

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Drifted Out to Sea.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,  
Roamed by the sea, one summer day,  
Watching the great waves come and go,  
Prattling, as children will, you know,  
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;  
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach  
An old boat cast upon the beach.  
Helter-skelter, with merry din,  
Over its sides they clambered in—  
Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,  
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,  
Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep  
Higher, higher, upon the sands,  
Reaching out with their giant hands,  
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,  
Tossing it up, and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;  
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;  
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;  
And now, across the sunny sky,  
A black cloud stretches far away,  
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on, with flash and roar,  
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;  
The great waves, rolling from the west,  
Bring night and darkness on their breast.  
Still floats the boat through driving storm,  
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, 'Seabird,' lies  
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies.  
Her captain paces restless now,  
A troubled look upon his brow,  
While all his nerves with terror thrill;  
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,  
And grasps his arm with eager hands;  
'A boat has just swept past,' said he,  
'Bearing two children out to sea.  
'Tis dangerous now to put about,  
Yet they cannot be saved without.'

'Naught but their safety will suffice;  
They must be saved!' the captain cries.  
'By every thought that's just and right,  
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,  
I'll peril vessel, life and men,  
And God will not forsake me then.'

With anxious faces, one and all,  
Each man responded to the call;  
And when, at last, through driving storm,  
They lifted up each little form,  
The captain started, with a groan,  
'My God!' he cried, 'they are my own!'

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of 'Curfew  
Must Not Ring To-night.'

## A Clean Job.

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Classmate.')

He sat on a pile of slate, his ebony figure  
silhouetted against the blue of the April sky.  
Without having taken the trouble to remove  
the grime from his face, he was eating his  
luncheon of rye bread and pie, the highly seasoned  
sauce of hunger making him quite oblivious to the  
coal dust which sifted in from the corners of his  
mouth.

'Come on, Pud,' called a group of boys from  
the incline above. 'It's your turn.' Pud just  
shook his head. 'Havin' his picter took so  
much's turned Pud's head. He's goin' to 'dopt  
hissself to a milyonaire,' laughed back the  
boys.

The breaker boys of the Wilberforce mine  
were having their usual noonday sport riding  
up and down the incline the rheumatic old  
mule who drugged all day drawing the coal  
from mine to breaker. All about the breaker

sat groups of silent men watching the proceedings  
with dull interest. Of all the motley company,  
Pud's thoughts alone seemed to wander beyond  
the duty confines of the breaker.

Great had been the martyrdom of the breaker  
boys of this district during the winter and  
spring of the great strike. All the world had  
heard of them through magazine and newspaper  
and tourists in groups and singly had visited  
the breakers, kodak in one hand and note-book  
in the other, prepared to store away material  
for pathetic tales. The boys had been patted  
on their grimy heads and chucked under their  
dusty chins, had slyly been treated to candy  
and coin, and encouraged to aggravate the  
martyrdom of their hard life for the benefit  
of a sympathetic public. And Pud, the dirtiest  
of them all, the boy who sat where the coal  
dust fell thicker and faster than in any  
other part of the great breaker; Pud, who was  
known as the deftest sorter and picker for his  
age, had elevated his nose under a dozen layers  
of coal dust and pretended to scorn the  
whole affair.

That morning two gentlemen, friends of the  
owner of the mine, had passed through the  
breaker carelessly scrutinizing the boys at their  
work. 'Not a bad lot of lads, you see,' one of  
them was explaining to his companion, evidently  
a stranger to the scene. 'Some of these boys  
may be our great men in the future. That  
fellow now in the corner'—indicating Pud in  
a lowered yet perfectly audible tone—'has a  
fine face under that mask. Look at those eyes.  
It would be worth a dollar to see that boy  
after a thorough bath,' and he laughed carelessly  
at his own suggestion.

Pud's cheeks had tingled with anger at the  
cool indifference of the remark. As he sat  
eating his luncheon in his self-appointed exile  
he was thinking of the circumstance. 'They  
all go by and look at us as if we's just brutes.  
And so he thinks 'twould be worth a dollar  
to see me after a wash, does he? It's a dead  
easy way to earn a dollar. I've a mind to  
take him up on it. The boss'll tell me who  
he is straight enough. He lives down in the  
town.'

Mr. James Watson sat a morning or two later  
in his well-furnished office, his feet elevated  
upon a desk, busily engaged in killing time  
with the aid of another social idler, when the  
door was pushed open, and there entered a  
youth of thirteen, ruddy of cheek and with  
well-polished skin.

'Mr. Watson?' he inquired. 'Yes, I know  
'tis,' he answered his own inquiry. 'Well, I've  
come for the dollar.'

James Watson lowered his feet from the desk  
and stared at the boy. 'Your dollar! and pray  
how does it happen that I owe you a dollar?'

'It's what you said,' replied the boy. 'At  
the breaker the other day, and he's the feller  
you said it to, and you pointed right at me.  
'That feller's got a fine face under the mask.  
It would be worth a dollar to see it clean.'  
You said it all right.'

'If that isn't superb!' laughed the young  
man. 'And so you've come to exhibit the face  
and collect the money on delivery. 'Well,'  
scrutinizing the boy's face, the honest, steady  
eyes, and the firm mouth, 'I'm not sure  
but it's worth a dollar. Eh, Tom?' turning to  
his companion. 'Really,' and for a moment he  
spoke with real seriousness, 'it is almost too  
good a face to go on wearing that mask of  
coal dust forever.'

'That's what I say,' broke forth the boy,  
impetuously, 'and that's why I'm here. The  
reporters they come and take our pictures and  
jolly us up and pity us, but they don't any of  
'em say they'll give us a cleaner job. We ain't

eating dust and cinders for the fun of the  
thing. I don't want your dollar. What I want  
is a white job the year round. You wanted  
to see how I'd look clean, and here I am. I'm  
sore with scraping myself, but there ain't a  
mite of coal dust left on me.'

For five minutes James Watson considered  
the situation. 'Well, it's a bargain, Johnny,  
or whatever your name is. Be on hand at my  
office to-morrow morning at nine.'

'Why not today?' inquired the boy. 'Those  
windows need cleaning, and so does that glass  
door.'

'Right you are, but that's the janitor's  
business. Never mind, do it if you like, and if  
you make the windows as clean as your face you  
will do.'

It was a marvel the way in which cleanliness  
and Pud agreed. Whenever it was convenient  
James Watson bestowed on the boy partly  
worn garments from his own wardrobe. He  
even gave him books and sent him to night  
school. As far as his self-centred, careless  
disposition permitted he grew fond of the boy,  
whose presence in the office gave him a self-  
satisfied feeling of benevolence. As for Pud,  
now known as Purdy, his young employer was  
his hero. Nevertheless, at times things took  
place in the office which gave Purdy, trained  
by an honest, God-fearing mother, much anxious  
thought. Although the big letters on the  
window proclaimed to the world that James  
Watson, attorney at law, waited within, the  
young man himself seemed far more engrossed  
in the perusal of stogy quotations than in the  
study of legal lore which adorned his office  
shelves, and every day creditors came to be  
more frequent visitors than clients. However,  
Purdy's wages came regularly, and he had  
no reason for complaint. The boy had been  
in the office for over a year. Early one  
morning, before the arrival of his employer,  
Purdy was working away industriously trying  
to master the typewriter, when a plainly  
gowned, elderly lady called, inquiring for Mr.  
Jamie Watson. 'And so this is Jamie Watson's  
office,' she commented, curiously. 'Well, I'm  
glad I've found it; been all over the building  
looking for it. You're his clerk, I suppose. No,  
you can't do anything for me, thank you just  
the same. I've got to see Jamie himself. I've  
known him all his life, from a lad. His father  
did all our business for us. I tell you he was  
as honest and trustworthy a man as ever did  
business, was Robert Watson. I'd have trusted  
him with every dollar I possessed, if I'd  
half a million. I do hope his son is like him.  
How is it, anyway?' looking Purdy squarely  
in the eye, adjusting her glasses for a better  
scrutiny. 'Is James doing a good business, all  
straight and honorable? But there! I haven't  
any right to ask you such a question. Of  
course you couldn't tell on him, now would  
you?'

'He's never told me anything but the truth,'  
said Purdy, steadily. 'He's always done the  
straight thing by me, he has.' But as he said  
it he busied himself dusting an invisible speck  
of dust from a book, and refrained from facing  
the woman.

'Well, that's a good recommendation, I'm sure.  
You see about as much of him as anybody,  
and nobody can make me believe that you are  
not honest all the way through, and she smiled  
graciously upon the boy.

During the conversation that followed upon  
the arrival of Mr. Watson, Purdy endeavored  
to play such an energetic and vigorous accom-  
paniment upon the typewriter that he might  
not hear it, but the woman's shrill voice rose  
above the rat-a-tat-tat of the machine, as  
she volubly informed James Watson of her  
confidence in his father, of her reduced circum-