DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY DECEMBER 19 1908

Some Human-Interest Stories By Local Authors & "Perhaps not; but they couldn't have blamed you much, if you had-could they Alicia-when you think of the dirt they have done you?" It was Jack-son's way to fall into the vernacular.

The Child Mother.



EDYTH ELLERBECK READ.

VEN the Older Member quailed when they were fairly in the room, while the Sympathetic Member instantly wilted.

"I can't, Oh, I can't!" she cried, turning away faint from her first sight of death. For she was the very newest member of the board, and this was her first "round," She had not dreamed of anything quite like this. When in the first flush of enthusiasm she had accepted the position as trustee of the Home, she had had visions of herself ministering to pallid sufferers, caress-ing tiny waifs, or reading palms to aged paupers. But in her dreams the sufferers were always in clean, if bare, surroundings, the walfs were dell-cate and blue-eyed, the old people sil-ver haired and gentle. Conscience, long domant, within her, had awakened at the reproach of a busy friend, and with the zeal which characterized all her actions she had plunged into characterized work with no preparation for the naked Work with no preparation for the naked facts of poverty. Now, brought face to face with one of the big city's real tragedies, her dream-world, adopted from novel and play-presentations of genteel poverty, crumbled about her. Want in its gauntest form stared at her from this dreary "home," filth, re-pulsive and unashamed, pain and suf-fering in their last stages, and the grim specter of death. The close, fetid air of the room seemed to stille her air of the room seemed to still her, and she clung to the still open door and covered her eyes with her hand. It was the Capable Member who alone was equal to the emergency. Advancing to the edge of the mean bed she surveyed the wan occupant with the knowing eyes of one who had often

met the Reaper in just such surround-ings. She leaned down. "Is there anything we can-" she began, and then stopped-"'do for you" would not come: it was vain, empty. "Can you speak to us?" she said, finaily with gentle insistance. The blue lids fluttered, lifted, "Phel-t!" she said, hoarsely. It was then the first sound came

It was then the first sound earne from a crouching figure on the foot of the bed. A very little figure it was, only half elad, with a tiny snub nose red with cold, a mouth that looked a stranger to smiles, and wide, vacant eyes. At the whisper of the dying woman the child crept from her place where she had snuggled under one corner of the thin quilt and approach-ing her mother rested one cold cheek ing her mother rested one cold cheek against the white face on the pillow.

"Phelia here," she said with a queer stammer. "Phelia here." The dying woman with a conscious effort held her lids open and looked

"Phelia tend the baby!" the little "Phelia tend the baby!" the little girl echoed, and then as the woman's lids again fluttered, she called aloud as if to arrest their closing, "Phelia, tend the baby--always!" But the flutter had already ceased; the lids never litted again. The Sympathetic Member looked weak and faint, and the older Trustee ordered her out.

ordered her out.

"Go get the carriage robe," she com-nanded, losing no breath on ceremony. We need it to wrap that naked baby

Glad of an excuse to get into the air. Glad of an excuse to get into the air, the younger woman fiel to the car-riage and then turned reluctantly back along the dark passage to the dreary scene. Midway her progress was stopped. Shrill cries, oaths and curses were followed by the bursting open of a door at the side of the hall, and from it swame a man followed by a from it sprang a man, followed by a virago of a woman. Headlong down the passage he came, the shrew making a dive after him and raining blows from a beer bottle on his head. The girl cowered as if to sink into the wall, but in their fierce flight the fighting pair did not notice her, but went on, on. until they rolled into the gutter of, on, until they rolled into the gutter at the edge of the street. The girl stood root-ed to the spot, stunned by the terror of the unfamiliar scene. Then a sudden thought—a mental picture of the two waifs back there, left to the mercles of such dynakan wratches as these stung such drunken wretches as these, stung her paralized senses into action. With the speed of desperation she flew down

the speed of desperation she flew down the passage and once more into the chamber of death. "Here—" she thrust the carriage robe at the Trustee. "Wrap it up quick—let's get the children out of this dreadful place!" Then suddenly throwing nerves and sensitiveness to the winds she picked up the dirty little milte from the bed where it lay beside lits dead mother, with her own hands its dead mother, with her own hands drew around it the heavy robe, and carrying the wriggling bundle tender-

carrying the wriggling bundle tender-ly, led the way to the walting carriage. Little Ophella left her mother's bed-side without grief, only a great won-der growing in her eyes at being lift-ed to a seat in the grand carriage. But even in the glory of her first ride she was restless and gave several little wistful sighs, with her eyes fixed immovably upon the Sympathetic Member opposite At last the sighs broke into sobs and she cried out-"Phelia tend the baby-always!" Then the animated bundle was trans-ferred silently, Phelia's arms closed lovingly about it, and into her eyes came page

came peace. At the Home the motherless, name-

less waifs were washed, dressed and w life how

J will have you." Grace Seymour gathered her closer: "How long have gathered her closer: "How long have you been lonely for your mother, dear?" "I don't know, but they said yesterday I had been there a month." the small person replied. "My muddle told me my daddle died, oh, ever so long ago, and my muddle and I lived in a little room and I played all day, an then at night my muddle came home and held me and told me stories and loved me very much, and we had the beautiful-lest times, and then my muddle died and they came and took me away to the orph'nage, and I don't like it there, there are too many childrens and no and they came and 1 dork me away to the orph'nage, and 1 dork' like it there, there are too many childrens and no muddles at all, and you are like mine and so I am going to have you," and she put up one chubby hand and gently stroked Mrs. Seymour's check. Perhaps the baby eyes read in both women's faces the same sorrow of un-appeasable lonellness, and the same mother love. Grace Seymour laid her check for a moment against the soft hair: "After all, why not?" When Elizabeth was born and the young hus-band sat beside her bed, proud and happy over the baby, and, oh, so full of love for her, they had talked of the little bothers and sisters Elizabeth was to have—and then before ever Eliza-beth took her first step, or murmured her first baby word, he who had been so true a mate to her, all the strong-est, and most joyous, and noblest part of

so that a mate to her, an the strong-est, and most joyous, and noblest part of her life, he whom she had so leaned on, whose tenderness and love had so enveloped her, had been taken away. And when gradually she had emerged

seizing Mrs. Seymour by the hand, "and I came to stay." She spoke with re-markable distinctness and decision for one so young, for she could not have been much more than five. "What do you mean, my dear?" queried Grace Seymour, sitting down on the nearest chair, and lifting the small but very solid person on to her knee. "I was to the party last night," the baby an-swered, and I liked it, and I thought there would be parties tonight, too, and I watched and watched, and when the door was open. I runned out as fast as I could, and I runned out as fast as I could, and I runned out as fast as I could, and I runned out as fast as a could, and I nuned out as fast as I could, and I runned out as fast as a nough the window. And now I will stay and be your little girl, for I like it here, and I am lonely for my muddle be I awill have you." Grace Seymour at the girl for a sister?" her head and calling her daugnter to her as she stood wide-eyed and wonder-ing, among her little friends, "come here," she encircled her with her arm, drawing her close, "would you like this little girl for a sister?" "Oh, truly, mother, can I truly have her? Is she a Christmas present? Oh! I will love her so much and be so happy," and she fell on her mother's neck with little gurgles of excitement and joy.

happy," and she fell on her mother's neck with little gurgles of excitement and joy. Grace Seymour rose. It might be hasty and ill-advised, but the baby had chosen her, had come alone through the dark winter night to find her, and she would not turn her away. She would not inquire whether or not the little soul's people had been desirable. It was enough that she had had a mother who had worked for her all day, and loved her very much when she came home tired at night. The child had chosen her to fill that mother's place, and she would fill it. She went to the telephone and told the anxious matron that the runaway baby was with her. "I am going to adopt her," she said, "and will be over with my lawyer to see you tomorrow about the details. But tonight I am going to keep her here and put her to bed with Betty." Late that night she stood looking down at the two sleeping childron, her own who was so dear, and the other who had been so dear to some tired, aching heart. It was better, after all, to live for others than one's own, how-ever dear—to reach out arms that could never be too full to the little ones who

to live for others than one sown, now-ever dear—to reach out arms that could never be too full to the little ones who hungered to be gathered into them. And as she bent and kissed the little faces, she smiled, thinking what a good gift had come from the Christmas party that had seemed to be ne success. that had seemed to be ho success.

"Well, I'll allus remember my mother, but-I wish I could forget my father." "Because he gave us all away. I guess I never kin forget that. All the kids at school have brothers an' sisters an, so have I; but when they ask me if I have any-" "What do you say, son?" "I tell a story. I say I haven't

For the Least of These. By Lily Munsell Ritchie.

I with the back yard of a tumble down old adobe on the west side, a group of children were playing one after-noon in December. A new fallen snow banked roof and fence post and

mercifully hid the heaped up refuse and the squalor of their surroundings. The youngsters were hard at work on an immense snow man, and they rolled the great balls gleefully with much shouting and laughter.

shouting and laughter. The late afternoon sun, emerging from the clouds, fell full on the snow glant, and the rays reflected from the dazzling surface through a sunken cel-lar window of the old adobe, and rested on the matted yellow hair of a three-year-old child. The little one was try-ing to climb up on a wobbling chair by the window, but as the sudden gleam of light struck her, she loosed her hold and lifted her face wonder-ingly toward the brightness. It was the first time the sunshine had pen-etrated through that dingy sunken window. window.

It was a wan, pinched, little face un-der the matted hair, a face that might have been pretty save for the grime that disigured it and a peculiar flat look about one cyeball. The child star-ed at the light for a moment, then feeling the warmth spread out both ed at the light for a moment, then feeling the warmth, spread out both little hands in it. A second child, apparently some three years older, lay upon a heap of straw and old quilts on the floor a few feet away. At-tracted also by the sunshine she raised herself on her elbow and stretched out her fuers longingly, but the ray fell Freely Have Ye Received, Freely Give. her fingers longingly, but the ray fell short of the pallet, and she sank back disappointed.

A drunken man was snoring noisely on the one bed the place contained. Across the room beside another sunken The laughter of the children outside rang shrilly through the quiet cellar. The laughter of the children outside rang shrilly through the quiet cellar.

listened eagerly, then resumed her ef-fort to scale the chair. She was so weak and emaciated it seemed for a moment that she could not draw hermoment that she could not draw her-self up, but at length she succeeded and standing on tip toe, tried to peer out at the children. Her head just failed to reach the top of the sill. She turned and looked piteously at the old-er child. The other who had been watching her shock her head sorrow-fully then saised herself naisfully energy. fully, then raised herself painfully once more and looked above the room. She spled a small starch box in a corner and whispered to the child to get it and put it on the chair. After many trials the little one succeeded in getting it on the chair and in setting her own small feet on top of it. Then she told the other child what she saw, in whispers, with many furtive glances toward the silent woman. Presently the woman got up, and the baby startled by the movement, lost ner balance and

feel heavily to the floor. The woman whirled around with an oath. "Sarves ye right! Hain't I told ye to keep off them chairs!" She made no lo help of them up or to see how bad-ly she was hhrt. The child lay stunned for an in-

The child lay stunned for an in-stant, then gathered herself up with a terrified whimper, and crept over to nurse her bruised head beside the other child. This seemed to anger the wo-man still further. "Leave off coddln' her, will ye," she cald to the alder child "She hain't

when she had finished, the child said: "Well, I'll allus remember my mother, but—I wish I could forget "Why, dear?" "Why, dear?" "Why, dear?" "Because he gave us all away. I the kids at school have brothers an' sisters an, so have I; but when they ask me if I have any—" "And mother with a guiver in her son's way to fail into the vernacular. The other Alicia looked puzzled. "They never done me no harm," she said, with pitiful loyalty. "Hav'nt they-Alicia?" He pointed to the sodden figure at the table, its shaking hand trying to hide a flask his maudlin wits had attempt-ed to secrete.

And mother with a quiver in her voice, answered: "Just our secret, son."

ed to secrete. "Don't you call that dirt for him to let you have a father like that? Isn't it hard enough on you to have a mother who uses the language I heard when I came in? Why I don't believe she would like to repeat her words over even before us strangers—I think she would blush to do it." He looked at the woman, whose leer of sullen shame was corroboration—and went on. "You seem to me a girl of spirit

wonah, whose leer of suller shame was corroboration—and went on. "You seem to me a girl of spirit, Allela; and I'm going to ask if you don't think they owe you as much re-spect as they owe us? If they are ashamed to swear and booze before us --what have you done, Allela—to make them show such disrespect to you? They owe you much more than anyone else—they are responsible for your be-ing—perhaps for your soul. What are you going to say for yourself, when you? We can't help you—and they never will—while you stand for it. We gave them a chance—didn't we? We gave them a chance—didn't we? We surround you with the right influences, we would let them alone—but for all that, and the sacrifices you made, be-sides, they didn't care enough for you to keep their word."

sides, they didn't care enough for you to keep their word." "They ain't been so bad as before," said the girl, with puzzled sullenness. "Bad enough, though, Alicia." said the court officer, "to show that their pledges count for nothing to us and their natural affection worse than noth-ing for you. Now, we might forgive them; they can't hurt us. But what are you going to do about it? These

are you going to do about it? They will hurt you terribly—and I'm afraid irreparably—if we can't get you away from their influence."

out. The sunshine had faded from the

The sunshine had faded from the window and the shadows were gath-ering in the old cellar. The baby, cud-dled close now against her sister's body for warmth, was fast asleep, but the older child lay with wide open eyes listened anxiously the the rancous breathing of the heavy figure on the bed. She know too well the second bed. She knew too well the scene that would ensue when he woke from that drunken slumber to find the whisky gone. Suddenly a loud knock was heard at

the door. The man started up stupid-ly, and the child instinctively threw out one arm to protect the hapless baby hoside her.

Again the knock sounded. This time the man wider awake staggered to his feet and started unsteadily for the door. Uncertain of his direction ha stumbled over the children's pallet and fell headlong to the theor. Cetting to stumbled over the children's pallet and fell headlong to the floor. Getting to his feet again, cursing, he kicked out blindly at the offending object, and struck the sleeping baby, knocking it against the wall with a sickening thud. The noise produced a still more insist-ent knocking. "Who's there?" he demanded rough-ly.

from their influence." "I don't want The girl whimpered. "I don't want to go away from 'em Mister." "But you do go. You go on the street and to the cheap theaters, and you told us that day in court, that the night we found you going home alon-at nearly midnight you had gone to the theater alone, because your par-ents were quarreling and you wanted to get away."

the theater alone, because your par-ents were quarreling and you wanted to get away," "I did'nt have no place else to go," said the girl, sulkily defending her-self," and I had to go alone because I didn't have any one to go with me." "That's just it, Alicia. If your par-ents are going to keep up this quar-relling, where will you go next time to get away from it all?" "I never done no harm going to the theater," persisted Alicia. "I believe that," said Jackson." I believe you are a good girl." The Alicia at the door looking straight into the other's pretty face, drew a breath of relief. The pleased, self-concious pride, at the man's compliment was almost childish in its innocent evidence. The court officer went on. "It is be-cause I believe you are a good girl," that I want you to have fair play. You deserve a better chance than your people are giving you Alicia--and we must see that you get it." The woman began to rock back and forth. "You'll be takin' her away, and not a soul to do the dishes or the washin when me skyatica come on and father's down with his spells. What'll

ent knocking. "Who's there?" he demanded rough-ly. For answer the door opened and an officer of the juvenile court stepped into the room. "You are Mr. Foster, I believe?" "Yes, what do ye want of me?" 'I have a warrant for your arrest for abusing your children." The man's bleared eyes could not make out the writing in the semi-darkness. The officer struck a match, and by its flame, took in the awful squalor of the place and the bleeding unconscious baby form, at one pitying glance. He stooped and tenderly lifted the child, examined her carefully by the dim candle the man reluctantly brought at his order. "Not killed this time, but I guess I didn't get here any too soon." The procedure of the juvenile court is swift in the case of neglected child-ren for too often the need is desper-ate. When the next day's sun went down, the older child lay on a clean little white bed at the Orphanage, warmed, fed and cared for as she had never been in all her tragic little life before, and with the blessed hope in her childish heart that some day she might be able to walk a little. Beside her stood the baby sister, speechless with delight and wonder over her new blue gingham frock, the brown shoes, outworn by some more fortunate child and most marvelous of all a tiny doll raily dressed, which she clasped close as if fearful lest it should be snatched away. The yellow hair lay in moist curls around her wee some n face which scarce knew how to smile, even in its joy. The matron turned away from the palr with fears in her even

and not a soul to do the dishes or the washin when me skyatica come on and father's down with his spells. What'll ye do then for us I wonder. We're hu-man too! and if she nades takin' care of—then so do we. You'll have that problem to mate wid yer meddlin'. She kapes house for us, does Illicly, and if you take her from us, ye'll have to be furnishin' us with a maid." She tittered with tears streaming from reddened eyes, and her man growled an appreciative laugh, sobered into half consciousness by the threat in the officer's tone. which scarce knew how to smile, even in its joy. The matron turned away from the pair with tears in her eyes, and fol-lowed the two ladies of the board, who had been helping her, into an adjoin-ing room. ing room.

ing room. "Isn't it pitful. Dr.—says the sight of that eye is hopelessly gone, and but for it she is a beautiful child. That awful woman dropped alcohol in her eye, they said-accidently, let us trust. The hip disease is the result of a kick the doctor thinks." "And yet," replied one of the visi-tors slowly, "they tell us there is no extreme poverty or suffering in Salt Lake City. I wonder how many people "We'll discuss the help questio when we dispose of Alicia." sa

Jackson gravely. "Where do you think you'll put her" asked the woman curiously. "A worried look crossed Jackson's brow 'We must see," he said. Lake City. I wonder how many people would believe me if I told them the exact facts in this case." "Shall you really take her away asked Alicia, as they walked up th exact facts in this case." The other shrugged her shoulders. "Probably only your personal friends, but if people could realize the pitiful cases that come to us, there is not a man or woman we know who would not help us gladly. The average hu-man heart isn't bad or even hopelessly salfish merely thoughless-thank street That question is distracting me There is absolutely no chance for the girl, unless we find some one to tak her in. She is too old for the Foundher in. She is too old for the Found-ling's home, besides, they are crowded to the limit. The one opening will be in the way of getting her work in some household that will pay her way. Then here is the came question-will the in-fluence be such as to help her to prog-ress? A menial position shuts her from chances she might have if free-schoôling, associations and environ-ments that might nourish self-respect. There are nine chances in ten that a selfish, merely thoughtless-thank God!' ments that might nourish self-respect. There are nine chances in ten that a girl of her age, unless most carefully placed, will go out and away from home for the change and pleasure and variety that young natures crave. "Is there no public or charitably place of refuge where she might be sheltered till she is educated," asked Alicia, amazedly. "None-as yet. Our prospective re-fuge-the Detention home project-yea know-is still in the abeyance of public sympathy and interest." sympathy and interest." Alicia gasped. To be confronted in her first humane venture with a prob-lem so absolutely reasonless and hope-less, was beyond thought. The thing was incomprehensible. Misery, pover-ty, drunkenness, vice—it had all seemed an unreal miasmi to her—to be blown to threads her a four way of howing. to threads by a few days of charity. It was, instead, a great, tangible and insistent sea, rolling and roaring about one to farthest limits, its waves sweep-ing, and its treacherous tide-rips suck-ing ing, human souls into bone-lined depths! . . .

"Phelia." again she whispered, and looked into the child's face. "Phelia." again she whispered, and then added painfully, "The baby!" The Sympathetic Member heard the whisper, faint as it was, and came from her place by the door. The magic of that word would have brought her across continents. "Baby?" she echoed with her lips

close to the sick woman's ear. In reply one wandering hand went searching under the bed coverings. Three pairs of hands instantly aided in the search, but it was the little girl, Phella, who found what the mother sought.

Curled up in an old flannel shirt, sucking sour milk out of a bottle, there was revealed a child—or was it a mon-key? So old and wizened it looked, with puckered brow and claw-like hands grasping the bottle, that the three Members shuddered at the uncanny sight.

Phelia held the little bundle carefully with a curious maternal anxiety creep-

"Phelia!" the voice of the mother gathered strength as she caught sight of the tiny creature. "You must be good to baby. Phelia tend baby-al-ways! You-hear-me?"

life where hunger was unknown, where fresh air and sunshine, clean smells and clean clothes were to be had in abundance, and cold was only a iread Thing shut out of doors. The baby thrived and in a few months look-ed less like a baboon than a fat, squinteyed Jap, whose idea of heaven was a bottle of sweet milk, followed by a nap in the arms of his untiring nurse. Phelia. For Ophelia though touched by the malady of her illustrious name-sake of old, had yet the compensating

By Irene Dickson Schulder.

By Irene Dickson Schulder. RS. SEYMOUR'S home presented a scene full of contrast: in the midst of the beautiful rooms luxuriously furnished and full of artistic treasures, and surrounding a Christmas tree than which there was surely none more towering or gorgeous in all the city, swarmed silently a wonder-struck crowd of youngsters in the dark uniform of the orphanage. In and out amongst them flitted like a white butterfly the sixyear-old daughter of the house and at the tree Mrs. Seymour, young, gracious, on whose beautiful face the sadness of a great loss had set its enduring stamp. handed the gifts to the children, strick en silent with bashfulness. Though she smiled at them, a little line of dis-tress showed itself between her brows. The party was not a success after all, --poor little waifs! She had planned for them to be so hilariously happy, it was to have been such a noisy, joy-ous evening—and here they were stand-ing either on while while were the standing silent, or whispering together in half-frightened little groups. Poor, poor children to whom such a wealth of material for pleasure was like the glare of the sun to eyes accustomed only to the dusk. It almost seemed to her as if it hurt them—as if they would have been happier had she and Betty distant. taken some clothes and toys and fruit to the orphanage and left them there for distribution, amongs the surround-ings and by the hands to which they were accustomed. And yet a few weeks before she had anticipated giv-ing so much pleasure to them when she said to her little daughter, "Betty, Suppose that this year for our ble

instituct of maternity in double and triple measure, and mothered her wee brother with a devotion hardly short of livine And the Sympathetic Member, from the day when she constituted herself guardian in special to these two-halfwitted Ophelia and the "Little Jan"began to learn the first great lesson in the school of charity: that not sympathy alone is needed in this greatest of life's work—for she has that who only sheds an idle tear over a touching paragraph in her morning paper: but most necessary of all, if one is to help in the work of redemption, are the courage to seek, and the understanding to lift. EDYTH ELLERBECK READ. The Baby Who Came to Stay,

> pretty homes, and then, on Christmas night we can have the tree lighted again and have your own special little chums." And Betty had agreed in her grave little way, and now she, too, seemed vaguely troubled as her serious more user net her mether's that these section vagory troubled as her schools grey eyes met her mother's, that these little strangers were not rushing about with peals of laughter. There was a mild babble of talk later over the bountiful supper, when the strange-ness were off a little over the good there all as Mrs things to eat; but after all, as Mrs. Seymour reflected while helping the ma-tron tuck the last child into its outer vraps and button it snugly up against the cold, it had not been a success, mu particular pleasure or benefit had come of it, and she might better have fol-

of it, and she might better have fol-lowed her usual custom of leaving the things at the orphanage. The next evening when Betty and a half dozen of her little friends were playing games about the lighted tree, a small and chubby young person paused for a moment and peered with interest and satisfaction into the light-ed windows. Then she tolled up the stone steps and, standing on tiptoe and putting forth her utmost effort, rang the bell. The maid who opened the the bell. The maid who opened the door gasped in astonishment at the sight of the small, chubby person, hat-less, coatless, and breathless from her exertions and the rapid little trot she had maintained through the cold

"I want to see the little dirl's n.ud-die," said the small, chubby person, with utmost self-possession, and an air of one who has never known a refusal. The maid stepped to the drawing room door and opened it. "Mrs. Seymour," she said, "here is an orphanage baby wants to see you." The orphanage baby had followed close at her heels, and as Mrs. Seymour came former." Suppose that this year for our big Suppose that this year for our big Christmas eve party, we have only the poor little children who have he far thers or mothers to love them, and no



EMILY CLOWES BURKE.

"But what, Eddy?"

"I couldn't wear it for I never had no pins nor nothin."

"But why pins? Were there no buttons?"

well, you see she gave he the waist first, an' then she snatched it away again, and cut off the but-tons, an' pulled out the draw string,

tons, an' pulled out the draw string, an' it wuzn't no use to me then, so-" "What did you do?" "I gave it back 'to her, and she said she allus know'd beggars worn't as bad off as they made out." The adopted mother said nothing, and Eddy mistook her silence for censure of ungratefulness, and said: "But I couldn't wear it-" "I guess you couldn't, son." "And my mother wuz better'n that to tramps."

One day Eddy came in from school, and quickly slipped up stairs to change his waist and tie, before setting about

"Ah, that's just blood from his noise and mine, an' it took three licks to make his bleed, too, and only one for mine." Despite the seriousness of the moment, the new mother could not repress a smile although Eddy did not see it That evening the hoy said: "I think

one

'Well, you see she gave me the

Its being more blessed to give than to receive depends upon what is given, and the spirit thereof, and how far the "little candle throws

his beams." He must shine far and wide in this "bleak wilderness below," if he would find the thousand and one ways to serve God in serving his creatures. Certain it is, too, if we would be faithful to the law of charity, which is the law of love, we elminate self, he dumb of must mouth, known by our fruits on earth, hoping only for our own "growth above the skies."

With crownless hat, one sus-pender, and bare feet wandering away from nowhere somewhere down in the state, a Maverlek of humanity shivered into town one late autumn day, with a look resembling that of a helpless kitten dropped from a

to tramps." "The boy never forgot his own mother-who, though poor, gave of her best to tramps." a helpiess kitten dropped from a sack into a great cheerless stubble field, filled with dread of dawn and dogs. The city was a great, bleak stubble field to Eddy, with little to glean in the way of nourishment his waist and tie, before setting about his chores. The new mother had never known him to make such a lightening change. He carried a serious air, and the coal bucket in his left hand, which was noted, to-gether with a black eye and suspicious red blotches here and there. "Everything all right at school, to-day. Eådy?" glean in the way of nourishment from the stubble, and total lack of warmth and sympathy in the grim bare stumps. Nothing in that field for a kitten, not even a mouse; but everything for a crow. Luckily, however, and by some freak of fate or kind hand of providence, Eddy eluded

the crow. Eddy's father, a man of the free

Eddy's father, a man of the free and giving type, upon the death of the mother, had distributed his child-ren to the scant, scattered, and scattering populace of the farming district in which he lazily eked out a miserable existence for himself and numerous family, and at once took to the hills to prospect. The people to whom Eddy chanced to be given suddenly experienced a change of heart, and with an inverted idea of the blessedness of giving and

change of hear, and with an inverter idea of the blessedness of giving and receiving made it possible for the unwelcome founding to run away. And so it was, that ragged, unkept, unexperienced, but game. Eddy beat his passage to town. "I did not get in till dark, an' the first thing a dag chased me and then "I did hot get in thi dark, an the first thing a dog chased me, an' then a policeman." Eddy was telling his story to the rare woman who had given him a home with no thought of

receiving. "And what did you do, then?" "I ran down the track and pray-

ed. "Prayed?"

"Prayed?" "Yep-I mean yes'm-mother told me never to forget that." "What happened, next?" "Then I found a haystack-It was pretty good-I had slep in'em be-fore; an' then I went to a house in the mornin' and a woman the mornin' and a the mornin' and a woman gave me something to eat, and told me to go to another place an' her sister would give me a waist to wear-." 'And you went?"

"And did she give you the waist?" "Yes, but----"

said to the older child, "She hain't nothin' but a nulsance no how. It's bad enough to have one young one flat on her back with a bad hip without an-other brat to eat ye out of burge and other brat to eat ye out of house and

The girl did not answer, but watched The girl did not answer, but watched her fearfully as she came toward them. The woman passed them by without further notice, and opening a corner cupboard, took down a whisky bottle, an old teacup, and a half loaf of stale bread. She proceeded to eat the great-

The Other Alicia.



JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

the woman's mouth. It ceased abruptly, its last word tinged with the sudden fear and resentment of their intrusion. "I was almost sure of this, before I came," said Jackson quietly. "I am glad you all know now, that I realized what I said when I told the judge we couldn't trust you. I'm glad especially that you are here, Alleia." The Alicia at the door started, then looked in the direction of Jackson's gaze-at the other one. She stood in the shadow, but spite

LICLA drew back, but the court officer stepped quickly through the door into a stream of un-thinkable profanity flung from wards mouth. It seased abrunt of the gross commonness evident in her companions.

"I am glad," went on Jackson, in his "I am glad," went on Jackson, in his quiet tones, "because you will never think it worth while again, to try to deceive me. You remember, don't you, Alicia-that you told me that day in court your prosents." court your parents never used bad language, never brought liquor into the house, never set bad examples before you in any way."

"Did you think I'd do my father and mother such dirt as to tell on 'em?" murmured Alicia sullenly.

The soft swish of shuffled cards, the modulated hum of well-bred voices, the music from the orchestra behind its banks of palms—all seemed to Alicia like so many files on her rasped nerves. It had never been so before—its atmos-phere—as unnovel to her as air, had brought away a sense of pure pleasure. Today, new thought currents layed the Today, new thought-currents laved the old consciousness, darkening it with a

mist. She leaned over a table to answer the bridge-problem troubling a young girl guest, and drew back startied. How like she was to the other Alicia. Given the same silken gown, the daintily dressed hair, the ringed hands show-ing white and shapely as she handled the sleek cardboard squares, one might have taken them for sisters. Alicia knew her well, this young belle of the near military post; knew the refined surroundings, the perfect breeding, the careful chaperonage with which she was hedged. If that other Alicia.--How slowly it all went. She won-dered if the guests felt her men-tal state. Not visible, surely--they took so long to go. Standing on the broad steps, she watched the last dainty tea gown shut carefully into an auto, then flew to the telephone. "Mr. Jackson? Yes, it is I--Miss Cal-liston. I wish to say--that until you She leaned over a table to answer the

liston. I wish to say-that until you have the public home-you know-f want to take Alicia."

A strangely long silence answered her; then-

"I'm afraid to risk that proposition. Miss Calliston. The Home is a basketless airship, yet-it means monthe, perhaps years of work to make it diri-gible."

The long silence this time was on Alicia's side. Then her voice reached him distinctly—and with decision. "I wish, please—to take Alicia."

ot see it. That evening, the boy said: "I think I'll just go down an' see Bob, an' say we'll be friends if he likes. My mother said we never lost by bein' on the givin' side, an' I guess that means givin' in to good and shakin' hands." "That's its-best meaning, son." And so the lessons went on from ne to the other in the blessed measure of giving, And when Sunday evening came,

And when Sunday evening came, Eddy was sitting beside his new mother, being told things of wisdom. The child's impressionable age had seemed at its keenest during the period of his mother's few, brief in-structions, and—the last act of his father

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long-"mother was reading the commandments, and

day, Eddy?" "Yes'm," Eddy looked her straight in the eye, and she thought she saw In the eye, and she thought she saw unshed tears. "Has anything gone wrong?" "Yes: I had a fight." "Yes: mother allus told me to fight my own battles," he blurted out quickly, lest the new mother childed. But the mother could say nothing But the mother could say nothing, of course, save, "That's right, Eddy, providing your cause is a just one. Why there is blood back of your car; did the other boy strike you there? Oh, but that was dangerous." "Ah, that's just blood from his