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MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism In Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert
Hardy's Seven Days."

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CHAPTER XIV.
FAITH LEAVES THE HOME NEST.
As she picked up the coat she was
looking at her mother closely and could
see that she was troubled.
"Mother," said Faith suddenly, "I
don't think people ought to impose on



Malcom ran along the platform and
handed up an envelope to Faith.
father the way they do. They know
he would take everything he has and
give it away if we didn't prevent him,
and they just impose on his great
hearted generosity. And you and the
boys have to suffer for it."

"Hush, Faith! Your father does
what seems to him the wise and Chris-
tian thing to do. It is true that every-
body in the county comes to him for
help. But that is what makes his work
what it is. There is no one else they
think of that way." Dorothy spoke
with the pride of 25 years' compan-
ionship with the man of her choice. She
loved him now with deeper, truer
devotion than she had ever known in
her younger days.

"Faith, we have a moment. Don't
how can father afford to give money
to people? I don't think he ought to."

Dorothy did not answer at once.
"If people need the help of money
more than anything else, how else shall
we help them? Sympathy and prayers
don't seem to be enough in such cases."

"I think father might make Mr.
Barnes a present of a box of soap,"
said Faith. "I am sure he needs that
as much as the \$5 he has come to beg
for."

"They are very poor," sighed Dor-
othy.

"So are we," replied Faith. "Or we
shall be if we always give to every-
body."

Dorothy did not answer this, and
Faith picked up the coat and worked
on in silence. She was evidently plan-
ning something serious in her mind. It
was not the first time she had ventur-
ed to remonstrate about the habit her
father had of helping all sorts of peo-
ple. Until a few years past Dorothy
had not allowed a thought of the mat-
ter to disturb her. Malcom's salary
was very small still. The most rigid
economy was necessary to keep the
family expenses within the income. The
annual income from his writings
now amounted to about \$500, but a
large part of it was given away, and
Dorothy faced increasing difficulty
each year in managing the household
finances.

The study door opened, and Malcom
and his visitor came down stairs.
"I am going out for a little while,
Dorothy. Mrs. Barnes is very sick,
and I am going over there. Don't
wait dinner for me if I'm not back be-
fore half past 12."

He kissed his wife and went out.
Faith and her mother watched the tall,
heavy figure go out of the yard, with
the unattractive Barnes shuffling after
him. Malcom was growing gray,
but he was erect and vigorous, in his
prime, and to these two women watch-
ing him out of the window he was the
best man in the world.

"I'd like to see any one say anything
against father!" said Faith decidedly,
while an unusual tear came into her
eyes. At the same time her mother
and herself were wondering how Mal-
com ever found time to write his ser-
mons or anything else.

Faith stole up to the study and look-
ed at the loose leaves of the sermon
on the father's desk. The last words
he had written were a quotation,
"Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth un-
to the Lord."

"Dear old father," said Faith softly.
"I'd better let the Lord rebuke him.
At the same time we've got to live.
Here I am a woman grown and earn-
ing no bread, and the boys want to go
to college and mother saving every cent."

She went off to her own room that
afternoon and brooded. When Faith
brooded, something happened. And it
was not altogether a surprise to Dor-
othy when a few days afterward Faith
announced her decision:
"Mother, I have made up my mind

to go away and earn something for the
family. I've tried every possible place
here, and you know how it is."

Dorothy looked at the girl gravely,
but did not say anything.

"I have been writing to Grace Hol-
ley, who went to Chicago a year ago
to learn retouching in Keffer's studio.
She is earning as high as \$17 and \$18
a week. She says there will be a vacan-
cy there soon, and if I apply at
once I may get the place. You know
I have learned retouching here, all
they can teach me, and I like it. Mother,
I can't stand it any longer to remain
here at home doing nothing. The boys
will soon want to go to college. I
never cared about it. I want to be a
photographer or an architect or a pa-
per hanger or something useful. If father
can spare enough money to get me
started, I can be in a position before
the year is out to help the family. We
never can break father of his habits of
helping everybody, and I want to be
self supporting and help the rest too."

This was a long speech for Faith to
make, but it was the beginning of sev-
eral family conferences, and the end of
it all was that one day in winter of
that year Faith and her father went
down to the station, and Faith took
the express for Chicago. The arrange-
ments had all been completed for her
to enter the studio, where she was to
receive \$3 a week to begin with and
promise of rapid increase if the work
was satisfactory.

"Goodby, father. Don't give away
your overcoat before you get home,
will you?" Faith called out of the win-
dow as the train started.

Malcom Kirk smiled and waved his
hand. Then he ran along the platform
and handed up an envelope to Faith.
She managed to kiss his hand as she
took the envelope and then leaned back
in her seat and cried.

When she opened the envelope, a
check for \$25 dropped out.
"This is a 'good companion,' my
dear. You will find it good company
on the road. Your father." This was
written hastily in a note with the
check. Faith understood it was the
price of a story Malcom had written
that fall. She tucked the check into
her purse and cried harder than ever.

But when she found herself in Chi-
cago next morning, she set herself res-
olutely and with courage toward her
new life.

The work in the studio was extreme-
ly interesting to her. Her letters to
the people at home were very entertain-
ing and even funny. But after she
had been in the city a few months she
was obliged to face a serious condition,
one that she had not anticipated.

In the first place, it cost her nearly
every cent of the \$3 a week to live.
But economy as she would after
counting out rent and fuel and light,
with what her clothes and car fare
cost, with everything that must enter
into the account of daily existence, she
had very little left when Sunday came.

One day she realized, with a shock,
that she had been obliged to draw on
the \$25 check. She had used all the
money her father had been able to
spare. The work in the studio had for
several weeks been piecework, and it
happened that business was dull, and
several weeks she had been able to
earn less than \$5.

Then came a crisis that she had not
counted on. The studio changed hands,
and the new proprietor began to cut
down expenses and dismiss some of
the retouchers. Faith was one of the
latest arrivals, and one evening as she
came down to the office from the little
workshop under the roof she was not
fired that her services would not be
wanted after the next week.

She went out of the studio, and in-
stead of taking the car as she usually
was obliged to do on account of the
distance to her room she walked on
until she was at the corner of Madison
and State streets.

She plunged through that boiling
crowd of humanity and started to walk
up State street the four miles that yet
lay between her and her room. And
as she walked on she was deeply
thinking of what she would do. The
idea of writing home for money was
so distasteful that she could not bear
to entertain it. Her lips closed firm-
ly, and she said to herself: "I never
will do it while I can live. I have
made a failure out of it so far here,
but I can't burden father and mother
right now. I know how matters are
going at home with all the expense
there and Hermon's illness last month.
No, no! I started out to be a bread-
winner. I must earn my own living."

She was suddenly brought to a stop
by a crowd that filled up the sidewalk
in front of a large window. There
was a picture on exhibition there, and
Faith, after running into one or two
people, seeing what was the object of
attraction, stopped herself and gradu-
ally was pushed up to the window as
the crowd went and came.

It was an oil painting with life size

figures, representing the deck of an
ocean steamer. A man was holding a
baby in his arms, and the baby was
looking up into the man's face and
smiling. The title of the picture in
gilt letters on the frame was simply
"Motherless."

Those nearest her looked at her in
surprise. She checked herself and was
silent. But there before her was the
likeness of Malcom Kirk as she had
seen him in the sketch her mother had
often shown her. And the story of
the baby whose mother had died in
midwifery was familiar to all the chil-
dren at home.

She looked at the corner of the can-
vas and saw the artist's name, Francis
Raleigh. A card in the window an-
nounced the fact that the picture was
sold and that the artist's studio was
in one of the new blocks on Randolph
street.

Faith slowly pushed out of the crowd
and went on her way. But the picture
affected her deeply. The sight of the
dear father protecting that motherless
baby made her cry. And it also
strengthened her purpose not to appeal
for financial help from home. She
could not leave told why that feeling
accompanied her sight of the picture.
But it did, and she determined that she
would make every effort to support
herself without help from home.

The end of the following week found
her without a place, and as she came
away from the studio that Saturday
evening she realized as never before in
her life what it meant to a girl without
any friends or a home to face a great
city without work or means. She knew
that she could go home at any time or
get help from that source if she asked
for it. But how about the great army
of unemployed that had not even that
resource? She shivered as she turned
down toward the great artery of the
city's human traffic and was swept
along with it.

She went up by the window where
the picture was still on exhibition, and
there was the usual crowd in front
of it.

She stopped again and looked hun-
grily at it. It was like getting a
glimpse into the dear home circle in
the personage of Conrad.

It was perhaps a little strange that
she had not entertained the idea of
calling at Raleigh's studio and telling
him that she was the daughter of his
subject in the picture. But Faith was
very shy in some ways, and she simply
never thought of trying to meet the
artist.

As she stood there this Saturday
night two men in the crowd were talk-
ing about the picture. They stood so
near her that she could not help hear-
ing what they said.

"It seems to me to be the picture
out of the window."

"We can leave it there another
week."

"When do you start west?"

"The last of next month."

"Better leave it here till then."

"I think so too. But what a force it
has, Malcom."

Faith started at the familiar name
and looked up.

The man who spoke was a middle-
aged, gray bearded gentleman, and the
man whom he called "Malcom" was
perhaps 25 years old, a stalwart, fine
looking fellow, with something in his
face that made Faith puzzle over
something foreign there. For an in-
stant their eyes met. Then Faith
blushed and moved back out of the
crowd and went on. She did not look
back, but she seemed to feel that the
two gentlemen were looking after her.

"They are the persons who have
bought the picture and will take it
away," she said as she walked along.
She was sad at the thought, for she
had come to cherish the look at the
father's face which she had enjoyed
every day since she first saw it there.

During the next few weeks Faith
had an experience that tried her as
she had never been tried.

She visited scores of photographers'
studios to get piecework. In some of
them she would find waiting a dozen
girls all on the same errand. She prov-



"Why, that's father!"
ed the value of her work on several oc-
casions, for she had learned to do the
retouching in a superior manner, and
still, work as hard as she would, the
orders she could get did not equal her
expenses which she had reduced to
the lowest possible figures.

She came back to her room one day

after an unsuccessful application for
orders in 20 places thoroughly tired,
for she had walked a good many miles,
and the streets were running over with
mud and snow.

She counted over her money and for
the first time realized that she had
reached the end. She was determined
not to run in debt, although her land-
lady in the flat had been very kind.

She went down to a little newsstand
on the corner and bought an evening
paper and looked over the wilderness
of "wants" and wondered how in a
city like that any one ever found any-
thing to do. She envied the butcher's
boy who was just coming out of a mar-
ket near by and thought of asking him
how he managed to get his position
while so many boys were probably
without any.

She took the paper to her room and
finally settled on one advertisement as
offering a possible chance for her.

She had made up her mind for sev-
eral weeks that she could not make a
living by retouching.

"I'll do it," she said, with a faint
flush of color in her face. "I wonder
what mother would say?"

The advertisement was as follows:
WANTED.—An American girl to do cooking and
general housework. Wages satisfactory. Apply,
with references, to—Ellis avenue.

"If I can get \$4 a week with my
board, I can save nearly every cent of
it," said Faith resolutely. "And mother
taught me how to cook. I am sure
it is as honorable a way to earn a liv-
ing as working in a store."

There was a bit of adventure in it
also that attracted her. The thought
of Dorothy Gilbert's daughter work-
ing out as a "hired girl" gave Faith
something of a surprise at herself, but
it was a part of her love of experi-
ments that made possible the strange
experience she was now about to know.

She went to the studio early Mon-
day morning and secured good refer-
ences. For the rest she said she would
frankly ask the people to try her for a
week at least and then employ her for
what she could do.

She took a Cottage Grove avenue car
and went directly to the number on
Ellis avenue. It was a large house,
with a veranda on three sides. She
went around to the side entrance and,
mounting the steps, rang the bell, her
heart trembling a little as she did so.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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starting in the feet or ankles
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lunch." The quickest way back to a
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removes the cause of ill-health. It
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