

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

By Marion Elizabeth Wiley.

"You're not playing fair," said Tommy "I am too—I had two turns then"—began Jimmy, but Tommy interrupted.

"No, you didn't; you don't know how to play croquet."

"I do too, I know better than you do, and I wish you'd go home."

"All right, sir, I was just going, and I'm never coming back," and Tommy marched out of the yard with his head in the air.

That was the way the quarrel began.

Jimmy put away the balls and mallets and went into the house. He wanted to tell his mother how hateful Tommy had been, but he had a sneaking feeling that perhaps he was partly to blame, so he said nothing. He sat near her, as she sewed by the window, and presently she called his attention to a black cloud coming up in the west.

"There is a storm coming," she said. "I must close the windows. Are you sure all your things are in?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jimmy. He watched the cloud climb higher and higher, and finally blot out the sun. He saw the bright flashes of lightning that sent him back from the window every few minutes. The thunder was so loud it fairly shook the house, but Jimmy was not afraid. To be sure, when his mother returned he sat close to her and was not ashamed to let her hold his hand, but that didn't mean that he was afraid, did it? Together they watched the rain come, first in a thick mist that hid the hills from them, then in quick drops that pattered down on the walk, and finally in great sheets that sent small rivers rushing down the street. It did not last long. In half an hour the rain ceased and the sun came out, and Jimmy ran to put on his rubber boots, so he might wade in the gutter. It was great fun, but how much nicer it would be if he had some one to wade with him! He looked over, at Tommy's house and started to call him, and then he remembered. No, Tommy was never going to play with him again; he said so. Jimmy had told him to go home, and he went. Well, never mind, he could have lots of fun alone.

So he eplashed around in the little stream, and finally waded out into the street. The mud was nice and sticky and popped when he drew his boots out. He went farther and farther, the mud growing stickier, until at last he found he could not lift his boots. He pulled and tugged, but his feet felt as if they had grown tight. He began to be alarmed and called to his mother, but she was not in sight. He tried again, but could not stir. Suppose an automobile should come along and run over him? He struggled fiercely at the terrible thought, and called again to his mother, and when no answer came he began to cry. Just then Tommy appeared.

"Hello, kid, — what's the matter? Stuck? Wait a minute!"

He ran back into his yard, and soon came out with some short boards. He made a walk out to Jimmy, and then laid a board on either side of him. Then the two boys together pulled and pulled until they had first one foot and then the other out of the mud, safely on the tiny bridge. In another minute both boys were on the pavement. Jimmy drew a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Tommy," he said. "I'm sorry I told you to go home."

"Oh, that's all right—I didn't mean what I said. Let's play scrub."

"All right, come on."

And that is the way the quarrel ended.

WHY HE LOST HIS FRIENDS.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from his friends, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.—Success Magazine.

IT TAKES COURAGE.

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are, and not pretend to be what you are not.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.—Success Magazine.

BATS AS PETS.

A bat in a woman's bedroom can cause more excitement than can one lone burglar or even a dozen mice.

All of which is sheer foolishness, according to a writer in the Technical World. If she would but give the bat a chance he could prove to her entire satisfaction that he is an intelligent and amiable creature and not unworthy of a permanent place in the household.

Yes, the detested bat makes a most agreeable household pet. He is a most affectionate creature and will attach himself to a person as does a kindly and intelligent dog. A college professor says:

"When I was a student at the university I had two bats, which came and went freely of their own accord. In the evening they were wont to rush through the window into the neighboring garden, hunt insects, and when their hunger was appeased they would return to my room.

"They slept on a book-shelf, where they suspended themselves from a dictionary. At the present time I possess a bat that shows a touching attachment to my person and follows me about through the rooms of the house if I call it."

The advocate of bats as pets further states that when he talks pleasantly to it his present favorite raises and lowers its ears, much after the manner of a horse, blinks its eyes in a contented fashion, licks its nozzle with its tongue, and in general disports itself in a manner that indicates it is pleased and contented. When harshly spoken to it lays back its ears, shrinks away and tries to escape by climbing up the curtain.

"When I sit by lamp-light in the morning working at my desk I can hardly get rid of it," he writes. "It comes and goes, rambling about the desk or climbing up my legs, or else it sits on the curtain and endeavors by violent shakings of the head and shrill twitterings to excite my attention and to obtain worms—its usual food—thereby. Its appetite is indeed uncanny. Thirty fat worms are readily taken at one meal."—Selected.

HIS CHARGE.

The one special charge which Mrs. Locke gave her husband on the eve of her departure for a fortnight's visit to a friend was her fern—her beautiful, wide-spreading fern. "Don't forget it while I'm away visiting, will you, Henry?" she pleaded; and Mr. Locke answered that the fern should be forever on his mind till she returned.

When on the evening of her arrival she noticed that the fern was not in its accustomed place, she turned on her husband.

"Now, my dear, let me tell you," said Mr. Locke, glibly, "if ever a man kept his word, I did. That—er—that fern was on my mind day and night. I watered it—oh, I must have watered it four or five times the first two days.

"Then the water began to run out of the saucer, so I left it alone—just as you would treat a person who had over-eaten.

"Then when it began to look curious, very curious, I took it round to the florist, and he said he'd better look after it for a week or so. He says ferns are something like children—they miss the person they are used to, my dear."

"I think very likely they do," said his wife, dryly.