

SELF-APPROVAL.

I'm glad that me an' Mandy ain't the fashion-able kind. Whose doin's in the papers so persistently you find; Them drawin's in the clothin' store, a hangin' on the wall. To be dressed up like them folks wouldn't suit my taste at all!

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc. CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Yes, you see how it is. If I should be willing to stay with you, I might stay till I was an old, broken-down woman, always washing dirty dishes, always mopping in a kitchen, always being looked down upon as an inferior, always being only a part of the machine, my personality ignored and my development dwarfed, never receiving any more wages than when I began, or, at most, only a little more, always in a dependent, servile position. Once a hired girl, always one so long as you choose to have me and I consented to stay. Is that a cheerful prospect for a girl to consider as final?

Mrs. Ward did not answer. Barbara had spoken out all that the four weeks had been piling up in her mind. Once spoken, it relieved her; but she was troubled over the thought that, even if all she said were exactly true, there was still somewhere in the economic world a factor of service she had not fully nor fairly measured. She could not escape the self-accusation: "But ministry is still ministry. If this family really needs such work as I have been doing to help it work out its destiny in the world, why is not my service for it as truly divine as if ministered in other ways that the world so often thinks are more noble?"

Mrs. Ward still sat with folded hands and a strange look, and Barbara turned from her and began rolling out a small piece of pie crust for Carl. When she had finished it and had put it in a plate, as she was turning with it toward the stove, she was amazed to see Mrs. Ward standing in front of her. She had risen suddenly and had come over near Barbara.

"What you have said is too true—a great deal of it, most of it; and yet, Barbara, if you only knew how much I need just such help as yours in my home you would not leave me. Isn't there some way we can work it out together? I have not been to you what one woman ought to be to another. I have been nervous and faultfinding and—and—you have not said anything about that, I know; but, if you will stay, Barbara, we will try to study the thing out better—we will help one another. That is not exactly what I mean, but we will understand each other better after this talk, and perhaps we can be more just, and study how to better matters."

Imagine," Mrs. Ward continued, and Barbara, perhaps for the first time, gave Mrs. Ward credit for many things she had hitherto denied her. "My wretched health, and cares and trouble with servants who have had no ambitions and no abilities such as you have, I think have all helped to make me seem indifferent and thoughtless. But I need you, Barbara. Really, I cannot bear the thought of being without you. You cannot realize what these last four weeks have meant to me in the burden lifted. You do not understand how capable you are in management. I ought to have let you know it. I am sure I have felt it deeper every day."

"You are flattering me now," said Barbara, smiling a little. "No, only the truth as it ought to have been told you. My sickness, the children, my cares, Mr. Ward's business complications, some of which have been serious the last ten days, have all conspired to make me careless of you; but even my carelessness has been a sign of my confidence in you. Don't leave us now, Barbara. We need you more than you can realize."

What! Barbara Clark! Here has been trouble in this home, and trouble of a serious nature, and you have lived in your own troubles, absorbing all thought about yourself. She began to be ashamed. She turned towards Mrs. Ward.

"I don't want to seem to act on just my feelings alone. Let me go home to-night and think it over."

Mrs. Ward looked at her wistfully, and again tears came into the older woman's eyes.

"I am asking a great deal of you. Maybe I am promising a good deal for myself, too, if you decide to go on with us."

"You mean?" Barbara began, and then stopped. "I mean that, if you will keep on as you have begun, I am willing to help make your place different in many ways from what it has been. I don't know all that this may mean to you. It is not an ordinary case, as you are not an ordinary servant girl. There is another thing I ought to say. If you remain with us, it ought to be a great source of satisfaction to you that the children think so much of you. Do you realize how much it may mean to a mother to know they are being helped in every way while with her servant? That is another great reason I don't want you to go, Barbara."



"I OPENED IT, BARBARA."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ward," Barbara answered, and the tears came into her eyes for the first time. Praise is sweet. Why don't we all give more of it where we know it will help, not hurt?

"We cannot spare you out of the home. We have not treated you right, but—"

"Yes, mother," Barbara answered, slowly. But she dropped the letter into her lap and sat thoughtfully quiet.

"What are you thinking of? Barbara, you don't mean to refuse, after all this waiting?"

Then Barbara told her mother all about the morning's talk with Mrs. Ward.

"I am in honor bound to stay with her, anyway, until she finds some other else. I promised. If I accept this offer I must go at once, as the place requires an immediate answer in person. That would leave Mrs. Ward without anyone just at a time when she is most in need of someone."

"But you have not been happy there. And I am sure the work is too hard for you. You are tired out."

"It is the heat, mother. I shall be all right when the cool weather comes this fall."

Mrs. Clark shook her head doubtfully; and when Barbara went up to her room at last her mother broke down and had a cry over the situation. Barbara had handed her the four weeks' savings, amounting to \$14. It was more than she could have saved on \$35 a month as a teacher, if she had been obliged to pay for her own board and lodgings and incidentals. But, in spite of all, Mrs. Clark could not understand the girl's evident purpose to go back to Mrs. Ward's permanently.

Up in her room that night Barbara turned to her New Testament with a purpose which had been formed since her talk in the morning. It had come to her mind, while Mrs. Ward was saying something about the need which she had of her, that there were a great many passages in the New Testament written especially for servants. And the idea occurred to her to search for all of them and make a study of them with special reference to her own case at what was now a crisis for her future. She would take one passage every week and dwell on it while at her work—if she should decide to go back to the Wards indefinitely.

She did not know where to look for all the passages referring to the slaves or bond-servants common to Christ's and Paul's times, but she was familiar with the beautiful verses in the second chapter of Philipian's, and she turned to them reading from her Revised Bible.

"Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant (the Greek word is bond-servant), being made in the likeness of men; and being made in fashion as man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross."

"Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven and things on earth and things under the earth and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii:5-11.)

"The Son of God was a bond-servant," Barbara repeated the statement softly before she prayed. And never before had she prayed more earnestly for wisdom and humility and courage. Never had the girl felt a deeper longing to be of use in the world where she was most needed. "Help me, Son of God," was the burden of her prayer, "to decide now what I ought to do. Lead me in the right way."

In the morning she went down, and meeting her mother, kissed her affectionately. Mrs. Clark looked at her anxiously.

"Yes, mother," Barbara answered, gently. "I have decided to go back for good. I believe I can be of more use there than in a schoolroom. The dragon is very fierce and very tough, mother; and I have been scared and run away; but I am going back, and I want your blessing again. There are going to be some interesting fights with the dragon this time, mother, I am sure. For, if Mrs. Ward will do what she hinted at, the dragon will have two women after him instead of one. We will make it lively for him."

"I hope we may be able to do something together, as you suggested."

"I am ready to do something," Mrs. Ward spoke earnestly. "We cannot reform everything at once, of course."

"Ourselves, for example," said Barbara, quickly.

"To be sure," Mrs. Ward replied. Then she added, with a show of emotion that had affected Barbara the day before: "I cannot tell you what a great relief it is to me to have you here. It means more to me than I can tell you just now."

"I am glad of it," Barbara answered,

simply, and at once began the day's work.

The next day was Saturday. In the afternoon, as Barbara was finishing the dinner dishes, Mrs. Ward came in.

"Will you go to church with me to-morrow?" she asked, abruptly.

Barbara started, and then, recovering quickly, said: "Yes, if you really want me to."

"In the morning; we can arrange to get dinner when we return."

"What will this mean to you?" Barbara asked, after awhile.

"I don't know."

"Mr. Ward is willing?"

"Yes, I have talked it all over with him, and he is willing."

"I don't want to cause you needless embarrassment," Barbara began in a low voice.

"But it may not cause any embarrassment. We will try it, anyway."

"Do any other women in Crawford bring their servants to church with them?"

"Dr. Vane's wife always does. They are among the old families here. Very wealthy and—"

"I know Dr. Vane. He and father went to school together in Fairview."

"Is that so? Then I will introduce you to them to-morrow."

Barbara could not avoid a smile at the thought. Nevertheless, she anticipated the event of going to church with Mrs. Ward with a degree of interest that she had not felt in her work as a servant since those eventful four weeks in her life had begun. A new factor had come into the problem. The woman of the house was going to cooperate with her. How far the cooperation was going to be carried, she could not foresee. Mrs. Ward's manner was both reassuring and at the same time uncertain, and Barbara could not tell how far she might go if matters became serious for her socially.

When Sunday morning came, Barbara joined the family at church time and they all started together. The church bells of Crawford were ringing, and in Barbara's heart there was a mingling of the peace of God with tumult, the peace that goes with the consciousness of human conflict over selfish human passion.

[To Be Continued.]

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Sapient and Sharp Sayings Concerning the Frailties of Men and Women.

Happiness is the mirage of love, says Vada Agnew, in Judge.

The first lesson love teaches is deception.

Women make a woman's reputation; men her character.

The best friends of a selfish man are those who know him least.

ITS AIMS ARE NOBLE.

Plan of the Christian Builders' Union of Chicago.

Would Restore Harmony Between Capital and Labor by Making the Golden Rule the Guide of Every Transaction.

If the Christian Builders' union succeeds in its purpose the time will come when there will be neither labor unions, strikes nor lock-outs. Every man in the building trades will be a teetotaler and a Christian gentleman. It is hardly expected that buildings will be erected in Chicago to an accompaniment of prayer and psalm singing, but there will certainly be praise and thanksgiving if the new organization accomplishes its aim. If employers and employees have differences they will apply the good old golden rule, and strive with good will and mediation to reach a just solution of their difficulties.

"I found I had to quit either my church or the union," said Henry P. Berek, a contracting carpenter at 1050 West Harrison street, Chicago, who has been the prime mover in the new organization. "At the union meetings many of the men cursed and flourished revolvers, and as a Christian man I concluded it was time for me to get out. I noticed also that the old unions worked against each other, and that many of the members were addicted to drink, which is the great curse of mankind. It seemed to me, that it was time Christian workingmen got together to form an organization and do business on Christian principles."

"Our union started with 60 charter members, and we have many applications from men in all parts of Chicago, and even from other states. Our organization does not attempt to fix a scale of wages, and it is wholly different from the old unions. It takes in employers as well as wage workers. We also admit dealers in building material, and we shall take in honest real estate men, though it is hard to find honest men among them."

"In order to be admitted to full membership a man must be a Christian, but we will take others on probation. We shall have devotional meetings at the churches from time to time, and we purpose organizing a Catholic branch for the benefit of members of that church, several of whom have asked to join. As all members will be Christians, business will be done on the Christian policy of live and let live. There will be no strikes or lockouts, for if employer and employee can't agree they will go their separate ways. Every member must sign a pledge promising not to touch, taste or handle any intoxicating liquor while a member of the organization. We believe liquor to be the cause of many evils, especially among workmen, and we intend to fight it all along the line. We shall also discourage the use of tobacco, and members are expected to abstain from profanity."

"You ask how our union is going to help its members in a material way? Well, here is a printed list of the members just issued. It contains all their names and addresses, classified by trades, and contractors are indicated by stars. This directory will be issued from time to time and will be an important feature of the organization. We expect members to help their fellows. Christian contractors will naturally prefer to employ Christian men. On the other hand, laboring men can apply to these contractors with the assurance of receiving Christian treatment. Members are expected to aid each other in finding employment. If one of them hears of an open job he will notify some friend in the union who may be in need of work. In other words, the union will run on the principle of cooperation and Christian helpfulness. When we are thoroughly organized we believe it will be possible to put up a building without the labor disturbances now so common."

Mr. Berek has been chosen president of the union. The vice president is C. D. Hill, a contracting painter at 274 Claremont avenue. The secretary is Frank Marshall, a carpenter at Harvey, and he has an assistant in the person of W. T. Hart, a cabinet maker at Wrightwood and Avers avenues. The treasurer is Richard Oates, a carpenter living at 295 Campbell avenue. President Berek's shop at 1050 West Harrison street is the headquarters of the union.

The Equal of Thirty Men.

A machine that will do the work of 30 expert mathematicians is being constructed by the government in its scientific instrument shop on Capitol hill in Washington. It is to be an improvement on an instrument in use in the bureau of the coast survey, in charge of calculating the tides.

MORE THAN HIS SHARE.

Young Frenchman with 24 Fingers and Toes Is Attracting the Attention of Scientists.

Men with one extra finger or toe may sometimes be seen, but very rarely does one hear of or see a person with 24 fingers and toes. Consequently a servant of Marquis de Ballcourt who is thus equipped is at present exciting much interest among European scientists.

He is a young man and on each hand he has six well developed fingers, while on each foot he has an equal number of well developed toes. It is not known whether he inherited this anomaly, but the assumption is that he did. His supernumerary members are



"TWENTY-FOUR'S" HAND. (Frenchman Who Has More Than His Share of Digits and Toes.)

of no special use to him, but he is never allowed to forget that he possesses them, as his comrades, for an obvious reason, have nicknamed him "Twenty-four."

Dr. Capitan, a well-known ethnologist, writing on this subject, says: "There are two forms of this singular phenomenon, the true and the hybrid. In the true form, as seen in the case of the marquis' servant, the supernumerary fingers and toes are complete additional members, the fingers being usually placed beside the thumbs and the toes beside the great toes. In the hybrid form, on the other hand, the additional fingers and toes are merely a result of the division which has taken place in the regular members."

"The thumb is the part usually affected, and it may be divided at the first joint, though the division generally starts at the base. All the other fingers may be divided in a similar manner; indeed, as many as 15 fingers have been found on one hand. Atavism is evidently the cause, but one would have to travel very far back in order to discover the origin of such fingers and toes."

WILLIAM B. RIDGELY.

Chicago Bankers Urge Senator Cullom's Son-in-Law for Controller of the Currency.

A current political story is that William Barret Ridgely, of Chicago, may succeed Charles G. Dawes as controller of the currency. Shortly after Maj. McKinley was elected to the presidency the first time he appointed Mr. Ridgely postmaster at Springfield. Mr. Ridgely resigned in 1890 to become secretary of the Republic Iron and Steel company, with headquarters in Chicago. Since that time he has been a resident of Chicago. Mr. Ridgely was born and reared in Springfield, where the Ridgely family, one of the wealthiest and most prominent in the Illinois capital, has been engaged in the banking business for three generations. After being graduated from the



WILLIAM B. RIDGELY. (Slated to Succeed Mr. Dawes as Controller of Currency.)

Rensselaer Polytechnic institute in 1879, he entered the coal and iron business in Springfield, becoming the practical head of the Springfield Iron company. He also was for a time vice president of the Ridgely national bank. In Chicago his winter home is at the Virginia hotel and his summer residence at Highland Park.

The fact that Senator Cullom, Mr. Ridgely's father-in-law, has recently returned from a visit to the president at Canton gives additional significance to the Ridgely boom.

Right and Left Cigars.

It is not always because a cigar is badly made that the wrapper curls up and works off. It is often because a right-handed man is smoking a left-handed cigar. A left-handed cigar is one rolled by the maker's left hand, for all cigar makers must be ambidextrous. A piece of tobacco for the wrapper is cut on the bias and is rolled from left to right on the filler. The other piece, for reasons of economy, is then used, and must be rolled the opposite way by the operator's other hand. Hence a smoker who holds his cigar in his right hand sometimes twisting it about rubs the wrapper the wrong way and loosens it.