## BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

As "Tommy" Blake snapped open | lently, although Blake took care to the door and walked briskly into his stride along with the lumbering gait. father's place of business, the hands of the big office clock pointed saverely to ten minutes after nine. But the boy only smiled. He was late, of course, but he could catch up with the others in an hour. They always plodded, while he fairly romped through his work.

Old Dolan, who had been with his father for twenty years, up and back-Blake hung up his hat and dos coat, flecked imaginary specks of dust from his clothes, and went over to

"Well, daddy?" he said, with his pleasant blue eyes twinkling at the reproof that he knew was coming. Dolan pointed accusingly at the

"You're late again, Tommy," said gently.

"That's a fact," admitted Blake. He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and smiled. "But I can make it up by working hard, can't

There was no resisting Tommy. Dolan's face relaxed, and he nodded. 'That wasn't what I called you over here for, though," he said, wiping his spectacles. "It was this," holding out a book the pages of which were furrowed with straight, orderly lines of figures. "You made the total up, he lay a moment, dazed and wonwrong again yesterday, Tommy. I stayed to correct it last night."

Blake's eyes brightened. "Daddy, you're my good angel!" he exclaimed. "I will do better after this. I can, you know."

"Yes," admitted Dolan, "you can,

The boy laughed good-naturedly, in his frank way, and with another promise, walked over to his own desk. Dolen looked after him with affection in his eyes.

"He is a good boy, is Tommy," he understand! If he were not in his denly. father's office, now, he might." And wearlly to his accounts.

Things had always run very smoothly for Tommy Blake. His frank, boyish air of good-nature won him friends on every side, and their mensely popular as a football idol.

Now, for the first time, he had settled down to work. It was irksome, he did his work carelessly and in the manner which seemed easiest.

It was early October, and the air outside was crisp and bracing, prevented the scoring. Blake's head was achir g by noon, and the streets. He wanted to be outside, ers to get to their feet. too; he wanted to walk, to run, to

feel the play of his muscles. always did, and his father readily assented to his suggestion of a half- away back there, as Eilkens did? holiday. He determined to go to Afraid, I suppose?" some athietic-field and watch the football practice.

Binny had told him to come up-to could spare the time, and he decided his jersey. to accept the invitation to-day.

He had a wait of nearly an hour before the fellows came, and then he discovered that Binny was not with them. It really made no difference, as the practice was not secret, except for the fact that he felt a little lost among the group of college fellows on the side-lines.

The practice was hard. The coach was driving the men as much as he tions as to the play. dared, in order to whip them into disappointingly small, and the lack of material must be offset by science and individual skill.

tackle and kick. Blake's impulsive posing half and grinned. nature got the better of him, and he worked out into the field, crouching when the backs lined up, and springing forward when they did.

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. Blake looked up into the face of the coach.

Ever play?" asked the man. "Oh, yes!" said Blake. He said it proudly, and the coach smiled de-

"High-school-team, I suppose?" he

It was on the tip of Blake's tongue to tell the man who he was. But he hesitated, turning over and over in his mind a plan. He had played in high-school, of course, as well as on the "varsity" team.

"Yes, sir," he said, meekly, in answer to the question. "Then go over there and get into a

suit as quickly as you can!" ordered the coach. The blood mounted to Blake's cheeks at the brusque manner in which the man spoke, but he said

nothing. If the coach took him for a student, let him. He would get into the "togs" and show him how the

gams should be played.

He put on a padded suit that he found in the locker-room; this was

like old times again. The coach eyed his great form al-

common to heavy-muscled athletes. and ordered him in at left half-back on the scrub, or second, team. The

substitutes looked at him hopefully. Ten minutes of sharp signal praclice sufficed to put him in touch with the simpler plays, and he was glad when the coach lined up the two teams in the middle of the field. Now he would show them what he could

The varsity team had the ball. The quarter-back's sharp eyes passed rapidly over the eleven players on the other team, and he gave the signals with queer, jerky intonations.

Suddenly the hall was snapped. The whole team seemed to work on a pivot. It was an end run, timed to a second, and seemingly almost impregnable in its interference. Blake only smiled. He knew a trick that would stop it, should the little end miss the man.

The end was caught by the first man in the interference, and sent whirling far out into the field. Blake set his teeth, still smiling with his lips, and dived for the runner.

Something-somebody-caught his shoulder with a terrible force, and he turned over and over. Two players fell with him. After they had got dering.

"Get up there!" ordered the coach. 'Don't be a baby! You made a fool of yourself in that play. Get up, I gay!"

Blake jumped to his feet. He was fairly crazed with anger, but down in his heart he realized that the man was only speaking the truth. The smile was gone now, and his chin was coming forward.

"I'll make good on the next play," he said to himself. "I'll show him!" He watched the quarter-back, and said to himself, "but he doesn't un. decided the play was to go through derstand. He thinks he is almost in- the line. He heard the signals come dispensable, but he blunders so much in quick, sharp tones, and saw the that - I wish he could be made to hands of the quarter-back open sud-

The ball was passed to a half-back, the gray-haired chief clerk turned who lowered his head and plunged forward, with a quick intuition of the weak spot in the line.

Blake's big shoulders were back-He dug his cleated shoes into the soft plunged against the opposing line. ready praise had spoiled him just a dirt, and pushed with all the power little. At college he had been im- of his great body, pushed until the blood was making his face burn.

But the great mass moved him back and back and back. There was and he falt a little aggrieved at being no stopping the play. It looked like put in such a position. As a result, a touch-down to Blake, and only the ick action of the scrub full-back in falling just in front of the mass, and pionship team at another college! plunging it to the ground over him,

Blake scrambled out of the scrimhe looked longingly at the throng on mage, and stood waiting for the oth- pointed, he played with a desperate

"Afraid, eh?" sneered a voice in his ear. "Did you think you could He made up his mind quickly, as he push the wohle team back? Why didn't you get down in front of them

Blake whirled angrily on the coach. The man stood staring at him with curling lip, and somehow the rage in the ball park, where the local college the boy's heart vanished. He wiped team practised, on any afternoon he his steaming face with the sleeve of

"Not afraid!" he declared, shortly,

and went back to his position. Three more plays came straight into Blake's arms, and three times the coach looked at him derisively, and called out:

"First down! Five yards to gain!" Then the man gave the "scrubs" the ball, and took the quarter-back to one side and whispered instruc-

Blake found his place, and leaned shape for the season. The squad was forward expectantly. There was a moment's wait while the coach showed the left guard how to brace his knee back of the center rush. It was good to see them run and and Blake looked over at the op-

"Keep your eye on the ball!" comnanded the coach, shortly. "You old me you had played the game."

There was a sneer in the words hat rankled in Blake's heart, but he swallowed hard and said nothing. "Four - two - three - seven! called the little quarter.

It was the signal for an end run by Blake. He gritted his teeth and waited, watching with fascinated eyes the dirty leather that quivered in the hands of the center rush.

The quarter-back signalled for the ball, caught !! deftly in his two palms, and swung round. Blake's start was a little slow, and before he was fairly under way the line had parted, and he had been tackled for a loss.

The coach yanked off the players on the top of him, and set the boy-on his feet. He looked at him silently for a moment, and Blake's cheeks colored. He knew the fault was his.

"Four - two - three - seven!" called the quarter, at a nod from the coach. Blake knew he could have varied the numbers in such a way as to confuse the other team, and still have the same play. He understood that the coach was handicapping him

his teeth and waited. This time he sprang forward at the instant the ball was off the ground. and was scurrying away and almost skirting the end before the varsity could fathom the play. With his heart beating exultingly, he ran with all his might. One by one the interference vanished as tacklers appeared, until he found himself running alone. Between him and the goal was only a single player. At last he would make a touch-down and prove his and I'm glad, mighty glad!"-From ability to the coach.

With a sudden plunge, the tackler dived and caught him just above the knees. Blake had not expected him to come with such terrific force, and the shock took him off his balance. He wavered a moment, and instinctively threw up his hands as he fell. The ball slipped to the ground, bounced slightly and rolled away.

One of the varsity men snatched it up, and charged back up the field, dodging, squirming, sprinting desperately through the few who were in his path, until he found a clear field, and planted the ball behind the goalline, squarely between the two whitewashed poles.

Blake wiped the sleeve of his jersey across his face, and waited for the kick-off. Down in his heart an admission was growing. He was beginning to fear that these players were his superiors!

He missed the ball on the kick-off, and although one of the scrubs recovered it, he knew the error was anpardonable. The coach sneered openly.

With clenched fists he waited for the first play. The quarter-back gave ing the man at tackle on the instant. the signal, and he took the ball and

It was of no use. He was battered back in spite of his best endeavors.

Worst of all, he began to see that it was not muscle and weight that was overpowering him, but better football. He was being beaten because he could not play as the others didwho had been the star of a chan

How the next ten minutes passed aching in every limb, angry, disapenergy and eagerness that almost frightened him.

Blake was almost insane with the desire to do something, with the knowledge that he was playing like a man who had never seen a football before, instead of like one who had crossed the checker-board squares scores of times with the ball under his arm and a whole team in pursuit. But always now there were arms clinging about his legs, or hands pulling savagely at him, or padded figures lying flat in his path to trip him.

At last, tired and thoroughly discouraged, his vision cleared, and he admitted defeat. He was not the player he had been, not the wonder that he had thought himself. With the lesson came a little relief. There was consolation in knowing that he was doing his best, even if his best was not equal to the best of the oth-

When the coach ordered the players to stop practice and run in; he took Blake to one side.

"I don't want you to think I am using you any differently from the others," he apologized. "You needed the grueling. I have been working

IN THE BLOOD,

Willy Lamb was one of those fellows that everybody liked, remarking that "he does not amount to saything."

When he had a bargain to make he would say, "Oh, whatever you think is fair," and he was quite content to give faithful service for the salary that "Root and Driver" saw fit to pay. He would give what he could to anyone who asked him. An elderly termagant had seized upon him and married him by force, in order to improve her social condition.

Willy fell ill, and being poor, went to the hospital, where they experiment on people. The doctors decided that he needed blood, and as he could never afford to buy human blood, even at the present bargain prices, they looked about for the animal nearest like man to transfer its blood to him. Of course they chose a hog; hairless, talliess, omnivorous; the operation was successful, notwithstanding which, Lamb recovered.

But a great change had come over him. He knew so much of the methods of the firm that he insisted on being admitted as a member as the price of his silence. Then he began to write his name W. C. Lamb and to cut off all his charities. He drove hard bargains with the men who had once thought him legitimate prey. Then he grabbed a little cross-town railroad, capitalized it at ten times its cost and sold it to the Combine. The Combine had to take him in.

At the same time be put his wife on a short allowance. The newspapers gossiped about his personal affairs and pointed to him as a model for the young. His name began to appear on boards of directors. In short he grew rich, respected and influential, and men said, "It was in Lamb's blood to succeed."

Bolton Hall, in Pack.

you hard, and making you do it from heer desperation, because you look comising. You play like a novice, ut you know the game; I can see that. The trouble is, you think you understand everything, and won't earn. As soon as you get that idea out of your head you'll do. . Understand?"

Blake nodded. He had meant to save this moment for the final revelation of his identity. Now he had no desire to explain who he was. He looked at the coach soberly.

"You're right," he said, smiling in spite of a cut lip. "I've been a fool, I'm afraid, in more ways than one That practice has opened my eyes."

The coach extended his hand. He

was thinking only of football. "Good for you!" he said. for you!"

Down at the office the next morning Dolan looked up in surprise as the door clicked shut after his employer's son. It still lacked ten minutes of the time to unlock the safe.

Blake came over to the old man, and held out his hand. Dolan took it, staring oddly at the scratches on the boy's face. Before he could speak, in every way possible. He gritted Blake was smiling at him, and say-

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf, daddy, and be worth something. I've been wasting my opportunities here and imposing on all of you. But it's been because I didn't quite understand. Now I'm going to get down to work, real, honest, hard work!"

Dolan clung to the hand he held. 'I don't pretend to know how it has all come about," he said, in his gentle way, "but you do understand, Tommy, Youth's Companion.



A noted Belgian bacteriologist, Dr. Leon Bertrand, claims that he has discovered a much more powerful serum as a cure for pneumonia than that now in use. It is bactericidal, not an antitoxic agent.

A fly so minute as to be almost invisible ran three inches in half a second, and was calculated to make no less than 540 steps in the time a man could breathe once. A man with proportionate agility could run twenty-four miles in a minute.

Hatpins made from real rosebuds, by subjecting them to an electro bath which deposits metal on the bud, preserving it with all its delicate veining and tracery perfect, is a novelty described by Popular Mechanics. Gold, silver and copper are the metals used,

Experiments conducted by dock officials in London prove that a rat consumes daily a half penny's worth of food. One of the officials who has been superintending the operations of the docks says that from the reports he has received from various towns and villages he estimates that he could not have told himself. Sore, 20,000,000. "At a half penny a day the rats' daily food bill, therefore, amounts to over £40,000. Yearly, on a similar estimate, some £15, 000,000.

> Curious among vegetable growths is the rootless cactus of the California desert. This plant, a round, compact growth, rolls about the level floor of the desert for some eight or nine months of the year, tossed hither and you by the winds which blow with flerceness over all of California's sand plat during those months. At the coming of the rains, or, rather, the cloudbursts, which sweep the desert in its springtime, this cactus takes root, wherever it happens to have been dropped by the last wind of which it was the plaything and immediately begins to put out all around it small shoots, which, in turn, become cacti, exactly like the parent plant.

For a long time inventors and manufacturers have been endeavoring to utilize paper for the manufacture of garments. Now a Saxony concern has apparently achieved a considerable success in this endeavor. Almost every one is aware of the increase of warmth possible by simply buttoning a newspaper inside of the coat, and paper vests have had a considerable sale. The objection to paper in its natural state, however, is that it is said that it rustles and that it cannot, of course, be washed. The Saxon firm has devised a method of spinning narrow strips of cotton and paper into a fabric, and paper and wood are also combined, either making serviceable suits, jackets and shirts. Xylolin, as the new fabric is called, is cream-colored, may be washed repeatedly without injury and is being sold at a very low price. A sufficient quantity of the goods to make a suit may be had for from two to three dollars

Poison to Your Business. When confronted with a price cutter's bid in the hands of a custom er who is willing to use it as a club to heat down your established price, you sometimes, "just to hold a good customer," take the order at a loss, which is like so much pois to your business system. Now, let us ask if you taink more poison a good antidete for poison; and if you expect to make profits and build up or maintain a business by losing money to hold customers?-Keystone

## THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY PROFESSOR HUGH BLACK

Theme: Shame of Detection

Brooklyn, N. Y .- The baccataureate rmon of the Packer Collegiate Inwas delivered by Professor held in the chapel of the institute, of him, and he need not be ashamed and was presided over by Professor of himself. Black. Mr. Black, as the Scripture lesson, read the fiftieth Psalm. Professor Black snoke on "The Shame of the course of his sermon, Professor

of apostasy, of unfaithfulness to her true spouse. To awaken repentance he points to the base ingratitude which could forget the early days of their history when God espoused them, in love and favor brought them up out of the land of Egypt, led them them into a plentiful country. He points next to the willful and wicked obstinacy which made them forsake God and choose the lower worship and the lower moral practice of heathenism. And here he points to the folly of it. Besides its ingratitude and its wickedness, it is also unspeakably foolish, an insensate stupidity at which the heavens might well be astonished, not only that a nation should change its God who had taken them by the arms and in endless love and pity taught them to for such other - gods-that Israel should have given Jehovah such pitiful rivals. This is the folly at which the heavens may be amazed, that My people "have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." To a monotheist who had grasped the principle of the One God, and who had experience of spiritual communion, polytheism with its seemed a system almost beneath contempt. Intellectually, it introduced a much lower plane; religiously, it out was the degradation of the pure spiritual worship to which the prophets pointed the people. This is why the prophets always

speak of the shame of idelatry. It seemed incredible that men in their to them to be brutism superstition. Both intellectually and morally it was a disgrace. Especially the prophets of the exile and after it, who had come into close connection with heathen idolatry, had this sense of superiority, and withered the stupidwhich they blushed, to think of Jews descending to such puerile worship and who knew no better; it was shame sensuous rites of idolatry would have to beat on it to show it up as it was to learn their folly by bitter experi- and is. "There is nothing covered ence. When the pinch came, when that shall not be revealed and hid the needs of life drove them like that shall not be made known. Therenecessities, they would find out how futile had been their faith. "As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed; they, their kings, their princes, and their priests and their prophets, saying to a stock. Thou art, my father; and to stone, Thou hast brought me forth; but in the time of their trouble they will say, Arise and save us. But where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? Let them arise if they can save thee in the time of thy trouble.

Ah, in the time of trouble they would find out their folly; and the vanity of their trust in idols would be found out! They should feel already sensible to that now, they will yet be convicted and the hot blush of shame will cover them with confusion of guilt will shash them, and then at a bough, then on the top twig they last they will know the sense of degradation and self-contempt which should be theirs now. "As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed."

The same duliness of mind and darkening of heart and obtuseness of conscience can be paralleled among ourselves. Is it not true that in social ethics the unpardonable sin is

Oh, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then, sad things would not poison so much.

When troubles come, go at them. to be found out? In many cases it is not the thing itself that men fear and condemn and are ashamed of, but anything like exposure of it. There is a keen enough sensibility to disgrace, but not for the thing itself which is the disgrace. Men will do things with an easy conscience for which they would be ashemed—if they were found out. Our moral standard of judgment is so much just that of the community. Our con-science is largely a social conscience merely; not individual and personal and vital, but imposed upon us by more by this code, by the customs and restraints of society, than by the holy law of God as a light to our feet and a lamp to our path. Much of this is good, and represents the accumulated gains of the past, a certain standard of living below which men are not expected to fall, a moral and even a Christian atmosphere which affects us all and which is responsible for much of the good that is in us. One only needs to live for a little in a pagan community to realize how much we owe to the general Christian standard of our country, such as it is. At the

A man might have a corrupt had be filled with all evil pass ot take him to task for that, unless it gets something on which it can lay a finger. And apart even from such deeper moral depths of character, there may be actual transgressions, but, until they are discovered and proved, society must treat them as if they did not exist. A man might be a thief, not only in desire and heart, but in reality, but until he is found out, he rubs shoulders with Hugh Black, M. A., of Union Theo-logical Seminary. The service was themselves. Society is not ashamed

The shame of being found out may,

of course, induce this better feeling, and be the beginning of a nobler and Detection, selecting as his theme
Jeremiah 2:26: "As the thief is
ashamed when he is found out, so is
the house of Israel ashamed." In In the house of Israel through the shame of idolatry reached a loathing of it that ultimately made it impossible in The prophet is accusing the nation Israel. Welcome the retribution which brings us self-knowledge; welcome the detection which makes us ashamed and makes us distrust oursalves at last; welcome the punishment which gives repentance of sin; welcome the exposure which finds us out because it makes us at last find through the wilderness and brought out ourselves! All true knowledge is self-knowledge. All true exposure is self-exposure. The true judgment is self-judgment. The true condemnation is when a man captures and tries and condemns himself. Real repentance means shame, the shame of self that he should have permitted himself to fall so far below himself, and have dimmed the radiance of his own soul. Long after others have forgotten, it may still be hard for a man to forgive himself. Long after others have forgotten, he may still rememwalk, but that it should change Him vitalized conscience there may be even To this sensitive soul, to this wounds hidden to all sight but his own sight-and God's. As the thief is ashamed when he is caught, the house of Israel is ashamed, at last, not because of the mere exposure, but because of the ingratitude and wickedness and folly that made an exneed to have the law written on our hearts, to conform to that and not to a set of outward social rules; we need lords many and gods many must have to walk not by the consent of men but by the will of God; we need to see the beauty of Christ's holiness, confusion instead of order; morally, and then our sin will find us out, it meant that life would be lived on though no mortal man has found it though no mortal man has found it

"As the thief is ashamed when he is found out, so the house of Israel will be ashamed." Shall be-must We are only playing with the facts and forces of moral life if we imagine it can be otherwise. Real senses should prefer what appeared and ultimate escape from this selfexposure is impossible. There is no secrecy in all the world. "Murder will out" is the old saying, or old superstition, if you will. The blood cries from the ground. It will out in some form or other, though not always by the ordinary detective's art. ity of polytheism with their most Retribution is a fact of life, whether mordant irony. It was a shame, at it comes as moralists and artists of all ages have depicted or not. Moral life writes itself indelibly on nerves practices. It was folly for the heathen and tissues, colors the blood. It records itself on character. Any day for Israelites to grove before a stock may be the judgment day, the day of or stone. The prophets confidently revealing, declaring patently what is predicted that experience would prove and what has been. The geologist the folly and vanity of idolatry. by a casual cut of the earth can tell they shall be turned back," says the prophet of the exile; "they shall be by the strata that are laid bare, degreatly ashamed that trust in graven images, that say to the molten images, Ye are our gods." The prophdone with. It leaves its mark on the ets with their spiritual insight al- soul. It only needs true self-knowlready saw the disgrace and vanity of edge to let us see it all. It only needs such worship; but the people who awakened memory to bring it all were seduced by the lower and more back. It only needs the fierce light. that shall not be made known. Theresheep, when in the face of the great fore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." Ashamed when he is found out! If to be undetected is the only defense, it is to gamble against a certainty. Found out we shall be, as we stand naked in the revealing and self-revealing light. "Then shall we begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us."

> Rock of ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee.

A Song in the Heart.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The the disgrace; but, though they are in- birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. will cover them with confusion of Sing in the evening. Singing is the fact. They are not ashamed of the last thing that robins do. When they ingratitude and wickedness and folly have done their daily work, when of their conduct, but their sin will they have flown their last flight and find them out, and then surely the picked up their last morsel of food conviction of their foloishness and and cleared their bills on a napkin of

Oh, that we might sing every evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! Oh, that we could put song under our burden! Oh, that we could extract the sense

would not poison so much.

When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in Heaven, and among God's people on earth, song is the appropriate lan-guage of Christian feeling.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Uncommon Service.

We must not forget that our callng is a high one. How often we hear it said in our prayer meetings that we are to serve the Lord in little things! society, a code of manners and rules It is true, and it is a great comfort which we must-not transgress. It is that it is true, that the giving of a no exaggeration to say that we live glass of water can please God, and the more by this code, by the customs and sweeping of a room can glorify Him.