

A Harvest Sermon.

BY W. SNOAD.

The woods are russet golden. On the hill
The busy hum of insect life is still,
The dreamy softness in the air grows chill.

The swallows' nests are empty in the eaves;
Her filmy web, dew gemmed, the spider weaves,
Framed by Virginia creeper's blood-red leaves.

The harvest fields of all their wealth are shorn,
The last rich load in triumph home is borne,
And gleaners gather up the fallen corn.

Not one of all those sheaves of gathered grain
But feeds mankind, or, sown, lives on again;
Not one amongst the gleaners toils in vain.

No falling leaf from those great elms hard by,
Drenched through by autumn mist, can aimless die,
But feeds the nook where spring's first violets lie.

Nor, sisters, is one fight for justice lost,
Though thrashed and winnowed - to destruction tossed;
God works alike by sunshine and by frost.

Strive for the right! Do battle brave and true!
Fear not and faint not! For the end in view,
Leave it with him. Dead efforts live anew!

UNDER THE TROLLEY-WIRES.

The sharp ringing of a bell sounded clear above the tumult of Hamilton Corner, where the busiest thoroughfares of Winchester meet. Close at hand came a lake car, and Jim Connolly, springing forward with his iron rod, shifted it around the curve into Centre Street.

Jim was switchboy for the Electric Traction Company. His post was the middle of the street where all day long he dodged teams and turned electric cars toward their various destinations.

It was late afternoon now; Jim was tired and rather lonely, and as he glanced about for some acquaintance his eyes lighted on Ted Casey standing, with back to him, on the curbstone near by. A bundle of afternoon papers was tucked under Ted's arm, but he was staring idly at a fantastic poster.

The opportunity was irresistible. Jim quickly looked four ways, and seeing that the corner was now free from cars he darted over behind Ted and seized him by the collar.

"Aw, le' me be!" cried Ted, deeply aggrieved. Then, twisting around, he caught sight of his captor, and grinned at him in a friendly way.

"Say, Jimmie, what's that in your pocket?" With sudden curiosity he snatched at a queer object which protruded from the inside of his friend's coat.

"Le' go!" Jim struck down the venturesome hand. "That's my life-preserver. Want to see it?" And with all of an inventor's pride he drew out a peculiar sort of clamp which he always carried about.

It was formed of two pine sticks rudely whittled into shape and hinged together at one end. On the inner side its jaws were faced with strips of heavy glass, whose use was not at once apparent.

Jim enjoyed the newsboy's mystification. "Maybe I'll get it patented some time," he hinted, impressively.

"What's it for?" asked Ted. "To handle live wires with. The glass is proof against electricity," explained Jim.

Ted eyed the strange instrument with increased respect. "Did any live wires ever get loose round here?" he asked, eagerly.

"They might break any time," said Jim, quite seriously. Once he had ventured to question Officer Wayne: "What would you do if a wire broke?"

"Live wire? I'd clear the street and send for Higgins." Higgins was foreman of the repair gang. "If it dropped onto anybody I'd have to ring up the ambulance, of course."

With a hearty respect for the force which kept all these cars in motion, Jim had picked up, from motormen, linemen and engineers, a store of practical knowledge which he was eager to put into use.

His opportunity had been long in coming, and this day promised to be as monotonous as any other. But fifteen

minutes later the long-expected accident occurred.

A car from the west side came out of Pleasant Street and started north. As it swung around the curve its trolley slipped off and caught between the copper wires, snapping one of them near their junction.

The wire dropped into the street, and for a moment there was indescribable confusion as it bounded and writhed among frightened horses and scattering people. The corner was quickly cleared, and at a safe distance a ring of spectators formed to watch the wire spitting out blue and green flames on the pavement.

Down on his Centre Street switches Jim had been startled by a quick, jarring ring of the wires. He did not need the cries and commotion, the rush of people and the stopping of cars to tell him what had happened. Instantly he saw that his chance had come, and running up he broke through the ring just at Officer Wayne's elbow.

"Live wire!" he gasped, plunging a hand into his coat pocket. "I can fix it!"

He had started forward impetuously, but Wayne caught him by the arm and pulled him back, understanding only that the boy meant to run into danger.

"Stand back!" said the officer, sharply. "Don't you know a live wire when you see it? If you touch that, you'll never know what hurt you!"

"It won't hurt me!" cried the struggling boy, in a hot rage at this opposition. "I've got something to handle it with."

"There's a switch on Main Street a hundred yards away," answered Jim. Run back to the switch and take the left track! he shouted to the nearest conductor.

As a general rule, a switchboy does not give orders to a conductor, but Officer Wayne stood beside Jim and imperatively seconded his commands. Word was passed along, and the line of cars moved back to return on the other rails.

The first motorman looked to Jim for further directions.

"Run to the switch in front of the City Hall, and shift back to the right track. Jim turned to Officer Wayne. That's all, he said. Keep 'em moving, and tell 'em to mind their own switches. I've got my hands full here."

On the corner near by stood a group of people who annoyed Jim with idle questions and comments upon his courage in holding the wire. Courage? He had not thought of it, though he was proud that he knew how to handle the power.

But on one spoke of his own particular invention until Higgins arrived, clad in the rubber boots and gloves which protected him from electric shocks.

"Have you got the wire, boy?" he asked. "What's that you're holding it with? By George, you'll do!" he exclaimed, taking note of the glass insulators. "But why didn't you ground the wire touch it down to the rails?"

Jim laughed. "And stop the cars!" was his terse comment.

Higgins cast him a shrewd glance and turned to his man. "Here, Jones," he



JIM'S OPPORTUNITY.

But Wayne would not argue. "You stay here!" he gruffly commanded. "Be quiet, now! If you make any more trouble I'll arrest you."

Indignant as Jim was, he had too much sense to contend longer with the policeman. But he felt that he represented the "road," and he was not yet defeated. Slipping back in the crowd, he ran around its outer edge and worked through at another point whence he made a sudden dash for the wire.

A sharp, warning cry arose, for the bystanders looked to see him instantly killed. Wayne and others sprang forward, but before they could reach Jim he had seized the scintillating wire with his clamp. He raised it from the pavement, and, lo! the live thing became tame and apparently harmless.

As he bore it over to the corner of Pleasant Street, the ring of people broke and followed him excitedly. It was a moment of peril for the heedless crowd, and Officer Wayne, seeing now that the boy knew his business turned back to guard the sagging wire.

Jim glared with open contempt at the police who pressed about him. "Folks are fools about electricity!" he growled. "Just because the wire isn't spluttering, they think it's dead!"

"Can you hold it that way a few minutes?" asked Wayne, looking doubtfully at the blockade of vehicles on all sides.

"Of course I can!" said Jim impatiently. "I could hold it all day. Why don't you move your teams? Have you sent for Higgins yet?"

"We've telephoned."

By this time other policemen had come to Wayne's assistance, and the corner was rapidly cleared. On the further track cars began to move north, the motorman started them slowly and passed cautiously under the hanging wire, which Jim had straightened as much as possible, and only the south-bound cars lay helpless in a long line on Main Street.

"What can be done with these?" asked Wayne. "Nothing?"

said, "catch hold of this contrivance. Now, boy, we'll manage the rest of it. Get back to your switches."

"He had grit," some one remarked, as Jim ran off. "That was a risky thing to do wasn't it?"

"We have to take chances," Higgins briefly answered. "The lad knew what he was about."

But though he said little, he was aware that this young employee of the road had acted quite beyond his own line of duty. For this reason he reported the whole affair to the superintendent, and Jim was summoned to appear at the office after his day's work.

Ted heard the message, for since the episode of the broken wire he had hung around his friend continually.

"What'll they give you, Jimmie?" he asked, in hopeful excitement.

"Oh, m. y. e a hu. dred shares of stock and a special car."

This reply was designed to tax the newsboy's credulity, for Jim only wanted a chance to display his invention. And like many another inventor, he forgot that its work could be easily done in a different way.

The superintendent was reading his evening paper when Jim entered the office. Common report among his employees had made him a man of strict rules and penalties, yet he did not seem as austere as Jim had imagined. "I was ordered to report here," said Jim, advancing to the desk.

"James Connolly, switchman at Hamilton Corner?" asked the superintendent.

"That's my name."

"How old are you?"

"Seven 'en."

"Higgins says you managed that break pretty well this afternoon. And you kept the cars moving. How did you handle the wire?"

"With this." Jim had expected the question, and in quiet triumph he passed his clamp over the desk. The superintendent smiled queerly as he examined it.

"Crude, but effective—and scientific," he commented to himself. Then, aloud,

"Others boys can attend to the switch Higgins wants a live lad to help on the repair gang. You can join him." Youth's Companion.

HOW A WARSHIP FIGHTS.

Before a battle-ship goes into action, all spare gear is stowed away, and her decks made as bare as possible. This is in order that the enemy, a shot may find but little to make splinters of, should they come aboard. A war-ship possesses three means of attack—her guns, ram and torpedoes. The gun-range from one-hundred-and-eleven-ton weapons which throw an eighteen-hundred pound projectile, with a charge of nine hundred and sixty pounds of powder, down to three-pound quick-firers. The effective range of the big guns is over ten miles, and ten shots a minute can be thrown by the quick-firing ones.

One of the big battle-ships fighting at close quarters, with her Maxims in play, would hurl at the foe about two thousand six hundred projectiles a minute these varying in weight from one thousand eight hundred pounds to one ounce. Some of these projectiles would be filled with high explosives, and would destroy everything for yards around the place where they exploded. As British possessions are so widely scattered that ships have to remain for a long time away from ammunition bases, they carry much more shot per gun than do foreign men-of-war.

When a ship is commissioned, the first thing that the crew do is to practise "general quarters," until they are able to clear for action and be ready to fire a broadside within three minutes from the moment the order is given. Eventually, however, the crew get to know the ship so well that they can get her ready for action in a minute and a half. This they have to do by night as well day. Probably the captain chooses midnight, when all but the watch are fast asleep, to order "quarters" to be sounded. Immediately the bugle rings out, every man jumps from his hammock and rushes straight for his station, each one endeavouring to be first at his post.

For a couple of minutes the clanging of iron doors and the clanking of chains are heard throughout the ship, then all is silent again. The bright muzzles of the guns glisten out at the ports; down in the magazines are men ready to send ammunition to the gunners on the decks above; the torpedo crews have placed Whiteheads in the tubes, and every other preparation has been made to give battle to an enemy.

Illuminated sights are used on the guns at night. Each big gun is worked by what is termed a "crew"—that is, a number of sailors or marine artillerymen specially told off to it. The captain, or "Number One," as he is called, lays the gun and fires it—the other members of the "crew" stand in a file to pass the projectiles and load the gun. There is also a crew to each torpedo-tube. These tubes are now nearly all submerged.

A Whitehead torpedo costs about \$2,000. It has an effective range of eight hundred yards, and its war-head carries a bursting charge consisting of one hundred and eighty-eight pounds of gun-cotton. The Whitehead is propelled through the water by a beautifully-designed little engine, situated at its tail-end. The weapon can be set to run at a given depth, in any given direction, and either to float or sink at the end of its journey. It is fired from the tube by means of compressed air or a powder charge.

The ram is the one weapon which is manipulated by the captain. His object is to out manoeuvre the enemy, so that he can bear down upon them without fear of their ramming his ship. When the order to ram is given, everybody throws himself flat on the deck, to prevent being thrown down by the force of the impact. Ramming is, however, a very risky operation, as though the captain may succeed in crashing a hole through the enemy's side, the enemy may blow up his ship by discharging her submerged torpedoes.

Forty girls were at work in a high building in Chicago last month, when the cry of fire threw them into a panic. Kate Carney, the superintendent, recalled them and marshalled them safely into an elevator. There was not room for her to enter, but she ordered the elevator boy to descend. She escaped by stairways and halls, though almost overcome at times with smoke and smoke. Kate Carney's name lends itself to a popular ballad; her act of unselfish courage to the approval and emulation of the world.