

Going Away From Home

Some time ago a bright, active boy of seventeen left his father's home in Connecticut with barely enough money in his pocket to carry him to Denver, Colo., whither he went lured by some false hope of bettering his condition. His father is a well-to-do farmer, and there was no reason why the boy should have turned from the comforts of home and the love and care of indulgent parents; but, prompted by the desire to see the world, and to feel the freedom of one who 'is looking out for himself,' he crossed the great plains and reached Denver an almost penniless stranger.

He began to look for work, that he might obtain money to meet his actual needs; but he soon found that the great Western city was already crowded with young men and boys who were 'willing to do anything,' and day after day of disappointment came to him. At length, after having been obliged to live without sufficient food and necessary protection, he was stricken with typhoid fever, was taken to the county hospital, and there died.

A young man who is connected with the Young Men's Christian Association of a large Western city says that scarcely a day passes without his meeting some of the homeless, friendless, and moneyless young men and boys who throng all the streets; and especially as winter approaches does he long to lift a voice that shall reach every home in the land that numbers among its members a restless, adventurous boy.

'Day after day they come into the rooms of the Association with which I am connected,' he says, 'and just a look into the face of one of them will reveal his story, usually before he has had an opportunity to speak a word.'

"I want to know if you can tell me where I can get work to do?" are words we hear every day from sad-faced, penniless young men, and all we can do for the majority of them is to try to let fall expressions of sympathy, instead of the harsh words of blame, which often seem to rest on our lips—as we listen to the story we have heard so many times of the good home in the East, and think of the expression which is sure to come in some part of the conversation—"If ever I get back there, I'll be glad enough to stay."

Now, boys, I touch this subject carefully, for I know that, like many another matter, it has two sides, and that one who looks at it, as he is apt to, after listening to a story like the above, is likely to see but one.

There may come a time in a boy's life when just the thing he ought to do would be to leave home and look out for himself. It is possible that Bayard Taylor would never have won the honor which crowned his life had he not, a young man of nineteen, dared to leave his Pennsylvania home and attempt a trip through Europe, with only one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket.

But look at Bayard Taylor, his ability to take care of himself, his genius, his development in the commonplace paths of his early life, and then examine your own nature and capabilities, and see if you have as much to help you through as he had.

We find that a great many of these

young men who express a willingness to do 'anything, I don't care what,' have never fitted themselves to do well any one thing, and that is the main reason why they are penniless.

If you have a good home, stay there, and fit yourself for something you are sure you will want to do after a while, when thrown upon your own resources. Do not be in a hurry to begin your life-work, but take plenty of time to prepare.

If circumstances make you leave your home while yet in your boyhood, go out into the world with some higher purpose than a mere thirst for adventure and a desire to be free from home restraint.

If obliged to assume the responsibility of taking care of yourself as a homeless, friendless, and penniless boy, God help you to make the most and best of yourself, but do not walk deliberately into this latter condition, if it is in any way possible to keep out of it.—Walter Palmer, in 'Forward.'

Bad Breeding.

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly-dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

'He's out,' said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

'Do you know where he is?'

'No.'

'When will he be in?'

'Bout nine o'clock.'

'It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time.'

'There's the clock,' said the boy, smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

'Oh, yes! thank you,' said the gentleman. 'Ten minutes to nine. Can I wait here for him?'

'I s'pose, though this isn't a public hotel.'

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

'I would like to write a note while I wait,' said the caller; 'will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?'

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

'Anything else?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are.'

The boy felt flattered by the word smart, and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied:

'I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of "Billy." But here comes the boss.'

The 'boss' came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out:

'Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—'

But John Thompson's kid heard no more. He was looking for his hat. Mr. Smith was the president of the railway, and Billy

heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar 'smartness' might secure him, as he is still out of employment.—'Youth's Companion.'

Miss Five Cents.

(Isabelle Horton, in 'Northwestern Advocate'.)

'Oh, Miss Five Cents!' 'Hello, Miss Five Cents!' 'Wait a minute!'

A girl whose merry dark eyes belied the nun-like severity of her black dress, turned a smiling face in the direction from which came the saucy voices, in no wise disconcerted by the unconventionality of their address.

'Oh, Karl, is it you? Good morning, Nannie. How is your sister to-day, Frank?'

A clamorous group gathered around her, the bolder ones grasping her hands or her dress. 'Ain't you coming to my house?' was the general query.

'Not to-day, little folks; I have a meeting at the church.'

Her quick eyes had wandered beyond the group about her and spied a tanned face and a pair of blue eyes regarding her furtively from the shadow of a passageway running back between the buildings. The children's quick eyes followed her questioning glance.

'Aw—that's Frida Olson; she lives in the court.'

'Why, then she must be a neighbor of yours. Have you invited her to our Sunday-school class?'

'We don't want her.' 'She wouldn't come, anyway.' 'She's an awful mean girl.' 'She's a thief; she stole some cold potatoes right from our back door.'

'Dear, dear; we must surely have her in our class and see if we can't help her to do better, mustn't we?' The children's faces looked dubious approval, but they vouchsafed no reply. The deaconess—for such her small bonnet with its white silken ties proclaimed her—was moving on with her clamorous escort when an old tin can whirled into the midst of the group, barely missing her, and struck the back of Karl's rough jacket, leaving a muddy stain.

'Aw; that's Frida. She did that,' and with a common impulse the entire band dashed down the passage after the small Philistine who had by this Parthian arrow demonstrated her contempt for them and their opinions. The deaconess, left alone as suddenly as she had been surrounded, hesitated, doubtful whether it was not her duty to follow and see that no harm befell the child, but a glance at her watch decided her.

'She'll take care of herself—she is evidently used to; I don't believe they would hurt her anyway,' and she passed on her way.

Frida flew down the passage with the raft at her heels. It led into a small court surrounded by old tenements, one of the more pretentious of which rose to the height of three or four stories and was criss-crossed by crazy wooden stairways. Up one flight of these Frida rushed, and from the rude veranda into which it opened she paused to hurl defiance at her pursuers. Leaning over the wooden railing she thrust out her tongue in a highly insulting manner at the rabble below.