

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road if
life.

If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hops,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er
falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are
bright,
Though the wintry wind prevailleth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang
low,

And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
through

When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb
goes.

Is the hour before the dawning.
Better to weave in the web of life

A bright and golden filling.
And to do God's will with a ready
heart,

And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender
threads

Of our curious lives asunder.
And then blame heaven for the tangled
ends,

And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Ex

THE OTHER SIDE.

and from the many mar mthr mahshn
Perhaps the weather had something
to do with it; doubtless physical ex-
haustion, although Christine did not re-
cognize it as such, had more. All that
she knew was that it was one of those
days when all one's spiritual defenses
seem to collapse suddenly.

The fact was, Christine was home-
sick, body and soul, for the big, shabby,
cheerful house and all the happy, noisy
brood it held; for the scent of spring
apples in the orchard and the sound of
little insect voices down in its long
grass; for the old street, dappled with
sunlight and shadow, and the faces of
neighbors whom she had known all her
life; even for old Miss Bartlett's dis-
reputable cat, Josephus.

Nellie Jacobs, next her in the cas-
hier's cage, looked at her with amused
eyes.

"You're in a blue funk, all right,"
she declared.

"I am," Christine replied, gravely.
"Hard up?" Nellie asked, curiously.

Christine turned upon her fiercely.
"Hard up!" she retorted, scornfully.

"As if I fuss about that! I'm dead
homesick, that's all. I loathe every-
thing here—the crowds and the board-
ing-house and this cage—everything.
And I've got to stay for four years."

"Why?" Nellie asked. Reserve was
an unknown quantity to Nellie.

"To help Jack through college,"
Christine replied through set teeth,
"that's why. You needn't think he
wants it so," she added quickly.

"He hates it and is working himself
half to death; but he had to go — it
would have been wicked not to, with
his ability. And he's going to help
Phil and Dora; they're all students."
Christine had forgotten her blues for
the moment. When Nellie spoke
again she was startled at the change
in her voice.

"How many of you are there?" Nel-
lie asked.

"Eight," Christine answered, her
face softening.

Nellie turned upon her passionately.
"Eight—like that! I have a father
and a brother, and they both drink, and
don't care a straw whether I am dead
or alive. And you're whimpering because
you're homesick. Did you ever think
of the people who would give their
lives almost to have somebody to be
homesick for?"

Three carriers came sliding up. The
girls made change rapidly. Down be-
low in the great store the crowds ed-
died about the bargain-tables. But

Christine's "blue funk" at her own trif-
ling woes had disappeared. She was
almost awe-stricken by the tragedy of
her companion's life.—The Youth's
Companion.

A WOMAN WHO RUNS A TOWN.

By her progressive and practical
ideas, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Eng-
land's lady mayor, she being mayor
of Adleburg, is giving a demon-
stration of the ability of women to man-
age public affairs. Mrs. Anderson
was chosen mayor of Adleburg, a
burgh in Suffolk, in November of last
year. Her election was unanimous.

Mrs. Anderson's distinction as the
first lady English mayor is the climax
of her career as an advocate of woman
suffrage. She and her sisters,
Mrs. Fawcett, and Miss Rhoda Gar-
rett, have worked zealously in the
cause.

Having studied medicine, Mrs.
Anderson sought admission to the
examinations of the College of Sur-
geons and Physicians in 1860, but
this privilege was denied her. She
obtained license in 1865 to practice
from the Society of Apothecaries,
and at the same time she obtained
the degree of doctor of medicine from
the University of Paris. From 1866 to
1890, Dr. Anderson was senior physician
in the Euston Road Hospital for Wo-
men. From 1876 to 1898, she was dean
of the London School of Medicine for
Women. In 1896, she was elected
president of the East Anglican branch
of the British Medical Association.
Prior to her selection as Mayor, Mrs.
Anderson served twelve months in the
council of Adleburg.—Ex.

THE GRAY-HAIRED BLOCK.
The Story of a Novel Idea.

By William H. Hamby.

"Well, Major," I asked as we sat
down to luncheon, "did you ever get
rid of that hundred thousand? You re-
member that when I was here the last
time you had a hundred thousand dol-
lars you wanted to give away, and
were worrying over how to do it."

"I did not give it away, after all,"
he said, with a smile that I always
loved to see, it meant so many things
to follow.

"No, I invested it. I will show
you after luncheon."

As I knew the Major always did
his showing before his talking,
curbed my curiosity, and talked about
other things.

"I believe we will walk," he said as
we went through the gate; "it is only
a few blocks."

"There it is," he said as we ap-
proached the business section of the
town. The building to which he
pointed was a handsome three-story
structure covering an entire block. On
the stone tablet over the high arched
door at the main entrance I read,
"Speed Block." On a sign which pro-
jected from the third storey was
also on every business sign I noticed
along the block.

As we entered, a very old, gray-hair-
ed man opened the door for us, and
greeted the Major with an affectionate
smile.

In the elevator the white-haired boy
in charge—he must have been more
than seventy—greeted the Major in a
way that somehow gave me a queer
sensation at the heart.

We began at the hotel on the third
floor. The clerk came from behind his
desk to shake hands with the Major.

"How are you, Uncle Johnny?" Mr.
Speed asked. "How is the hotel?"

"Fine, fine," replied the gray-beard-
ed clerk. And I noticed the old fel-
low held his hand until the Major re-
leased it.

It was a first-class hotel, and well
kept. The manager was a fine old
fellow of sixty-five, who formerly
managed a large hotel in Denver.
The cooks, waiters, bellboys, every-
body about the place, showed signs

of at least three-score years of ex-
perience.

On the second floor we went
through tailor-shops, broom-factory,
shoe-shops, printing office, and many
other busy rooms. And everywhere it
was gray heads that bent over the
tasks, but somehow the load of
drudgery had been lifted from the
work. Their faces were bright, and
the spirit of the place seemed un-
usually jolly. Every now and then
we caught snatches of song and
laughter as we went down the halls.

Everywhere at our approach the faces
turned to the Major were filled with
that peculiar, affectionate look I had
seen in the old doorkeeper's eyes, and
there was a note in their greeting that
unaccountably contracted the muscles
of my throat.

On the ground floor were stores
and shops of various kinds—clothing
stores, shoe stores, dry goods stores,
grocers' stores, fruit stand, news-
stand, boot blacking stand, barber
shops, and many others were included
in the block; and in all of them were
old men as clerks and managers.

In the best corner of the block was
a bank. As we entered, the cashier
looked up over his glasses, and hastily
put his hand through the window.

"Well, well, Major, I'm glad to see
you. It has been several days since
you have been around."

The bookkeepers all lifted their gray
heads from over their ledgers, and
turned happy faces toward the pro-
prietor. It was not the usual look worn
when the "boss" comes in, but rather
the expression of happy children when
a favorite uncle comes home.

"Well, well," I exclaimed when we
were on the street again, "it seems to
be a remarkably well-kept institution
from top to bottom; but where did you
get that collection of gray-beards? I
never saw anything like it."

The Major laughed. "There are
only two men in the whole block under
fifty-five. In town, they call it the
'Gray-haired Block.'"

The Major had business to see af-
ter, and not until twilight, as we sat
on the porch, did he tell me the
story.

"That hundred thousand that I want-
ed to give away worried me more than
any money I ever had."

"Doubtless many people would think
it easy to give away money. It is
easy to throw it away, but I tell you
it is exceedingly difficult to spend
money for the good of others and get
value received."

"For months I studied over ways
and means to get rid of that hundred
thousand which I felt belonged to
the public good. As I have often re-
marked before, it seems to me the
poorest sort of help to wait until a
man has lost all that is worth keeping
before you assist him."

"The help that counts for both the
man and society is that which saves
his self-respect and keeps him at
work."

"It was from Lightner I finally got
my idea."

"I came home one evening, and
found my wife had been crying, and
knew there was something wrong
with some of the neighbors. I think
she carries fully half of the joys
and troubles of this end of town."

"What is it, Mary?" I asked.

"The Lightners," she answered
simply, her lips quivering. "I don't
know what will become of them."

"What is the matter?" I asked
anxiously, for they were our near
neighbors and very good friends.
"He hasn't lost his job?"

"Yes," she answered, putting her
handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor
Mrs. Lightner is nearly killed. What
will they do?"

"It was a problem. Lightner had
been bookkeeper in the Third Na-
tional Bank for thirty years. In the
early days they scrimped and saved
enough from his salary to pay for
their home—it is that pretty cottage
on the corner across there—but not
a cent more had they saved or could