over forty years. You find that the system, or, rather, the lack of system, of that time has been replaced by another. The youth of '61 would have scorned to accept a position wherein provisions were taken to avoid loss by their dishonesty and to facilitate their capture if they betrayed a trust. We have not now the youth of '61. We have the youth of the twentieth century. Nevertheless they are the same beings, and the latter may maintain their self respect as well as the former, for, after all, it is in the man and not the system.

"Doubtless you are right, Mr. Gregory," after some thought, "but to transplant the youth of '61 into 1991 is a failure. You might as well try grow oranges in the northern states. I thank you for the position offered me, but I shall decline it, not that I would demean myself by accepting it for you have shown me that after all the man rather than the system, but that I cannot bear transplanting from the soil of '61 to that of 1901."

That night Carleton slept on a bench in a park, or, rather, he lay awake, thinking of those who had been fighting with him in the "hornets' nest" of Shiloh. Who of the company had fallen? Who had lived and grown to old age with the unexpired portion of the century? Doubtless those who were now alone had ceased to be at part of the systems in vogue during their youth and had glided unconsciously into the systems of their old

One morning a body was found floating in a river and dragged ashore. The clothing was shabby, the only adornment being an army badge made of gun metal. It was the corpse of Edward Careton. He had spoken truly when he said that he would not bear transplanting from the middle of the nineteenth century to the begin-ning of the twentieth. He had tried several jobs, but the sense that he not trusted so worked upon his feel-ings that he at last gave up every one of them. Having been taken from at atmosphere where he breathed freely, he decided to go where breathing was

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