

# STEPHEN.

How He Came to Go to College With the Judge's Jim.

(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The boy waited just inside the doorway. The man at the desk looked up.

"Are you the boy who called at my home this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I think I'm the boy you mean."

"Sit here, please. My wife telephoned that she liked your looks. Your name is—"

"Stephen Bruce."

"That sounds like it. Yes, Stephen Bruce. Have you any recommendations?"

"No, sir. I have no acquaintances here."

"Where are you from?"

"Blithedale. I came yesterday."

The man at the desk looked the boy over.

"How old?"

"Just eighteen."

"Do you know what you will be expected to do if I give you this place?"

"Take care of the outside of the house, keep the ground in order and look after the lady's horse and phaeton."

"Yes. And what would you do with the rest of your time?"

"Go to school."

"Good. The school is close at hand. What sort of an education have you had?"

"It has been rather irregular. I've been to school every winter and this spring I had a three-months' chance to teach."

"Teach?"

The boy smiled faintly.

"There was nobody else available."

The man looked at the boy with interest.

"I'm sorry you haven't any recommendations," he said.

The boy drew a neat little packet of papers from his inner coat pocket.

"I have a few lines from the school trustees and a kindly word or two from the minister who has known me since I was born, and to whom it may concern from Judge Oliver, of the circuit court. Of course I realize that these are not the sort of recommendations a boy who wants a job cutting grass and tending horses should carry around, but they are all I can show."

The man stared hard at the boy.

"Why don't you look for something better?" he demanded.

"I want an education," the boy replied. "I must have a place where I can work odd hours and go to school. And I mean to work my way through college."

The man waited a moment.

"All right," he said. "The job is yours if you want it. I'll give you a dollar a day and your board as long as you suit."

"Thank you," said the boy. "I expect to suit."

"You can begin at any time," said the man.

"That will be this afternoon," the boy replied. "I left my valise at the house."

The man stared again.

"Very well," he said.

For several days the man saw very little of the boy.

He noted, however, that the grass had never looked in better condition and that the horse and phaeton left nothing to be desired along the lines of cleanliness.

"How is the new boy turning out?" he asked his wife.

"Better than I expected," she answered. "I wish we could help him still more. He seems very deserving."

"Steady, Caroline," said the man. "You mustn't let your kindly impulses run away with you. And the boy isn't asking any help."

The next afternoon he encountered the boy near the gate. The boy had a black eye, an unmistakable black eye.

At the dinner table the man looked across at his wife.

"Has our protegee been fighting?" he asked.

"Yes," his wife replied.

"He told you about it?"

"Yes. And it isn't to his discredit, Henry."

"The black eye?"

"The entire affair."

"But you have only heard the boy's side of the story."

The lady smiled.

"That's all I want, Henry." But Henry shook his head.

The next morning Stephen Bruce's employer had a call from Judge Daniel Strong, of the district court.

"I've come on a rather peculiar errand, Appleton," he said as he took a proffered chair. "My boy Jim came home last night pretty badly battered up. He is at the Jefferson high school, you know, and neither his mother nor myself could get a word out of him. Well, I did a little detective business and found out that he had been fighting with a boy named Stephen Bruce, who is said to be your hired man. Is there such a man in your employ, Appleton?"

Henry Appleton stiffened a little.

"A boy of that name works about my premises and attends the Jefferson high. He is eighteen and considerably lighter than your Jim. I can't believe he would fight against such odds."

"Did you see the boy last night?"

"Yes, and I noticed he had a black eye."

"Is that all?"

"That's all I noticed. He attended to his work as usual."

The judge shook his head.

"And you are sure he is not a big quarrelsome brute with brass knuckles, or something of that sort?"

Henry Appleton frowned.

"He is a quiet, well behaved boy," he answered. "Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Not until I talk to Jim," replied the judge. And he went away, looking worried.

That night Henry Appleton told his wife about the call.

"Well," she said, "I'll tell you what Stephen said. He confessed he had been fighting, and that he was heartily ashamed of it. But, he added, it couldn't be helped. The fight was forced on him and the only way in which he could retain his place in the school was to resent the treatment he had received from some of the pupils. If I thought he had done wrong he would go away."

"And what did you do?" Henry Appleton asked.

"I gave him a lotion for his eye," the lady replied.

The next morning Judge Strong called again.

"Did you speak to that boy of yours, Appleton?" he asked.

"No."

"I'm glad of it. I had a talk with Jim, 'Jim,' I said, 'you had a fight at school the other day.' Jim admitted it. 'You fought with a boy named Stephen Bruce,' Jim admitted the charge. 'And he whipped you?' Jim nodded. 'Yes,' he replied. 'He whipped me. And he can whip any boy in school.' The judge looked hard at Appleton. 'Do you know that that pleased me,' he said. 'It did me good to find out that Jim had the moral courage to admit his defeat. Jim has been a pretty difficult proposition for us, as I suppose you know. He has neglected his studies and run pretty wild. But we won't admit that he is really bad. He's just foolish and wayward.'

"Of course," said Henry Appleton. "I guess I won't say anything to Stephen."

The judge suddenly laughed.

"I hope he won't insist upon teaching my boy prize fighting. What do you know about him as a scholar?"

"Nothing. All the curiosity along that line is confined to my wife. I'll ask what she knows."

He told his wife what the judge had said and she laughed over it.

"Now I'll tell you what Stephen told me about the trouble," she said. "I judge from what he said that the Strong boy is the bully of the school. He must have borne down pretty heavily on Stephen and finally he went a little too far. He ridiculed Stephen's clothes and his country manners, and his red hair. And finally he taunted Stephen with being a coward and slapped him. Then Stephen took off his coat and they fought in the little grove behind the school. And Stephen whipped him. It was the only thing he could do, he told me. He said his connection with the school would have been unendurable if he had let the Strong boy continue to tyrannize over him."

Henry Appleton laughed.

"And where did our Stephen obtain his unusual prowess?" he asked.

"He taught a district school," his wife answered. "And he had to whip every one of the big boys before he could establish his authority, and some of them were as big as full grown men. And after he had whipped them all he had no more trouble."

Henry Appleton laughed again.

"Our Stephen grows more and more interesting," he said. "And didn't the worthy principal find out about this little scrap in the grove?"

"Yes, Stephen told him."

"Stephen?"

"Stephen went to the principal

next day and told him he had violated one of the school rules and was very sorry. 'Is that the cause for your black eye?' the principal asked. Stephen told him it was. 'What was the name of the other boy?' the principal asked. Stephen said he couldn't tell him that. 'Then run along,' said the principal, 'and don't forget that you have two examinations tomorrow.' And Stephen has heard no more about the fight."

"I'd like to know who told the principal?" said Henry Appleton.

"Stephen didn't know."

"I wonder if it could have been Jim Strong?"

"I hope it was," said his wife.

"Whosoever told was careful not to throw any blame on Stephen."

"Which, of course, is greatly to his credit," said Henry Appleton. "And I hope it was Jim Strong."

Henry Appleton was a busy man. His work required close attention. He was quite too busy to interest himself in Stephen Bruce.

One night his wife told him that Stephen wanted a favor.

"Let's hear it," Appleton responded.

"He wants you to let him use the upper room of the stable. He has cleaned it out nicely. He wants to have a school friend or two visit him there."

"He'll set fire to the place won't he?"

"He seems careful."

"Very well. Tell him he can use it."

"I'll thank you for him, Henry."

So that was settled and then Henry Appleton forgot all about it.

But one morning Judge Strong came into his office.

"How are you, Appleton? I dropped in on a little personal business."

"You are always welcome, judge. Take a chair."

The judge hesitated.

"It's about Jim," he said.

"Nothing wrong?"

"I don't know."

"But I thought Jim was doing better."

"He has done better. I hoped the reform would be permanent."

"And what is the trouble?"

"I wish I knew. He seems to be completely under the influence of that hired boy of yours."

Henry Appleton looked around quickly.

"And you think the influence is a bad one?"

"I'm afraid it is. I can't quite imagine that Jim would be fascinated by a good influence—more's the pity."

"This is all news to me, judge," said Henry Appleton. "And I'm a little slow to believe that Stephen Bruce is a bad companion for your Jim."

The judge nodded.

"I see your point," he said, "but that doesn't relieve my mind. Those boys, Jim and your hired lad, meet somewhere nearly every night. I've no idea what they do. Perhaps they gamble."

"Have you talked to Jim?"

"Yes, in a guarded way. He has an unreasonable temper. I have to be very careful. What does your boy do evenings?"

"I don't know," Appleton answered. "I don't see anything of him."

And then he remembered something and suddenly frowned.

"By George," he said, "I guess I know their rendezvous."

"Where is it?" the judge eagerly asked.

"I'll let you know later. I'll take you there this evening. We will root out this mystery together."

"Yes, yes," said the judge. "Where shall we meet?"

"On my porch. Be there at 8.30."

"All right," said the judge.

It was a dark evening and the two investigators had little fear of detection.

Henry Appleton was waiting for the judge.

"The place of rendezvous is my stable," he said, "and I think your boy Jim is there now. Come."

They stole around the house and up the driveway.

There was a light in the upper window of the stable.

Appleton pointed to it.

"There is a ladder back of the stable," he whispered. "Help me with it."

Then the two men carefully raised the ladder to the window.

"I'll go up first," said Appleton.

He climbed the ladder slowly and noiselessly and peered through the window.

He remained there for perhaps five minutes. Then he rejoined the judge at the foot of the ladder.

"It is just what I suspected," he gravely whispered. "Climb up carefully and I will hold the ladder."

The judge ascended to the window.

This is what he saw. Stephen Bruce was standing before Jim Strong with a paper in his hand. Jim was seated at a table. By getting close to the glass the judge could catch their voices.

"Blame you, Jim," Stephen was saying, "you don't catch the trick of it. The problem is simple enough if you apply the rule. If you expect me to pull you through in algebra you've got to give me a lot of help."

The son of the judge looked up with a sheepish grin.

"Don't be so awful rough, Steve," he said. "I'll get through somehow. Wasn't I a credit to you in history?"

"You did beautifully," Stephen replied. "But I had my doubts up to the last week."

Jim chuckled.

"You should have seen the judge's face when I told him I stood ninety-three in my history final. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a \$20 bill and pushed it at me. I'm saving it for you, Steve."

"For me!" snapped Stephen. "Do you take me for an ordinary tutor?"

"You're an awfully good fellow."

"Cut it out," growled the other boy, "and get back to your problem."

The judge noiselessly descended the ladder and with Henry Appleton's assistance carried it behind the stable.

Then the two men returned to the porch.

There was a prolonged silence.

"Does that boy want to go to college?" the judge asked in a constrained voice.

"He told me he did," said Henry Appleton. "He means to work his way."

The judge leaned forward.

"He won't have to work his way," he said. "I'm going to send him. I want him to go with Jim."

Henry Appleton stiffened.

"I may be a little slow in waking up," he said, "but I fancy I'm entitled to a share in this venture. Isn't he my boy?"

The judge stared at Henry. Then he put out his hand.

"Make it a joint affair, share and share alike," he said.

And their hands met.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

A Scotchman has invented a new life-saving apparatus which is capable of throwing a line half a mile.

The main lesson of leprosy is somewhat philippic. All Europe for centuries was covered with it, but the quick, strong, reactive blood of the white race strangled the germs of death, so it is doubtful if whites could ever be pestered much again. Yellow races, of slower, weaker blood, are still slowly stewing with it.

Professor Frederic S. Lee, of Columbia University, while declining to express a final opinion about Weichard's antitoxin for promoting recuperation from fatigue, says that it seems probable from recent experiments that lack of oxygen is a potent factor in producing fatigue. Hill appears to have demonstrated the efficacy of oxygen taken into the lungs in quickly restoring one who is suffering from extreme fatigue.

Mon. Paineux, the distinguished selenographer of the Paris Observatory, has reached the conclusion that the curious rays or bands, extending in straight lines away from many lunar craters, such as the celebrated Tycho, were produced by the deposition of volcanic ashes carried to great distances by the winds that happened to prevail when the eruption occurred. He accounts for the relative narrowness of these bands, which are never more than thirty miles broad, although their length is sometimes many hundred miles, by supposing that only the central axis of the deposit has remained, the less dense borders having been destroyed by the denuding forces of the air, when the moon had a considerable atmosphere.

A method of preventing the distribution of coal dust in mines is described by Mr. H. Hall in the Transactions of the Mining Institute of Scotland. It consists in watering the dust with a concentrated solution of calcium chloride, and introducing the same salt, in the form of a dry powder, into seams where watering is not possible. This treatment is claimed to "lay" the dust effectually, and need only be applied once every three months. Comparative experiments to determine the corrosiveness of such a concentrated solution of calcium chloride upon iron showed that that metal was oxidized much more rapidly by alternate exposure to air and ordinary tap-water than to air and calcium chloride solution. The metal lost in weight about three times as much when immersed in water as when placed in the solution of the salt.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THEN AND NOW.

Said grandma: "When I went to school we had to learn the 'rule of three, and many another tedious rule. I will remember them!" said she.

"The children nowadays, it seems, don't even know what study means! I don't believe they really know as much as I did, long ago!"

Said Nannie: "Did you ever?"

And then with mischief in her eye: "I made a raffia basket—try! I made a sweet one yesterday—It's in two colors, pink and gray. Just right to hold a ball of twine. And you shall have it, grandma mine, if you can saw a board in two, and drive a nail as straight and true, and paint a water-color rose, and sketch from life a Roman nose, and mold in clay a baby's hand, and broil beefsteak with ready hand, and make a cake, and write a song and sing it, too—six stanzas long—And—'Mercy, child!' said grandma, 'Stop!'

My head is spinning like a top! You don't tell me you learn all these by going to school!" "Yes, grandma, please, and many more delightful things—About a bird and how it sings, About a bug and how it crawls, About a leaf and why it falls, And oh, so many things I know, I haven't told you half—oh, no!"

Said grandma: "Well, I never!"

—Harriet Crocker LeRoy, in Youth's Companion.

"Neighbor Smith says that the bugs have eaten up all his squash-vines," said grandpa, one day. "Why have they not touched ours, Tommy?"

Tommy did not know.

"How about our lodger in the garden?" said grandpa, smiling.

"Do you mean Mr. Toad?" asked Tommy. "Does he catch the bugs?"

"If you watched him long enough, you would see," said grandpa. "When he sits in his front door, he is taking care of our garden, and when a trespasser comes along, Mr Toad arrests him at once. The least that we can do for him is to give him a house rent-free, don't you think so?"

"O grandpa," said Tommy, eagerly, "is everything in the whole world of some use?"—Youth's Companion.

CANOE CAPERS.

Water sports, during the past few years, have come to be among the chief "events" on the holiday programs of many seaside and yacht clubs. Some of these sports call for no small amount of skill and strength.

The "tilting" on canoes is familiar to most young folks; but I want to tell you of some novel "stunts" done by a clever member of a lakeside club, a trained canoeist and expert swimmer. As every boy knows, or ought to know, no one, young or old, has any business in a canoe who is not a skillful and powerful swimmer, and quite able to take care of himself in the water under any and all circumstances.

Moreover, no canoe tricks should ever be attempted by any one, except in comparatively shallow water, not far from shore; and even then there should be companions close at hand, in a boat, ready and alert to give immediate aid in any emergency.

The canoeist began his tricks by falling out of the canoe sidewise, overturning the canoe with him. This was easy enough, or seemed to be, although the knack of falling out of a canoe so that the craft lifts after you, instead of capsizing in clumsy fashion, is only acquired by practice. Next the young man climbed back into the canoe, after getting it on an even keel. This was no so easy. It required some skill, a lot of agility, and a practical acquaintance with the eccentricities of a boat of the lightness and delicacy of build of a canoe. It was not difficult to capsize the boat again in climbing back. If this was done too many times the performer was not unlikely to become exhausted. For this reason he was careful not to go too far from the banks when attempting his aquatic practice, for it might have been necessary to swim ashore, towing the canoe, to rest for a while before making another attempt. When the difficult knack of righting the canoe, climbing back again, and falling overboard once more had been thoroughly acquired and the wobbly tendencies of the little craft had been overcome, then the real feat was attempted.

The feat was to take a back flip from the side of the canoe, holding the hands on one side of the boat and balancing with the feet on the other. As the canoeist went over backward into the water he still retained his firm hold on the side of the boat with his hands and kept his feet firmly planted in the original position.

In this way he went into the water with the canoe turning with him. At first it was found essential to comfort to release the hold on the canoe as the water closed over the canoeist. It was sufficient for a time to turn the canoe completely over until it was resting on the water immediately over the head of the performer. When this lesson had been learned, then a step further was attempted. The object to be ultimately gained was to keep the boat turning, emptying it of water during the process, until it had turned completely over again to its original position. It will be seen at once that this feat was not an easy one.

The impetus of the first backward fall went far toward carrying the boat into the position where it could be righted. But the performer had to be skillful and quick if every advantage was to be taken of the initial start in the direction desired. When the canoeist came to the surface again he was still clinging to the side of the boat, pulling that side toward him and kicking the other side toward the place it would assume when the canoe was once more in its right position in the water. As the canoeist came up he gave the boat a twist with his shoulder that emptied the water from it, and then he turned it on its side with a dexterous twirl that dropped it right side up, ready for occupancy once more. It was very skillfully done.—H. D. Jones, in St. Nicholas.

The international office of public hygiene, recently established in Paris, has for its principal object the gathering and distribution of information concerning the more serious epidemic diseases, particularly cholera, plague and yellow fever.

There is a great shortage of theological students in Wurtemberg.

## THE LITTLE GIRL'S NEIGHBOR.

By John Mickelson.

Three men gazed impatiently out of the window as the train drew into the station, and leaped to the platform before it stopped. They were equally prominent and engaged in equally weighty affairs. Also they were all church members and anxious in a general way to do what was right. It was late at night and the station was deserted, except for a tired looking little girl, who was sitting, wide eyed, in the corner, too tired to keep awake, too timid to allow herself to sleep. Two of the three pushed through the dingy waiting room, on to the platform and into their carriages and were whirled out into the dark. The third stopped and questioned the little one.

"I missed the train," she said, "and the man said another went to-morrow. I don't know what to do."

The rear lights of the carriages of the first two men were just disappearing when the third carriage drove up. Only it had two occupants and they had held but one. The little one slept that night in the home of the third man and went on her journey in the morning, refreshed and encouraged and glad.

There were three men who rushed into the station that night and all of them were anxious in a general way to do the right thing.

But which, think you, was neighbor unto the little girl who had missed her train?