

Without Flourish of Trumpet

Miss Darrow paused in her work and looked for a moment out of the school basement window. Across the street floating banners and flaring posters on the exhibition hall announced the opening of the largest bazaar of the season. She sighed as she watched the handsomely dressed women alighting from their carriages and making their way through the curious crowd about the doors into the building.

The work she and the other members of the School Children's Aid Society were doing seemed rather a prosaic and dull affair in contrast to the gaiety and glitter of the bazaar, where fancy costumes, elaborate decorations and gay music made the scene appear more of a fashionable social event than a labor of charity.

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was tying bundles near her.

"I thought for an instant that a little boy was going to be run over by an automobile, but a policeman snatched him away just in time. It gave me a dreadful fright," said Miss Darrow, turning from the window and beginning again to count out the comfortable little dresses and suits with which the society clothed the poor children of the great city who otherwise would not have been able to attend school.

Thoroughly engrossed, she did not notice the entrance of a policeman and a small ragged boy until she heard some one say:

"Ask Miss Darrow; she is our president."

The officer touched his helmet respect-

True Values

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet; Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet. Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,—

But tares self-sown, have over-topped the wheat;

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,—

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us

Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;

And sweet is middle life, for it has left us A nearer good to cure an older ill;

And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them

Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

Aubrey de Vere.

Priceless

Mr. and Mrs. Glenwood sat with a sadly discomfited air in the neighbor's house which had sheltered them since their own home had burned.

Mr. Munn, the insurance adjuster, who had come to settle the loss for the company in which the property had been insured, looked at them a little impatiently. He found it hard to deal with these old people, who gently disagreed with each other on the number and value of the articles destroyed, and who corrected, in-



A raiding party—Eleven Scotch terriers of various kinds.

fully as Miss Darrow stepped toward him. "This little chap came pretty near being run down by an auto just now," he began.

"Yes, I saw you rescue him," she said, including both the policeman and the boy in her pleasant smile.

"Well, when I dragged him away and took a good look at him, I saw he wanted a little more covering for this kind of chilly weather, and I've brought him here to see what you can do. He hasn't any folks to buy him clothes, and he's pretty young yet to make much selling papers, although he manages to pay his board at the news-boys' home."

"I said to that woman who came so near fixing him by her careless running of her auto that he wouldn't ever need clothes again, that I was going to let you ladies have a chance to fit him out. She told me that she was working for charity in the bazaar, and she seemed to think she was doing somebody a great favor by selling gewgaws one day in the year."

"I asked her to come in here with me and see where good people worked hard one day in every week without any dancing or flowers or brass bands. But she wouldn't come. I guess she didn't care to know what real charity is. She likes the noisy kind better."

"We must each help in our own way," said Miss Darrow, sweetly.

"Yes, maybe so," was the policeman's reply, "but I like your steady, quiet way best myself. Here, bub, thank the ladies for all these nice clothes."

As he and the beaming child departed Miss Darrow looked at her fellow workers with shining eyes, and said, "How great are the rewards for our service!"

interrupted and reminded one another so frequently that it was almost impossible for him to make an estimate of the amount due them.

"Now," he said, after listening to a tedious discussion as to whether the parlor set of haircloth furniture had cost seventy or eighty dollars when new, "I want to know if there is anything you haven't mentioned, for I must have a complete list of everything that burned to send in to the company with my report."

"Do you remember anything else, Susan?" Mr. Glenwood asked his wife.

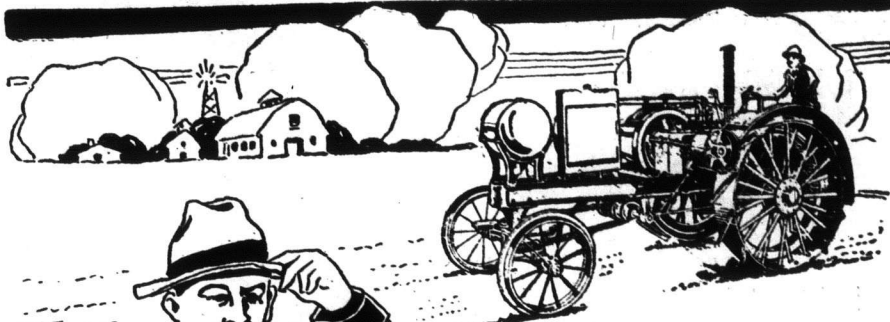
"Why, yes, James, there was Annie's little trunk in the attic," she answered, softly, and a far-away look came into both her and her husband's eyes as their hands involuntarily met.

"What was the value of the trunk?" asked Mr. Munn, breaking the momentary silence.

"Value?" repeated Mr. Glenwood, tremulously. "Well, I know your company is worth millions of dollars, but I can tell you that there isn't enough money in all the insurance companies in the land to pay us for the toys and keepsakes we laid away in that trunk years ago, when we lost our one little girl."

A newly rich man, with more money than education, recently sent to a bookseller the following order for library furnishings: "I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of poetry, ten feet of history, ten feet of science, ten feet of religion, the same of novels, and you may fill up the rest with any kind of books."

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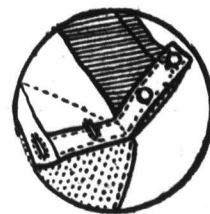
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