

"Splendid!" exclaimed Malcom. "I've always dreamed it would be so."

"Art is long," continued Faith, "but I'm sure I can win some of the prizes for best photographic ideas offered by the eastern papers. If the boys had a hundred dollars apiece, they could enter the school and earn their own way for the most part, couldn't they, father?"

"Of course they could," replied Malcom, and he told of some of his own experiences as a boy in academy and college life.

"It seems to me, Mr. Kirk, that you have done a little of everything in your lifetime," said Malcom Stanley, who sat in the family circle, and, somehow, seemed quite like one of them.

"Everything except looking out for himself," said Faith, quietly.

"The Lord has blessed us very much," said Malcom, looking at Faith, tenderly. "I'm afraid your poor old father has had to fight a good many hard battles against selfishness that he hasn't told you about. Your mother might tell you how bad I am if she wanted to."

"I don't feel like it now," replied Dorothy, as her eyes rested on Malcom's plain, loving face, and her love for him was stronger than ever.

"But about my plan, father," said Faith, after they had all been silent before the fire. "What do you think of it? Can I do anything that way?"

"It will take a good deal of wisdom. Do you think you can do it and carry on your art studies, too?"

"It is worth trying," said Malcom, very thoughtfully.

"I don't know," Faith said, softly. "But now just think of it. Here is the fact. Thousands of families all over the world are dependent for their physical and mental and moral support upon the kind of service they have in their kitchens and homes. Now, if this is the case, why isn't it possible to dignify and elevate such service