

BOYS AND GIRLS

If We Knew.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
Oft times lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
For the sunshine we could fling;
If we knew what feet are weary
Walking pathways roughly laid,
We would quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell—
That some word we've lightly spoken
Pained and wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chance to meet;
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—Selected.

How the Monkey got the Jam

A sweet little story concerning a pet monkey and a pot of jam is vouched for by a Johns Hopkins University man now residing in Baltimore.

It was in the country and all on a summer's day that the family monkey was seen scudding homeward literally drenched in raspberry jam. He was pursued by an irate neighbor with uplifted broom, but once safe on the home plot he swung himself lightly into the nearest tree and peacefully listened to her tale of wrong.

It seems the neighbor had some hours before been making jam, a great bowl of which sat cooling on a table beneath the trees. This the monkey spied, but had scarcely started liberally helping himself to it when he was discovered. With loud outcry and the broom the lady started toward him, when the mischievous beast, knowing his minutes were numbered, hastily overturned the bowl on the table. Then, rolling himself joyously in it several times from head to heels, he scampered beyond her reach. During the recital of her woe, and, in fact, for the remainder of the day, the monkey sat scooping the sweetmeat from his body and licking his paws with glee.—Baltimore 'Sun.'

Not Ashamed.

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say good-bye to his grandmother.

'I'm about to start,' he said gayly. 'If you have any last words, now is the time for them.'

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

'Try to do your duty, my boy,' she said, 'and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs.'

'Dear grandmother!' was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his good-bye kiss.

One night a group of freshmen were collected in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like life-long

friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley rose to go.

'What's the matter?' said Dan. 'You are not going to leave us?'

'Yes, I must. I have an engagement.'

'Forget it,' said Billy Archer. 'Break it. We must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again.'

He was half-way down the narrow corridor of the dormitory when he hesitated. A moment later he opened Dan's door again and put his head in.

'Look here,' he said, 'you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Professor Dean's Bible class, and I don't care about going on the sly.' He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had disappeared.

'What was that for?' asked Dan.

'Advertisement,' said Billy.

'But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him.'

'There are several ways of advertising,' remarked Billy, 'and beware of imitations.'

'If Peters is a Sunday school boy,' said Mat Hewlitt, 'I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among us all, for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly.'

'Don't be cast down,' said Billy, consolingly; 'he may be worse than you fear. Going to Bible class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint.'

'What do you know about it, old man?' asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later Mat said to the others, 'What do you suppose Peters was upholding at the club to-night?'

'Morning chapel?' asked Dan.

'We were all talking,' Mat went on, 'about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is and he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as athletics, and what a pity that the "college spirit" couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the football championship.'

'Wasn't it scandalous?' said Billy. 'What could he have meant by it?'

'Something serious,' said Dan. 'I really think that Peters' must be a genuine case, for when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing, it goes a good way to prove his saintship.'

Up in his room Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

'It is so much easier,' he thought, ruefully, 'to do what you consider right than to own up to it publicly. Why did grandmother put in that clause? I'd like to keep my principles to myself, and then the fellows think I'm a prig, which does not matter, I suppose, but what good does it do?'

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to 'work' one of his many 'schemes,' for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy and some others were talking it over one afternoon.

'Charley Peters would be just the one to help,' said Mat, 'if he will.'

'He won't,' said Dan.

'Why not?'

'Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb for him, and this—' Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

'Isn't in the Bible,' suggested Billy, dryly.

'Pshaw!' said Mat. 'We must have a little fun. We will ask him.'

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story, 'Charley Peters!'

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in.

'You are the only man in the class who can help us out,' said Mat, 'and we rely on you.'

'I can't do it,' said Charley.

'Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must.'

Charley shook his head.

'Why not?' said Dan.

Before there was time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly, 'Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy.'

Charley squared his shoulders, and by an unconscious gesture stretched his strong, young fingers out before him.

'I am, indeed!' he said, energetically. 'When I came here to college, I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean, and, please God, I mean to do it.'

That night Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

'Peters,' he said, 'I wish with all my soul that I could be like you.' Charley was too much surprised to speak.

'When I first went off to school,' Billy went on, 'I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it, and, little by little, I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say you thought me the most hardened of the crowd.'

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, 'I wonder whether I could—'

'Yes,' interrupted Charley eagerly, 'you can; you will. You will begin over, and do right.' 'Will you stand by me?'

'Yes, I will—and one better than I, Billy.' It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother: 'I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it; and it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would.'

Started it With 'Enthusiasm.'

In an interview, Booker T. Washington tells the story of some of his early experiences at Tuskegee.

'After teaching in the ordinary way for a while, the impression began to grow upon me that I was largely throwing away my time, trying to give these students a book education without getting hold of them in their home life, and without teaching them how to care for their bodies, and inculcating in them habits of neatness, order and industry. Here it was that I conceived the idea of such a work as has followed.'

'Had you any capital to start such a school with?'

'I had unbounded enthusiasm. I began looking around to see if I could get hold of some land. I found a farm near Tuskegee, that I thought would answer the purpose, but I could not buy real estate with enthusiasm, and I hadn't a cent of money. But my boldness led me to write to Gen. Marshall, the treasurer of Hampton, and ask him to loan me \$500 to make a payment on that farm; and to my unbounded surprise he sent me a cheque for what I asked, and I wasn't long in getting the school moved.'

'How have you since managed to get all