

## THANK-OFFERING AFTER VICTORY.

Now is thy thank-offering ready, my land?  
Before him in humble joy dost thou stand?

## I.

For word came, at length, to the Nation at rest;  
"Arise and go forth in thy power untried.  
Be thou the bulwark of them oppressed—  
Of the spirits that long in bondage have sighed.  
Thou art young and the storms of the world thou shalt breast,  
Thou has hope, and no longer its light shalt thou hide.

## II.

"Arise, and go forth in thy power untried—  
A sword and a shield unto them oppressed!  
Annealed in the lightnings that sword shall divide,  
An under that shield shall nothing molest!  
Thou shalt be as the force of the in-rolling tide  
On the shores of the East, as on shores of the West!

## III.

A sword and a shield unto them oppressed—  
With splendors that darted far and wide,  
The Nation arose, that erst was at rest,  
And the stars of her shield were vigilant-eyed,  
As she rose—as she moved, on her missioned quest,  
And the stripes of her shield the oppressor defied!

## IV.

With splendors that darted far and wide  
My Nation went forth, in panoply dressed,  
The fleet of the foeman was swept aside,  
And his citadels heights of their strength dispossessed;  
While the paen of victory East repelled  
To the paen of victory chanted West!  
Word came to the Nation in panoply dressed:  
"Be not the Hand that is o'er thee denied—  
That endured thee with power, that of power can divest!  
Cease, lest the fruits of thy glory be pride;  
And, because thou wert chosen above the rest,  
Give thanks that to thee did such glory betide!

## VI.

"Be not the Hand that is o'er thee denied—  
That led thee, that stays thee, thou servant confessed!  
But as David the King, on whose seat was desecrated  
The sign of the spirit that ruled in his breast  
(That staff wherewith the flocks he did guide),  
Be lowly, be grateful, thou Nation at rest!"  
Now is thy thank-offering ready, my land?  
Before him in humble joy dost thou stand?

—Edith M. Thomas in Collier's Weekly.

## HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

The new reporter was not happy. He had put up his two feet just one degree higher than any other pair in the room, had cocked his hat over his eyes at exactly the proper angle, and was puffing away at a knowing pipe of the proper bulldog variety, and yet, though

surrounded by these outward appearances of a fullblown journalist, he still felt in his secret soul very much out of the busy life that surged about him, and decidedly and unpleasantly "green."

He was wishing with all his heart that he had the courage to go up and join the merry group around Miss Evans' desk, or the more noisy one gathered in the corner where the sporting editors held sway, but somehow he took it out in wishing, and just sat still by Greyson's desk—he was too new yet to have a desk of his own, and was consequently a wanderer and a sojourner in the reporter's room.

He had got wonderfully tired of the endless, insistent ringing of the telephone bells, the distracting clack of typewriters, the crisp rustle of the scattered papers on the floor, that cracked beneath the many passing feet, and the ceaseless hum of voices all about him, when all at once he became aware of a sudden lull in the racket as a breathless office boy broke wildly from the little room where the telephones were and dashed to the assistant city editor's desk. In that moment of unwonted stillness he heard the one word "fire," and then half unconsciously brought down his feet with a crash, and joined the group of excited men that rushed up to hear particulars.

The assistant city editor was already on his feet, pinning a fire badge under the coat of one of the star reporters, who stood with his head thrown up and his feet moving restlessly as though he could hardly wait for the last of his chief's short, terse directions to come to an end. In another second he had dashed through the swinging gate that guarded the reporter's room from the intrusion of a too curious public and the men behind began to ask their questions. It was a big fire already, and promised to be bigger. A large apartment house had caught, no one could tell how, and before they knew it the fire had gained a frightful headway—lives and property were both in danger, and as the excited office boy with the telephone receiver glued to one red ear, fired further particulars out into the room in queer disjointed sentences the men grew more and more excited and gathered around the desk in the hope of being sent. The assistant editor's nervous fingers beat a tattoo on his desk as he looked from face to face. He had already sent Marvin, the most daring, and Kelly the most cautious of the men around him, and he was casting about in his mind for a third, while the reporters watched him, to fall back astonished as he called out sharply "Harrington!"

Now for the moment the assistant city editor had entirely forgotten that there were two men in the office of that name—one a well known young reporter with enough nerve and daring and discretion in his handsome head to make him famous in his time, and the other—the slender, nervous, half scared looking youngster who had been on the paper for only two days of his week's trial.

He had also forgotten that he himself had sent the first of the two out to inquire into a reported change in a department of the city government, and could not expect that gentleman back until the small hours of the morning, but that the second, very excited and anxious, was standing just in the shadow of his tall desk.

But he remembered it the next second, for the "other one" appeared from out that shadow, his face flushed with surprise and excitement, and his eyes gleaming. For a moment the editor hesitated.

This was not the man he meant to send—this one was entirely untried—but there were two others there already, besides the man regularly detailed to that pollet district, and—well, as he saw

the eager light in the young man's face, somehow a dim recollection came to him of the time years before when he, too, had stood, nervous and longing and half scared, beside that very desk, and taken his first real assignment from another editor, who had seemed as great and awe inspiring to him then as he doubtless seemed to this chap here, and for a moment he forgot his editorial duties in his sympathy, and—did not take back his call.

Instead, he nodded and hurriedly beckoned the wrong Harrington nearer.

"Here," he said tersely, "hurry up—it's The Venetian, and maybe you can get a boost out of the story," and pinning on the badge, he moved the young man away, already half repenting of his impulse.

Hurry! No need to tell him that. His hat was on, and he never stopped for his overcoat, though the autumn night was cold and chilly.

He even let the light coat he wore fly open as he sped along, to show the great badge that gleamed in all its glory just above his heart, and for years afterward he remembered that minute as the proudest and happiest of his life.

The ride up town was endless, the train seemed to crawl, and when at last his station is reached, he flung himself down the stairs recklessly, and tore up the street toward the fiercely glaring light and the yelling, surging crowd, forcing his way through, he hardly knew how, dodging, squirming, shoving, till at last he stood at the fire line, and the blue coated arm of the law was held before him.

And then came another supreme moment, when the light fell on the big gleaming badge, the restraining arm dropped before him as by magic, and for the first time he found himself a privileged man inside the fire lines.

The fire had gained a frightful headway. It was bursting out of the broad windows in great licking tongues of brightness, that leaped at the houses on either side as though hungering for more, while straight into its glowing heart streamed the shimmering rush of water, that caught the lights and shadows of the fire and turned them into dainty, glowing bits of sparkling color.

There were four engines in all, and Harrington could see the blue coated firemen swarming all over the fire escapes and scrambling across the roofs, and then for a moment Marvin came into view, black and smutty with the smoke as he rushed from the house with a fainting woman in his arms, and delivered her to the more phlegmatic Kelly, before he rushed in again, bound to be at the heart of things, where action told, and news was made.

Up to that moment Harrington had been almost dazed with the strangeness and the horror of the scene, but that glimpse of Marvin roused in him a fierce desire to be up and doing, and he pushed his way toward Kelley. That gentleman looked up with an astonished gaze as he saw him coming, but he was a man who never expressed surprise by more than a passing glance, and grunted in response to Harrington's excited greeting, "Hello, Kid—come to see the fire?"

Something in his tone grated on Harrington. It seemed somehow to imply in every accent that he was a green-horn boy, and apt to do nothing but gratify his own curiosity.

With a shake of his head he turned and pressed closer to the burning building. Why he did it he never knew, but without once stopping he rushed into the basement and came out in a broad well, or air shaft, between the houses. After he had done it it seemed ridiculous, and he turned to go again, already half stifled by the heat