

Little Sir Galahad

A Story With a Blessing

By PHOEBE GRAY



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SYNOPSIS.

While trundling the clean washing up Clipper Hill Mary Alice Brown is set upon by some mischievous boys, who spill the washing into the dirt. She is rescued and taken to her home in Calvert street by Francis Willett, a Galahad knight. She is punished by her drunken father for returning without the wash money. Mary Alice wanders away from home, takes a trolley ride into the country and spends the night at the farmhouse of Sam Thomas. In the morning she meets little Charlie Thomas, a cripple. Sam takes Mary Alice home and finds that he and Mrs. Brown are old acquaintances. Sam takes her and Mary Alice to his home for a visit while Lem Brown, the drunken father, is serving a workhouse sentence. Charlie is made a Galahad knight. Francis visits the farm.

Do you know the value of hardship in the formation of character? Faith counts for so much in the performance of duty. A sensible man can do pretty nearly as much as he thinks he can—that's faith in himself. Mary Alice develops a faith in God, and she thinks that God will give her the power to do her work, no matter how big it is.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Francis Willett came out again, this time by himself. He arrived quite early in the morning and announced his intention of staying all day. The chauffeur set down a great basket of fruit by the side door before backing his car to the road.

The children passed most of the forenoon in the orchard, talking of this and that, viewing the increasingly successful efforts of little Dick Brown to walk, discussing the honors and duties of a Galahad Knight. Francis showed his companions some marvelous feats of strength and agility, using a tree limb for a trapeze. After dinner, when Charlie took his nap, Mary Alice and Francis wandered away from the house, along the old mill race leading to the pond. Here stood an ancient, long-ide gristmill. The log dam and the old mill seemed to sleep placidly among the elders.

"This is awfully pretty, don't you think so?" asked Mary Alice, as they stood at the end of the dam.

"You bet it's pretty. Say, let's fish for shiners. Got a pin?"

The boy produced a piece of string, cut a slim pole from a clump of yellow birches, caught a tiny grasshopper, and became at once a sportsman. The shiners were curious, but elusive.

"Look out, Francis, you'll fall in," called Mary Alice; for her companion was creeping out along the dam.

"This isn't dangerous. Come on. I'll let you fish. The shiners are bigger out here—gracious, Mary Alice, here's a tremendous big—something. I bet it's a trout. Come on out."

But Mary Alice was timid. She stood on the bank and watched Francis interestedly. What a nice boy, she thought. He could do 'most anything; he wasn't afraid. The old rotting planks along the top of the dam might crumble under foot and send him into the pond, but he went boldly on. The water in the flume was about ten feet deep.

Francis reached the flume, whose boxlike sides stood three or four feet higher than the dam. The boy drew



His Arm Felt as if It Would Pull Out.

himself up and sat comfortably upon a loose plank which lay across the flume.

"Come on over here, Mary Alice," he called. "I can see lots of fish. Oh, look, I got one—"

He jerked suddenly upon his pole, and something shiny fluttered in the air at the end of his line. But the rotten plank could not support so much excited, wriggling boy and gave way. Mary Alice saw Francis' heels go up, and then she disappeared suddenly into

Mary Alice's heart gave a jump. She screamed, but that did no good. There was nobody to hear her. She could not run and bring help before Francis could drown. And she did not dare to go out on the treacherous old dam. One foolish word kept running through her head: "Gravity, gravity, gravity."

Suddenly little Charlie Thomas' lovely oval face and big brave eyes floated into Mary Alice's mind. "Anybody that does the things God does can fix up a little pair of legs—"

Mary Alice stepped out on the shaky planking and began the passage of the dam. If she could get over to the flume, she could save the boy struggling in the water. Anybody who could do the things that God did could help her to avoid the holes and weaker places; she thrilled with that idea and was no longer afraid.

Francis' fishing pole had fallen upon the dam, alongside the flume box. Mary Alice picked it up; then she looked down into the flume, where it was so dark that her eyes, adjusted to the strong sunlight, at first refused to serve her. But she heard a cough and a splash.

"Here I am, Francis," she called. She thrust the butt end of the fishing pole down into the gloom, through which now she dimly discerned a white face.

Francis was a weak swimmer. His clothes and heavy shoes hampered him. The slippery sides of the flume box offered no sustaining hold.

"Grab that," called Mary Alice. Francis grasped the fishing rod. "Now you won't drown."

He clung to the fishing pole, keeping only his head above water. Thus the water sustained most of his weight.

"I could hold you like this a long time," said Mary Alice; "but who's goin' to pull you out? Besides, you'll be froze."

"No," said the little boy. "I'd rather do somethin' interestin', like a duck or a—boy fallin' in the mill pond. See, Mary Alice, this is water, splashin'. And this is a fish."

Mary Alice leaned far over and extended her right hand toward the boy, aiding it along the pole. Francis drew himself out of water and reached up until he caught her hand. The strain of his weight increased greatly as he lost the lift of the water.

"Can you stand it?" he asked.

"Come on," said the little girl, although the edge of the flume was already cutting cruelly, and her arm felt as if it would pull out. "Come on."

She gritted her teeth. Anybody who could do the things God did could help a little girl keep her friend from drowning. "Come on, get your—get your other—other hand up—there—"

Francis had now hold of both her arms, and the fishing pole had dropped into the water. It was that or nothing. As the boy pulled himself up, Mary Alice managed to seize his coat. His feet kicked and slipped upon the smooth flume sides; there was no toe hold, no sufficient crack or protruding nail—yes, a bolt with a nut on it caught the sole of Francis' shoe. This was about a foot under water. The boy put forth all his strength and pulled himself up until he could get a hand on the top edge of the flume wall. Mary Alice was sure her arms would part company with her shoulders. Now, relieved of that strain, she took a new grip on his wet coat and tugged sturdily as he drew himself up until he could hook his elbows over the edge. Then he threw a leg across the top plank, and she knew she had saved him.

Next morning, instead of being moved out into the orchard, Charlie asked that his chair be placed beside Mary Alice's bed; for the little girl was bruised and lame, and Martha insisted that a day in bed would do her good. Mrs. Brown took Dicky out to see the "moolies."

"I wish'd I could think of somethin' to do to amuse you, Mary Alice," said Charlie. "I can't read good enough. I know! I'll draw you some pitchers. Mummee!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can I have a pencil and paper? I want to amuse Mary Alice."

"I guess you'll amuse her, all right," said Martha, producing the articles. "He draws just the cutest things, Mary Alice. Haven't you seen him do it yet? Well, you just watch."

Charlie fell to work, his paper resting on the back of an old geography.

"There," he said, "that's a cow."

"Oh," said the invalid; "that's pretty good. Let's see you make a house, with a man and a dog goin' into it, with three strokes of your pencil."

"Golly," said Charlie, "that's an old one; only I make him a soldier. That little crook makes the bay-net of his gun. Now I'll do you a engine."

He went on, exemplifying his art to the great entertainment of his friend. Then he gave her a little sketch without comment.

"Who's that?"

his nose. He scrutinized the face on the pillow.

"Turn to one side," he said. "I have to make 'em all profiles. Goodness, Mary Alice, your nose is awful straight, and just a little curve makes your lips. Now, isn't that pretty? You're a terrible pretty girl. I guess, I never noticed it 'til I came to draw you."

Mary Alice took the sketch.

"Do I look like that? Really? Oh, it's lovely. Oh, Charlie, how'd you ever learn it? A little boy like you!"

"I don't know, I just try it sometimes, when I feel like it. 'Most always I make 'em look awful—nothin' like the folks at all. Then once in a while I get one that looks like this. I'm practicin' quite a good deal; but a cow's horns is awful hard to get put on to his head where they belong, and when I try to make a kitty, it always looks like a dog. I'm glad you think this one of you is nice, and you can keep it to show how you looked when you were a little girl. Here's me."

He produced a hideous caricature of himself, with prodigious ringlets, great staring eyes, and a wide mouth like a jack-o-lantern.

"The boss says it looks exactly the way I do," he said. "Look at the curls."



"There," He Said, "That's a Cow."

Let's take yours and mine and have 'em framed together."

"Don't, Charlie," protested Mary Alice; "I think you're horrid. You can make a lovely picture of yourself, I believe. Do it, will you?"

"No," said the little boy. "I'd rather do somethin' interestin', like a duck or a—boy fallin' in the mill pond. See, Mary Alice, this is water, splashin'. And this is a fish."

CHAPTER V.

The Return of Lem.

Mrs. Brown and the children went back to Sheffield on Sunday so that Monday morning work could begin fairly. She went out to work three days a week and on the other three did washings at home. It was the end of summer and school would soon begin; for another week or two Mary Alice could stay at home while her mother went out. After that a decision must be made. Should Mary Alice forego further schooling for economic reasons and either stay at home to enable Mrs. Brown to work out, or get a job herself so that her mother could remain at home, doing such work as she could at her own tubs? The rent must be paid, Dicky must have milk. Mrs. Brown almost regretted the two weeks of idleness; she would have to work twice as hard to pay for them.

One night Francis Willett met Mary Alice on Clipper Hill. As usual he took the wagon tongue from her hand and started to draw the load up the long slope.

"I'm not comin' here any more," said Mary Alice.

"Why not?"

"And I've got a job; I'm goin' to work at Stacey's."

"Oo, gee! You're goin' to work for Toots Stacey's dad? That's swell, I'd like to work in a store. How's Sir Charlie Thomas?"

"I don't know. We came home the week after you boys were there."

"Two weeks ago that was. Father's seen him since then."

"Your father has?"

"Sure. He drove out again to see Sam Thomas. He says he's goin' to have Uncle Billy Jackson look at Charlie's legs. He isn't really my Uncle Billy—he was father's college room-mate, and now he's a great doctor. My dad says Uncle Billy knows more about feet and legs and spines than anybody in the world—he's a specialist."

Mary Alice answered something very incoherent. Sudden tears blurred before her eyes. Suppose this great doctor should help Charlie? All the way up the hill she walked in silence by Francis Willett's side.

"For goodness' sake, Mary Alice," the boy burst out, "why don't you talk? I never saw such a person as you."

"Francis, would you do me a favor—a real big favor?"

"Bet I would. Didn't you save my life?"

Do you remember your childhood love affairs? The girls or boys you were "stuck on" from the time you were seven or eight until you reached your early teens?

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 28 THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 15:1-35. GOLDEN TEXT—For freedom did Christ set us free.—Gal. 5:1.

The events of this lesson are outstanding in Christian history. Paul's appeal to the Gentiles and the large number of them who accepted the Gospel made most acute the question, "Must Gentile believers become Jewish proselytes upon accepting the Christian faith and be governed by Jewish law and customs?" It would be exceedingly interesting to divide a class and let them debate this controversy stated as follows: "Resolved, That the Mosaic law should not have been imposed upon Gentile Christians." The date of this council was A. D. 50 or 51, and the scene is laid first in Antioch of Syria and then in Jerusalem.

I. A Division of Opinion (vv. 1-6). Luke does not name those who agitated and precipitated this controversy, but clearly indicates how the Holy Spirit dealt with the situation. "Is a man justified by faith, or by the works of the law?" is a similar question with modern application. The Holy Spirit, to avoid a rupture in the yet weak church, directs that Paul, Barnabas, Titus (Gal. 2:1) and "certain others" who are not named, should carry the question to the apostles and elders in Jerusalem. Those to whom they went were "of reputation" (Gal. 2:2), the "pillars" (Gal. 2:9) and they received the delegation from Antioch in public (15:4), also heard Paul in private (Gal. 2:2).

II. The Argument (vv. 6-18). It will not do to be harsh in condemning Paul's accusers. The Pharisees felt deeply their position. As God's chosen people they were marked by circumcision. Jesus, the promised Messiah, was a Jew. Social, religious, and racial differences are hard to reconcile in one church today. But little was asked of the Gentiles in contrast with all they received. Entrance to church membership would not be too easy if circumcision were imposed as a test of their sincerity. Peter brought forward the plea before the council that God had given the Holy Spirit to the uncircumcised Christians, "and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (vv. 8, 9). God bears the same witness today to those who refuse to be bound by Mosaic traditions as regards the seventh day and other such details. Paul's argument was that God had wrought signs and wonders among the Gentiles and thus set his seal upon his preaching of salvation as apart from legalistic works (v. 12). Read in this connection Gal. 2:16, Titus 3:20, 8:3, 10:4, and Phil. 3:9.

The apostle James presented the third argument in connection with the verdict he pronounced. It was that it is according to Old Testament Scripture that God will take a people for his name from among the uncircumcised Gentiles as well as from among the law-keeping Jews (vs. 13-17). With Paul this was a vital question, and we can at least imagine his feelings as he puts forth a life-and-death struggle for the truth. As Peter reminded the people of the occasion when "the Holy Spirit came upon Cornelius and his household" he caused them to keep silence.

III. A Wise Decision (vv. 19-29). It was James the Just, brother of our Lord, the writer of the epistle and the bishop overseer of the church at Jerusalem, who rendered the decision. In his argument (vs. 13-18) he saw in these Gentile converts reported by Barnabas and Saul a fulfillment of the prophecy of Amos, and to use the language of today he "made a motion," viz., that these Gentiles be not disturbed except in such matters as would tend to more fully separate them from the heathen idolatry they had just left, (a) "Pollution of idols," i. e., flesh offered in the sacrifices (b) "from fornication," the immorality connected with the pagan worship of Aphrodite and Cybele which actually consecrated vice, and (c) "from things strangled," for the heathen did not, as the Jews did, look upon the blood as life, the seat of the soul. The church readily agreed to this motion and took such precautions as were needed that no misrepresentations of their decision be carried back to Antioch. This consisted of a spirit-led choice of messengers and in a written statement of their decision (vs. 22, 23).

IV. The Result in Antioch (vv. 30-35). Great joy greeted the conclusion of this question.

It produced pleasant harmony in place of discord and in place of the irksome bondage of the law it gave the joyous liberty of the Gospel. Jewish legalism gave way to Christian liberty. Judas and Silas, Spirit-filled, gave much profitable exhortation and instruction.

Silas after reporting to the Jerusalem church (v. 23) seems to have returned to his new-found friends (v. 34) and later became, along with Paul, a missionary (v. 40).

Thus the evil Paul's enemies thought to accomplish worked out to the good of all (Rom. 8:28).

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

REMARKABLE CHANGE.

In a statistical survey of the first six months of prohibition in Arizona, January 1 to July 1, 1915, Thomas K. Marshall shows the marked improvements in all phases of state life. Crime, in counties where saloons existed during 1914, fell off 37.5 per cent when the saloons were closed. This insured a saving to taxpayers of \$60,773.98 in decreased cost of arrests and prosecutions. Even more striking are the figures for the cities and towns. With a total decrease of 2,403, or 50.1 per cent, in the number of arrests for the first six months of 1915 as compared with the same months of 1914, the saving amounts to \$85,170.14. This almost offsets the entire amount of liquor license revenue, \$100,998, which was surrendered by the cities of the state.

The record of the city of Phoenix is perhaps the most remarkable of any. Over \$5,000,000 increase in taxable wealth, decrease in tax rate and about \$20,000 less in cost of city government for six months, is credited to the capital city of Arizona for the first half of 1914. The decrease in arrests for drunkenness for the first six months of 1915 perhaps surpasses that of any city of its size in the United States. The number of arrests for 1914 was 1,310 and for 1915 was 85. The per capita cost of arrests for 1914 was \$6.53. With 1,125 fewer arrests for the six months of 1915 for this cause there was a decreased cost of \$7,346.35 to the city.

Savings banks accounts in the state increased nearly \$400,000 the first six months, and the deposits of all banks increased nearly \$3,000,000 up to September, 1915.

The children of the state are feeling the benefit of prohibition. There were for the first six months of 1915 2,000 more children in school than for the same period of 1914. The registration at the state university also shows an increase of 56 per cent over the registration for 1914.

CAMEL IN ILLINOIS.

A wet and dry map of Illinois is a revealing sort of document, says the Chicago Journal. It shows that the sale of liquor is forbidden in more than 80 per cent of the geographical area of the state. As indicating "how great has been the retreat of John Barleycorn," continues the Journal, "you can start at the Wisconsin boundary and drive in an absolutely straight line to the Ohio river without once entering wet territory. You can enter from half a dozen different townships on the Indiana border and drive straight to the Mississippi river on dry territory, and only at two places in crossing the state from east to west do you need to make more than a small detour to avoid wetness."

With the prohibition state of Iowa on one side and dried-up Illinois towns and counties on the other, the Mississippi flows for hundreds of miles between banks of solid drought; for only at six points north of the East St. Louis oasis can the thirsty voyager get anything to drink but water. As nearly as the Journal can tell, the camel is marching forward all over the state.

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

You cannot convince the management of the Polk Hospital for Inebriates at Knoxville, Ia., that prohibition does not prohibit. They have the best possible proof that it does. According to the report of the county auditor since January 1 the number of patients sent to the hospital has been dwindling until at present there are just half as many patients as there were a year ago. Even before the state prohibitory law went into effect, the fact that Des Moines was without saloons tended to cut down the alcoholic patients.

There were 28 patients during the last quarter of 1915 as compared with 53 in the same period of 1914, and since the first of this year the number has decreased still more.

ECONOMIC EFFECT.

On top of the great moral results we have these economic facts: In the first three weeks of January the savings deposits in the banks of Seattle increased 15 per cent. There was not a grocery store in Seattle that did not show an increase of business in January greater than ever known in any month before in all the history of the city, except in holiday time. In all the large grocery stores the increase was immense. Every dry goods store, except one, and that I have no figures from, had a wonderful increase in business.

And prohibition has not lowered rents. I know of one big dry goods store that has had its rent increased since prohibition went into effect.

TACKLE IT!

"What part shall men of large industrial interests have in the campaign for state-wide prohibition?" This was the question considered by a conference of business men in Grand Rapids, Mich. "We have plenty to do attending to our own business," reads the call, "but surely this is a part of our own business. If it is going to improve the conditions of the men in our employ, increase the dividends of our stockholders and cleanse the social life of our city and state, what more important job can we tackle?"

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEIG, 329 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

MEN AND WOMEN

Kidney trouble presses upon the mind, dispirits and lessens courage and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor or cheerfulness often disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing mention this paper.

BONDS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Thorough Understanding and Complete Sympathy Are Necessary—Sentiment Never Lasting.

Some acquaintances will never ripen into true friendship because the common bond of union, the thorough understanding and the complete sympathy are lacking.

An acquaintance begun in childhood will ripen into friendship if the children develop mutual interest in a common cause of study or pleasure. If dissimilar tastes and unlike impulses develop the children will grow apart, since each of us tends toward certain centers of association.

Money cannot buy us friends. It often purchases apparent friendship, but when the wealth goes that which posed as friendship vanishes also.

Friendship must be distinguished from that sentimental feeling which is so common among young girls. This ridiculous fascination, which expresses itself in extravagant terms of endearment, is very tickle.

As soon as it finds faults in one idol it transfers its affection to another. Youth has yet to learn that perfection in human nature does not exist. The sensible man or woman does not set up an ideal of friendship so high that it must be shattered.

The Precocity of Willie. "Mamma and I saw some of the nicest chicken dressing today," said Willie, age ten and wise beyond his years.

"Where d'ja see it?" asked the fond papa.

"In a dry goods store window," was the bright reply as Willie "dug" for the outdoors.—Indianapolis News.

The European war has made a great demand for khaki.

A bachelor of arts is wedded to his art.

"He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything."

(Ambrosius Parodius)

Sound health is largely a matter of proper food—which must include certain mineral elements best derived from the field grains, but lacking in many foods.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.