

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 exhaustion, although Christine did not recognize 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 homesick, 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 disreputable cat, Josephus.

Nellie Jacobs, next her in the cashier'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 the boarding-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?" Nellie 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 whining 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 below in the great store the crowds eddied about the bargain-tables. But

Christine's "blue funk" at her own trifling 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, England's lady mayor, she being mayor of Adleburg, is giving a demonstration of the ability of women to manage 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 Garrett, have worked zealously in the cause.

Having studied medicine, Mrs. Anderson sought admission to the examinations of the College of Surgeons 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 Women. 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 remember that when I was here the last time you had a hundred thousand dollars 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, I 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 approached 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 projected from the third story was also from the "Speed Hotel," The Major's name was as on every business sign I noticed along the block.

As we entered, a very old, gray-haired 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-bearded clerk. And I noticed the old fellow held his hand until the Major released 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, everybody about the place, showed signs

of at least three-score years of experience.

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 unusually 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 doorman'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, newsstand, 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 proprietor. 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 after, and not until twilight, as we sat on the porch, did he tell me the story.

"That hundred thousand that I wanted 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 remarked 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 National 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