

ing their faults, 'he's sprained his ankle, or turned giddy or faint,' said Bobby X., 'and that's how he came to be lying here.'

'Father's drunk!' cried Bob, turning up his nose, and away he ran, before he thought he had been noticed. But he had been—and that was by the master at the board school, who being a man who kept both eyes well open, knew a good many things that he wisely kept to himself until the right time came for doing any good with the knowledge.

'What's happened?' exclaimed poor Mr. Brown, who at this moment had come to a little, and was in a maze as to where he was.

'Why, you tumbled down, somehow,' said the schoolmaster, whispering to the policeman that he would see that Mr. Brown was got home, and Bobby X., thankful to get rid of the trouble of giving in charge, etc., and seeing no necessity for it now, told the crowd to disperse, and walked away himself in another direction.

It was no easy matter to get Mr. Brown home, for, though able to stand, he was very dazed still, and having to hold him up on each side covered both the schoolmaster and little Jack with mud. However, they did just manage it, and, moreover, were not a little pleased to find the neighbors away, at the fireworks some, and others in their back gardens looking at them, and consequently not aware of the miserable condition in which Mr. Brown returned to his own home. The fall, however, had well shaken him—more in body than in mind, unfortunately, for not a word would he say to show that he was sorry; in fact, treated it all as a calamity for which he was not at all to blame. Oh, dear, no! it was the horrid state in which the road was left that he spoke about, and he should make a complaint at the Vestry Hall when he went to pay his rates.

Jack was very good to his father in helping him to bed, and neither did he say anything—thinking, like the nice, sensible boy he was, that it was never the place of a son to scold or lecture his father. He honored his father, as the Bible taught him to do, just because he was his father. Now, though no one would ever have guessed it, little Jack knew now that his father drank, and had, moreover, been drinking for some time past. In listening to the lessons on 'health' in the board school, he could not help putting two and two together, as people say. Such, for instance, as his father was always talking about how nice such and such a drink was, drink that was never tea, or coffee, or milk, or lemonade, but always ale, or 'B. and S.,' as his father called it—every drink, in fact, that had alcohol in it—and how he used to offer it to his sons until they both took the pledge under the schoolmaster's persuasion, and their own good sense as well, as they knew how it did no good in making one stronger and cleverer, but just the opposite, besides costing a great deal of money. And Bob knew all this, just as well as Jack, and yet, knowing it, he never cared enough about his father to try and cure him of his bad habit, and said those words that this story began with, 'I'm sure I shan't take the trouble.'

So the next day, after Mr. Brown's fall, Bob only laughed when his father complained of an aching in all his limbs, and said in a saucy tone, 'Serves you right,' and darted out of the room, seeing how angry his father looked. It was holiday time, and Bob meant to stop out of doors all day, having previously provided himself with some huge sandwiches out of the cold meat he had found

in the pantry, and some pence to buy himself gingerbread with, which were lying about, and he hoped would never be missed.

Now, how differently Jack behaved. He determined to do all he could to amuse his father, by reading to him, or chatting about the newspaper events, and telling him how nicely the things he had planted in their little garden were getting on, and getting their prizes to show him. Making the time pass by so quickly that they both quite started when the clock struck twelve, and they knew it was dinner-time. And that Jack had to get it. Yes, get it, my boy-readers, who probably would be greatly puzzled how to perform the feat, but perhaps not so bad a thing if they had to do so now and then—only what all our soldiers and sailors are taught to do, as also our 'swell' young 'grads,' and of course all who wish to be good travellers.

But now came Jack's first tug-of-war as far as the drink was concerned.

'I should like a B. and S.,' said Mr. Brown, 'with my dinner. I feels to want it after my fall.'

'It's very bad to take it after a fall,' said Jack, 'It's sure to make you feverish. Lemonade's the thing for you. So our teacher tells us.'

'Lemonade, that's a poor stuff,' said his father; 'no strength in it.'

'No strength? Why, it kept all the sailors well for a whole year when they went with Captain Cook round the world!—And when he'd been before, and had none, all the sailors were ill, and a great many died.'

'You don't mean it, Jack,' said his father, opening his eyes wide.

'Yes, father, it's history, and all the vessels now are obliged by the sea laws to take lemons on board for the sailors to drink.'

So Mr. Brown thought he would try it, too. And as it evidently suited him, for he felt much better; and, as it cost much less than a 'B. and S.,' that was another reason in its favor. And Jack felt that he had won one score at least that day. And the next day he had less trouble still. His father had been reading some of the school books on the subject, while his boy was very delighted to explain them to him, and both of them agreed how interesting the subject was. These laws of health, and how all the food we take, more particularly what we drink, shows itself in the healthy or unhealthy conditions of the body. Mr. Brown had never dreamt of such things before, and they sounded to him like some magician's story—'more wonderful,' he said, 'than Robinson Crusoe or the Arabian Nights,' two books he was never tired of reading.

And so the time went on, and Mr. Brown gradually became quite well, and one day the schoolmaster came to see him, and being a nice, sensible man, and 'not always driving at you because you take a glass now and then,' as Mr. Brown remarked to a neighbor, who always did harp on the subject ad nauseam, Jack's father gradually became quite a different man.

'And it's all your doing, my boy,' he said to Jack, as he patted him on the head. 'You told your dad all about the harm the drink did, and how it was a drink that made us long for more and more until it killed us. Not like water, or tea, or them sort of drinks. We can hardly drink too much of them. Besides, they quench thirst, while alcohol makes thirst.'

And more than all this, if Mr. Brown did not ask Jack to take him to sign the pledge. He didn't say why, and Jack never asked him. But he guessed. Who, then, best

kept the fifth commandment, Bob or Jack? —E. N. Sheffield, in 'Temperance Record.'

Was it Worth While?

(By Adelia E. Thompson, in 'Forward'.)

The six o'clock whistle sounded, and the long rows of workmen filed out of the departments of Holt & Scannon's machine shops. In one doorway two men jostled against each other. One, the older, had a crafty face; and the other was a young man, whose dark face, quick and alert, bore already a stamp of forceful energy, yet, at the same time, held a look that might easily grow into one of restless discontent.

'Well,' said Griggs, the older, with the suspicion of a sneer; 'so we've a newcomer; put at your bench, I see. How does he do?'

'Oh, fairly well for a beginner. He hasn't much idea of the work; but he seems willing to learn. Who is he?'

'Don't you know? Well, I can tell you. He is the son of Scannon himself. Put in to "learn the business,"—that is, to get a smattering of it, and then to lord it over us who have been at work for years.'

'I didn't know that,' answered Hugh. 'Haven't I heard that Scannon began as a working machinist himself?'

'Yes; but, that was years ago. There's no such chance for a workingman now. What with monopolies and big corporations, and plants costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, a poor man has no show for life, except to be ground down as far as his employer can or dares.'

'Well, we can't all have the luck to be born rich men's sons,' answered Hugh, with a doubting accent.

'No; but rich men might treat their employees as if they were something better than dirt. Say, Hugh,' Griggs added, 'most all the men are joining the Union Brotherhood. Why don't you come in? We're going to discuss some of these questions at our meetings. You're good on a debate, and I'd like to have you take a hand in it.'

'I haven't had any time for such things. I've been studying evenings; there are some of the principles of mechanics that I want to understand better.'

'And what will your studying do? I tell you, a workman, single-handed has got to have something besides ability these days. We must band together, and force our way up, or we never can break through the crust that holds us down.'

As Griggs passed out into the street he was joined by another workman, who asked:

'Have you said anything more to Hugh Sterns about joining the Brotherhood?'

'Yes, I've just been talking to him about it. I guess young Scannon's coming into the shop will teach him a thing or two. We'll have to handle Hugh a little carefully in the Brotherhood at first. But he is worth it; that young fellow is a natural leader, and if we should come to a strike he would be a power on our side, especially among the younger ones.'

Hugh Sterns walked slowly home that night. He was ambitious, and Griggs's words, as the latter intended, proved a rankling irritant. The knowledge, too, of the new workman's personality, opened before him, with depressing sharpness, the wide extremes of fortune's scale. Griggs as an agitator, had not attracted him, but after all he might be right. It was class against class; the thing for the workmen to do was to unite and make a stand for their rights. He had never felt greatly drawn to the Brotherhood, of which Griggs was a prominent member; but, still, such associations might be necessary, after all.