

# THE STORY TELLER

## UNCLE HENRY ON ADVERTISING

I've been lookin' through the papers and I've read the magazines—The advertisin' pages where they advertise machines. The steam kinds and the lectrics and, of course, the gasolines—And its wonderful, I tell you, when you come to read 'em through. To consider calm and thoughtful what they're warrantin' to do. Every kind, you'll find, is always guaranteed to be the best. There ain't one that hasn't somethin' which you'll not find on the rest.

One's a "king" and one's a "monarch" and some other kind's a "queen." One's "the strongest" or "the swiftest" anybody ever seen. One they'll warrant goes the furthest on a gallon of benzine. And another kind's the cheapest at the price you have to pay. While some other kind's the safest, or, at least, that's what they say. Every one, if it is only the plain truth they advertise, gasolines, is the best that ever happened and entitled to the prize.

Now, I'm not a judge nor scholar, but I reckon I've got my eyes both open, and it sort of seems to me. That these advertisin' fellows have brought out a new idee. For I notice that they always advertise some special pint—Mebby it's a brake of gears, or it may be just a jint—Which they harp on till they've got you thinkin' that it's great and grand. And you're willin' to bet on it, though you don't quite understand.

So it's just like this: Us people are the same as these machines. Like the steamers and the lectrics and the big, swift gasolines. Advertisin' in all the papers and cracked up in magazines. Almost everyone among us has a good pint of some kind. There is somethin' each could win at—It's the thing for him to find—And if he can stumble on it, then's the time to advertise. Till he gets the world to thinkin' that he's good or great or wise.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## PRIVATE ZEMBLER

BY C. B. LEWIS.

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"YOU see, it's this way, sir," said the old man as he stepped out of a dark doorway and suddenly confronted a belated pedestrian. "I've managed somehow to scrape along until now, but I've reached the—"

"Hang it, man, what's up?" shouted the other, as he leaped back and raised his arm.

"I'm no thug," said the old man, as a feeble smile crossed his face. "Lands save ye! but even if I had the will to do it, I couldn't hold up a boy ten years old. My sixteenth birthday is way behind me, and when a man is old and full of pains and aches, and his stomach has been empty for 24 hours, he isn't thinking of highway robbery."

"You miserable old tramp!" exclaimed the pedestrian, getting his courage up as he noted the weak old man before him, and indignantly that he should have been thrown off his nerve for the moment, "why are you hiding here? It's a wonder I didn't fill you full of lead!"

"I'm pretty full now, my friend, though the surgeons cut out two of the bullets. The confederate lead fired into me at Petersburg, on the day we finally broke through Lee's lines, was meant to stay all the rest of my days."

"The old soldier dodge!" growled the other, as he looked up and down the icy and empty street.

"Henry Zembler, sir, late private in the late Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness, as they term it!" His heels came together, his back straightened up, and he raised his right hand to salute.

"And you draw a pension and drink it up? I've met your sort before. Go to old soaker! If you were all right you'd be in a soldiers' home, or at least drawing pension money enough to keep you decently. If you jump out at the next man as you did on me you may get hurt."

"Henry Zembler, late private of the Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness," repeated the old man as he walked along beside the other. "As to soldiers' home, I've tried and been knocked out. Too much red tape to get in. As to a pension, my captain made a mistake. I was carried on the rolls as dead, instead of wounded, and somehow the tangle could never be straightened out. You see—"

"Look here!" said the pedestrian as he came to a halt. "It's no use to follow me and pour out the story of your woes. The town is full of tramps, most of 'em getting off the same yarn, and the wonder is that the police don't pull you all in. I've got nothing for you. Indeed, I ought to take you by the neck and crank your heels against the wall for the way you jumped out at me. I'm on my way home."

"And I'm not," was the quiet answer. "I'm the only dog in town with an old home. It's hard lines when an old veteran has to come down to this, but it's the way of the world. You wouldn't miss a slice for a bed and a nickel to buy me a bit to eat, but it's not for me to hang on and pester. About Gettysburg day, when it was a question of who'd come out on top, a soldier was a good deal better than a dog."

The pedestrian's hand went down to his pocket. He was a young man, born after the close of the war, and what he knew about it he had gleaned from books.

"Oh, well, let it go," said the old veteran as he turned away. "After all, what good would it be? There'd be to-morrow night and nights after. If I've got to freeze and starve I might as well begin to-night. Beg pardon for the way I startled you. I was huddled up in the hallway, wishing the end would come, when I heard your footsteps. It seemed the only chance for to-night, and so I hustled out. Well, you could have called a policeman; and as you haven't done so I want to say I'm much obliged."

"If I thought you were telling a straight story—" said the pedestrian as his fingers gripped a coin in his pocket.

"Henry Zembler, sir, late private in the Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness," replied the old man as he came to "attention" again. "You can't be certain of my story, sir. The town is full of tramps, as you say, and they'll tell any sort of yarn to get a nickel. I salute you, sir—good night. You are going home, and I am going to walk!"

He turned the corner and started off. His steps were slow and uncertain, and the man watching him took notice of a limp. The clothes on his back would not have kept out the chill of a June night. He had gone a block when the other called:

"Hello, old man—come back! I don't go much on your story, but I'll stake you for to-night."

"Late of the Tenth New Jersey, sir, in the late unpleasantness," replied the veteran as he came to a halt and about-faced. "I've tried begging to-night for the first time in my life, and I'm not a success at it. About face! Forward march! Again, sir—good night!"

"He was telling me the truth, and I turned him down, poor devil," muttered the young man as he walked slowly on.

"Twas right—march!" said the old soldier as he turned the corner. "When I passed through this town on my way to the front the men crowded about the cars to throw me cigars, and every woman had a bouquet for a soldier boy. When I passed through after Lee's surrender the bands were playing, flags flying, and the old vets owned the earth. There has been a little change in the programme! No bands—no flags—no bouquets. Old vet is hunting for a coal yard to make his bed. Company G—halt! Right dress. Parade—rest!"

He had stopped before a long, one-story stone building. There were openings for doors and windows, but only the openings were left. Here and there the roof was sagging, and it needed but one look up and down to show that time and decay had about done their work.

"Queer—queer!" whispered the old man. "This place has a familiar look. I wonder if— Say, I have it now! Bless me, if I haven't run across our old barracks after all these long years! True as gospel, but our regiment was quartered here for a month before we went marching away for First Bull Run. Here we are, company G, right in front of our old home. I patrolled up and down here a dozen different nights."

He peered in at the open doorway upon heaps of refuse. As he turned his face upwards he could see the stars blinking through holes in the roof. The winter winds swept through the old rookery from end to end, and being darker inside than out, it also seemed colder in there.

"Ugh!" shivered the old veteran, "but it's better than walking the streets. Attention, company G! Carry—arms! By two—file left! Forward—march!"

Through the darkness and over the debris he picked his way until he reached the opposite wall and leaned his weak and weary frame against the cold bricks. There was no shelter from the chill, but the walls turned away the keen edges of the winter blasts. Here was the last battle line—here he must make his last fight.

"And what if I do freeze to death?" he asked and answered after a few minutes had slipped away. "When a man has fought his best and been downed there's nothing but death left for him, and why not freeze as well as drown? Ah! but it's not so cold as it was. And there seems to be people talking and moving about. I wonder now—I wonder if—"

"Company G, fall in for roll call!" "God of my life!" gasped the veteran as he straightened up, "but that's the voice of Sam Andrews, our old orderly sergeant, and the boys are falling in for roll call!"

With his back to the wall and his heels together, with his head beating tumultuously and his eyes looking in to the darkness and his ears strained to catch the slightest sound, the man waited.

"Zembler—Allen—Andrews!" called the sergeant. "He calls the names of men who were dead after Manassas," whispered the veteran. "Yes, they died there as we fought and fell back; fought until we had fired our last cartridge, and then fell back with clubbed muskets in hand."

"Baker—Baker—Bissell—Burrows—Blythe!" "I remember them, I remember each one. They were good comrades and brave men. When Joe Hooker pushed into the cornfields against Stonewall Jackson as a lightning-stalk and target was spotted with our blood. That night there were thousands in blue and gray who did not answer at roll call."

"Carlton—Caswell—Gardwick!" "And they are dead—dead since the sun went down that day at Cold Harbor. I saw their faces under the moon-

light that night as we fell back, and I remember how white they were. Will he call Davis—Dean—Doyle? The enemy buried them after Malvern Hill. Aye, there was a battle to be remembered forever. God! but I can see the picture before me now—the blue waiting—the gray coming on—the jaws of hell opening wide to close upon 20,000 dead men! Yes, I can see 'em again, the blue in solid lines, and the gray charging across the meadows and up to the muzzles of our guns till the grass turned red, and in very pity we fired our last volleys over their heads. And those were our dead—Davis—Dean—Doyle. Comrades, I salute you."

"Haynes—Hemper—Hopson—Horton," called the sergeant's voice, as there was an icy rush of the midnight gale through the old barracks.

"Yes, I remember—I remember," sighed the veteran. "There were Haynes—Hemper—Hopson—Horton. He did not call Enos, Enright or Earl. He did not call Forbush or Frayne; I did not catch the names of Graham or Gordon. But the sergeant knows—he remembers. They were dead after Fredericksburg—all dead. Why, man, there were dead men there till you wondered how a single man had been spared to limp back to our lines!"

One—two—three! About—face! One—two—three! About—face and salute! Private Zembler was a soldier again.

"Lane—Lakins—Larkin—Lampton!" "Aye, those old names—those old comrades!" whispered the veteran. "But he did not call Isham or Ireland. He passed over Jordan—Jackson—Johnson. They fell at Gettysburg—all died by the same volley. While soldiers fought, a great nation held its breath. A few less men in blue—a few more in gray, and what of a great republic? Who will he call next?"

There was a minute of waiting, and the brown earth at the old man's feet began to whiten with the snowflakes finding their way through the roof.

"Parker—Perkins—Probasco—Pomeroy!"

"Dead—dead—dead!" groaned the veteran. "He did not call Marble or Meekins, Needham or Noles, Orton or Orville. They joked, and laughed, and sang as we marched down into the wilderness with Grant, but when the roll was called after the first grapple never a man of them answered 'Present.' It is colder again. Attention, company! Forward—march! Halt! About—face! Salute!"

The old man's knees were trembling under him, and his back was seeking the wall for rest as the sergeant's voice came to his ears again:

"Wanless—Watkins—Wardell!"

"I remember—I remember, and after them came Yates and Yost. How could I forget? I saw them lying dead before Grant closed in on Lee at Petersburg. There was no company 'G' after the last charge at the Bloody Horseshoe. The remnant was wiped out there. Was Yost the last—the very last? No, no! There was another—I'm sure there was another. The name was—was—was—God! but how cold and dark! File right—march! Left! Left! Left! Halt! About—face! Has he finished the roll call?"

"Zembler! Zembler!" "Zembler! Zembler! Why, yes, of course. Yes, we had a man named Zembler, I remember—I remember that he was wounded at Fair Oaks, and again at Fredericksburg, and he died at—"

"Zembler—Zembler!" "I hear you, sergeant—I remember! He died at—No! God alive, but that's me—that's me! I am Zembler—Henry Zembler—the last of company G. Some one is calling me—I must answer to my name!"

He opened his lips to answer "Present," but no sound came. He tried to raise his right hand in salute, but it hung a dead weight. He swayed and tottered as he wrenched himself from the wall, sank down on the whitened earth and sobbed:

"Zembler! Henry Zembler!" But the roll call was finished.

### Tricks of the Tongue.

The eldest and the youngest daughter of the house of May had been out for a walk, during which they had met with an adventure, but the two accounts of it had pronounced points of difference.

"We saw that dreadful dog of the Osborns that snaps at everybody," said Miss Edith, aged 17, "but of course I didn't let Marjorie know I was afraid. I just drew her attention to a doll with a muff, in Carter's window, and took her in there without her suspecting I had any reason for it."

"Twas pretty funny about Sister Edith that night," announced Marjorie that night at the tea-table. "We saw that cross dog of Mr. Osborn's coming along toward us, and I was just going to say, 'Let's run,' when sister said, 'O Marjorie, here's a beautiful dog carrying a little sable dog. See! and a long dog round its neck. Let's go in and look at it!' and she hurried me into Mr. Carter's store, and kept talking the longest while, till I guess Mr. Osborn's dog had time to get home, and I didn't have a chance to speak."—Youth's Companion.

### Edison Amends an Epigram.

Francis Bacon Crocker, professor of electrical engineering at Columbia university, recently wrote to Thomas A. Edison for a photograph of the latter large enough to hang in the office of the electrical department at the university, and also requesting Mr. Edison to inscribe the picture with some motto that might be helpful to the students. In a few days a large photograph of the inventor arrived, and at the bottom of it, in the large, strong, well-defined handwriting of Edison, was the following: "All things come to those who hustle while they wait."—Success.

## The St. Louis World's Fair as a Great Educator

It is More Valuable Than Months of Study or a Trip Around the World. Accommodations for Visitors Moderate and Ample

St. Louis.—I was standing on the Plaza St. Louis, admiring the scene that stretched away into the distance before me, ending with the magnificent spectacle of the Cascades. I needed no company, for the great exposition all around me was sufficient, but as I stood there an acquaintance, the president of a western college, stopped beside me.

"Magnificent beyond the dream of man," said I.

"More than that," said he. "Do you know," he continued, "to me the greatest thing of this truly great exposition is the educational influence it will have upon the millions who visit it. Here in two weeks' time one can gain more practical knowledge of the kind that will be useful to him in the struggle with the world than he can get in two years' time in any university. The college education is entirely different from the kind of education one gets by seeing things, but for practical purposes the 'seeing' education is quite as necessary as the book learning. We consider a trip to Europe as a great educator, but a trip to Europe cannot be compared to a trip to this exposi-

tion. Here is shown the best of all countries, and to see all that is shown here is to see the best from the countries of all the world.

"As for our country, what could be more instructive than the exhibits in our government building? After seeing it we understand far better than we could have before both the system and uses of government. Take the Philippine exhibit as another example. A half day's time spent within its walls is more instructive than a dozen text books. We are entirely too apt to read and forget, but when we see we remember, and here we see."

Examples that would bear out the statements of my college friend might be enumerated almost without end, and all would tend to prove that the Louisiana Purchase exposition is the greatest educator of the age. We read the histories of the years to learn of the world's progress, but here we do not have to read, we see it. In the Transportation building we see the primitive locomotives that pulled our first railroad trains, and standing beside them we see the powerful, intricate machines that perform the same service to-day. That is an education in the progress of railroading. In the Electrical building we find the first primitive electrical appliances, and beside them the many intricate machines that are to-day being driven by this as yet unexplained power. That is up-to-date education in electricity. In our school geographies we are taught, among other things, of the products of the various countries. Here we see them. The book learning we forget, what we see we remember. Take, for example, Japan. We are interested in the progress of the island empire, we wonder at her greatness, we read volume after volume to learn of her progress. Here it is all spread out before our eyes. We see the same Japan Commodore Perry saw when he broke the bars of darkness that shut the empire from the world, and we see beside it the Japan that is to-day waging war with one of the greatest nations of the world, the same Japan that is an important element in the world's commerce. It is an education in the progress of Japan that no books can possibly give us.



AN AVERAGE CROWD ON THE "PIKE" AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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