

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## JOHN'S FIRST BALL GAME.

By Angelina Tuttle.

"Please, mother, I want exceedingly to go."

"Exceedingly, you dearest wee man?" repeated Cousin Constance, and she kissed John for the twenty-seventh time that day.

She and mother were pinning on the violets which father and Mr. Stuart had brought home, and taking last looks in the hall mirror at the fastenings of their blue veils. Sam and the horses were at the door, a large blue flag decorated with a white Y floating from the back seat of the carriage.

After they had driven away, John went to the back window and cried. Some one else was crying. Eli was wailing and moaning in a way to make the neighbors frantic. He sat in the next back yard, tied to a clothes-line post.

"Poor Eli," said John drying his eyes to look at the dog.

Eli was a very stylish young bulldog. He was brindled brown and black and had white spots. One half of his face was white, the other half brindled. The white half had an eye with pink lid and the brindled half had an eye finished in black. His collar was so wide and so studded with brass nail heads as to give Eli quite a dudsish air. He had come to New Haven with his master the night before.

Eli cared nothing for travelling eighty miles on account of a Yale-Princeton football game, but he adored his master and wished him never more than ten feet from his nose. When he saw John at the window he put his head on one side and looked friendly and inquiring. Then he cast his homesick gaze up at the high brick building on one side, at the lines of unfamiliar windows on another, and about back fences he had never seen or smelled before, and a long drawn, yelping arose from his heart.

John went around and found Kate. "Please put on my coat," he said. "I think I'll go out and see Eli."

"Eli, inside, and who was telling you the name of the crathur, Swateheart?"

"The man who owns him. He is coming to Yale next year."

"Wall, sit on the next steps and don't lay a hand nare the howlin' base," cautioned Kate.

"O, he won't hurt me," John called back.

Eli appeared social. He came and smelled John's hand, then he tugged at his chain and wagged his tail beseechingly. Finally he sat down again and whimpered and trembled.

"Poor Eli," said John. "I was homesick once. 'It's worse than measles, isn't it?'"

At that Eli came near and sat down and laid his broad head on John's little knee. He whimpered softly, and trembled and shook with longing.

"Want to walk around the yard a little, Eli? You can walk in this yard and in mine and in Mrs. Camp's. She won't care."

So John unfastened the chain, keeping hold of the small bar at the end.

But what a whirlwind Eli he had let loose! The dog yelped for joy and sprang up and around and all over John till, being but small and slight for a five-year-old, the boy had hard work to keep on his feet. He was glad when Eli stopped thanking him. Up the steps dashed the dog, then, as the door did not open to let him in, he dashed down again. It took him less than a minute to make the round of his yard and John's and Mrs. Camp's. After that he made a bolt for a back gate.

"Wait, Eli. Please, Eli. Mother doesn't let me," wailed John; tugging at the chain. But out they both went, around the alley and into the street. Eli tugging ahead like a small locomotive and John pulling back hard as ever he could.

The street was deserted, but at the corner were plenty of people, all hurrying in the same direction. No one noticed John and Eli. Maybe the dog felt in his bones which way his master had gone, for he determinedly took the course other feet were following.

John wished with all his heart that Eli were safely back, tied to his lonely clothes-line post, and he intended to hang on to his end of the chain till he could somehow bring it about. Finding his hands growing tired he linked the chain about his belt, and so ran on, hoping to see his own policeman, and saying over and over, "953 Forest Street. We're not lost, 953 Forest Street."

Presently they were in the thick of such a gay crowd—pretty girls, with either violets or yellow chrysanthemums—ever and ever so many young men, all the city seemed pouring out West Chapel Street. Long rows of trolley cars, and barges crowded with passengers, automobiles, carriages, bicycles, big vans and sidewalks full of people, with blue Yale flags and black and yellow Princeton flags sprinkled over all and gayly fluttered.

Eli led gallantly ahead, and many were the smiles and jokes as he and John trotted past. No one guessed that there was no older person looking out for the droll pair.

"It's mo'n forty miles out there, I guess," panted John. "I hope we'll find father all right. He'll bring Eli back for me."

His feet were feeling as if they could not take another step, but it was no use to tell Eli. So finally they arrived at the big fence, and the packed-in crowd, alive with its chatter and stir and jollity. Through the crowd ran Eli nosing everywhere, and trailing John after him as a needle trails the thread in and out.

Some watching angel must have been guiding the brave and faithful that day, for amid all the thousands of young men there Eli did finally run straight against his master's feet.

"Pon my word, here's Eli," ejaculated the young man. Then he and all his friends broke into a laugh, for when he pulled the chain there, on the other end, was John, flushed and tired and ready to cry, but trying to be brave and act a man's part.

"How do do, young man? How did you come?" asked Eli's master, and the people laughed again.

John looked up as steadily as he could. "I told Eli he could walk in our yard and in his and in Mrs. Camp's. I didn't know he could pull so. But when I find father he'll take Eli back and tie him up where he was."

People seemed to think this funniest of all, but a lovely lady stooped down and hid John's face in her soft furs and said in his ear, "Never mind, you precious boy. We will take care of you, and as soon as the game is over we'll take you and Eli home all safe."

Then with John's hand held fast in hers she asked Eli's master to take the dog to their man. Soon a tall gentleman picked John up and they all went in through the big gate. When they were in their seats John looked about a big open space walled in with people enough to make three cities full. It was no use looking for father. He sat and watched the Yale men and the Princeton men running and tumbling

and struggling, and he heard yells and calls and hoarse shouting till his ears ached. So he leaned against the lovely lady and had a most comfortable nap among her furs and yellow roses.

A terrific shouting, louder than any before, awakened him. The tall gentleman held him right up on his shoulder where he could see everything, and told him to wave his yellow flag with all his might.

Finally they rode home in a big yellow automobile with Eli sitting upon the back of the chauffeur's seat wearing nine black and yellow flags all stuck about his collar. When they came to 953 Forest Street, father and mother were just getting out of their carriage and their eyes grew round and astonished at seeing John there in the big yellow automobile, carrying a great yellow chrysanthemum in one hand and waving a yellow and black flag with the other. Even Eli was excited and stood up on all four legs and barked till his master's cane reached over and thumped him. That made Eli sit down and run his red tongue against his jaws to say he knew he had been behaving silly.

As the automobile rolled up to the curbing, Eli's master sprang out and John's father came forward and for three minutes everybody smiled and bowed and said polite things till again the men's hats were lifted, the auto coughed and jerked and went chucking away.

Then came the dreaded moment when father turned to look down at John and say, "Well, young man?" in that distressing way which always gave John queer feelings down his back. But mother stooped down so that she was just the right height for John's arms to slip around her neck.

"Where have you been, my boy?" she cried and her arms trembled so that John was sorry.

"To the ball game with Eli. But truly, mother, I didn't mean to."—The Congregationalist.

## THE IDEAL GARDEN: A DREAM.

I dreamt that I was transported to the Ideal Garden. I know it is the Ideal Garden because I have never seen another like it. I found myself standing in the centre of a green lawn, more beautifully soft than any I have ever seen. Many paths led away from this lawn to different parts of the garden, each path being bordered by a different kind of flower.

I go down one edged with roses, of all colors and kinds. Suddenly before my eyes is a lovely lake, edged with water lilies both yellow and white. Its depths swarm with gold fish, and swans glide majestically on it, and I can see a lovely waterfall which falls with a musical ripple from a high cliff.

I see afar a shady glen, and hasten to it, for the weather is warm. When I reach the glen I find it carpeted with violets, and shaded with delicate lime and silver birch, of all trees the most beautiful.

Larks are singing in the sky and thrushes in the bushes. Tall ferns wave their delicate fronds over the paths as I go on. I turn down another path, and find another kind of view. Here the ground is laid out in neat beds with soft lawn between. I do not stay long here, but wander off in another direction to where a large glass building shows above the trees.

One candle may light a thousand, so one good life may fill a neighborhood with light and still shine as brightly as before.