


## OLLIE FENWICK'S EFFORT.

 LLIE FENWICK often wished that he was the son of a rich man. He had the ability of spending money without the desire of wasting it. His taste in clothing was excellent and his appearance pleasing. He could intelligently read the works of standard authors, and, in a measure, understand classical music. His recreations and pastimes were refined and gentlemanly, which made it a deplorable fact, he thought, that his father could not furnish him with the hundred and one things that other young men possessed, but did not seem to appreciate. Do not think that he was inclined to find fault with his parent; such was not the case. He simply wondered why events had not shaped themselves more in his favor.

When Mr. Fenwick allowed his mind to dwell on his son he sighed. His income was gradually diminishing. Other men's sons, when the family was in financial straits, had comprehended affairs and found employment—had made sacrifices. But he felt timid about asking Ollie to give up his studies for a while, to perhaps wear inferior clothes and work in a factory or store. Times would not always be as hard; a little effort put forth now might tide them over, and in the immediate future he could return to the institute. But still he hesitated to broach the subject to his fastidious son.

They were talking over domestic problems when Ollie arrived from the campus. Although just returning from a game of ball he appeared as neat and trim as usual. Carefully banging up his cap and brushing his hair he sedately took his book of poems and began memorizing a few favorite verses before tea; poetry was always very effective. When he had entered the apartment the conversation had suddenly ceased, both of his parents having that embarrassed air which follows the personal arrival of the subject of remarks.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked Ollie. "Why are you and father so quiet? When I come in you were both talking."

"Well, Ollie," she answered softly, "we were talking about the hard times and—" The fond mother stopped in confusion.

"I'll tell you all, Oll," interposed his father, looking the young man squarely in the eyes, "we were also speaking about you. Are you aware that our income is so small at present that it is with difficulty that I am keeping you at school?"

Ollie did not reply at first; he began to grow worried. He hoped they did not wish him to leave his studies—it would be too much to ask. Mr. Fenwick read his thoughts and sighed. He determined not to ask him to give up his studies outright; if the lad could not realize the absolute necessity he would be loath to force it upon him. At that moment little Grace came running to in

the room. She went demurely to her brother and clambered into his lap with that assurance of welcome peculiar to children who are lovable and loved.

"Ollie," she said, with all the confidence of her five years, "me wanted a new dress—a pretty red dress. Mamma said I can't have it 'cause she hasn't got any money. You'll get your little Grace a pretty red dress, won't you?"

The young man put his sister down in some confusion and looked about the room. The old carpet had been repaired in many places. The shades were faded and ready to be cast aside. His mother seemed quite poor and shabby, while his father's suit had often caused the youth to be almost ashamed of him when he met him in public. But with all the homely strategies he had been well-dressed, had associated with rich men's sons and, as yet, not really made to know how much they needed money.

A sudden desire came to him to assist—a wish to bear part of the burden. Many of our plans, good and bad, come to us in the twinkling of an eye. Walking over to his father, he put his hand on his shoulder, and said, meanwhile noticing for the first time how thin and grey his hair was becoming.

"Father, dear, I am willing to help all I can. If I do leave school now I can make up the time next fall. Suppose I go and look for work?"

As he finished, his mother kissed him, while a triumphant smile came to her face. I felt you would do what you could, when you knew," she said, tenderly.

"Well, my boy," responded his father, "by doing that you will help me wonderfully. I think I can put you back again in the fall. You have encouraged me, and it makes me proud to hear you speak so manly. They want a young man at the grocery, Ollie. If you get the position, you'll have to work hard—but it will do you good. The long hours and the experience will make you enjoy your studies all the more when you take them up again."

The matter was discussed, the position secured, and the next morning Ollie went to work. The hours were long and the employment most arduous; but he learned many lessons. The time spent on the delivery wagon in the open air made him robust; feeding the horses and working about the barn, while not pleasant labor, was full of object lessons for the observing young man. In the store he became quick and accurate; schooling himself to take orders without comment; not to hastily reply when the trader grew impatient or arrogant; and in all things to remember that it was but for a season and he must do the best he could.

When the incongruity between literature and molasses, horse-feed and classic music flashed to his mind, he would grimly smile and solace him-