

The Trying Out of Stephen.

By CORA S. DAY.

"I say, boy, can you tell me of a place near by where I could put up my horse and get a lunch for him and myself?"

"Seems as if your horse was going lame coming down the road," was Stephen's first remark, as he leaned his hoe against the fence and put his hands on the top rail for a spring over into the road. "Why, it's Jerry from the livery across from the station, isn't it?" he added as he took a closer survey of the horse who stood on three feet, resting the lame one.

"Yes, it is that same Jerry, as they told me. They told me also that he was sound and kind, and a fair driver. I'm sorry to doubt their word, but he went lame all at once down the road here, and I have ten or more miles to go yet. I don't know how he will do, either. I don't know much about horses, anyway, or I suppose I would have known better than to accept this old skate." The man in the buggy looked both disgusted and worried over his situation.

Stephen shook his head emphatically.

"Jerry's all right, ordinarily. I don't see what made him go lame. He has always had sound feet, and been a good driver, just as they said. Here—lift up, Jerry, and let me take a look. Ho, there's the trouble, eh?" He took up the lame foot between his knees, reached a large stone from the roadside, and with a deft tap sent flying a small stone from where it had become wedged in the horse's foot. Then he set down the foot, and Jerry stood on it carefully at first, and then more firmly, with evident relief.

"Well, well," ejaculated the stranger. "It seems that you can teach me a thing or two about horses. I am ever so much obliged to you."

"So is Jerry," answered Stephen, with a twinkle in his frank eyes. "You are both very welcome. I'm glad I happened to be here and find the trouble. You would have had a lame horse in earnest if you had driven him far with that sharp stone in his shoe. That's the first thing to look for in a case like this. Now about that lunch, sir. If you will drive on up to the house, I will ask my mother if she can take you in for dinner with the rest of us. She does sometimes, I know."

"Thank you. Suppose you jump in and go up with me, if you are going soon," invited the stranger, and Stephen acquiesced and took the empty seat in the buggy.

Mrs. Warren agreed to the arrangement Stephen had suggested, and in a few minutes Jerry was having a good dinner in the barn, and his driver was seated at the big family table in the cool dining-room of the farmhouse.

It had been a big table, for there were a good many to sit down to it. Mr. and Mrs. Warren had no need to hire help for the work of the farm in the house or out. Two rosy-cheeked daughters were mother's helpers in all that was to be done in woman's sphere; while Mr. Warren was helped in his part of the work by three stalwart sons who would have made glad any father's heart. In the friendly, cordial atmosphere of the house the stranger soon felt at home, and talked easily and entertainingly as they dined. "I am taking this trip in place of my partner, who usually attends to the outside work of our real estate business, while I am the office half of the concern," he explained, after giving them his name. "That, you see, accounts for my lack of experience with horses, and my need of the good services of this young man," turning with a smile to Stephen.

Stephen's eyes had brightened and brightened as the guest spoke of his city life. Although he was splendid help to his father on the farm, and never shirked his share of the work, his heart and its most earnest desires were elsewhere. The stir and bustle and business of the city had a fascination for him that the other boys could not understand, contented as they were with their work as farmers. Stephen had for years had a desire to do and be something else than a farmer. One winter he had worked in the village grocery, and had on several occasions done the errands in town that the storekeeper had not wanted to take his own time for, and that he knew were simple enough for the boy. These little business trips had fired Stephen with the ambition to get into business in town; to find an opening in the grocery trade somehow and somewhere, and go on and up until—and there he would go soaring away in airy visions of future greatness in the business world.

Mr. Warren saw his interest in the stranger now, and understood it. He had never discouraged Stephen's ambitions and dreams. He had two good helpers left even if Stephen should go to the work he liked; and the father very wisely thought that it was best to let him work out his own problem unhindered.

"I have a boy here who would like to go into business in town," said Mr. Warren, "but I never heard him wishing for anything but the grocery business. So I don't suppose you could induce him to take your place as substitute out-door man," he said with a laugh. The stranger looked straight at Stephen, and saw who wanted to go to town. His own eyes brightened.

"That so?" he said. "Well, I find town a pretty good place for me. I hope Stephen will find it the same, if

he gets there. Has he any plans made?"

"No, not yet, I think. He means to make a try in the fall after the work in the fields is done. I suppose he will find something in the line he wants. Most people can find work if they look hard enough for it." Mr. Warren laughed again, and helped the stranger to a second dish of corn and beans.

"I think so, too. And I will keep him in mind, and see what I can do for him when he is ready to come. I have several grocer friends in mind; one of them surely ought to be glad to get a good, willing, sturdy helper, such as Stephen would undoubtedly be," with a smile at that young man's flush of delight and embarrassment at the implied praise.

"Thank you, sir. I should be very glad to try any good position you might know about," said Stephen earnestly.

The dinner ended, the stranger and Jerry departed, and Stephen went back to the field and his hoe. But all the afternoon the hope that the stranger's words had awakened anew sang in his heart, and he worked vigorously and happily until it was time to go up and help with the evening chores.

All through the summer the thought was in his mind of the possible good news that might come any day—if the stranger kept faith. And then, one day in early fall, the proof came that he had remembered and at least tried to make good his word. Two letters came for Stephen, both in the same mail and both from the city. He could scarcely wait until he had opened them and fairly devoured their contents. Then his eager face suddenly grew grave, for there had risen a question for him to decide.

"Well, what's the news?" asked John, the eldest brother, watching the face of the reader and seeing the sudden change. Stephen turned to him with a laugh that held an uneasy note.

"It seems to me that there is a little too much news. I think I would be better pleased if I had received only one of these letters, and not have two places offered me and have to choose between them," answered Stephen.

"That's just the way with people—never satisfied," mocked John. "If I were the fellow who wanted to go to the stuffy old town to work, seems to me it wouldn't take me long to pick out the right one of the two. Wherever the most money will come from—that's the place, isn't it? Or are you going into it for love of the work rather than the cash?" he added laughingly. Stephen smiled too, but answered seriously enough.

"No; I cannot settle this question by that rule. I have something more than that to it. Listen," and he read first one, then the other of the two brief letters. John listened, and as the last letter was read and folded up, his lips formed themselves into a whistle, and his eyes, frank and honest as Stephen's own, met his brother's. Yet he said not a word until after Stephen spoke.

"One offers much the best wages and hours and everything, except the very thing that makes it—," he hesitated for a troubled second; then suddenly he threw up his head with a new air of decision and a lightening of his face—"that makes it impossible," he finished.

"Good for you, Steve," shouted John, giving him a loving slap that made him gasp, big and strong though he was. "That's the way for a son of Mr. Warren to talk. If I thought that his youngest was going to take a position where he would have to touch, handle, and deliver the stuff that adds honest brains, and puts murder into hearts that would never think of it without the poison of alcohol, and does all the rest of the mischief that it possibly can—well, I think I see a fellow of about my size bringing one of your size home by the nape of the neck, so—," and there was a friendly scuffle.

"Even if such a position would pay more money—the thing that ought to decide the whole thing offhand, eh?" taunted Stephen, joyously, now that the thing was settled. For he was going to take the lesser wages and longer hours, with the man who did not handle "choice liquors" in his grocery store.

He went in due time and, after a preliminary interview, entered upon his new work. He did not leave home, for the early trains carried him into town every morning, and an evening train hurried him back to the big farmhouse and the beloved home circle. Among all the wonderful things he had to tell over the evening table, those first few weeks, none was more wonderful than the story he brought home on Saturday night with a pay envelope that held enough more than the agreed wages to make it equal to that other offer which he had refused.

"Yes, sir," he said, telling the whole story over the second time unhindered, for the pure joy of the telling. "That other offer came from the man that I am working for. He says he always tries out the fellows he wants, to make sure that he does want them. And if they are willing to do that other work, and handle the stuff that he dislikes as much as any of us, he finds that he does not want them at any price. Yes, this is the wages he always pays after the first few weeks. He makes them go on the scale as a part of the test. My, but I'm glad you folks brought me up with strong objections to the liquor business. May I have another biscuit? I think I've only had six," and the young business man from the city laughed light heartedly. — Young Reaper.

Problems of Parenthood.

By Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf.



OUR Government is democratic and the spirit of democracy that equalizes all classes and stations has a tendency to strip away the awe and reverence that should halo the crown of old age, the office of trust, the sacredness of the ministry and the holiness of parenthood.

Liberty is frequently turned into license, and honors, that rightly belong to the aristocracy of culture and character, are equally lavished upon mere monetary success. Men bow before the millionaires and ridicule the minister; sons reverence the prize-fighter, and daughters bow before the dictator of fashions, both, in the meantime, neglecting and disobeying their parents.

Wherever and whenever we have filial piety we have never failed to find back of it parents who mastered the art of parenthood, parents who understood how to awaken and to preserve their children's love and reverence. Wherever we find children disobedient to their parent, neglectful of them, unwholesome, disrespectful, ungrateful toward them, we generally find parents as much to blame for it as their children.

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In not a few of our homes today may be seen a reversal of that old-time method of child-raising that engendered deep love of parents and implanted abiding reverence of them. It is the child that is sovereign in such homes; its parents are its slaves. All of a father's means and all of a mother's time and labor are made tributary to the child's every want and whim. From the very awakening of its consciousness it is impressed with the notion that the sole purpose of parents' existence is to minister to its every wish.

It is good to turn from such complete surrender to the old-style home. They were no sentimentalists, these former-day parents. Life meant a battle for them and they knew that it would mean a battle for their children, and they believed that, if their children were not to be left behind in the race for success as unfit in the struggle for existence the sooner they are hardened and made acquainted with the asperities of life the better it would be for them. What if the child had an occasional fall and tumble because a parent's or a nurse's eye could not be upon it always? They knew that there is nothing like getting prepared for the hard knocks which it was sure to receive in life.

There is harm in parenting too much; there is yet greater harm in parenting too little. In parenting just enough to make a child deeply to appreciate its parents' love and sacrifice, and lastingly to show its appreciation in words and deeds of love and reverence, lies a child's noblest gratitude, lies a parent's highest reward.

Dangers of Present Day.

By the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.



THE air of our country today is heavily charged with electricity. The lightning of exposure has been striking into the dark places and playing havoc with houses that were founded upon lies. The thunder denunciation rolls all around the horizon; many hearts are troubled; some are dismayed. Voices of despair are heard, crying that all is rotten—society, business, politics—all must go down.

On the other side conservative and soothing voices are heard that all will be well.

Where is the truth? Neither with the hysterical shriekers nor the soporific soothsayers. Rather let us take our stand with those who are both awake and sane; those who desire that no good man shall be unhonored as earnestly as they wish that no guilty man shall go unpunished.

Meantime let us understand clearly that the man who is responsible for much of our present trouble, apart from the inevitable complications which spring from our national inexperience and bewildering prosperity, is that notorious individual, "the man with the muck rake."

The real muck raker is not the honest critic of abuses nor even the malicious assailant of vested interests and invested politicians, but this busy, silent, indefatigable fellow whose eyes are so fixed upon the things of this world—golden dust and husks of pleasure and withered straws of notoriety and brittle sticks of official power—that he cannot even look, much less think, on the celestial crown of virtue and praise.

Yes, you are the man, you money spinner; hasting to be rich and forgetting to be honest, generous or kind; bending your conscience to your dealing, if need be, to succeed.

The critic, the satirist, even the cynic has his part to play; but I should never look to the school of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw for men or women who would be safe to trust or good to live with.

Let us, then, if indeed the age be critical, strengthen ourselves by the contagion of virtue to play the better part. Let us cast our lot not with the destroyers, but with the fulfillers. Let us cherish in these halls of learning our ancient ideals of culture and wisdom and honor.

Money and Marriages.

By Prof. John L. Elliott, Ph. D., Associate Leader of the Society for Ethical Culture.



THE typical home deserter is a man who is dissolute, a man of bad habits, a man given to drunkenness and laziness. Attractive he is pretty sure to be, and he is also pretty sure to be able to earn good wages if he just would put his energy to it. The fault in all cases of home desertion is almost always with the man; the woman is seldom to blame. When she is to blame it is usually put down to bad temper or nerves.

We have been laboring under the delusion that the chief trouble with the poor was their poverty. They believe themselves that if they had some Aladdin's lamp to bring money and houses all their troubles would be at an end. This is not the case. When founded on the right ideals the home endures in spite of the hardest blows fate can give.

Drunkenness is the greatest cause of desertion and laziness; a lack of power to do what he ought to do is a close second. In 100 cases almost one-third came just before or after a birth, and in so many of these cases the wife would say, "He was too good for me," and name the baby after the deserting father.

One of the unpleasant things about these homes of the poor is the way they put the children to work. You suppose these children are working to support widowed mothers. The facts are that they work, more of them, to support lazy parents than to help those who need their help.

You and I and the rest of the people are to blame for this, too. We who take such a pride in the American name and in our country, still allow such things to exist.

The Country Needs Hard Times

By E. C. McDougal, Banker.



WE are in an era of extravagance in enterprise and extravagance of expenditure, extravagance as much beyond precedent as is our feverish business activity. No matter what this country's book profits are it cannot accumulate capital without thrift, and today thrift appears to be forgotten. At least a moderate amount of what is popularly known as "hard times" is the only cure.

Every good business man knows that the end of constantly rising prices must some time be reached and that when that time comes prices will not remain stationary at the high level, but will start on the long expected decline. Business men should not dread but should welcome that time. We are not today on a sound basis. We cannot get back to a sound basis until we have a decided check. The longer that check is delayed the more severe will it be.

Expansion is not confined to the industrial and commercial world. For years banking liabilities have been expanding out of all proportion to the growth of cash reserves. It is not time for bankers to check this undue expansion? Consider that our reserves consist largely of balances due from other banks. The system of reserve agents, both in our State and National banking systems, with which you are all familiar, the abolition of which would be opposed by most if not by all of the bankers in this room, contains possibilities of serious trouble, nay more, invites serious trouble.

A Word For the Railroad.

Great as is the power and prominence of the road in the West, it is itself only the instrument by which a mighty nation is making progress. The road was the effort of the East to knit to itself with steel the far-outlying Rockies and the Pacific coast. Without the road, the West and East, diverse in interest and sentiment, never could have been held together. With the interchange of ideas and commodities which it encourages, the American people have been able to build up a great empire, holding together vast territory, firmly founded upon national unity.—From Ray Stannard Baker's "Destiny and the Western Railroad" in the Century.

STRETCH, LADIES, AND BE HAPPY!

Also Again Stretch; Stretch, Stretch and Be Graceful, Be Beautiful and Be Good.

A new method has been proposed whereby New York women are to be made happier and better, not to say thinner. A crowd of well dressed women thronged the studios of Mrs. Clara Z. Moore and listened with rapt attention as she expounded to them her theories upon "The Joy of Daily Living."

The secret of "the joy of daily living" is daily and hourly stretching. Just how far the new stretch system is to go is not known, but according to last reports from the front the limit has not been reached. The stretch is advocated in all the daily walks, rides and other occupations of life, and is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, discontent, red nose, blues, hump-back, bad temper and running the shoes over at the heels. It is to be practised at the dishpan, in the subway, with a broom, and is particularly recommended for the bargain counter and the bridge table.

"This conscious stretching and governing all the muscles of the body with every movement," said Mrs. Moore, "can be done anywhere and everywhere. It will give women grace, youth, beauty, and, finally, and most important, it will have an effect upon their characters and make them a positive joy to themselves and to everyone about them."

"We see hundreds of women here whose bodies are little more than moving masses of contented flesh. If they would begin a gradual system of stretching the muscles, so fast asleep in their cushions of fat, the adipose tissue would work off. Stretching—good, strong stretching—is the only way to bring those bodies back to the human form."

"If you are nervous, stretch. If you lack repose of manner, stretch. If you are giving a dinner and your husband fails to put in an appearance, stretch as you meet the guests and you can carry off the situation gracefully. In fact, at all the crucial moments of life remember the slogan, 'Stretch.'" —New York World.

How a Submarine Dives.

All submarine vessels are brought to a condition or readiness to submerge by taking in water ballast in suitably arranged and controlled tanks. This causes more of the boat to sink below the water's surface, and finally leaves her with only a small part of her conning-tower out of water. The remaining part above water represents what is called "reserve buoyancy." This buoyancy varies generally from 200 to 1000 pounds, depending upon the size of the craft; and it is to overcome the permanent tendency to rise represented by this reserve that pressure is brought to bear upon the submerging rudders or the aeroplanes in order to make the boat sink after she is once put in motion.

Now, the amount of water that must be taken into a submarine vessel to bring her body sufficiently below the surface for readiness to dive constitutes one of the two prime distinctions between the submarine and the submersible. In the submarine only from five per cent. to twelve per cent. of her total submerged bulk lies above the surface when she is in her lightest condition, and, accordingly, nearly that percentage of water ballast must be pumped into her tanks to bring her down to the required condition preparatory to running submerged. In a submersible, on the other hand, two, three and even four times this percentage of water ballast must be pumped into her tanks in order to reduce the vessel's reserve of buoyancy so that she may be forcibly made to sink out of sight. It is the height out of water or reserve of buoyancy of the submersible which gives her her superior sea-keeping qualities, which permits the vessel to be driven safely on the surface at higher rates of speed, and which contributes in other ways to the efficiency, the habitability and the military value of the craft.—Harper's Weekly.

Steady Going.

A shooting-party, putting up at Amos Libby's Maine camp, found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, fine or wet, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in Amos' general room persistently pointed to "set fair."

At last one of the party drew his attention to the glass.

"Don't you think, now, Amos," he said, "there's something the matter with your glass?"

"No, sir, she's a good glass an' a powerful one," Amos replied, with dignity, "but she ain't moved by trifles." —Youth's Companion.

Time Was Money.

A clergyman not long ago received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish house:

"This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour." —Ladies Home Journal.

Milton's Cottage.

The cottage in which Milor wrote his "Paradise Lost" is still standing at Chalfont St. Giles, near London. The great poet fled there to escape the plague in 1665. It is the only house remaining which Milton is known to have occupied.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Only a Slight Reduction.

It is stated that the April dividends to be paid by railroads, industrial and traction corporations will be \$126,000,000, compared with \$134,000,000 a year ago. The recent flurry falls a long way short of an old-fashioned panic.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.

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

WHAT MEN USED TO EAT.

Most of Present-Day Dainties Were Unknown to Past Generations.

What would be the sensations of one of our ancestors of the middle ages if he could sit down to a modern breakfast table? asked an ingenious student of old manners in the current Harper's Weekly. "To begin with fruits," he answers, "these were almost unknown to the men of his period; certainly in their present form. So were most of our vegetables. The only vegetable which seems to be more or less indigenous over the greater part of the world is the squash-pumpkin tribe. The pumpkin is very ancient, for it dates back to Cinderella. Of course he knew the small wild cherry, with its bitter flavor, the little wild strawberry, the raspberry, blackberry and plum. Apples, or 'crabs,' as Shakespeare calls them, were used in England, and generally roasted in order to deprive them of their astringency. The wild-hedge orange of China and India filtered into Europe occasionally, but it was scarcely eatable. Potatoes were, of course, unknown. Bananas were introduced in quantity to Europe within the lifetime of many middle-aged men. The grapefruit is the product of the past two decades, and even yet has seldom crossed the Atlantic. The peach was a poisonous shrub in Persia. Our worthy ancestor, then, broke his fast upon salt fish, or meat if he were wealthy or had access to some deer forest. He washed down his food with hot beer, spiced, or honey brew."

Moon Doesn't Affect Clouds.

The supposed power of the full moon to disperse clouds in which meteorologists have been gradually losing belief, has been just investigated again, this time in South Africa by J. R. Sutton. In observations at Potsdam, from January, 1894, to June, 1900, Meissner found no such dispersing power, but that there is a minimum of cloud about the time of the new moon and a maximum just after full. Mr. Sutton concludes that these are just the apparent results we might expect, if it is assumed that the moon has no influence whatever. In south Africa the cirrus and cirro-stratus disappear at sunset, but the rising moon makes them visible again, and the 8 p. m. observations from January, 1900, to January, 1907, show considerably more cloud between the third and eighteenth lunar day than between the eighteenth and third.

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion."

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well."

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food is that it is predigested by natural processes, and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.