### WHEN MOLLIE SINGS AT NOON.

The factory hours are long—so long—
The sweltering shop is dim;
The wheels and belts their roar prolong
Till all the senses swim.
The clash and clamor grow apace
But lo, there comes a boon
When labor has a moment's grace
And Mollie sings at noon!

The boys and girls all gather round
To drink the cadence gay.
Upon the shallop of sweet sound
Dull care is borne away.
Beyond the bare rough prisoning walls
They hear the rivulet croon;
The wood's green witchery calls and calls
When Mollie sings at noon!

Such romance gathered from afar
Of land and sky and sea;
Such magic—mantle of the star
New fallen on the bee;
The pipes of Pan by marsh and mere;
The dance of fairy shoon;
All this the rapt folk see and hear
When Mollie sings at noon!

The weary day grows glorified,
The common sights grow fair.
The narrow world becomes more wide,
Things wear a rosier air,
And all because of music sweet;—
The whistle blows too soon
The lyric moments fly so fleet
When Mollie sings at noon!
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in National Magazine.

### "GIVE ME A JOB BOY" A WINNER.

"I want a job."

The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet respectful determination that carried conviction.

"But I haven't any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that——"

"I want a job," interrupted the boy with an odd smile that didn't distract from the serious determination of his general expression. "And I'm willing to work for you for six months without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. "But——"

The boy was looking for that "but" and caught it on the fly.

"You see it's this way, sir,' 'he interrupted, "I've just finished at the manual training school, and I've made up my mind that electric lighting's the thing for me and that I'm going to be started in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk broke in with another, "But——"

He didn't get an inch beyond that depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with—

"I'll work for nothing, and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your pay-roll. You've got a good plant, sir, and I can see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It's the best business to get into in the world, and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant, "although I bound to say that I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track—and—"

"You just give me the job, sir," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work around a plant like yours that a boy who's had a little technical training can find to do—work that needs to be done. Here's some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me——"

"Look here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, "you certainly do want a job. And you're going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke I knew you reminded me of somebody, but I couldn't think who. Now I know. When I was a boy we had a dog that used to go off into the woods and hunt coons all by himself. If he treed his coon he'd start to gnaw the tree down and keep at it till somebody hunted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a sort of family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

When, a fortnight later, he called at the plant, the foreman remarked:

"Say, that boy you sent out here's the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as if he was drawing profits or my salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own car fare.

Why, his aunt died the other day, and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly stuck on his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job.

"A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it wouldn't cost much either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it isn't up to standard. They're working considerable off on you."

"How much will it cost?" asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it all ready, waiting for the question. "Get it and go ahead," said the man, after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed, and saved the business a neat sum of money.

The day that the boy's period of gratuitous service was up he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said: "My time is up, sir.'

"But you stay," was the quick answer, "and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so long ago. The electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since; but the boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he was the one man who couldn't be spared. They saw that he knew the business as well as he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and to-day he could buy out the man who gave him his first job—buy him out several times over! He is the head of a big electric lighting corporation, and gets a salary of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year, besides profits in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game to-day as that boy played it will win out. You couldn't keep him down if you buried him under the deadweight of a skyscraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept a position—and always will be! But when it comes to boys who go out and beat the bushes for a job—just a plain job in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—they're so scarce that they're in danger of being captured for exhibition purpurposes in museums.

Nothing can stand against a boy of this kind. The "give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs to others sooner or later. And generally it's sooner.—Chicago Tribune.

### CONTROLLING HYDROPHOBIA IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT.

Hydrophobia occurs almost exclusively in the domestic dog, but also to a small extent and in a few localities in wild animals of the dog family and in skunks. Human infection occurs directly from the rabid dog through bites. Rabies is an infectious disease, transmitted by bites of infected animals. It never originates spontaneously or as a result of starvation, bad food or water, excitement, fear, or other like causes. Statistics from the most diverse parts of the world show that rabies is not confined to, and not even markedly prevalent during any particular season of the year. It may flourish at any season. Under the present conditions of communication in the United States, physical barriers are insufficient to prevent the introduction of rabies into any State or Territory. Animals may be suffering from rabies, and their saliva may be virulent for some days, before symptoms become sufficiently marked to excite notice. Dogs suffering from furious rabies often have a tendency to run long distances, twenty-five miles or more being reported, often inoculating large numbers of other animals and persons en route, and carrying infection in previously rabies-free regions. Animals killed early in the course of rabies may fail to show unmistakable evidence of the disease on microscopic examination, and in this manner the diagnosis may be indefinitely delayed pending the result of inoculation tests. By means of the Pasteur treatment, promptly administered, immunity may be produced in exposed persons so that a mortality of no more than 1 per cent need be expected from rabid dog bites of the average severity. These are the most important conclusions of Dr. A. M. Stimson of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, who makes a lengthy report on the subject in a recent number of The Journal of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Stimson makes the following recommendations for the control of this awful disease: Destruction of ownerless dogs. Imposition of a license fee on all dogs, which should be sufficiently large to reduce the number of dogs kept. Dog owners should be held legally responsible for damage inflicted by their dogs. The dog-owning public should be educated in matters relating to the care of dogs as affecting the spread of communicable diseases, especially rabies. There should be a system of securing reliable information concerning the presence of rabies in all portions of the State or territory. The disease should be made reportable, as should also suspected cases, and penalties imposed for non-compliance. State or territorial quarantine against importation of dogs should be established. A measure obviously to be adopted only after a consideration of internal conditions and interstate relations.

There are now some twenty institutions in the United States where the virus for the Pasteur treatment or one of its modifications is prepared and administered. Some are under private management and others are under State or municipal auspices. The Public Health and Marine Hospital Service through the Hygienic Laboratory, Washington, D. C., is prepared to furnish, gratis on request, glycerinated virus to State health authorities having the necessary laboratory facilities. Each State and Territory should establish a central office for the control of rabies.

### THE TEST OF EDUCATION.

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated, in the best sense of the word, when they could say yes to every one of fourteen questions he should put to them. It may interest you to read the questions. Here they are:

Has your educaton given sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing and golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?—Popular Educator.

### THE RIGHT KIND OF OIL.

"I simply can't unlock that chest, Madeline; I've tried every key I could find. The whole bunch is rusty, but three or four of them seemed to fit. They'd spring the lock just a little, and then I'd hear that hateful snap back again." Eunice sat down wearily, her face flushed and perspiring.

Madeline looked up from her book. "Probably it's the rust, Eunice. How did it happen? Oh, I remember! You dropped the key-ring out of the window and didn't find it for a week. Suppose you try a little oil. I'm sure the right key is there somewhere."

Eunice carried the bottle of machine oil upstairs, and came back triumphant. "It was a little one, after all; only it needed a lot of coaxing."

"Like old Mrs. Sims?" asked Madeline, roguishly.

"Yes, indeed; I've tried all kinds of They worked night and day for three keys upon her, until my stock has really given out; but she's just unlockable."

"A little more oil, sister; perhaps you need a special kind in her case," laughed Madeline.

A week later Eunice came into the house triumphant.

"I've found it!" she exclaimed; "the right kind of oil for old Mrs. Sims. I thought of it when I was coming past. I concluded my keys were pretty rusty with self-interest. I'd always been pleasant to Mrs. Sims because it made me feel good to have one like me. She looked quite cross when I inquired about her rheumatism, so I tried again and complimented her pansy bed. I told her I hadn't seen another like it in town, and that it was perfectly wonderful how she made them grow so large. I meant it, too," added Eunice, seeing the smile on her sister's face. "You know what dreadful luck I have. She asked me to come in the yard, and when I wanted to buy a dozen plants I never saw any one so pleased. She said I could have them, only to wait and take them up when it was cool. I'm going around there again about sunset; and, say, Madeline, let me take her a glass of your jam. It's the best you ever made."

Madeline looked pleased. "You are certainly finding a good many kinds of oils," she said, brightly; "I shouldn't wonder if you unlocked almost anything after this."—Selected.

### HOW DAVY PRACTICED CONSERVATION.

By Emily S. Windsor.

Davy's Uncle Howard, from New York, had visited them for a week. Davy was very fond of him, and liked to listen to him and papa talk. He did not understand a great deal that they said. They often used such big words. There was one big word that they used very often. It was the word con-ser-va-tion. And after his uncle had gone, it seemed to the little boy that he was hearing that word every place he went. He heard Mr. Smith, the principal of the school, use it when he would be talking to groups of the teachers in the hall. Then the minister was calling one day at Billy Gray's house. Davy was there playing with Billy. He heard the minister and Mr. Gray say a great deal about conservation.

So Davy could pronounce the long word quite easily, and he had come to have an idea what it meant.

One day he and Billy were out on a country road back of the village.

Billy suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, see all those blackberry blossoms!" and ran over to the other side of the road and began picking off the blossoms. Davy watched him for a little while, then he said: "Don't pull off any more, Billy. There won't be so many blackberries if you do."

"I don't care," returned Billy. "I don't like berries."

"But lots of people do. Do leave them alone. It's a good chance to practice conservation." Davy said the big word quite proudly.

Billy stopped picking the blossoms and looked at Davy. "What's that?" he asked.

"Come on, and I'll tell you." Then as they walked on Davy told Billy how much he had heard people talk about conservation. "I think it means not to waste things. And to take care of them for other people."

"Oh," said Billy, "I guess I understand." And although they passed some more blackberry bushes, he did not pull any more blossoms.

When Davy came home from school one day he found mamma busily packing trunks. "The doctor has told papa that he must take a rest," she said, "so he has rented a little house for a month by a lake. We are going at once."

"But Harold and I?" asked Davy.

"You are both going, too. There are only two weeks more of school, and you can easily make that up."

Davy jumped up and down in delight. To think of going to the lake, where there would be bathing and boating and so many other joys!

When Harold came in he was glad, too, but he was a good deal older than Davy, and did not make quite so much fuss about it.

They did have a glorious month. One of the things that Davy enjoyed most was building a little hut out of branches on the border of the lake. They put a table there and some chairs, and mamma would sit there with her sewing. It was so well built that the rain did not get in.

The night before they were to leave for home Harold proposed that they set fire to it. "It would make a splendid bonfire," he said, "and we can't use it any more."

"Oh, no," said Davy quickly, and thinking of conservation, "some one else may rent the house, and they could enjoy the hut."

"No," said mamma, "don't burn it." And the little hut was left.

Late in the summer, when Davy came in from playing one afternoon, mamma was reading a letter. "Sit down," she said to him, "there is something in this that will interest you. It is from Mrs. Bell, and they are staying in the cottage by the lake that we had. She says her little daughter Marie, who is lame, you know, enjoys the little hut so much. I am so glad you boys built it, and did not burn it."

"So am I," answered Davy, and he resolved that he would practice conservation whenever he could.—Exchange.

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If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God. He is in no haste; and if I do what I may in earnest I need not worry if I do no great work. Let God make his sunsets; I will mottle my little cloud. To help the growth of a thought that struggles toward the light, to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the white of one snowdrop—such be my ambition.—George Macdonald.

Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from bearing them.—Fenelon.

### Kicked By a Mad Horse.

Samuel Birch, of Bertown, Wis., had a most narrow escape from losing his leg, as no doctor could heal the frightful sore that developed, but at last Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it completely. It's the greatest healer of ulcers, burns, boils, eczema, scalds, cuts, corns, cold-sores, bruises and piles on earth. Try it. 25c at all druggists.


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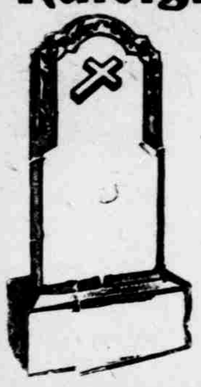

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