Harmon's Education.

What It Did For Him and What John Gregg Learned.

W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The local bumped its way to a full stop alongside the little railway station. The few passengers rapidly scattered, the frantic appeals of the barker for the Hooper House 'bus falling on unheeding ears. One passenger was a little slower in his movements. He had cast a quick glance at the loungers on the platform, and then turned back to the truck that was drawn up beside the baggage car.

He pointed out his trunk to the baggage master as he handed over the claim check, and just then a voice hailed him.

"Over here, Harmon," it said.

The young man looked across the platform.

A bearded man in a farm wagon drawn by a restless team had hailed him from the highway. The young man waved his hand and picking up his trunk carried it to the waiting wagon and put it in behind the seat. Then he reached up his hand to the bearded man.

"How are you, father?"

The older man ignored the proffered grasp.

"Get in," he hastily directed, "this team ain't none too easy to hold. Th' nigh horse there is likely to bolt if the engine toots." The young man swung himself into the seat.

"Let me drive them, father."

"Forgotten how, haven't you?"

"No, father."

"Wait a minute." The engine hoarsely tooted and the nigh horse went up in the air. "What did I tell you—whoa there, whoa!"

The team clattered up the main street, the driver finally bringing them down to a safe pace. As they struck the highway beyond the village, the gray eyes turned toward the younger man.

"Well, son, you've got an education."

"Yes, father, and a very good education it is."

"An' you're through college for good and all?"

"For good and all."

The older man clucked to his team.

"Well, I've done what I promised your mother I'd do. I've sent you through."

"I'm very grateful, father."

"Just grateful in words."

"In every way."

There was a little silence.

"An' you think the education pays?"

"Yes, indeed. No matter what I may do my education will be a help to me."

"Even if it's farmin'?"

"Yes, father."

"That sounds all right." He gave the young man another quick glance. "You know this schoolin' of yours pinched me a good deal."

"I know, father, and I did my best to make the expense as light as possible."

"But it pinched just th' same. An' you feel as if you were in debt to me some, eh?"

"I owe you a great deal, father."

"That's th' right spirit. An' you've come back to work it out, eh?"

"Yes, father. I've come back to do my best to show you that I appreciate your kindness and your self-sacrifice."

"Prove it," said the older man tersely.

He turned the team into a driveway that led beside an old gray farmhouse.

"Let me put up the horses, father."

He leaped down lightly and put the trunk on the back porch of the farmhouse, then drove the team across the yard and into the barn.

The older man looked after him.

"Seems strong an' good-natured," he said. "I wonder how long his good-nature will last." He turned abruptly and entered the house. When he had informed the old housekeeper that his son had come home, he came out on the porch and washed his hands and face in the tin basin.

"Th' boy takes after his mother," he murmured. "I never noticed it so much before. Well, I did what I promised her I'd do. The boy's got his college education—an' thinks well of it. Though how it's goin' to help him in farmin' I don't quite see." He looked toward the barn. The young man had come out and was just closing the doors. "He's quick enough," muttered the old man. "I'll get out to th' barn a little later an' see if he's fixed things right. Hullo, what's that?"

A cry from the broad pasture at the left had startled him. Across it he saw a little girl running. Her hat was off and her hair flew about. The young man heard her, too. He ran to the fence.

"What is it?" he cried.

The older man could not hear the child's reply. But the young man leaped the fence and started across the field at a remarkably rapid pace. As he passed the girl she turned and followed him. Almost in a moment he had dipped into the hollow beyond the pasture and disappeared from the older man's view.

"Harmon!" he cried, but it was too late.

The old man growled beneath his breath and crossed the yard, scowling angrily.

"That was Jim Parker's little girl," he muttered. "I s'pose Jim's on one of his tantrums. But th' boy had no business to mix in it. Jim is likely to hurt him. I'd go half a mile out of my way to avoid Jim when he's drunk. I wonder what's happening?"

It was nearly a half hour before the boy came back. He was walking briskly with his hands in his coat pockets.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, father," he said in his easy way.

The old man looked him over.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

The young man laughed.

"Been making a hurried call on one of our neighbors," he replied.

He filled the tin washbasin at the pump and the old man noticed that the knuckles of his left hand were bleeding.

"See here," he cried roughly, "you mustn't mix in matters that don't concern you."

"But this did concern me, father," said Harmon, lightly. "Our neighbor was drunk and ugly and was shamelessly abusing his poor little wife."

There was a brief silence.

"Well?" demanded the old man.

"He is sorry he abused her," replied Harmon, gravely, "and I don't believe he will abuse her again."

The old man stared hard at his son.

"Did you learn that at college?" he asked .

"Yes, father."

"Come in to supper."

They ate in silence.

"Son," said the old man presently, "I'm sorry I couldn't come down to th' school th' day you got your papers. I was too busy to get away."

"I was disappointed," said Harmon, "but I knew it was a considerable journey and that you have but little time."

"You got through all right?"

"Yes, father."

"Guess we'll go up to the north woods to-morrow an' cut some winter wood."

"All right, father."

So Harmon Gregg's life on the farm began. He was a steady worker and a great help to the old man. When the day's work was ended he ate his supper and tramped down to the village. Once the old man remonstrated.

The boy laughed.

"I must have a little variety, father. All work and no play makes Jack a much poorer worker."

"No carousing, boy."

And the boy laughed again.

It was like the old man to make no inquiries concerning his son's doings in the village. But one day he was at the foot of the driveway when Abner Simmons drove by.

"Hullo," said Abner, as he drew in his horse, "how are ye, Gregg?"

"As well as usual," the old man responded.

The neighbor leaned down.

"That's a great boy of yours," he remarked.

"Th' boy's all right," said the old man sharply.

"Both my boys think he's the finest thing that ever walked." Abner chuckled. "I s'pose you know what he's up to?"

"I know pretty well what he's up to in th' daytime," said Harmon's father.

"Don't he talk to you about it?"

"He talks to me about things he knows I'm interested in."

"Well, mebby you'll be more interested in learnin' it from me. First, he's got a sort o' literary club goin' down there. It's really more of a school. He gets up an' gives little talks on interestin' subjects, an' the room's crowded every Tuesday night. I went down with the boys las' Tuesday an' it was just wonderful th' way he handled things. Never had no trouble but once. Pete Mullins an' a couple of his Inlet gang came up to hoot an' break up th' meeting' an' your boy went out an' got Pete—you know how big he is—an' fetched him in an' made him sit in th' front row all th' evening. Your boy's been reorganizin' th' fire department, too. It was a good deal run down, but he's got th' broken engine tinkered into shape, an' the two companies recruited up, an' he's run a telephone wire from th' hotel to th' engine house. Th' boys wanted to make him chief, but he wouldn't take it. An' there's a lot o' talk about 'lecting him school trustee. If he keeps on th' way he's going—piling up friends—he can have anything he wants. Better go down an' hear him talk nex' Tuesday night—his subjec' is 'The Advantages of a College Education.' Well, so long."

He lifted the reins and clucked to the horse. As he passed beyond earshot he growled under his breath, "Derned ol' grouch, he don't deserve to have a son."

And Harmon's father turned and slowly walked up the driveway. He was thinking deeply. Of course he hadn't asked his boy's confidence, but the lad might have told him something about his work in the village. It wasn't right that the information should come to him from Abner Simmons, a man who had never liked him. He even fancied Abner took a special delight in giving him the news—a delight born of dislike.

It was the college education that was to blame for it all. To blame for what? For his boy's being helpful and popular?

And then he suddenly contrasted Harmon with Abner Simmons' simple but well meaning lads, and a chuckle came from his tightly drawn lips.

The next Tuesday night he went down to the village. He waited a half hour before he followed his son. When he reached the little hall over the postoffice he found it filled. He went up the stairs part way and stopped and listened. He could hear Harmon's clear voice and then a quick burst of applause.

He waited a moment longer and then went down the stairs heavily and slowly walked home.

It was like the man to say nothing to his son concerning his village connections. But there were times when he sorely wished his boy would show a little more confidence.

And then one day in the late fall he had a surprising visitor.

Harmon had gone to the grist mill six miles away. The trip would take the entire morning. The old man was in the driveway when an automobile stopped in the highway and an elderly man alighted. He was an elderly man of distinguished appearance, gray bearded and spectacled.

"Is this the home of Mr. Gregg?" he asked.

"I am John Gregg."

"The father of Harmon Gregg?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Gregg. I am Dr. Endicott, president of the college your son attended. Is he at home?"

"No. He will not return until late in th' afternoon."

"I am sorry," said the visitor. "I hoped to meet him. We think very favorably of your son at our school, Mr. Gregg."

"I am glad to know it," said Harmon's father.

"No doubt you know, too, that his fellow classmates voted him the most popular man in his class?"

"No," replied Harmon's father, "I didn't know that."

The keen gray eyes of the college head studied the farmer a moment.

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Mr. Gregg," he said.

"Come up on the porch," replied Harmon's father.

He led the way and offered his visitor a chair.

"I want to say to you frankly, Dr. Endicott," he suddenly remarked, "that I don't believe in a college education."

"So much the more to your credit," said the college president lightly, "for letting the boy enjoy its advantages."

"I had promised his mother," said Harmon's father, on the defensive.

The visitor gravely bowed.

"Have you found that his education has harmed your son?"

"No," replied Harmon's father. "I'll admit that it hasn't changed him any. The boy came home and went right back to farming as if nothing had happened. He's a good boy and a useful boy."

"We can agree on that, Mr. Gregg," said the visitor with a quick smile. "But I must talk fast. My friends are waiting for me. They made a little detour in order to give me a chance to meet Harmon's father. I will ask you to convey two messages to him. Tell him, if you please, that I met the President one day last week and he sent your son his regards."

"What President?"

"The President of the United States."

"He sent my son his regards?"

"Why, yes. He met Harmon during commencement week and was much taken with him. They are both Phi Beta Kappa men, you know. He wanted me to say to Harmon that there is a certain consulate which requires a young, energetic and healthy incumbent—and he intimated that your son possesses the necessary qualifications."

Harmon's father breathed hard. He stared at his visitor. And the keen eyes twinkled behind the glasses.

"Now for the second message. A certain man of great wealth has formulated a scheme for civic and social betterment. He is willing to give a large sum of money for this worthy purpose. Those of us who are in the secret have been looking about for a young man to serve as executive secretary. His field of usefulness will be wide, his duties many and we are prepared to pay him a handsome salary. On my recommendation the name of your son has been favorably considered for the place. It is the sort of work he would like and I have every confidence in his ability to fill the position. I am quite sure he would prefer it to the consulate. Ask Harmon to let me hear from him as soon as possible. I am glad to have met you, sir. Good day."

The old man watched the automobile disappear and was still sitting on the porch when his son came back.

"Come up here, boy," he called to him. "Leave the horse in the driveway."

Harmon came up wondering.

"What is it, father?"

"Sit down, son." He hesitated a moment. "Boy," he began, "I'm a narrow man an' full of bitter prejudices."

"Father."

"It's th' life, I think—an' th' hard work. The only beautiful thing that ever came to me was your mother, an' after she went I grew still harder. You mustn't blame me too much, son."

"Why, father, I'm not blaming you."

"You're a good boy—there never was a better. I hear it on every side—an' they're reaching for you from out in th' world, son—an' what am I that I should prison you up on this poor old farm?"

"Father, my first duty is to you."

"An' have I no duty? Oh, I've been thinking it out this afternoon. I'm all wrong. An' there's one comfort—I believe I knew I was wrong from the very start. I'm going to surrender. I'm proud of you, lad, proud of your record, of your friends, of your education. But you can't stay on this farm any longer. Give me your hand, son."

They stood up with their hands clasped.

"Wherever you go, however you rise, man to man, we must ever be good friends."

The young man's voice broke a little—the simple earnestness of the appeal touched him.

"Always the best of friends, my father."

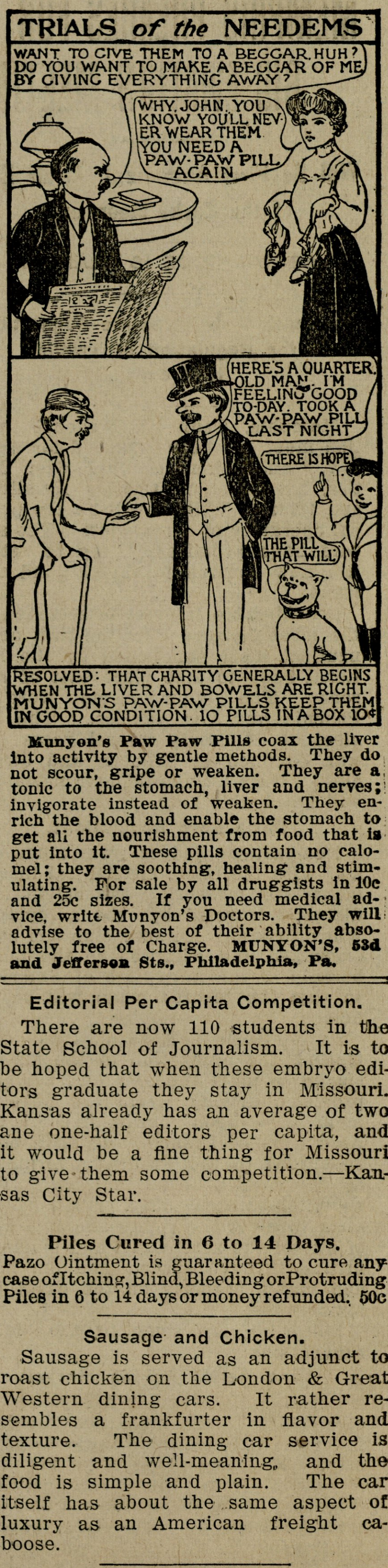
You Can Try.

Every day that comes to you
You can try.
Something worth the while to do
You can try;
Only give the plan a trial,
Test it with a hopeful smile;
Something that is worth the while.
You can try.
Even tho' the day be dark
You can try.
For at least one credit mark
You can try;
At misfortune never rail,
Tho' you often fall and fail
Rise again and trim your sail—
You can try.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On Getting a Civil Answer.

F. Hopkinson Smith, talking to the Southern Society the other night, complained of New York's bad manners. "We live in the most insolent city in the world," he said. "We can't get a decent answer from a car conductor or a policeman." A not uncommon complaint, this, and one that always surprises persons whose experience has taught them that courteous inquiry rarely fails to bring a like response. The man who created the charming and hospitable Colonel Carter cannot be ignorant of the way to get a civil answer.—Hartford Courant.

A wise man never misses an opportunity to point out to his wife how much more clever she is than himself.


TRIALS of the NEEDEMS
WANT TO GIVE THEM TO A BEGGAR, HUH? DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A BEGGAR OF ME BY GIVING EVERYTHING AWAY?
WHY, JOHN, YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER WEAR THEM. YOU NEED A PAW-PAW PILL AGAIN
HERE'S A QUARTER, OLD MAN. I'M FEELING GOOD TO-DAY. TOOK A PAW-PAW PILL LAST NIGHT
THERE IS HOPE
THE PILL THAT WILL
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Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. **MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Editorial Per Capita Competition.

There are now 110 students in the State School of Journalism. It is to be hoped that when these embryo editors graduate they stay in Missouri. Kansas already has an average of two ane one-half editors per capita, and it would be a fine thing for Missouri to give them some competition.—Kansas City Star.

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Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

Sausage and Chicken.

Sausage is served as an adjunct to roast chicken on the London & Great Western dining cars. It rather resembles a frankfurter in flavor and texture. The dining car service is diligent and well-meaning, and the food is simple and plain. The car itself has about the same aspect of luxury as an American freight caboose.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

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English Common Law.

The common law of England is an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs of British, Saxon and Danish origin, which, by long use and approval, have become fundamental in English jurisprudence. Many of the principles of the English common law hold in this country, and throughout the English-speaking world as well.

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The Modern Visiting Card.

While it would be difficult to say just when visiting cards were first used, we are quite certain of the fact that they are not of very ancient date. Apparently they were adopted in English society before they were generally used on the continent. It was probably about 1700 that they came into fashion in Great Britain, and it was as late as 1770 when they were introduced in Paris. It appears that the first visiting cards were regular playing cards, the backs of which were used for the address.—Chicago Examiner.

WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.

When the kidneys do their duty the blood is filtered clear of uric acid and other waste. Weak kidneys do not filter off all the bad matter. This is the cause of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys.

Every Picture Tells a Story

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