What Shall We Do?

What shall we do to drive the curse
Of drunkenness away,
And keep mankind from acting worse
Than ravenous beasts of prey?

What shall we do mankind to stop
From raising grain to sell
For making dirty, pois'nous slop
Which kills and sends to hell?

What shall we do to stop the men
Who thus, for sinful gain,
Secure earth's choicest gifts and then
Destroy the precious grain?

What shall we do these fiends to stop
Murd'ring their fellow men,
Who daily to perdition drop
From their infernal den?

What shall we do to stop all those
Who madly go and take
This deadly poison from their foes
And drink for "friendship's sake"?

What shall we do to make men see
Their danger while they drink?
How shall we make and keep them free
Who stand on ruin's brink?

Thus scores of startling questions rise,
If we begin to think;
Oh, let us, then, not close our eyes
Against the ills of drink!

But let us strive as best we can
These evils to redress;
Use every means—try every plan
That promises success.

Much has already been achieved,
But how much more remains!
Millions of souls to be relieved
From liquor's hellish chains!

Then let us work, and speak, and write,
And vote to be set free;
And if we firm maintain the right,
Rum's downfall we shall see!

J. L.

THE GAME OF KEEPS.

BY DORA HARRISON.

"EXCHANGE—that means to give something for something else. When I gave my money at the store I got back a ball. Yes, that was an exchange: something for something else," said Charlie Williams to himself as he held in his hand a slip of paper that his Uncle Ned had just given him.

"Now, what does it say again? 'A fair exchange'—an even or equal exchange, mamma said that meant—that is, one as much as the other. When I gave ten cents for a ball, I got a ten-cent ball back. It would not have been a fair exchange, if I had got only a five-cent ball back, and would have been robbery, for it says, 'A fair exchange is no robbery,' and so an unfair exchange must be robbery.

"Whew! I guess I know what that means, and now I have just to write it out, and then I will be all ready for the drive with Uncle Ned, for he said I could go if I would get this done first."

Seating himself, Charlie carefully wrote, "'A fair exchange is no robbery,' means that if you give just as much as you get back, it is no robbery; but if you give more than you get back, you are robbed." Here Charlie paused for a moment. "Yes, that is it too; and if you get back more than you give it is robbery too."

"I wish Uncle Ned would come now," he said, as he folded the paper and put it in his side pocket. "I wonder what he wanted me to write that out for? He doesn't ever suppose that I would be so mean as to do anything like that, I hope," and twelve-year-old Charlie got up and walked a little straighter than usual over to the window to look once more for Uncle Ned and his ponies.

They were nowhere to be seen, and, turning, he gets nearly to the table again before his eyes fall upon a bag of marbles on the sideboard, where he had put them upon coming from school.

"What a fine lot of marbles I got to-day," he said, taking them up and emptying them upon the table, stopping this one and then that from falling to the floor, and then when they were all still he surveyed them with loving eyes.

"It was the best luck I have had for weeks. These are dandies I got from Will Armstrong," and he picked up two or three large glass ones and laid them to one side; "and these I got from Tom Pearce, they are nice ones too," he said, holding them in his hand, "and the very last he had; but the great baby needn't have cried, even if they were," and Charlie smiled contemptuously at the thought of anyone crying over the loss of a few marbles, but the next instant the smile of superior strength faded from his lips, his mouth became grave and his brows puckered so that it was some moments before he could resume his soliloquy.

"That's queer," he said at length. "I never thought of it like that before, but here it is. I have all of Tom's marbles, and he has nothing for them, and maybe it was because he hadn't any money to buy some more that he cried. I 'most wish I hadn't taken them; but then they were mine, for I won them, and I didn't have to give anything back for them, for that is a part of the game, and all the boys do it."

But the puckers didn't leave his brow, and it was quite evident that his enjoyment with his marbles was all gone.

It was a puzzle. Tom had given five cents at the store for his marbles but the night before. Charlie had seen him buy them, and it was a fair exchange, money for marbles, but here now he hadn't a marble and nothing else either, and was it a fair exchange? Again and again Charlie went over the facts, but ended up always with—"But then, that was part of the game. He knew if he lost he wouldn't get anything, and I knew if I lost I would not get anything for mine, and so it must be all right, for we didn't cheat in playing." But every time he settled it thus the fair exchange crept in, and that, coupled with Tom's tears, made him go over the whole matter again, so that when Uncle Ned did come, there was more gravity in the greeting than that which usually hailed his approach.

It was not long before Uncle Ned was at the root of the trouble.

"And so you don't see any harm in your taking Tom Pearce's marbles when you have won them fairly and honestly in the play?"

"No," said Charlie, "and all the boys do it; even Arthur Wright, the minister's son."

"And yet it doesn't seem like a fair exchange, does it?" said Uncle Ned, paying no heed to the last excuse.

"No," admitted Charley again, "and that is just what I cannot understand, Uncle Ned. I wish you could tell me just how it is. You know, don't you?"

Ned Williams looked down into the clear, honest, trustful eyes of his little nephew before he answered, and felt himself very small indeed in comparison to the trust and confidence thus lavished upon him.

They had now turned upon one of the most aristocratic avenues in the city, and as Charlie's attention was being taken by other things, Uncle Ned thought it wise to put off his answer for a time.

The smooth stone pavement, the wide-spreading branches of the maples forming an archway overhead, the beautiful grounds and the stately mansions that showed through the trees every here and there, were very pleasant indeed, after the heat and dust through which they had just come.

Soon they left the main road, and passing through a large iron gate, entered a drive leading up to one of the most beautiful houses Charlie thought he had ever seen, and when his uncle had given him permission to go through the grounds, while he attended to some business that he had there, he thought himself the happiest of boys.

Surrounded always by comfort, and even luxury, and visiting many beautiful places with his uncle, yet here Charlie found beauty that surpassed even his imaginations. Beautiful flowers of every colour mingled with the soft green of the grass and shrubs; several fountains were sending their cooling waters up into the air, and letting it fall again like gentle rain upon the earth beneath; beautiful works of art appeared in the most unexpected places; a fierce lion guarded either side of the massive porch, and trailing vines relieved the whole from any suspicion of coldness or *hauteur*.

In one corner Charlie found a swing, and close by a summer-house containing a horse, a waggon, some dolls' dishes and other toys, just as if some children had been playing there and had only now left them, but on looking closer he saw rust on the waggon, and the dolls' dresses were damp, so he concluded that they had been there for some time.

His uncle had told him that no one lived there, and he had not minded the silence and loneliness, till now, when he found indications of child-life, he began to wonder who and where they were. The closely barred windows and doors, the silent halls, the strangeness of it all began to oppress him, and, although not superstitious, he felt it would not be strange if suddenly should appear some fierce young knight and demand a reason for his trespassing on another's property.

He soon made his way back to the ponies and found Uncle Ned there before him, in earnest conversation with a stranger.

"How long before the new owner takes possession?" his uncle was asking as Charlie came up.

"About four weeks, I think," replied the stranger. "It is a sad affair all through," he continued; "I can't but feel sorry for Dawson too, although it is his family who really deserve the pity. To think of leaving such a home as this for the miserable hovel they are in now."

"And can there be no help for it?" asked Uncle Ned.

"None that I can see. You see it was a fair game—at least they didn't cheat in playing. Dawson had been losing heavily of late, and staked everything that night, and lost, of course. Matthews was a heartless, unscrupulous scamp, so no mercy was expected and none was received. You see, when you keep such company you must accept the consequences."

"But," said Uncle Ned, "could he really force his claim? Would the law uphold him in it?"

"There is not much use of talking of law in this connection, Williams; when it legalizes houses on purpose for such unfair exchanges to take place, it can do no more than wink at them when they do actually take place."

"How does Dawson feel about it?"

"Oh, he is nearly wild, of course. They are afraid that he will lose his reason, and then the whole burden of the family will fall upon his wife."

"But Matthews, does he expect to keep the position he has won? Will not he be branded in the eyes of the people worse even than Dawson?"

"In the eyes of all right-minded people he will," replied the stranger, "but there is a saying that 'stolen fruit is sweet.' His selfish nature may enjoy it for a while, but, mark my words, some day or other he will be rewarded."

"We will hope so, at least," said Uncle Ned as they drove away.

They had only reached the road again when Uncle Ned was accosted by another man.

"Ah! Williams, I thought I would find you here about this time. Have you heard the news yet?"

"No, I have heard nothing. What news?" replied Uncle Ned.

"Why, Matthews is settled for good this time."

"Settled! How?"

"Why, it seems, several years ago, while very much excited one night over a game of cards he killed a man, and has succeeded in escaping detection until to-day, when a man recognized him in the hotel and told a policeman, who immediately took him in charge, and he is now safely locked up."

"Uncle," said Charlie as they drove on, "What does it all mean. I couldn't understand."

Then his uncle explained, as best he could, how the once owner of that place used to go, night after tight, to play with money, and *he either gained or lost until* he lost all he had, even to that beautiful place.

"What made him play such a game when he saw he was losing?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, because he liked it, and there was always a chance, he thought, of winning it all back, and maybe more too, until now he has nothing to play with."

Ah! what made Charlie just then think of Tom Pearce and his marbles and his tears?

For a long while he sat silent, until finally he said: "Uncle Ned, I think I understand it now. It is the playing on purpose to make those 'unfair exchanges' that is wrong and makes all the trouble. If Tom hadn't played he would have had his marbles now, and if that Matthews hadn't played he wouldn't have killed that man, and if Dawson hadn't played he would have that place yet; so I am never, never, going to play again, and will give all the marbles back I didn't buy or have given to me—an honest give, I mean."

And then Uncle Ned told him of the sorrow and misery that was in the world through these unfair exchanges. How that whole nations were corrupted, families broken up, lives lost, blood shed, women and children deprived of food and shelter, and when "great oaks do from acorns grow," it is necessary to avoid it even in so small a matter as playing marbles.

A GREAT LOAD.

A YOUNG lad whom you know quite well once thought he must do what he saw men do, so far as he could. He saw men smoke and chew, and he could do that at a small cost, he thought. He did that, and it grew to be a great life-long load.

He did not know it was a load, for it was out of sight, but he could find it out in this way. He could save up all the spent quids, and all the ends not burnt, and all the old pipes. And when he went to look at them he could say, "I have put the worst part of each quid and end in to hurt my blood, and brains, and heart, and eyes, to stunt my growth, to tire me out, to make me vile, and to use up my cash. I would call these odds and ends a sad load to bear. How much worse then is the load I feel but do not see!"

Now this is queer talk, but it is still more queer that men and boys should take up such loads as these and bear them all their lives. The load of odds and ends you would cast in the fire at once. Why not cast out the worst load, and be a pure, clean man once more, just as God meant you should be?

If boys knew how it would hurt them, and stunt their growth, and dwarf their minds, and waste their time, I am sure they would not use the vile weed. They would spend their spare cash for good books, which would help them to be good and wise men in the world.

THINGS THAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW.

THE things that every woman will need to have done for her, every girl should learn how to do for herself, says that true friend of working women, Miss Grace Dodge, in a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal:*

One summer a lady had two hundred and sixty girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they had "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether a sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefinger. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make? Mothers ought to realize that daughters need to be trained for their probable career of housewife and mother, as well as that sons must be apprenticed for a trade; only in your girls' case, mother, it is your duty to act as trainer.

Many girls who are now well supported and cared for by father and mother will, by-and-bye, be thrown on their own resources, and it cannot be known now who these girls are to be. All girls, therefore, should be taught to think and reason. Also, it is necessary that they should learn something, at least, that may bring them an income if needful. One art thoroughly mastered is better than dozens of so-called accomplishments each half learned. Many a girl has supported herself and been saved because she knew how to cook well, and when the trial came could turn her hand to making cake, or even biscuit.