

"TWO DAYS."

BY WM. D. G'OLD.

Short was the road and bright, though no least ray
Found the wood path that wound among the trees;
For one dear presence made as light as day
That darkening trail the sunlight never sees.

O drear and never-ending is the way
Across the mountain meadow's sun-kissed height,
Untrodden by the feet which, yesterday,
Led through the gloom and made the darkness light.

—The Burr McIntosh Monthly.

BANNARD'S - OLD - SOLDIER

By HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.

The handrail at the side of the steps leading down from the employment office was much worn. Hugh Bannard's eyes had dropped thoughtfully upon it as he came out of the door at the top of the street steps and paused to decide what to try next. Hundreds of hands, thousands, yes, tens of thousands of hands, must have touched that iron rail, going up or down.

Thousands of other job hunters, just like himself, the young fellow thought, with that heavy feeling under his ribs which people call sinking of the heart—thousands of others had come here and gone away again, all looking for the chance of earning a living, most of them departing disappointed, as he was departing. The clerk inside had told him coldly that they could not place a quarter part of their applicants, an unusually frank statement. So it was a sort of Bridge of Sighs, this little stairway with the iron handrail, with the last depository for a fellow's vain hopes at the top end of it.

He looked out at the passing crowd. It was made up of men mostly, young and old men, passing, passing, passing below him. They were all business and professional men. They had work, every one of them, from that big, fine-looking fellow with the silk hat just alighting from the motor by the curb, who evidently was a person of consequence in the bank across the way, to the little chap with the flashy tie and the green fedora who was just coming out of the haberdasher's next door, on his gleeful way to the lunch counter.

It was the twelfth day since he had first stepped into the Chicago streets, and they had been the most miserable twelve days of his life. It would have been bad enough to be homesick for the quiet Michigan home if he had been behind somebody's counter or at somebody's office desk, where he could earn his way. It was "tough," as he whispered under his breath, to be homesick "on nothing a week."

It was the luncheon hour—at least, it seemed to be for most of these men. He had been trying not to think about food for himself. Indeed, it had become a serious question with him whether he could afford such a luxury at all to-day. He fingered one last small bill in his pocket, and remembered that his room rent would be due again on Monday—room rent for another week, in advance. This was Friday. "If the folks at home knew," he thought, "wouldn't I be fed up this noon!"

Somebody had come out of the door behind him and was standing at his side. Something in the quiet pause of the other made Hugh look up quickly. He looked into a pair of pleasant, friendly gray eyes that were regarding him with interest through the glasses that covered them.

"Well, did you get a job?"
The man was not young. He was tall and rather slender, erect, but with the look of years upon him. His hair was white. He was smooth-shaven except for a gray mustache and a small goatee, which somehow at once suggested the old soldier to the boy.

"Oh, no, I didn't," said Hugh, lightly.

"Neither did I," said the man.
"Are you looking, too?" Hugh asked.

His eyes went over the other again involuntarily. There was something fine about the man. His face and his hands, as Hugh saw them now, had the peculiar silvered look that old people's faces and hands show sometimes, as if the skin were turning a satin-gray, too, like the hair. He was so straight, so quiet, so self-contained, and yet the corners of his eyes were twinkling with a smile that opened his lips also in a frank sort of comradeship.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I've been looking quite a while. Nobody seems to want an old man."

He laughed a little, and Hugh was forgetful for an instant of his own troubles.

"They don't seem to want boys, either," he said, slowly. "I've been standing here watching all these men go by, and wondering why they all have jobs. They're like you and me, aren't they?"

"Many of them are like you," said the old man. "Not many like me."

Hugh felt a little choke coming into his throat. "A good many of them must know of other jobs that

would do for both of us," he went on, hastily. "If we could only let them know that we need jobs—let 'em all know. I feel like shouting it out at them now, from the steps here, and waving my arms and telling them that I can work, too—that we can work."

The old man was first to move. "Well," he said, "I must be going on. We'll find a job all right. Keep a stiff upper lip." Suddenly he held out his hand. "Here's luck," he said, the genial smile coming out again clear.

"Here's luck to you," said Hugh, seizing the extended hand with boyish heartiness.

A moment later they had separated in the crowd, Hugh walking slowly toward the corner of the street, the other taking the opposite direction. The boy could still feel the touch of the man's hand on his. Such courage! If he had only been in a position to help! But the old man's brave words and the grasp of his hand had helped the boy.

Still, things were serious with him. He had exhausted all of the ways he knew to get work. And nobody wanted him. Why was it? He was not wholly without business experience. He had worked in stores, had

He crossed to it quickly. Inside, he bought a sheet of bristol-board two feet square and borrowed a marking-brush.

In five minutes, working feverishly, he had made a sign of his own, and its announcement was clear:

I Want a Job.

The clerk who had lent him the brush watched him with amusement. But Hugh, although conscious now that his face had reddened under observation, was of the mettle to put his idea through. He pinned his sign-board upon his breast and walked out into the sunlight, feeling that he was striking a last, forlorn blow.

It was not easy to face that street full of curious eyes, he found quickly; but he took his stand and looked into the faces of the men who turned to stare at him. Almost at once there was a laugh, then another.

Then the young fellow who had laughed first looked at Hugh's serious, flushed face, and grew sober. And that single recognition of his earnestness gave the boy courage again. He stood his ground and waited.

More and more the passing people looked at him. The big motor car which he had noticed before was still at the curb, and he of the silk hat had come out to re-enter it and had spied the carboard sign. He was looking.

A woman passed and gazed wonderingly at the young fellow. She smiled as she went on. Two boys jeered and stopped to watch.

Then suddenly Hugh found himself looking up at the big motor car again and realizing that the man in it was beckoning to him. The other's face was serious, too, and the boy obeyed the gesture.

The man's eyes were dark and keen. They looked straight into Hugh's as the boy stood beside the car, and he seemed to forget that the carboard sign was ludicrous. Hugh's heart beat hard. It could hardly be that success had come so quickly. But the big man was not slow to speak.

He felt a little twinge of regret at the thought that what was his good fortune might be their loss. And then all at once he found himself looking at a tall figure near the door, a figure of an old man with white hair and grizzled military goatee, who stood, hat in hand, waiting with the rest.

It was his friend of yesterday—his old soldier, as he had thought of him. He had not seen Hugh, or else had failed to recognize him. But the light from a hall window shone in strongly enough to bring out plainly his fine, patient, brave old face. And Hugh stood and stared at it with a sudden loss of his satisfaction of a moment before. Was his old soldier after this place, too?

The door at his side opened, and the young man who had taken his odd card to Mr. Freyne was beckoning him inside. With his mind full of confused speculations, he stepped into the presence of the banker.

The man laid down his papers as Hugh walked toward him. "Tell me about yourself," he said, briefly, without introduction.

The boy, conscious that brief response would please him, did so in few words. When he finished his short narrative, the dark-eyed man seemed satisfied.

"All right," he said. "The young man who has sense enough to use such an idea as you did yesterday will use his brains wherever he is. You'll do."

The banker paused an instant and then went on:

"The only place we have open now is an usher's job in the banking room. It pays twelve dollars a week, and will lead to better. We advertised yesterday for a man, but I saw your card and made up my mind you deserved a chance. Go into the next room and tell Mr. Chase I've hired you and that he may dismiss the others."

The fine dark eyes went back to the letters on the banker's desk. But Hugh still could not rejoice in his fortune. The banker's words had made the situation clear to him, and as that gentleman ended, the face of the gray old man out there in the waiting room—who was presently to be sent away disappointed—rose before him and blotted out other things.

The banker noted his pause and looked up. "Well," he said, a little sharply. And Hugh's mind was made up.

"Mr. Freyne," he said, quickly, "you are very kind, and I appreciate your offering me this place. But I have a friend—who needs it more than I do. It seems to be a place that requires no special training, and he can fill it. In fact, I'm quite sure he'll be a better man than I for it. Won't you give it to him?"

The banker was surprised, but his eyes turned suddenly curious as he looked at Hugh. "Well!" he said. And then he laughed. "Who is your friend? What's his name?"

The boy started to answer the first question eagerly, but he stopped short at the second. His name? He did not know it, of course. And what would the banker think? He hesitated. And then suddenly realizing that he was spoiling it all by sheer stupidity, he burst out abruptly with the uncolored truth.

"I never saw him till yesterday. But he needs this job." And then, his brain firing with his feeling, he told the story in swift words that his genuine emotion made vivid, even to the description of the old man's appearance and bearing.

The banker heard him through in silent attention.

"And you want to give up your job to a stranger, do you?" he asked. "You admit you know nothing of the man, and yet you want me to hire him. Who vouched for him to you?"

"If you will see him, you'll know he doesn't need anybody to vouch for him!" exclaimed Hugh. "I know he's honest. I know—"

But Mr. Freyne touched a button on his desk. To the clerk who responded, he said, "Ask the old gentleman with the goatee, in the waiting-room, to come in here." Then he turned again to Hugh. "I'll take him on your recommendation, Mr. Bannard," he said, using Hugh's name for the first time. But Hugh was embarrassed now. "Please don't let him see me," he said, hastily. "He might understand. I'll go."

He turned toward the door. But the banker spoke promptly and decidedly. "No," he said, "you stay here. Wait in Mr. Chase's room, if you like, but I've hired you, if you remember. And I'm not inclined to think your ways merit discharge—yet. There's room for more of your kind in this bank."

Hugh turned to look at him, and saw that the other was on his feet and that his eyes were alight. But just then the waiting-room door opened again, and the boy was forced to make his exit quickly. In the backward glance, however, as he stepped into the cashier's private room, he caught a glimpse of the gray old face of his friend, and saw that the smile was now a cheerful one.—Youth's Companion.

Kind words never die.—French.



Best Field.

The repairing of holes in pavements seems to offer the best field for developing to the fullest extent the value of first-class workmanship. This has recently been brought home to those interested in street paving in Chicago by Mr. John B. McInerney, superintendent of repairs and maintenance. Before he took hold the repair of an opening was usually made in the cheapest way possible and with little or no regard for how long it would stay in place or give satisfaction in any form. Now repairs are made with great care under the eye of an inspector skilled in this sort of work. A careful record is kept of repairs made and at the first signs of failure the contractor is required to make the repair again at his own expense. Mr. McInerney has demonstrated that an opening can be repaired in such a way that it cannot afterward be found. This requires great care but it is worth all the time and money it takes.

The results of Mr. McInerney's efforts are particularly noticeable in asphalt repairs which are made in the following manner: The dirt from all openings is tamped back in shallow layers and care is taken to see that the top of the opening is larger in horizontal area than any other part. The dirt is crowned up slightly over the trench or opening and the old asphalt laid on top. This is allowed to remain in place for several weeks if the traffic conditions do not make such a course seriously objectionable. The material above sub-grade is then removed and the concrete (nearly all asphalt pavements in Chicago are laid on concrete) is trimmed with a bevel edge so that the size of the opening in the concrete is one or two inches less at the bottom than at the top in each direction. This edge is then thoroughly cleaned, wet and sprinkled with neat cement. The concrete is then well rammed in place, no allowance being made for settlement, and no crown on the top above the grade of the original concrete. After the new concrete has set, the asphalt is cut to a sharp line with a vertical edge and three or four inches larger than the opening. This edge is very carefully painted with asphaltic cement after the binder has been well tamped in place. The surface mixture is always rolled with both a light and a heavy roller in such a way that it is finally brought to the even and unbroken surface of the original pavement.

Engineers are often called upon to produce results without having a voice in the matter of selecting materials. This is a hard position, but, if one has accustomed himself to taking advantage of every physical condition and to getting the greatest efficiency in workmanship, he will be able to "make good" on a "bad job."

In laying brick or granite pavements the proper filling of the joints, particularly along the rails of street car tracks is (within reasonable limits) of considerably more importance than the quality of material used as a filler. It may also be said that the laying of any pavement to a smooth and even surface which drains readily has much to do with the length of its life. In general, an ordinary material, intelligently and carefully used, may produce results very superior to those obtained by the use of a better material in the hands of a careless or inefficient workman.—Good Roads Magazine.

Motor Cars and Roads.

"The vehicles should be made to fit the roads, not the roads to fit the vehicles," is the essential principle of the recommendation to the Legislature, published this morning, on which the State Highways Commission would specially tax automobiles for the repair of the highways. It is true, as the Commission states, that motor cars rapidly wear out the macadam roads, and that they are run by owners many of whom—not all, by any means—are wealthy. But can such a tax be justly laid until, at least, the methods of constructing roadbeds are radically altered?

Time and again, it has been pointed out that the old macadam pavement is the worst possible form of construction to meet the modern demands of highway traffic. Roads should be adapted to new conditions of use, yet the same surfaces that formerly solidified under the impact of horse-drawn tires are presented to tires that have no downward impact, but a backward thrust that must, of necessity, disintegrate and scatter their material in dust clouds over adjacent fields. Of course, that is all wrong, and it is a nuisance. The State persists in building roads without bituminous or asphaltic dressings that offer the maximum of resistance to such wear, and it proposes to penalize by a discriminatory tax the vehicles that produce it. The tax, which is to be collected in registration fees, will be a popular one, but it distinctly tends to retard reform in highway construction.—New York Times.

Sayings of Confucius.

(From Mr. Lyall's Compilations—Longmans.)

I WAS not born to understanding. I loved the past and questioned it earnestly.

The best men are born wise. Next come those who grow wise by learning; then, learned, narrow minds. Narrow minds without learning are the lowest of the people.

The people may be made to follow; they cannot be made to understand. The king's mind is the wind, and grass are the middle of the people; whither the wind blows, thither the grass bends.

"What is kingeraft?" demanded a disciple. Confucius replied, "Food enough, troops enough and a trusting people." "Were there no help for it, which could be best spared of the three?" "Troops," said the master. "And were there no help for it, which could be better spared of the other two?" "Food," said the master. "From of old all men die, but without a trust people cannot stand."

Exalt the straight, set aside the crooked, the people will be loyal. Behave with dignity, they will be lowly; be pious and merciful, they will be faithful; exalt the good, teach the unskillful, they will grow willing.

Guide the people by law, subdue them by punishment, they may shun crime, but will be void of shame. Guide them by example, subdue them by courtesy, they will learn shame.

Could good men govern for a hundred years, cruelty would be vanquished, putting to death have an end.

A gentleman is consistent, not changeless. A gentleman straightens his robe and settles his face. He is stern and men look upon him with dread. Few or many, small or great, all is one to a gentleman; he dare not slight any man. He will banish from his bearing violence and levity, from his speech the low and unfair.

reported for the newspaper, had handled a magazine agency at home. He had been considered an enterprising, capable young fellow in the village where his people lived.

When he had started off to look for work in Chicago, his friends had been ready to prophesy success for him. And he was failing—yes, that was the only word for it—failing as he had not believed anybody could fail who was in earnest.

"It's here!" he whispered to himself, as he plodded along with the crowd. "It's here—work—on all sides. I know there are jobs waiting for me. There's always a chance for a fellow who can do good work. I know, and I ought to have courage if that old boy can keep it."

He looked about him with troubled eyes. If these men only knew! The wish that he could let them all know, every one, came back suddenly as he recalled his half-jesting words of a few moments before.

A stalwart figure in curiously colored garb passed him—a man in a purple coat. On the back of it, across the shoulders, were yellow letters:

Go to Boyne's Dental Parlor.
Teeth Filled Without Pain.

Hugh stared after the fellow. To his unaccustomed eyes the grotesque thing stood out from all its surroundings. And so strikingly did it fit into his thoughts that an idea leaped into his mind on the instant.

"I could do that!" he said, aloud.

A man who had heard him turned to look curiously at him, but Hugh did not heed him. All the work and disappointment of the two weeks past, with the desperation that had risen at last from dreaded failure, served to make his resolution swift.

"I can do it, and I will!" he muttered. "I'll let 'em know about me." He looked quickly about. A stationer's store was across the street.

"If you want a job as bad as that," he said, tersely but kindly, "come to my office in the bank to-morrow morning at nine." He paused, and then smiled. "Ask for Mr. Freyne," he added, "and send in that sign as your card."

Hugh tried to thank him, but a chauffeur had cranked the engine and was climbing into the car as the other finished, and the banker turned to him with a direction.

A moment later the car had disappeared and the boy stood alone on the curb, taking the card from his breast and whispering excitedly over to himself the name of his new acquaintance while he folded the bristol-board carefully.

"I wish I knew where my old soldier is now," he thought, as he walked home to the hired room. "Perhaps he'd try my scheme, too."

But a surprise awaited Hugh the next morning, when he arrived at the bank. He was ushered into a dimly lighted waiting room, where a score of men and boys were waiting; and that their errand was similar to his was quickly evident from conversation overheard. Somewhat taken aback, he still told the story of his appointment with Mr. Freyne to the young man who had shown him in, and offered the folded card-board as his credentials. He was reassured when the other seemed promptly to understand.

"Oh, you're the one, are you?" he asked. "Just wait a minute."

The young man disappeared through a glass door, and Hugh's spirits rose joyously. He looked round at the others with a natural sense of advantage fairly won over them by his little scheme of the day before. He did not know certainly that they were after the place that would be offered to him, but it seemed probable. They were seeking work.