

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## THE TRIAL TRIP.

By Margaret Campbell.

To-day was the first day that Jack Winter had used his new sled. Yesterday was his birthday, and Uncle Doctor had given it to him. It was a beauty.

Jack was visiting at his Uncle Doctor's. He did not know much about the town yet, but he had managed to find the big hill where his uncle had said that the best coasting was.

Two boys were there ahead of him. They were much larger than Jack, and rough looking.

"Good morning," said Jim Gregor, walking up to him and taking hold of the rope of the sled. "You've got something new here, haven't you?"

"It was my birthday present yesterday," answered Jack proudly.

"You don't say. Then you haven't tried it yet, have you? It mightn't be safe. Nick and I will take the first trip down for you for a test."

To Jack's consternation the rope was twitched out of his hand, and Jim dragged the sled off to the brink of the hill, where the other boy was looking on with a grin.

"Here, give me that back!" demanded Jack. "It's mine! It isn't yours! Give it to me!"

"Maybe, sometime," drawled Jim, "if I ever get tired of it. But not just now. Get on Nick."

"I say," cautioned Nick, lowering his voice a little, "hadn't you better be easy with him. He's staying at Dr. Winter's. If the doctor gets sour on you, out you'll go from your new place."

"I don't care," said Jim.

"Oh, yes, you do. Places ain't lined up waiting for you to be kind enough to take them. Your record's not just perfect, you know."

"I don't care," repeated Jim. "I've been quiet so long that I've got to let out a bit somewhere or I'll fly to pieces. It won't hurt the kid."

"Your mother's sick," continued Nick. "She's banking on your pay. I thought you told me you were going to be real steady after this. If you get discharged what will your mother do?"

"I'm going down in the sled," said Jim impatiently. "Are you coming?"

Nick evidently felt that he had discharged the office of a friend. They went down together.

"That was fine!" said Jim, when at last they were at the top of the hill again. "We'll try another. Get on, Nick."

Jack pleaded in helpless wrath.

"You are getting pretty mad, sonny," said Jim, "for a nice little Sunday school boy like you. You ought to see yourself in the looking-glass. I don't know the Ten Commandments very good, but I'm afraid you are breaking some of them, ain't you?"

"You are!" screamed Jack furiously. "You are stealing!"

"No, no, now! Don't call a gentleman names. I'm borrowing. Lots of fine gentlemen borrow."

Jim and Nick had started on their third trip, when Jack saw a cutter with a gray horse in it stop at a house about a block away. Jack smiled. He sat down on a stump to wait.

"It's Uncle Doctor. He said he was coming by. He will talk to him."

What a sunny day it was! How blue the sky looked! How white and far the snow went!

What was it that Nick had said about Jim's place? And his mother? His mother was sick, and if Jim didn't get his pay what would she do? Jim did not know the Ten Commandments very well.

Nobody had taught him, Jack supposed. Jack knew them all; he had just finished learning them. And he knew what the Bible said about your enemies. Jack had never had an enemy before; he had never had a chance of being good to one. This was his first. The toe of Jack's rubber boot was fumbling in the snow and his chin was in the collar of his overcoat, when Uncle Doctor came.

"Why, where's the sled?" said his uncle.

Jack pointed down the hill.

Dr. Winter looked, and looked at Jack again.

"Somebody else is taking a ride on it; is that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

His uncle waited for something more, but nothing more came.

"Well," he said, "I will be back soon."

At the foot of the hill Nick exclaimed, "Jim, there's the doctor!"

In an instant Jim was fleeing sidewise to the shelter of a shed.

"What's the use?" said Nick. "He'll come after us."

But though the doctor's face was turned often toward the shed as he drove slowly down the hill, and though he hesitated when he reached the bottom, still in the end, with a flicker of his whip in the air, he started smartly off in the opposite direction.

In silence Nick and Jim came out of hiding and began to climb the hill.

"I guess," said Nick, when they were half way, "the boy couldn't have told on you."

"I guess he couldn't have," said Jim.

At the top was Jack.

"Uncle Doctor is coming back soon," he said to Jim with significance.

"Then we'll be going," Jim answered promptly. "Here's your sled. Thanks, Say. Bub, why didn't you blab?"

"Your mother was sick, and you'd lose your job, and she needed your pay. Besides—"

"What?"

"I knew the Commandments and you didn't."

Jim got red. He avoided Nick's eye.

"I know some things," he said. "I know this: Any fellow that can hold his tongue at certain particular times is a man, I don't care what size he is."

As Jack went whizzing down hill on his birthday sled, he thought that he had never had a compliment that he liked so well.

Jim and Nick passed the church where all the Winters went.

"I don't know," said Jim, "but what a Sunday school is a good thing to have around, sometimes."

A famous African explorer found during his travels that, next to his white skin, nothing excited so much wonder among the woolly-haired Africans as his sleek, lank hair. One day he found it convenient to have it cut, and the clippings were thrown outside his hut. Presently, he says, he heard a tremendous uproar, and, on looking out to see, there were numbers of natives scrambling to get possession of the traveller's shorn stubble, to be worn as a fetish to bring good luck.

Teacher—Johnny, who was Joan of Arc?

Johnny—The wife of Noah, who built it.

About all that Prophet Dowie can find to be thankful for is that his people at Zion City didn't deprive him of his whiskers.

When genius is divorced from good manners it has little claim on good society.

## "PROBABLY YOU ARE TOO GOOD."

I recently heard a charming story. It is Japanese, not Russian, so I know it will charm you, too. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its petceelness and content. The unhappy family became continually more unhappy—from him that hath not shall be taken away, that which he seemeth to have."

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humble friend, and asked him where he thought the trouble lay. "I have land enough, and house enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarrelling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they had the right to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on the rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats. I immediately break out with: 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right.' But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief, and with beaming face cries: 'Oh, master, what a blunderous I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.' You see how it is; we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarrelling."

And the rich man, after thinking a moment, slowly said: "I see it all. It would be very different at our house. I would turn on the maid with, 'Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number; or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build.' And the maid sullenly mutters: 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over the room, and get in busy people's way!' I guess you are right, we are all too good—or, at least, we think we are."

In the application of this story I will follow the method of an old college instructor of mine. When some special bit of foolishness had been perpetrated he would express his opinion of it vigorously, then, looking vaguely around the classroom, but meanwhile pointing his fat finger at the youth deemed guilty, would close with: "I don't mention any names, I put the shoe there." And I, in turn, point my finger at half the people I know, myself included, and without mentioning any names, "put the shoe there."—Rev. H. S. V. Peeke, in Christian Intelligencer.

"That Englishman has no sense of humor," said Mr. Higgins.

"What makes you think so?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"He doesn't laugh at my jokes."

"That isn't a question of humor. It is merely a matter of politeness."