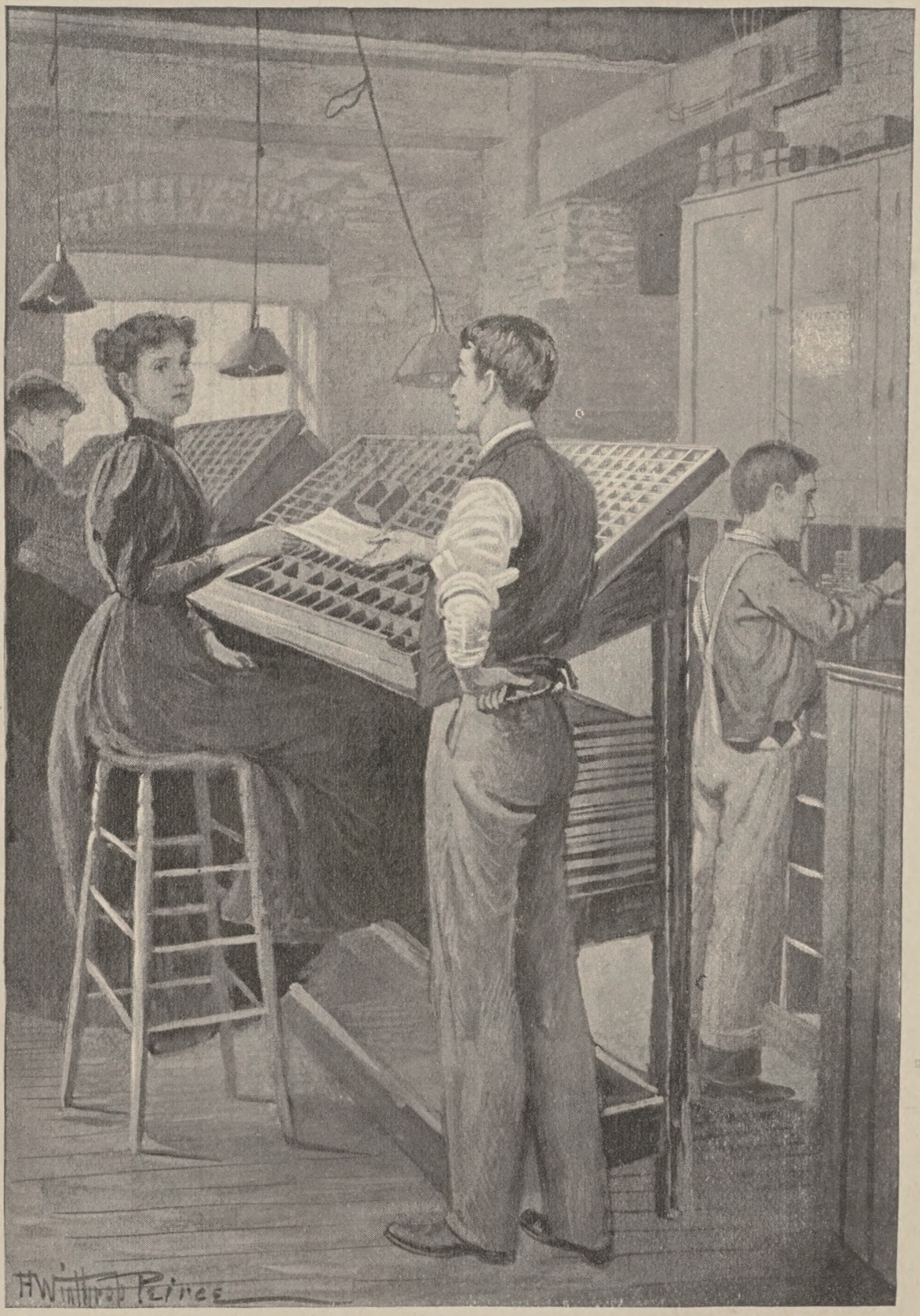
FOREMAN JENNIE

AMOS · R · WELLS



I CANNOT SET THIS COPY.

Foreman Jennie.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY

AMOS R. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON
W. A. WILDE & COMPANY,
25 BROMFIELD STREET.

FOREMAN JENNIE.

PREFACE.

THIS story first appeared in the international Christian Endeavor organ, *The Golden Rule*. I have taken advantage of this republication to double the size of the story, relating many additional incidents in the lives of Foreman Jack and Foreman Jennie.

The book is sent out in the hope that it will help the thousands of brave young men and women everywhere, who are not ashamed but count it their highest honor to be known as "working people." Strength and skill to your hands, dear friends, clearness to your minds, and courage to your hearts!

BOSTON, March 20, 1895.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOREMAN JENNIE.

CHAPTER I.

SOME BAD COPY.

"I NEVER will advertise for help again!"

Well might Foreman Edwards exclaim thus in disgust. A two-line notice in yesterday afternoon's *Journal*, stating that a compositor was needed in the office of *The White Plume*, had brought down upon him an overwhelming throng of applicants.

They were all girls, — timid girls and bold girls; quiet girls and magpie girls; girls coarse and girls ladylike; yes, and Christian girls jostled by hard-faced worldlings; for when a girl goes into business she no longer can pick her company.

"I want to be fair to all these," explained Foreman Edwards to Mr. Barton, the editor of *The White Plume*. "I want to be perfectly fair, and so I have given each of them the same

bit of typewritten copy to set up. But I have only four cases at which they can work, so I do not get along very fast."

Mr. Barton watched with interest to see how variously the different contestants took the test. Each was given the "stick"; that is, the little steel box with a sliding side set just to the width of a column, the box in which the type was to be ranged. Each seated herself on a high stool in front of the slanting "case" with its many compartments, one to a letter. Before each, in the iron "copyholder," was the fateful bit of typewritten manuscript which she must reproduce, as speedily and accurately as possible, in solid lead.

Some went at it as a dog eats a stolen bone, furtively and fearfully. Some were so anxious that they made many mistakes; some were so careless that they made more. Some watched the clock so much that they fell far behind; some fell further behind because they took no thought for speed at all.

Each was required at the conclusion of her task to lift up the mass of ordered type into a

long, shallow brass tray called a "galley." This was nervous work. It called for a strong, firm hand and a steady temper. Few accomplished the feat with safety and speed. Many dropped a word or a line. Some — poor girls! — "pied" the entire "stickful."

"Quite a panorama of human life," said Editor Barton, looking on, "and a good illustration of why so many fail, and so few succeed." And he went away to write an editorial on it.

Among this crowd of contesting compositors is — *Jennie*. Take a look at her as she quietly waits her turn, — a good look, for, indeed, she is worth looking at.

She is rather under height, but womanly enough to make up for that. Her hair — yes, I *will* use that adjective, for it is just the right one — is auburn, and her eyes are blue. They look straight at you, with a shy light in them that wants to be friendly. Her face is that pretty pink and white that always add themselves to such hair and eyes — to her that hath shall be given — and her face also has, it must be confessed, the freckles that constitute the

only flaw in this dower of Saxon beauty. Jennie's dress is of the color that auburn-haired girls always prefer, if they are wise,— a rich, dark brown. And Jennie's hands are very white.

"Hum!" mutters Foreman Edwards, when he notices those white hands. "A green one that, I'll wager!"

But watch Jennie when it comes her turn. Cool-headed and swift-fingered, her white hand flies light and rapid as a sea-bird, back and forth between the grimy boxes and the firmly held "stick." Steadily grow the well-ordered lines of type, and before long the clear blue eyes begin to flash with the excitement of the end of a race.

"Wh-e-e-ew!" whistled Dick, looking at her out of the corner of his eyes. Dick,— Richard Caswell,— was Jack Edwards's assistant, as bright and breezy a young fellow as you often see. He was setting up an "ad,"— a job that required circumspection,— yet he kept a sharp lookout on the interesting trial. "Wh-e-e-ew! Smart as pepper!"

Foreman Edwards looked on with amaze-

ment, as the white hands, now black as ink upon the inner surface, lifted the type from the stick to the galley with easy art, and he asked the young compositor where she had been working.

"Nowhere, sir," answered Jennie; "nowhere, that is, except at home. My brother Henry and I ran a printing-press for fun. But Henry is dead." And hot tears clouded the sunny blue eyes.

"Oh!" exclaimed Foreman Edwards awkwardly; and as by this time the rest of this set of competitors had completed their tasks, he busied himself with "proving" their work. Placing the half-filled galley on the bed of the proof-press, he inked the type, laid over it a sheet of paper, and with a lever brought down upon it the vise-like pressure of the machine.

Each paragraph was marked with the name of the compositor whose work it was, set up with the type, and Foreman Edwards's trained eye rested with pleasure on that signed "Jennie Rolland." The spacing between the words was good and uniform. Few words were divided at

the end of a line. The three glaring errors that had been purposely placed in the copy — one in spelling, one in punctuation, and one in capitalization — were properly corrected. There was only one mistake in the paragraph, probably caused by the slipping of an "a" into the neighboring "r" box.

Jennie was among the last to be tested. Mr. Edwards had singled out the poorer compositors, as the examination proceeded, and sent them away. Only a few remained whom he considered likely to be suitable.

"You may all go," said Foreman Edwards, after a brief review of his proofs, "all but Miss Rolland and Miss Banks. Those two are about equally good, and I want them to try again on harder copy."

With disconsolate looks the unsuccessful applicants filed from the room, leaving Jennie and Miss Banks alone. Miss Banks was a pale and thin-faced girl, whose hands were constantly working in nervous excitement.

Foreman Edwards took from the copy-drawer some manuscript at the sight of which Dick

and all the girls in the room — and you may be sure the entire force of compositors were interested spectators of the scene just described — cast at each other looks of amused anticipation. It was Mr. Barton's copy, and rivalled Horace Greeley's. Indeed, it was worse than Mr. Greeley's, for the renowned founder of *The Tribune* did at least represent the same letter always by the same sort of indescribable scrawl; but the contortions of Editor Barton's chirography were of infinite variety.

Poor Jennie and Miss Banks knit their brows. For the first time in her life the former was glad that her dear, dead brother had written such a wretched hand. The abominable bit of manuscript before her suggested, in many ways, Henry's scrawls, which her patient, sisterly fingers had so often put into type; for Henry had been quite a writer, and always sent his manuscripts to the editors already printed, that they might be read more easily, and stand a better chance of acceptance.

For how much trouble and needless toil poor penmen are responsible! Our two contestants

grew hot and cold over their "takes," as the printers call these detached fragments of articles. Eager fingers were anxious to seize the waiting type, but incomprehensible hieroglyphics barred the way. Each glanced nervously at the other, then bent her brows again over the puzzling sentences. No hints of punctuation here, or of spelling, or of capitalization. Fortunate, indeed, were they when a single syllable of a word gave a clew to that word and its neighbors.

Jennie's paragraph was something about the French Revolution, and many of the words were made possible to her through her memory of Carlyle's fiery history, which she and Henry had read together. Henry had once said to her, "A printer can know nothing he will not sometimes have occasion to use." Jennie thought of that now.

At last, after a fashion, Jennie was done. Miss Banks, less quick witted and well read, was struggling with her final sentences. Nevertheless Mr. Edwards took what she had, and "pulled a proof" of both hers and Jennie's.

The two girls watched him with eager eyes as he scanned their work. His decision was sharp and emphatic.

"Miss Rolland, yours is by far the best."

Poor Lucy Banks! With that announcement down went her head on the dirty case, and she burst into a storm of sobs.

"O mother! mother! I cannot find work — I cannot — *I cannot* — and you will die!"

Jennie's arms were around the weeping girl in an instant.

"Why, dear, what is it? Do you need the work so much, so very much?"

"Mother is sick — so sick — and we have not even money enough to pay the doctor — or get nourishing food —"

And down again went the head of the sobbing girl on the hard case.

There was an awkward silence, while every one in the room stared at the weeper.

Jennie wore a perplexed look on her face. Getting a situation was even harder work than she had imagined.

"*I* need the job, too," she argued with her-

self. "*My* mother is poor as well as hers — and I am the only one to earn money for her."

But quick as a flash came another inner voice: "My mother is not sick, nor are we in any desperate straits."

Then went up a little fervent prayer to heaven: "Dear Jesus, what do you want me to do?"

So you see Jennie did not speak from mere impulse when she said, with a flush on her face, and in a very decided tone, "Mr. Edwards, I cannot take this place — I *will* not. And you must give it to this dear girl."

CHAPTER II.

SOME WORSE COPY.

FOREMAN EDWARDS did not know what to do. This was a new experience — the chosen compositor refusing the place because an inferior competitor needed it more than she did.

"But, Miss Rolland," he said awkwardly, "I do not want Miss Banks. I want you, for you are the better workman."

"You will take her, will you not, sir, if I do not come?"

"Why — yes — but I don't want *her;* I want *you.*"

"Well, then, I am not coming," and Jennie, with red lips pressed tightly together, turned to go.

"Hold on!" cried the foreman.

He was much pleased with the white-handed compositor, and saw a way out of the present difficulty.

"One of my regular compositors, Miss Rol-

land, is away sick. I am holding her place for her, but she may not come back, and your friend may have it until she returns, if she wishes."

"Oh, I *do* wish!" exclaimed Lucy Banks, who had received Jennie's offer with mingled astonishment and joy. "Oh, if I can earn only a little money! You have no idea how much I need it — I and my poor mother."

"All right then," said Foreman Edwards. "Be on hand to-morrow at eight, sharp, both of you;" and he turned to the "stone," where he was making up a page, with the air of a man who had lost much time.

The listening girls of the composing-room force, perched on their stools back of the slanting cases, looked at each other significantly as their foreman made his decision. Two of them found words for their thoughts. Said Grace Lawrence to her neighbor (Grace was a gentle-faced type-lassie, whose black hair made her appear still more pale than she really was):—

"Good for Mr. Edwards! How glad I am! And I want to know that Miss Rolland."

Said Sallie Baldwin to *her* neighbor (Sallie had round, beady black eyes and the temper that usually goes with such eyes) :—

"That's a sly trick, and a right-down mean one. Now Mary Norton will come back, when she gets well, and find this girl has sneaked into her place. It's a put-up job between those two. They are a precious pair!"

And Dick, for his part, simply looked at his superior, and briskly nodded approval.

In the meantime Jennie and Lucy found themselves together in the elevator, and, to the astonishment of the elevator boy, Lucy impulsively threw her arms around Jennie's neck.

"You dear, good girl! You were ready to give up your place for me. How can I ever pay you?"

"I am glad you have a chance to work," answered Jennie, half crying, "for you seemed to be very poor, poorer than we are — mother and I."

"You poor, too?" asked Lucy Banks.

"Yes. Henry was supporting the family, and — Henry — died." The words came out

slowly, and with an effort. Are such words ever easy to say? "And now mother and Cousin Catharine and I have nothing but mother's pension to live on, and that is only twenty dollars a month."

"Only twenty dollars a month!" exclaimed Lucy. "Why, I should call that riches!"

"But now you can earn that much yourself," suggested Jennie, "and more."

"Yes, indeed, thanks to you, you dear, kind girl!" and Lucy gave Jennie an impulsive kiss.

This talk took place, the most of it, in the lower hall, and the new friends parted at the door, Lucy to her tenement on Slawter Street, and Jennie for the train to the suburbs.

For Jennie was so happy as to live out of the noise and bustle of the busy city of York, and in the modest little suburban village of Weston,— a knot of pretty, old-fashioned houses nestling on a hill, a lovely river winding at its foot.

The cars sang a pleasant song to our young printer on the way out: "Work — work —

work — you have work — you are at work — out in the world — out in the world!" Nor did Jennie forget her gratitude to Him who alone sends all opportunities for honest labor. She was proud of her speedy success in finding employment, and very happy in the thought of the money it would bring in to the relief of her poor, worried mother.

But nevertheless, as she made her way up the long hill to the sweet little vine-clad house that was her home — every rich vine and every foot of the handsome lawn a memorial of her dear, dead brother's care — her thoughts shifted from her own good fortune to the lot of the far poorer girl she had left in the city.

Here on this fragrant hillside were freshness and beauty, a wide reach for the eye, kindly neighbors, all the hallowed influences of home, and school, and church. There in the distant city were foul odors, and fouler sights and sounds, brutal homes, sickness-breeding air, crowded schools, and, for a church, too often a corner saloon.

Jennie was met by the sweetest old lady in

the world, whose eyes were as blue as her daughter's, and whose hair had once been brown, also, but was now white.

"Well, daughter, dear, how fares the world?"

"I am a woman of business, mother mine! Just think of it — *already!* And I go to my place of business to-morrow morning. Why, I am a foot taller than I was yesterday!"

"Good! how grateful I am — to you, darling, and to the Father. But come in and tell us all about it."

The other part of the "us" was Cousin Catharine, a woman almost as old as Mrs. Rolland, and entirely dependent on her for support. Miss Catharine Tapley had had many a sorrow and misfortune to bear, and had borne them all without the Burden-bearer. As a result, her eyes were sharp, and her mouth was tense, and her spirit very unhappy.

Cousin Catharine did not hesitate in her disapproval when Jennie in her glib narration came to the contest and its conclusion.

"What a fool you are, Jennie Rolland! Taken in by every impostor. How do you

know that that girl is not better off than we are? And what if she is not?"

"Why, Cousin Catharine, I could *see* that she was an honest girl."

"See? Humph! I suppose, if you had your year's salary that your mother needs so much, you would hand it over to the first fraud that asked for it. It amounted to just that."

Jennie looked troubled, but her mother's gentle voice reassured her.

"Well, but, Catharine, it turned out all right, don't you see? Jennie got her place, and the other girl got work, too; so I think God must have approved of Jennie's conduct. Why, of course He did, for are we not to obey the Golden Rule even in getting a situation?"

To which Cousin Catharine answered merely with her favorite "Humph!"

Notwithstanding her mother's comforting words, Jennie had a little worry in reserve, which she poured into her mother's ears just before going to bed, Cousin Catharine having already retired.

"Mother, suppose that other girl gets well

and comes back, — and, of course, I cannot wish her *not* to, — what is to become of that poor girl, Miss Banks?"

"Oh, we will not borrow trouble, daughter. Let 's live just one day at a time; and you have lived to-day beautifully, I am sure." With that she kissed Jennie good-night.

Our printer was up betimes the next morning, "as a business man should be," she brightly explained, and the conductor and brakeman were cheered by the happiness that shone in her beautiful face as she boarded the early train for the city.

But if Jennie was happy, much more was Lucy Banks, who stood waiting for the elevator when Jennie arrived.

"Oh, my mother is better already, I do believe!" she cried, at sight of her new friend, without waiting for the usual greetings; and as they went up together she chattered away to Jennie, telling of the nice things she had bought for the invalid on the strength of the salary she was to earn.

The printing-office had a little dressing-room

which was crowded with girls. They were wagging their tongues like magpies, putting on the black cambric wrappers they wore for much-needed protection to their dresses. As the new-comers appeared, a constrained silence fell upon the group.

Grace Lawrence was the one to break it.

Going frankly up to Jennie, she said, stretching out her hand, "We are glad to welcome you, Miss Rolland, and you, too, Miss —"

"I am Lucy Banks."

"And I am Grace Lawrence, and this is my dearest friend, Bess Summers;" and so she went on, prettily introducing the company.

Jennie found herself quite at home with these wide-awake, nice-appearing girls. She learned at once that girls may be just as refined and ladylike in a printing-shop as in a parlor. With a few exceptions, the compositors on *The White Plume* were gentle-voiced, gentle-mannered young women, intelligent, kindly, and capable. Not all daughters of millionaires possess these qualities.

With the entrance of Foreman Edwards the

girls hastened to their high stools. Much to her satisfaction, Jennie was given a place next to Grace Lawrence. Lucy Banks and Sallie Baldwin sat behind them. There were four girls to a window, back to back.

Mr. Edwards passed around the copy with a jovial air. To Jennie it was all a huge frolic. It brought to mind, however, the many jolly hours she and Henry had passed over their types, and the tears would have come if she had had time. But now she was a "man of business," and must remember Kingsley's song, "For men must work, and women must weep." It was with a little earnest prayer to her great Elder Brother, her undying Brother, that Jennie entered on her business career.

But — how I wish I did not have to tell you what I must tell you next!

If Jennie's copy for yesterday had been bad copy, this that Mr. Edwards now gave her was a thousand times worse. The writing was bold and plain, and every word seemed to burn itself into Jennie's brain as she read. It was an arrogant and shameless attack on the Christian

religion. It vilified as an impostor the Saviour to whom she had just prayed. It mocked at such faith as hers, and ridiculed its possessors. Jennie's pure and sheltered life had never been sullied with such blasphemy. And must she begin her business life in this base way?

There must be some mistake about the copy. She had read *The White Plume* ever since she began to read at all. It was a noble paper for young people. While it made no effort to teach religion, she had always found its pages wholesome and free from taint.

But there *was* no mistake. She had the beginning of the article, Grace had another "take," and Sallie Baldwin behind her had what seemed to be its conclusion.

What was she to do? It did not take her long to decide.

Her joyful hopes of the morning came to her mind, her dreams of the household comforts she would buy with the money she would earn, her hopes of relief she would bring to her precious mother — yes, and she could not help thinking of Cousin Catharine's sneers that were

sure to come. But none the less bravely she took the hateful manuscript from the copy-holder, carried it to Foreman Edwards, and stoutly said:—

"Mr. Edwards, you may dismiss me if you please, but I cannot set this copy."

CHAPTER III.

A MORNING OUT OF JOINT.

"AND why can't you set that copy, pray?" asked Foreman Edwards, opening his eyes wide at our determined young woman.

"Because, sir, it is a bad article. It says dreadful things — shameful things — about Christ."

"But who are you to set yourself up as a critic of that article — or any other?" sneered the foreman. "Go back to your work, and let us have no more nonsense."

"Please, Mr. Edwards, do not be offended, but it would be a sin to set up that article,— at least, I cannot help thinking so,— and I cannot do it." Jennie's sweet face began to grow pale, but her voice was firm.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of work!" growled Mr. Edwards, annoyed to see that every one in the room was listening. "Are you going to insist on proving every statement in

every article before you will set it? Must you stop and calculate before you will let an author say that the sun is ninety-three million miles away from the earth? Pooh!"

"You must see, sir, that this is different," pleaded Jennie, earnestly. "The distance of the sun is not a matter of conscience."

"Well, you seem ready enough to slip the burden from your conscience to some one else's, for you know the work must be done, and some one else will do it if you do not."

Jennie had not thought of that, and she hesitated a minute; then she said, "I cannot do wrong, even to keep some one else from doing wrong, and it would be wrong to set that article. Please, Mr. Edwards, do not say anything more, but let me go home, if I must. I did not know *The White Plume* ever printed such things, or I should not have come here."

"That was not *White Plume* matter," explained Mr. Edwards. "It was copy for *The Leader*, which is printed here," mentioning a well-known infidel paper. "I suppose you need not set *The Leader* matter, if you object

— not this particlar article, anyway. There is copy enough on hand to-day." And he handed Jennie another bit of manuscript.

Sallie Baldwin spoke up sharply.

"I had as lief take that as not, Mr. Edwards. I am no saintly hypocrite," she added in an undertone, though loud enough for Jennie and the other girls to hear.

Thus began what proved to be a very disagreeable morning. Jennie was not quite so sure of the wisdom of her conduct as she would like to have been. It made her uncomfortable to see Sallie at work on that blasphemous article, and to know that her protest had simply rolled the sin — however innocently — from her own shoulders to those of another.

"Oh, what a tangled world this is!" she muttered to herself.

Nor did our young woman of business find typesetting the romantic employment it had seemed when she and Henry had merrily worked at their cases in the breezy attic at home, with its beautiful window overlooking the winding valley of the Waubeek River.

For one thing, this type was so very dirty. Jennie learned afterwards that the type used on *The White Plume* was dusted over with graphite preparatory to making an electrotype, and that that was why skin, fingernails, clothes, and copy were so quickly ebonized. Her soft white hands were Jennie's pride, and they shrank from the grimy bits of metal, that none the less speedily hid her fair palms with a shiny coat of inky black.

Moreover, it was not half so instructive work as she had expected. Her copy was given her in disconnected bits, or "takes." If the articles would have had any interest to her, they lost it, presented in this fragmentary way. A place at the compositor's case was not the university her eager fancy had pictured it.

Then there was the poor handwriting! Jennie registered a vow that all her *t's* should in the future be scrupulously crossed, and every *i* dotted. She determined to use only the blackest ink obtainable, and to put a wealth of space between the lines. She decided to learn a *u* that could not by any possibility be confounded with

an *n*, and an *a* that bore no resemblance to an *o*. She made up her mind to use no contractions, and when she had occasion to blot out anything, to blot it out so thoroughly that not even she herself could read it. Many similar resolutions were formed by her, for she was filled with indignation at the careless writers that waste so much of other people's time and strength.

Shrewd as Jennie was in the reading of poorly written manuscript, she was nonplussed several times in the course of the morning, and made some egregious blunders, over which Mr. Edwards frowned when the proof-reader handed him the corrected proof of Jennie's work.

It was while Jennie was returning from submitting to the foreman her first "galley" full, and was bringing with her a second galley, empty and ready to receive her future work, that an accident happened to her.

To reach her stool she must squeeze between Grace and Sallie. The passageway was narrow, and Jennie had her long, brass galley.

The galley which Sallie was filling was very insecurely perched on supports that projected

from the side of her case, and Jennie, unfamiliar with the arrangement, jarred the galley in passing.

C-r-a-s-h!

Nothing is so startling as the fall of type in a printing office. Nothing in the world is more disheartening than the sight of "pied" type. There are so many hundreds of pieces, and they are so small. The hopeless mass on the floor represents so much work, and work so utterly lost. Indeed, it is worse than lost, because it is so much harder to "distribute" the type again into its boxes from the pi than if it were ranged in words and sentences.

Jennie's eyes filled with tears. The poor girl was nervous and worried, and this was too much for her.

Sallie spoke up quick and sharp.

"Well, there! That is what comes from having awkward green hands around. Mr. Edwards! your new girl has tipped over my galley, and she must pay me for it. I don't propose to lose my time and work through her carelessness."

"Tut, tut!" cried Mr. Edwards, knitting his brows. "I was in a great hurry for that matter. Really, Miss Rolland, you should look where you are going in a printing-office."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Jennie, who by this time had found her voice, though it was a trembling one. "Of course you must deduct it from my pay, and I will be more careful after this."

"Fair words butter no parsnips," muttered Sallie, but Mr. Edwards answered more kindly, seeing how near to tears were the blue eyes.

"Well, we will not cry over spilt milk." ("Pretty black milk," muttered Dick.) "A printing-office is a place to move carefully in, and I guess you will, hereafter." Then he directed Sallie to reset the galleyful, and went back to the "stone,"—the great marble slab where he was "making up" pages; that is, arranging the columns of metal that he took from the galleys side by side in a strong iron frame called a "chase." Each chase contained a page of the next number of *The White Plume*.

It was with a sore heart that Jennie worked the rest of the morning. Surely she would have a good ending if that consummation could be obtained by a bad beginning. Her little black fingers flew with double rapidity to make up as far as possible for what she had lost in pieing Sallie's galley, and yet she had set up only a stickful of her manuscript when the bell rang for lunch.

This manuscript was pleasanter work. It was the tenth chapter of a serial story, "The Peacham Boys," by a very famous author. Jennie had read the first chapters in *The White Plume*, and was delighted to see the handwriting of the author she had come to love. It might be that, except the writer himself, and, maybe, Editor Barton, she was the first person in all the world to read the new adventures of those fascinating characters. Our printer was beginning to get a taste of the romance and pleasure that *do* attend a printer's life, in spite of all its vexations, and she was loath to leave her attractive task and go to lunch.

Jennie felt reluctant to join the chattering

group of compositors, all of whom were gathered in the only open space the crowded room afforded, wisely seasoning their sandwiches and pies with merry prattle and laughter. She and Lucy crept off to a corner by themselves, but had scarcely become seated when two detached themselves from the main group and joined them. They were Grace and Dick.

"The editor likes 'exclusives,'" said Dick, "but the compositors don't."

"Really, dears, you must make yourselves a part of the crowd," said Grace, "if you want to have a nice time."

"There is nothing I should like better," answered Jennie; "only, just this once, let us four flock off by ourselves."

"All right," said Dick; "I don't blame you for wanting to get acquainted with us in detachments."

"Do you know, Miss Rolland," began Grace impulsively, "that you touched a sore spot in this office this morning? There are some of us here who hate that *Leader* copy as much as you do."

"It is *poison*," put in Dick with emphasis.

"Well, why do you handle poison?" asked Jennie; but, bethinking herself that that question was hardly polite, she changed it to, "Why is such matter set up in *The White Plume* office? The two papers are so very different."

"It is a long-standing affair," Grace answered. "Mr. Phillips, who owns *The White Plume*, is an old friend of Mr. Stevens, who owns *The Leader*, and that is how it came about."

"But they do say," added Dick, "that Mr. Phillips does not object to the profits from the *Leader's* work."

"Though he *is* a church-member," concluded Grace.

"And what does Mr. Edwards think of it?" asked Lucy. "He did not insist on Miss Rolland's setting up that article."

"No," replied Dick. "Our foreman is one of the 'almost persuaded.' He used to be a strong *Leader* man, always quoting its editorials; but lately that *Leader* has not seemed to be leading him so completely."

"And, Miss Lawrence," begged Jennie, "won't you please call me 'Jennie,' and not 'Miss Rolland'?"

"Yes, indeed, if you will call me 'Grace.'" And here the conversation turned to matters that do not concern the course of this story.

It was with a lighter heart that Jennie went back to her case, for she had found friends. How much cheerier seemed the dingy old room, how much fresher the air, and how much easier her task, just because of a few kind and pleasant words, and the interchange of a few friendly glances! Grace's bright smile more than counterbalanced the scowl Jennie encountered from Sallie, and the newly discovered comrades gave to the entire office an aspect of comradeship. For, though the old chemist sought it so long and vainly, the true philosopher's stone is within the reach of every one, since kindliness will transmute all the world to gold.

But, alas! as the day opened, so it seemed determined to close. When Jennie took her "stick," and looked for the paragraph of the

serial on which she had been at work when lunch-time came, she found her copy-holder entirely empty. That valuable manuscript was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY ORGANIZE.

NOTHING is more provoking than to lose manuscript in a printing-office. There are so many pieces of manuscript about, among which it may be. There are so many drawers and pigeonholes and hooks where it may be lurking. The editor may not have given it out, and it may still be reposing in one of the myriad compartments of his desk. The foreman may not have given it out, and it may still be in one of the copy-drawers or on one of the copy-hooks. The compositors may not have handed it in, and it may yet be found in some copy-holder, underneath some galley, or behind some case. Finally, the poor proof-reader may be to blame, and the luckless bit of paper so eagerly pursued may be among the great piles of carbon-befouled manuscript that are always littering his table and cramming his pigeonholes.

In this case, however, there was no doubt

about the person. Jennie knew that she had received the missing chapter of the serial from the foreman, and had begun to set it before lunch. The only question was, What had become of it?

The head of the printing-office fussed and fumed. He made all the girls examine their copy-holders, and peer sharply about their cases and in all the dark corners into which a breeze or a meddling hand might have conveyed the precious sheets of paper.

"Better if one was not so saintly, and was a little more careful," grumbled Sallie, loudly enough for poor Jennie to hear.

At length every possible place had been searched, and the foreman, full of chagrin, had to report to Editor Barton. That personage soon entered the composing-room in a great state of excitement.

"Why, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards," he cried, "I would rather any manuscript in the office had been lost than that next chapter of the serial. We cannot think of sending out a number without it, and there is no time to have

it rewritten, even if I should telegraph. Where is the girl that was so careless?"

"I do not think I was careless," Jennie ventured to stammer. "I just left it in my copy-holder while I was at lunch, the same as with all other manuscript, and when I came back it was gone."

"You must have left it carelessly, so that it could blow away. Have you looked out of the window?"

"Yes, sir," spoke up Dick, "and I went down in the alley and looked over every inch. It is not there; and, besides, there has not been any breeze to speak of."

"Miss Rolland," said the editor to her, sharply, "Mr. Edwards has just told me about your objection to *Leader* copy. You did not find anything objectionable in that serial story, did you?"

Jennie turned white, and then as suddenly flushed with pain and indignation.

"Why, surely, sir," she asked, half choking, "you do not think I would destroy a manuscript because I did not like it?"

"Indeed, sir," put in Foreman Edwards quickly, "you do not know her. She is quite incapable of such a thing."

"There is no telling what religious fanaticism will lead one to," sneered the editor to the foreman, and then added, "You must be careful of the help you get in the future."

With this he hurried off to send a telegram to the author of "The Peacham Boys," and to write an editorial note explaining that, owing to the criminal carelessness of a compositor, the usual installment of the serial could not appear in the present number.

As the editor withdrew, the girls exchanged sly glances back of their cases. Sallie winked triumphantly at her crony, Jessie Williams. Lucy and Grace looked mournfully at each other and pityingly at Jennie.

Our luckless young business woman heeded none of them. Heeded not Mr. Edwards's excited conversation with the editor. Cared not about the final decision to substitute another story for the chapter of the serial, inserting a paragraph about a careless compositor. Paid

no attention for half an hour to the fresh copy Mr. Edwards laid upon her case. And when she did begin on it, worked more mechanically than our wide-awake Jennie had ever worked before in all her life.

Her eyes flashed fire and her heart grew hot when she thought of Mr. Barton's insulting charge. She was filled with gloom and disappointment. Was this, then, the end of all her happy dreams of an independent, useful, and profitable service to the world? Was the world thus hard and unjust?

At length, however, she grew to a gentler mood at the remembrance of Mr. Edwards's defence. Lucy and Grace, too, reached over, the one to squeeze her hand, the other to pat her on the shoulder. It was not so bad a world, after all. It was not many minutes before she could pray for help to bear all evil for Christ's sake, and the help came as speedily as the prayer. She took up her typesetting with a lighter spirit.

In the bustle at leaving that night, Jennie heard a few words that showed her another

friend,— just a few hasty words spoken by Dick, as she entered the crowded little dressing-room where was the only place in the establishment for the compositors' ablutions. It took much time to wash the grimy hands, and there were always many waiting for their turn. Jennie had evidently been under discussion, for on her approach Dick's voice rang out:—

"I don't believe Miss Rolland was at all to blame — not at all. But *some one* must have taken it, and I would just like to know who!"

Unwilling to go down in the elevator with the crowd of whispering girls, Jennie was lingering behind, when Jack Edwards, the foreman, came up,— Jack Edwards, who, in spite of his hasty temper, had as warm a heart as ever beat.

"Miss Rolland," said he, taking our disheartened worker by the hand, "don't be discouraged. You have had a hard day, I know, but all days won't be as hard as this first one."

Jennie's eyes filled with tears.

"Then you do not think me to blame?" she asked.

"Why, of course not. It is a mystery what

has become of that manuscript, and a most provoking mystery, but no one has a particle of right to blame you for it. And, Miss Rolland, I want to tell you not to worry about that *Leader* copy. You need never set a bit of it. I am not a Christian — I cannot quite believe that story, you know — but I like to see people stick up for what they do believe. I admire your grit."

Just then the elevator came clattering up — these few words had been spoken by the elevator shaft — and Jennie had time for only one hurried sentence.

"But I am sure you *would* believe in Christ, if you only knew about Him."

Jennie had a long tale to tell that night, and her beautiful mother was a sympathetic listener. So also was Cousin Catharine, who fairly boiled with anger at the people who dared bring such charges against a Rolland.

"That is what comes of mixing with common tradespeople," she snapped out. "I always said you would wish you had stayed at home." And, indeed, Cousin Catharine truly had made

that cheering prediction at least five hundred times.

The limits of this story do not permit as full a recital of Jennie's printing-house experience as I have given of the first day. We must hasten to the events about which I particularly wish to tell you. Each day Jennie grew more and more to like her work. To be sure, there were many discouraging features. Some of them you already know. The dirt did not grow less, nor the copy any neater and more inviting, nor the editor any more reasonable, nor Sallie and her set any more friendly.

But to balance all this and much more that was unpleasant, Jennie found many joys. There were her true friends, Lucy, and Grace, and Dick, and Jennie always counted Jack Edwards among the number, though he seldom spoke to her except in ways of business. And, furthermore, Jennie was beginning to feel a deep delight in her work. It is a great satisfaction to watch the trim rows of type growing under the speedy fingers, the sturdy lines lengthening out into solid columns. The accuracy required is pleas-

ing to a true worker,— the deftness of manipulation, the quickness of sight, the nicety of touch that can tell just when a line is loose enough to slip easily out of the stick and yet tight enough not to pi, the thousand and one fascinating little rules for the use of hyphens, and quotation-marks, and semicolons, and the like — for it is not ordinarily known how much of the punctuation of our papers is due to the careful and wise compositors — all of this, together with the knowledge that her patient fingers were contributing so truly and directly to the pleasure and profit of the world, made Jennie's daily task a very joyous one to her.

Before she had been in the office many weeks something happened that pleased her greatly. Grace appeared one morning, wearing the Christian Endeavor pin.

"What! *You* an Endeavorer, too?" cried Jennie. "How glad I am!"

"Yes," answered Grace; "I wore my badge when I first came here, but the girls — Sallie and her set, you know — made so much fun of me that I took it off. Your pin that you

always wear made me ashamed of myself, Jennie."

Lucy was standing by; indeed, the timid little girl was never far away from Jennie, whom she adored. (It should be said, by the way, that Mary Norton, the sick compositor, had come back, but Mr. Edwards had found Lucy such a skilful compositor that he could not let her go, and had persuaded himself that the office needed her help also — which indeed it did.) Lucy had been listening, and faltered out: "I am a Christian Endeavorer, too, Grace, and I am so glad that you and Jennie are."

"But where is your badge, Lucy, dear?" asked Jennie.

"I — cannot — afford one," poor Lucy stammered.

"Why, they only cost — " but Jennie checked her thoughtless words, and kissed her friend instead.

The next day after this the sharp eyes of the girls discovered something bright on Dick's necktie. Indeed, that young gentleman took no pains to hide it.

THE MEETING WAS VERY SHORT AND QUIET.

"What, you an Endeavorer, too?" exclaimed Grace, her eyes shining.

"Had to be in the fashion, you know," Dick answered, laughing, and then added more soberly, "I have been an Endeavorer for two years, and I am ashamed to say I never showed my colors before. There are some sharp tongues in this office, you know."

"But I did not think a *man* would be afraid of such things," said Jennie, smiling roguishly.

Then a sudden inspiration seized her.

"O Grace! Dick! Lucy! there are four of us now. Why not form a Printers' Christian Endeavor Society? There is one in China. There surely ought to be one in America. What do you say?"

"Good!" assented Dick; "that will be better than the Typographical Union."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Grace. "And we can meet at the noon hour, once a week. Let's begin to-day."

Lucy said nothing, but her eyes shone.

And so it came about that the little corner where these four had been in the habit of with-

drawing to eat their lunch together, ever since that first day when Jennie discovered the corner for herself, became on one day of the week a Bethel.

The meetings were very short and quiet. At first the bustling, laughing, boisterous crowd in the middle of the room did not even know what was going on. A few tender words from the Bible were read, and then each of the four said a few sentences of earnest prayer, thanking the Father for daily blessings and asking his help in daily work. That was all.

It was after the first meeting of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society that Jennie noticed something to which she paid no attention at the time, but which she afterwards remembered with a great start of surprise. You must know that the building in which *The White Plume* was printed was an old affair. *The White Plume* office was in the fourth story. On the floor above and on two floors below great presses were constantly running, while *The White Plume's* own presses rumbled away on the fourth floor. When all of these presses were at work

together, the rickety old building shook "like a ship at sea," as Dick rather extravagantly put it. Till Jennie got used to the vibration it made her deathly sick, just like seasickness. Lucy Banks could not get used to it, but turned pale as a ghost on what Dick called the "stormy days."

Once, Grace said, the city inspectors of buildings had ordered the presses to run more slowly, but the order had soon been forgotten.

By Jennie's case was a crack in the wall where some one had stuck some "quads," — small pieces of metal used to fill out lines that are to be left blank. After this first meeting of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society, Jennie chanced to notice that all these quads had fallen out. She picked them up, and found that two thicknesses of metal could now be inserted where only one had been before.

CHAPTER V.

A CRUEL FATHER.

I AM sorry that the progress of my story has brought me to Pressman Joe. I should like to leave him out.

Pressman Joe was the big, red-faced, bull-necked man who presided over the great press that roared and rumbled away all day, and often all night, in the room next to the composing-room. Jennie had to pass him every day to get to and from the elevator, and she speedily saw enough to disgust her with him.

The foreman of a pressroom can very easily make himself an absolute autocrat, from whose frown his wretched subordinates shrink and cringe as if he were a very czar. The overpowering noise of the presses, in the first place, serves as a sort of screen to hide his words and doings from the outer world; and, in the second place, his services are so valuable that he can presume much, for a good

foreman of a pressroom is, indeed, worth keeping.

And Pressman Joe was a skilful worker. No matter how the number of the pages in the paper might vary, he knew at once precisely how to arrange the pages as they reached him from the electrotypers, placing them on the press so that each "form," or set of pages printed at one impression, would fold correctly. He knew just how much ink to use so that the type might show up black and yet not get filled. He watched his wonderful machine with unceasing care, jealous of every bit of dust that settled on its polished surfaces.

His most difficult work, of course, and that in which his skill was chiefly shown, consisted in "making ready." No matter how even the bed of a press or how careful the electrotypers in taking a mold of the type, the first proof of the "form" that is "pulled" shows many inequalities of light and shade. Here a picture is faint and needs to be "brought up." Here a square inch of type is projecting — a mere trifle, yet enough to make it very black. All over the

sheet are these irregularities of "impression," hundreds of them.

Now the sheet of paper to be printed is brought up by the machinery so that it falls between the inked type-plates and a great sheet of stout paper called the "tympan," to which pressure is at once applied. The obvious way of rendering the impression uniform is to change here and there the thickness of this tympan, which is done by a series of "overlays."

Taking the great proof-sheet, which contains, for a sixteen-page paper, eight pages, say pages 10, 7, 6, 11, 15, 2, 3, and 14, the foreman sits down with this before him. Rapidly he scans each page, soon covering it with an intricate network of marks. Every portion of the page, yes, every letter, that is too black or too light, is surrounded by a circle. If the blemish is very noticeable two circles are drawn around it, or three, or four.

Next, with a sharp pair of scissors and a paste-pot, the pressman goes to work. Where the impression is too heavy he cuts the paper away; where it is too light he pastes paper on,

more thickness as it needs to be "brought up" farther. Finally, this "overlay" is attached to the tympan, another proof is taken, and, if the impression is even, the great machine is started up, full speed.

I have described this work at length because it is an interesting and not commonly known process that enters into the making of every book, paper, and magazine, and also because you will understand the better how valuable is a man who can do this delicate work with care, thoroughness, and the feeling of an artist.

Our Jennie was fascinated by the press, and especially by this really fine work of "making ready." She often lingered to watch the process. With a girl's eye for nice details, she gained, before long, a familiarity with the pressman's work such as Editor Barton — more shame to him! — would never have gained, though he passed the machines twice a day throughout a millennium.

And she became familiar also with the brutal character of Pressman Joe. The "feeder" of the press was a stout and stupid young man,

whom he was never tired of badgering. The feeder's work was monotonous in the extreme, — to push sheet after sheet down into the gaping jaws of the press; but his harsh master made it tenfold more onerous with his ceaseless outbursts of spiteful temper.

Jennie's indignation was chiefly excited, however, by Pressman Joe's treatment of Harry.

Harry was the lad whose business it was, when the accumulation of printed sheets reached a certain height, to take them out of the way of the press, laying them in great piles by its side. This was heavy work for a boy as slight as Harry, but still more heavy under Foreman Joe.

"Oh," thought Jennie, as she watched the two, "what a terrible thing it is to be obliged to work with a brute!"

The secret of it? Foreman Joe was, as the euphemistic phrase is, "a drinking man."

One day, as Jennie came in from her regular noonday "constitutional," she saw a sight that made her cheeks tingle and her blue eyes flash. Harry was in a corner, his face pale as the pile of white paper against which he was

pushed, while over him Pressman Joe held a piece of wood. Down it crashed on the boy's head.

"I'll teach you to sass me, you —" and up went the stick for another blow, while the other brawny hand clutched the fainting lad to keep him upright.

"Stop! stop! stop!" screamed Jennie, rushing up and seizing the cruel club with her slender hands. "Stop! What do you mean, sir? Shame on you, beating a little boy like that!"

"Get out of here, you meddler! Mind your own business! I'm his father, and I guess I know what's good for him. Get out!"

"His father? Then it's ten times worse. Put down that stick, sir, and let that boy go, or I'll call in those who'll make you. You are drunk, sir. I can see that. Let go of that boy."

Sullenly Pressman Joe turned away, muttering curses on Jennie and on his son, while Harry, trembling and in pain, applied himself to a great heap of sheets that had accumulated behind the press. Jennie helped him with them.

She saw that the lad did not dare express his gratitude, but it shone out of his large, frightened eyes.

"Don't let him do it again!" she advised him on leaving, speaking loudly, that the foreman might hear. "Scream out. Every one here will take your part."

On reaching the composing-room, Jennie began at once to tell her adventure to the girls who were gathered there, ready to resume work. Many were their exclamations of disgust and sympathy.

"Oh, why *won't* men let liquor alone!" sighed Grace, and all the world is sighing with her.

But what was the matter with Lucy?

As Jennie had seen her once before, the poor girl's head went down on her type-case, and she fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, Lucy, you mustn't feel so bad about it. Harry is all right now. He's a boy, you know."

"But — he's — my — bro — ther," said Lucy between her sobs.

Her brother!

"Why, then Pressman Joe must be—" He must be her father! Ah, what a tragic story that meant!

"But I thought your father was dead, like mine," whispered Jennie, her head down beside Lucy's on the case. And she could not help adding to herself, "Far better for you and Harry if he were.'

"He seldom speaks to me," whispered Lucy. "Often he won't even look at me for days. That is when I keep him from abusing my poor, sick mother. O Jennie, Jennie, it is breaking my heart!"

What comfort could Jennie give? What comfort, indeed, could be given by the wisest man in the world to the daughter of a drunkard? Jennie could only clasp her tight and kiss her tenderly.

It was not many days after this disclosure that Jennie had another exciting meeting with Joe Banks. It came about in this way.

On Saturday of each week the compositors received their pay. Foreman Edwards figured up from their proofs the work that each had

done, made out little slips certifying the amounts due, and gave them these to present to the treasurer. But on one Saturday afternoon, when Lucy applied for her slip, Jack said to her, "Why, Miss Banks, Pressman Joe has your slip. He demanded it at noon. I never knew before that he was your father."

At this poor Lucy broke down again.

"Oh, he has always had Harry's pay, and now he has mine, and what will mother do now?"

Jennie was at hand. Indeed, all the girls were crowding around in merry rivalry as to who would first get her slip.

"Mr. Edwards," she asked indignantly, "did you let that drunken beast have this poor girl's earnings?"

"Why, yes! What could I do? She isn't of age."

Jennie, like all women, refused to exalt law over justice.

"I am going right off to see Mr. Arden," she declared.

Mr. Arden was the treasurer, and she was

fortunate enough to reach him just when he was about to pay Pressman Joe not only his own earnings and Harry's, but Lucy's also, that he might spend it all, doubtless, in a Sunday spree.

"Mr. Arden!" burst in Jennie; "that man has no right to Lucy's pay, or Harry's. Don't give it to him, please."

Joe Banks turned on her fiercely. "You meddling again?" and he hissed an oath at her.

"No more of that, sir," said Mr. Arden. He spoke quietly, but Joe knew he meant what he said.

"Well, Mr. Arden, they are both under age, and their earnings belong to me by law."

"I suppose that is so?" asked Mr. Arden, turning helplessly to Jennie.

"Why, sir, don't you know that his family will never see a cent of that money? He has a poor, sick wife, sir, and you ought to see what wretched clothes Lucy has to wear, and you ought to see him beating Harry, as I did the other day. The money you give him will all go for drink, every cent of it, sir."

The treasurer, looking at Joe, needed no con-

firmation of Jennie's words. "But how can I help it?" he asked. "I must pay him his due."

"It isn't his due, what Lucy and Harry earn. He didn't earn it. He oughtn't to have it. They need it."

"Mr. Arden," spoke up Joe, boldly advancing his hand for the money, "I guess I know my business as well as this hussy, whoever she is. I take care of my family as well as the next man, and if I do take a drop now and then it's nobody's business as long 's I do my work."

"Don't give him that money, sir, please!" pleaded Lucy's persistent advocate. "You can have law on your side, too. I am sure the law would require him to support his family, and he doesn't. You can find out for yourself, sir. What Lucy earns is all they have to live on, and now he wants to take away that."

"Yes, that 's so," assented Mr. Arden. He now saw his way out. "Here, Mr. Banks. I will pay you your own salary. And I will thank you, Miss Rolland, to bring in the two children to receive their pay. 'You'll take the

law on me,' eh?" this sharply in answer to Joe's mutterings. "Take care I do not take the law on you, for abusing your family; for I believe this young woman here. I've been watching you, sir, and I advise you, as you value your position here, to leave the saloons alone."

And while Joe, red with rage, was signing his receipt, our gallant champion went off, radiant, in search of Harry and Lucy, whom she quickly brought, and watched them receive the money she had so bravely won.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SURPRISE PARTY.

PROBABLY it was suggested to Jennie by her passage at arms with Pressman Joe and her pity for Lucy and Harry. Partly it was suggested also by her love for fun. At any rate, on a morning soon after the events related in the last chapter our compositor came into the office with her beautiful face more beaming than ever.

"What is it, Jennie?" asked Grace.

"What is *what?*"

"Why, what makes your eyes shine so?"

"O, I have a plan. Let me whisper it to you."

A putting of heads together, some eager consultation, a burst of happy laughter, and the great plan was set on foot. It was nothing less than a surprise party to be given Lucy. "But not an ordinary surprise party," Jennie explained to all. "This is to be far better,— a

Christian Endeavor surprise party." And just where this important distinction came in will appear in the sequel.

There was a merry time letting the others into the secret. Sallie Baldwin and her set scouted the notion. "Go down to give a surprise party on Slawter Street!" they sneered. "*We* don't choose to associate with such people."

Quite a number, however, fell in with the plan. There were all the Endeavorers, of course. Then there was Foreman Jack Edwards. Three more were eager for it: wide-awake, laughing Bess Summers, thoughtful Susan Armitage, and firm-faced Mary Norton, who always took things seriously, even Dick's jokes. Eight in all.

Then came some days of jolly consultations, sly winks and nods, and a general air of mystery that quite annoyed Sallie's company. "Such fuss over nothing!" they scolded. Little parcels had to be brought in under cloaks and quietly exhibited. Dick, of noons, was working off on the proof press something he

would let no one see but Jennie. Even Foreman Edwards had his part in the frolic.

When the appointed evening came these eight, on one pretext and another, lingered behind the rest, took supper together at a restaurant (and a gay meal it was, you may be sure), boarded a street-car, and rolled, a rollicking party, down to Slawter Street. All of our company lived in far better quarters than this degraded district of the city. Even Jack Edwards and Dick, restless explorers of city streets, were unfamiliar with this lowest depth of tenement house life. To the girls it was altogether strange and horrible.

"It can't be that our neat and gentle Lucy is buried in all this filth and ugliness!" said Mary Norton, as the party left the cars at the foot of Slawter Street and took their way along that wretched thoroughfare. It was early dusk, and everywhere they saw signs of the beginning of that revel of drunkenness and of the foulest sins that pollutes the nights of all slums. Everywhere, too, were signs of poverty, neglect, and the abandonment of despair. Steps were

rickety, doors racked, window blinds swinging from one hinge. Children, playing in the gutters and alleys, shouted to each other words as foul as the refuse in which they played. Saloons were neighbored by saloons, and about each counter stood crowds of boisterous, bloated men. From the houses came sounds of quarreling, and now and then the scream of a child.

As they drew near Lucy's number Dick's sharp eyes saw Pressman Joe swagger into a saloon. "He'll not interrupt us, anyway," was his comment.

"The Bankses, is it? And will yez follow me?" said a good-natured Irish woman of whom our eight made inquiries; and they were glad to escape from the attention aroused in the street by so much unwonted respectability, and to follow their broad-faced guide up the shaking stairway of the tenement, past many disclosures of utter poverty as they glanced through half-open doorways, to the fourth story, where Dick rapped on a designated door.

"Oh, this is worse than I ever imagined!" sighed Jennie to herself, as she thought of her

beautiful home on top of the hill at Weston, with its outlook over the winding Waubeek River, and all the fresh prettiness of its surroundings. "And what am I, to deserve such blessings more than this dear Lucy?"

But the door was opened.

"Why, Mr. Edwards! And Jennie! And Grace! And — why — what —" Lucy was entirely overcome with astonishment, and was herself led by her guests, all talking at once, into the rooms the Banks family occupied. These were few, indeed,— only two,— and poorly enough furnished, but, in place of the neglect shown elsewhere on Slawter Street, here were all the evidences of the most faithful care.

Mrs. Banks, with a feeble exclamation, half rose from her bed in the corner, but Jennie flew to the sick woman.

"You are Lucy's mother, I know, and we are just a few of Lucy's friends, come to give her a little surprise." With this Jennie put her arm about her, kissed the pallid, refined face, and drew her gently down upon the bed again.

"Now don't be disturbed, please, but just

look on. How we all wish you could get up and play our games with us!"

In the meantime Harry and Lucy had laid away hats and cloaks in the other room, and had found chairs of some sort for all the company, Dick and Jack greatly aiding this feat by insisting that, when they were on a lark and could do as they pleased, they always sat on stools.

Before any constraint could fall upon the company Jack introduced Jennie as mistress of ceremonies, and Jennie produced a box filled with square bits of cardboard, each bearing a plain letter, neatly printed.

"Ah, that's what Dick has been doing of noons!" they all exclaimed.

Following Jennie's instructions, the merry party gathered about the dining-table, which was drawn into the center of the room, and proceeded to play "pi."

"This is a game," explained the mistress of ceremonies, "that is especially appropriate for printers, and for other people who happen to have their wits about them. I scatter this great

pile of letters, face up, in the center of the table. Now, when I give the word, 'One, two, three, go!' you must all begin to play at once, in this way: You must draw from the pile one letter at a time, and build up words in front of you. Your word must have more than two letters. You must finish one word before you begin the next, and must dispose of each letter before you draw another.

"Suppose we find we can't dispose of it, after all?"

"You shouldn't take a letter that won't fit into some of your words; but, if you do, put it back into the pile and draw again."

"And if we want to add to a word already made, or change it in any way, may we?"

"Yes. The longer your words are, the better for you, for towards your score a three-letter word counts five, a four-letter word ten, a five-letter word fifteen, and so on."

"Who wins?"

"The one who has made the largest score when all the letters are drawn. Now do you all understand? Then one — two — three — go!"

"Pi," indeed, seemed rightly named. Such wild pouncing after letters! Such disgust when the needed letters were appropriated by other players! Such eager scanning of the alphabetical maze for the next letter needed to build a word! Printers' eyes must be keen, and our ten were finely off in that respect,— not a pair of glasses among them,— but this game was a severe test of their acuteness.

And after all it was not the most brilliant player that won this game, or even the one who made the most words. It was far-seeing Susan Armitage, who wisely stuck to a few long words until she had completed them, remembering that each added letter counted five.

After several rounds of this brisk game Jennie asked, "Printers, did you ever play 'composing stick'?"

"Never even heard of it!" declared Dick, speaking for them all.

"Well," explained Jennie, rapidly turning the letters face downward and then dealing them out, twelve to each, "every printer should know *that* game, of course. First one player, taking

any letter he has, and thinking of a word beginning with that letter, lays it in the center of the table. Then his right-hand neighbor, taking any letter *he* has, and thinking of a word beginning with the first letter plus his, lays it down beside the first. You mustn't tell what words you are thinking of. And so it goes on. For instance, I might lay down an S, thinking of *star*. Mr. Edwards might add H, thinking of *ship*. Susan might add A, thinking of *share*. Lucy might add W, thinking of *shawl*, and so on."

"When does it stop?"

"When the next player cannot add a letter without finishing the word; then the one next to him has a chance, and so on around the circle. If no one can, then the letters belong to the one who last added to the word, and his neighbor has to start a new word. The one who wins most letters is the victor."

"But suppose I have a letter that will finish the word, must I put it down?"

"No, you're not obliged to; but if you do without seeing that you have finished a word,

you lose your letter, and the player before you takes the word. Do you all see?"

This game was a little harder than "pi," but it proved very enjoyable to our bright young printers, who were all — thanks to poor penmen — trained in the art of capturing words when only two or three letters thereof were decipherable.

Accidental completions of words furnished much amusement. For instance, Harry put down S, having *sea* in mind. Bess Summers followed with C, thinking of *scent;* Dick added A, his word being *scar;* Mary Norton put down N, thinking of *scant*, and was quite amazed when Dick triumphantly swept up the four letters, remarking, "You didn't *scan* that sharply enough, Miss Mary."

"Now for a more lively game!" proposed Jennie. "It's name is 'distributing,' and it, also, is a printers' game."

Once more the letters were spread out in the middle of the table, face up, and the instructions were given. At the word "Go!" as before, all were to play at once. The object was to draw

from the central store a complete alphabet. Only one letter was to be drawn at a time, and each was to build up his alphabet, beginning with A, in the proper order of letters, finding B before he looked for C, and laying down C before he took up D. In the meantime, of course, the D he had his eyes on might be appropriated by some one else.

This proved very amusing. There were several complete alphabets, of course, but there were many more of certain common letters, like E and N, than of the rare letters, like X and Z, so sharp eyes and quick hands were indeed at a premium.

Dick was the first to "fill up his case," as he called it, and as soon as he had "modestly accepted the congratulations of his many admirers," he began to hint to Jennie that it was time to play "queen of letters."

"Queen of letters? Dick, Jennie, where *did* you pick up all these games? We never even heard of them!" cried Grace. But Jennie only smiled knowingly.

"Very well," she agreed, "it is time to play

'queen of letters.' Will you be the first queen, Lucy?"

"I think *you* are the proper queen of letters," answered Lucy; "but I'll ascend the throne if you'll give me the sceptre."

"Thank you!" said Jennie, with a merry bow. "Well, you must go into the other room, and stop up your ears while we select a letter. It will be a common letter,— not K, or Z, or V, or X, or J, or Q. Then the queen of letters must come in and hunt this letter we have stolen from her. You will have twenty questions, and you must question each of us in order. We must answer your questions, using at least five words, and none of our words is to begin with the chosen letter. From that clue you are to guess what it is."

"That's sounds hard," said Lucy, "but I'll try. Shout loudly when you're ready, for I'll stop my ears real tight."

"Te, he, he!" giggled Dick, as Lucy disappeared. "Wasn't that done neatly? Now, intelligent compositors, is your chance." With this, the entire company began to bustle frantically around the room.

Dick took Harry and Mrs. Banks, and explained in excited whispers the plan of the Christian Endeavor surprise party. They had all brought Lucy little presents, he said,— "just something to remember them by!"— and had taken this way of presenting them. They were to hide them all around the room, and Mrs. Banks and Harry were to watch Lucy come upon them, one by one, after they left.

While this explanation was going on, the company was indeed busy. Each had been inspecting the room and had selected a hiding place; but good hiding places were few in an apartment so scantily furnished, and sometimes two had chosen the same place, making it necessary for one to make wild choice of another. Jack Edwards put a nice copy of Whittier's poems, with its back to the wall, among the few books that stood together on a hanging shelf. Jennie laid in a corner, behind a pile of old papers, a pretty little work basket that she had neatly covered, and filled with all a needlewoman's tools. Grace laid a nice hand-

kerchief, with Lucy's name daintly marked upon it in white silk, back of the worn sofa pillow. Bess, who had discovered Lucy's sweet tooth and knew well that it was rarely gratified, found, by Harry's guidance, the special cup that Lucy used, and filled it with caramels. Susan, led by the same eager pilot to Lucy's working dress, hung in a closet, put in its pocket a pretty knife. Mary, who had collected the photographs of all the company and made for them a pretty plush pocket, tucked this back of a picture frame. "If Lucy doesn't find it soon, Mrs. Banks," she whispered, "ask her to hang the picture somewhere else."

"A — a — almost ready?" came in a muffled tone from the next room.

"Why, you poor thing!" said Dick, who had been bustling around helping each to secrete her present, "we forgot all about you. T, girls, T! All right! Come!" He shouted the last words, while every one scurried to a seat, and tried to look unruffled.

"It must be a hard one?" queried Lucy, as she entered.

"To be sure it is!" answered Dick. "Oh — ah — er — was that a regular question?"

"Of course," replied Lucy.

"Then I must amend my answer to the following: I rather reckon it be, ma'am."

"O Dick, what a hint!" shouted the roomful.

"Yes," said Lucy, "your letter is either T, or B, or S, or I. No, it can't be I or B," she added, on reflection, "because Dick used those in his amended answer; so it must be T or S."

"Lucy," said Dick, "you are a regular lawyer."

"Whatever made you think of such a nice thing as coming here in this way, Jennie?"

"Why, how do you know it was I?" answered Jennie promptly.

"It would be just like her, anyway, wouldn't it, Mr. Edwards?" continued Lucy.

"It certainly would, indeed, surely," was Jack's labored reply.

"Aha, Mr. Foreman! I have been waiting for that S. The queen has found her missing letter. It is T!"

When the laugh against him had subsided, Jack spoke up.

"As the last game closed through my fault, I suppose I ought to start another. Can any of you printers tell me what letter goes in swarms?"

"B, of course!" said Bess.

"And which letter is the wettest?"

"Yes, C!" came in chorus from all.

"Why not T?" This suggestion was made from the bed.

"Why, mother! Good for you!" cried Lucy, looking delighted at the smiling face on the pillow.

"What letter would a mirror suggest to you?" asked Dick, suddenly. And when, after due consideration, they all gave it up, he announced triumphantly, "W!"

"Why, to be sure!"

"What letter always goes to the right?" queried Grace.

"G," answered Jack readily.

"It never gets left," put in slangy Dick.

"Printers' delights?" This was Harry's venture.

"M's!"

"Cockney stockings?" This, after profound thought, from Bess.

"O's!"

"Miss Banks," here Dick interrupted, "will you please help me out in a game *I* want to introduce?"

"Gladly," said Lucy.

"Well, I shall need a cat, if there is such an article among your neighbors. I see that you don't possess one."

"A cat? Well, what now!" cried all; but Dick insisted, and Lucy went to borrow a cat.

CHAPTER VII.

TYPE FAIRIES AND FUN.

"YOU see," Dick explained, as soon as Lucy had gone after the cat, "I was so busy explaining things to Mrs. Banks and Harry, and helping the rest of you find hiding places, that I quite forgot to hide my own present! Hence this maneuver." With this he proceeded to tuck away inside the clock a neat package in which was a pretty pair of cuff buttons.

"But the cat!" they all exclaimed. "What are you going to do with the cat? You'll expose the whole plan!"

"No, I won't," Dick asserted, and made good his declaration, as Lucy returned, by inquiring, "You see Miss Banks and the cat. What famous character does the combination represent?"

Then there was great guessing, but all guesses were wide of the mark, so that Dick had to tell them, "Lucifer!"

After the applause, Jennie asked, quietly,

"What would it have been if she had simply been asked to sing?"

"Lucidity, mum," replied Dick, without much hesitation.

"And if Mr. Caswell should appear before us," asked the sick woman, "bearing in his hand the vegetable of the Emerald Isle, of what Roman dignitary would you be reminded?"

"Dictator!" answered Mary; at which they all clapped their hands.

"And if Miss Rolland," queried Jack, "should proceed to eat the potato, what verb would be suggested?"

He had to answer his own conundrum, "Generate!"

"Jennie-ate! Yes, but where's the R?" Grace asked.

"Isn't she Jennie R——?" answered Jack, thereby winning loud applause.

"Talking about eating——" Dick suggested, with a questioning glance at the mistress of ceremonies.

"Yes," assented Jennie, "it is time for our climax. Won't you bring it in, Dick?"

"It" proved to be a large paper box containing a supply of good things to eat, more than twice enough for the entire company.

"There is a game about this, too," said Jennie, while Dick and Mary distributed the viands. "You each have, you see, one sandwich, one orange, one caraway seed cookie, and one chocolate drop. Now, I will begin to tell a story, and I will tell it through the eating of the sandwiches. As soon as they have disappeared I'll name some one to go on with the story, and he is to keep it up through the oranges, and pass it on to some one else for the caraway seed course, and the fourth story-teller must finish the chocolate drops. Now I will begin, and let me warn any one who is inclined to make his sandwich last too long that I have the authority to appoint my successor."

And so, amid many oh's and ah's of anticipation, Jennie began.

"Once upon a time I was sitting on my stool setting up type. You may think that a commonplace beginning for a story, but wait and see. All of a sudden I became aware that what I was

setting up was not the words of the manuscript before me. My hand seemed to move, in spite of me, to boxes I had no intention whatever of taking letters from; and it was with the greatest surprise that I watched my sentence grow in my composing stick. And what do you think it was? This:—

"'*Set up "xwjvq," lay the word in the middle of the Z box, and see what will happen.*'

"As in a dream, I did just what the types ordered. As soon as the wonderful word had been formed and laid in the Z box, I saw standing before me, his feet in that box, a being that I recognized at once as a type fairy."

"A typical fairy?" asked some one.

"No; a type fairy, which is a very different thing, as you will agree. For my type fairy was all made out of type, seemingly hinged together. His arms, I remember especially, were two capital N's. One of his feet was a Z and the other an A. His head was an I. He did not give me a long time to stare at him, though. (Grace, if you stop eating to listen I'll name you as the next story-teller!)

"'What d'ye want?' asked the type fairy, in a metallic, clicking voice.

"'I don't want anything,' said I.

"'Then you may have it,' answered he. And, by the way, I soon learned that in Typeland, just as in the type we set, everything is reversed and goes by contraries.

"'Do you want to go to Typeland?' asked the fairy.

"'No, indeed,' said I.

"'Then you must go,' said he. 'Take hold of my hand.'

"That seemed such a very ridiculous request that I burst out laughing. Nevertheless, I touched the N he reached out to me with the tip of one of my fingers, which was as big as he was, and he seemed satisfied.

"'Now, put the first finger of the other hand into the C box, and you'll see,' commanded the fairy.

"I did as he ordered, and at once I felt myself shrinking. In alarm, I pulled my fingers away, but the shrinking went on. I felt myself stiffening, too, at the same time, and I felt very queer

and unnatural. But in a jiffy I seemed all right again, and I discovered that I had a body made up of type, just like the type fairy's. I saw now that his face had more expression in it than I had noticed before. I suppose I was in more perfect sympathy with him.

"In the course of this transformation we had, in some way I did not notice, got out of the office, and we found ourselves standing before a building marked on the front:—

.ꓤOOHƆS

"That seemed to me perfectly easy and natural to read, so I was not at all surprised when my guide said, 'I thought you wouldn't like to see one of our type schools, so I brought you.'

"The building was on our left, and to enter it we walked toward the right, which, at the time, seemed the proper thing to do. I suppose it was all of a piece with the contrary nature of Typeland.

"Inside I saw a queer sight. It seemed an enormous room, like the vast drill shed of some

armory. Here and there, along the floor, companies of types were marching in all sorts of queer ways. (Mary, as a friend, I advise you to hurry up with that sandwich!) They were wheeling at the word of command, breaking ranks, forming again, making columns of fours and eights, and performing a lot of evolutions that I never learned at the high school.

"There were awkward squads, that never got anything right, and tangled themselves up at every turn; and there were magnificently drilled companies that did even better than our high school boys, which is saying a great deal. Some of these companies were diamond type, some agate, nonpareil, minion; but I noticed none larger than brevier. The captains — I suppose I ought rather to call them schoolmasters — were magnificent fellows,— great pica, every one of them.

"I was curious to see the reason for all this marching and counter-marching, and so I watched more closely one particular band of brevier. Soon I saw that every line spelled a word, and whenever they re-formed they made

new words, and whenever they formed a single long line they spelled a sentence. It was very interesting to watch them, and especially to see how angry the great pica captains got when the words were spelled wrongly or the sentences twisted about.

"Soon they began to execute battalion drill, and that was still more amusing. A great, big advertising letter at one end of the hall took command, and, I tell you! he made them step around lively. It was very entertaining to see them form paragraphs. Just as they were in the midst of this, and as one particular M quad seemed almost certain to miss his proper place, a great cry arose, 'The Green Hand is coming! the Green Hand is coming!'

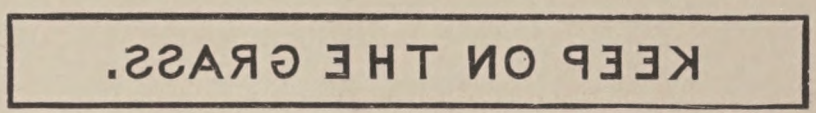
"I saw a big green hand burst through the ceiling, its big green fingers waving frantically about, and lo! the entire assembly of type went to pi! And Susan may take up the thread of the story."

"Oh, *dear* me!" groaned Susan. "Well — the type fairy seized me, and, heavy as we were, we flew through the air, on, and on, and

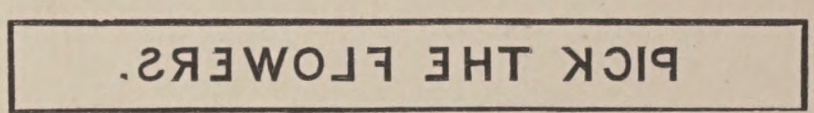
on, and dropped right down into type-paradise. *Don't* make those oranges last long, girls!"

"We'd like to linger in paradise, Susan," said Lucy.

"Well, you'd better not. This type-paradise was a vast plain, that stretched as far as I could see. It seemed made of marble, and I fancied at once that it was a great imposing stone. Everywhere I saw signs:



"'Well, this *is* a contrary country!' thought I. 'Here we are told to keep on the grass, and there is no grass to keep on. Soon, however, I noticed another set of signs that proved to have more meaning. They were like this:



"'Where are the flowers that we are to pick?' I asked the type fairy. Then he showed me some curious objects that I should never in the world have taken to be flowers. They were of type metal, angular and stiff as a cactus, and,

instead of leaves and blossoms, bore bunches of type.

"'Read them,' said my guide. And then I perceived that each bunch of type was arranged in words that made a sentence. I read a good many, but there is only one I remember: 'A beautiful face is like the perfume of great, white lilies, floating off into the smiling air.' 'These,' said my guide, 'are flowers of thought.'"

("Oh! oh!" from Dick.)

"'Now,' said the type fairy, 'we'll go to the pentiary.'

"'I don't want to,' said I. 'It sounds too much like penetentiary.'

"'We are going there *because* you don't want to,' responded the obliging fairy. 'But you needn't be scared. The pentiary is only the house of Master Pen. He is on the very best of terms with the types.' And so indeed it proved. The pentiary was shaped like a gigantic ink-stand. Over the door, in the queer, reversed language of Typeland, I read, 'Take brains with you, all ye who enter here.'

"We were given a cordial welcome. The

lord of the house, Master Pen, proved to be an animated penholder. His stiff topknot furnished the nib of his pen, and he had only one eye, in the middle of his face.

"'Glad to see you, Mr. I,' said he briskly; and then, turning to me, he repeated, 'And glad to see you, Miss S.' I was about to tell him my name was Susan when I recollected that, being a type, I was probably reduced to S. (Mr. Edwards, are you *ever* going to be through with that orange?)

"After some conversation Master Pen asked us if we should like to see his workshop. And when we said we should be delighted, he took us to a great room, along whose walls were ranged rows of just such plants as I had seen outside, set in leaden flower-pots, and covered with flowers of thought.

"'Would you like to see a flower of thought growing?' asked Master Pen. I told him I should like nothing better. Upon this Master Pen deliberately stood on his head, and began, in that position, to wriggle rapidly about on the marble floor. After a moment a gray liquid

began to flow from his stiff topknot of iron-gray hair. It looked for all the world as if his brains were coming out, and I was beginning to be frightened, but I saw that the type fairy was in no way alarmed.

"This gray liquid slowly took form and began to grow. It became a stalk, and then this stalk began to put forth the type leaves and flowers, one after the other. I never saw so strange a sight. All of a sudden, as we watched, a spurt of the gray liquid darted out at us. It wriggled over the floor like a rapidly growing vine.

"'He wants an IS!' shouted the type fairy, in the greatest excitement. 'Run, run for your life!' And Dick may tell where we ran to."

The young man designated had been provokingly slow with his orange, and thus he met his just punishment. With a comically wry face, he took up the tale.

"We sank — down! down! down! — until it seemed to me we must have reached China. At last we tumbled over each other on the solid ground, and my guide said, in a tone of satis-

faction, 'Here we are!' 'I'm glad to know it,' said I. 'Where's here?' 'This,' said the fairy, 'is type-inferno.' (Jennie, you needn't linger so long over every caraway seed in that cooky. I am positively going to call on the one who is last in finishing his cooky, whether a former story-teller or not. So there!)

"I looked about me, and saw a second great plain, but this was walled in by mountains that looked like vast heaps of paper. 'Those are rejected manuscripts,' sighed the type fairy.

"He led me around over the plain, and showed me what sort of types lived in type-inferno. In the first place, there were all the types that had been instrumental in pieing pages. These were suffering torments for their past sins. Then there were worn-out types, and imperfect types, and 'wrong fonts,' and old style type. I never saw such a jumble, except in a certain box of a certain printing office." (Groans from the company.)

"And all these types were wandering around, looking in vain for types that fitted in with themselves, so that they might gain some significance,

and, maybe, get out of type-inferno into type-paradise. But no two types of the same font ever came together, let alone two or more that could by any possibility make a word. So the whole country was full of inarticulate sighs and groans.

"As we roamed about, I perceived at last that all these types were gradually drawing in to one point, where they appeared much closer together; and I sauntered up to that spot. It proved to be a vast, circular pit, into which set a strong current of air. It was so strong that I was caught up by it, in spite of myself, and whirled over the edges with a clanking mass of other unfortunates. Glancing down in terror as I fell, I saw a great fire far below, and it flashed over me that I, like all the other worthless types, had fallen into the melting pot. Thank you for your expedition, ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Edwards may finish the story."

At this there was great clapping of hands. "Good!" "Now we have him!" "There's no one else to be called on!" "Take your time with these chocolate drops!"

Jack looked master of the situation. "It's a plot, is it? Well, Dick left the story in a fortunate place for me. You may prolong those chocolate drops as long as you choose, and I shall have a story to match. For, while the great current of air roared in my ears, and the fire swirled fiercely far below, I fell down, and down, and down, and down, and down, *and* down, and down, and down, and *down*, and down, and down, and down, and —" so Jack droned on, imperturbable, amid the expostulations of the laughing listeners, until the last of the chocolate drops, when he gracefully closed with, "and down, *and* down, until I landed, with a great start of surprise, in my ordinary body, on my office stool, and found that, during a slight fit of absent-mindedness, my composing stick, with its half-completed paragraph, had fallen to the floor!"

"Dear me!" cried Jennie, when the applause was over, "how late it is for printers who must be at work early in the morning. Let's sing a Christian Endeavor song, and say good-bye."

"'True-hearted, Whole-hearted,'" proposed Lucy, calling for her favorite.

And so the happy company joined their voices in the magnificent swing of that hymn of hope and loyalty. With the seriousness of its noble thoughts still upon their faces, they said good-night, and made their way down the rickety tenement stairs, out into the squalor and open vice of Slawter Street.

"Oh, let us hurry through this!" shuddered Jennie to Jack.

Along the dimly lighted sidewalk a drunken figure reeled toward them. As they passed they saw it was Pressman Joe.

"Poor Lucy!" sighed they all.

"Well, at any rate," said Jennie, with a bit of satisfaction, "we have made one evening happy for her."

"And for us all," added Grace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

COUSIN CATHARINE and Jennie and her mother sat at their pretty breakfast table one Monday morning, not long after the events described in our last chapters. From the window, even on that first floor, the eye caught glimpses, through the trees and down the steep village street, of the beautiful valley of the Waubeek River, winding away below them through the hills. Within, all things were as bright and cheery as two such bright and cheery folks as Jennie and her mother would be sure to make them. All but Cousin Catharine. Jennie could make the mirror sparkle, and the silver coffee-pot shine, and the polished floor fairly laugh, but she could work none of these happy miracles on Cousin Catharine's morose temper.

This morning she was particularly sour, which was why Jennie looked rather frowning when her mother said, "A Christian Endeavor

social was announced yesterday for Thursday evening. What surprise have you in store for the society this time, dear?"

"I really do not know, mother, what their plans are this time."

"Not know?" spoke up Cousin Catharine. "Aren't you on the social committee?"

"Yes, but they got up this social without consulting me."

Cousin Catharine's sharp eyes flashed. "I thought yesterday that I saw Maude St. Albans snub you. She is the chairman of the social committee still, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is an associate member, but we made her chairman of that committee to keep her interested. I am afraid we made a mistake. I am the only active member of the committee."

"Jennie," pursued Cousin Catharine mercilessly, "aren't the girls 'cutting' you, now you have become a — a — printer, just as I said they would?"

"Why, yes, Cousin Catharine, I suppose Maude and her set are 'cutting me,' come to

think of it, but no one whose opinion I care a fig for has snubbed me in the least."

"Oh, dear! and just as you were getting in the best society, too. I did hope the St. Albanses were going to take up with you at last. To live right opposite us all these years and never get beyond the formal call! And now you have gone and spoiled your chances!"

"Cousin Catharine," declared Jennie, with some warmth, "I don't want the society of the St. Albans set. They care far more for money and fashion than for Christian character. I have a host of good friends — many more than I deserve — people of solid worth; and since I am sure they approve my earning money to help mother, I am not going to fret about the aristocrats over the way."

"And you are entirely right, daughter dear," said Mrs. Rolland, while Cousin Catharine merely said, "Humph!"

"Mother!" exclaimed Jennie, after a moment of thought, "may I not ask two of my printer friends out here to spend Thursday night?"

"Why, Jennie, you are not thinking of staying home from that social, are you?"

"Of course not; but these new friends are so nice I want to show them off."

This bold proposition, to which Mrs. Rolland readily assented, brought fresh moans from Cousin Catharine.

"It will be a direct defiance to the best society of the town!" she asserted; but Jennie was firm.

Indeed, it was as Cousin Catharine had shrewdly suspected. Since Jennie had gone to work in that vaguely degrading city printing-office, the beautiful and talented girl had distinctly lost caste. Some of the "aristocracy" would not even speak to her. Among these was Maude St. Albans, who lived in the grand stone house just across the street from the Rollands' pretty cottage.

Alas! that a Christian Endeavor society should put its sacred social influences in charge of one who is not a true-hearted Christian. This mistake Jennie's society had made, trusting to Jennie's character to maintain the Christian Endeavor tone of the committee; with what result

OH, IT MUST BE HEAVEN TO LIVE IN SUCH A PLACE

our readers know. The first Jennie had heard of the proposed social was its announcement on the day before.

The two whom Jennie chose to set before her friends as specimens of that dreadful genus, the working girl, were Grace Lawrence and Bess Summers. They heartily agreed to the proposed visit, and eagerly anticipated it. When Thursday evening came, the three girls had a delightful ride together out to Weston, the cars following the edge of the beautiful Waubeek River.

"Oh, it must be heaven to live in such a place!" sighed Bess, as, before entering her home, Jennie showed them some of the many points of interest in the extensive landscape.

"Yes, girls, it is," said Jennie, as she led the way in, "and I have often wondered how it could be right for a few of us fortunate ones to keep possession of these magnificent outlooks, that would be such an inspiration to thousands who can't get them."

"Well, *you*, at any rate, don't—" began Grace, but found herself in front of Mrs. Rol-

land and Miss Catharine Tapley, being introduced.

What the two ladies saw before them was two neatly dressed girls, each bearing herself with the quiet composure that any serious labor, long continued, is quite certain to give. Grace's face was earnest and thoughtful, Bess's was laughing and sunny; both were frank and open, showing noble souls that expected nobility in others. One at least of the elderly ladies was perfectly satisfied with the "printer girls," and the other was compelled to suspend judgment.

"I am sorry," said Jennie, "that we must hurry to our meal and through it, but if we do not we shall be late at the social."

Indeed, as it was, though they made as good time as possible, they were late, and found the church parlors quite full by the time they reached them.

As soon as Jennie entered she saw that something was wrong. A constraint appeared to rest on the company of young folks that was usually so jolly. For former socials Jennie's care had always provided some little plan for breaking

the ice as soon as the Endeavorers entered. At one time conversation cards would be distributed. At another, the names of famous characters would be pinned to the backs of each, all being required to talk to one another as if they were these characters, and each to discover, from the talk of others addressed to himself, what person he unconsciously represented; which being learned, his placard was transferred from back to front. Or, at another time, the members would simply be adorned with committee badges and bidden to talk with one another about committee work till the bell rang.

No such ease-producing contrivance had been planned for this occasion, however, as Jennie found to her sorrow when she began to introduce her new friends to her old comrades. The stiffness of these introductions, in a few cases, she felt was due to something worse than the constraint of a badly managed social, for she had been forced several times to include in her introductions members of the St. Albans set, and she never failed to make it known, with a

ring in her voice, that the lady-like strangers were from the printing-office.

Of a sudden arose much bustling among the members of the social committee, with many subdued exclamations of annoyance. Soon the president of the society hurried up to Jennie. He was Jasper Knowles, a near neighbor and good friend.

"Well, Miss Rolland, your committee is in a scrape. How are you going to get out of it?"

"A scrape?"

"Haven't you heard? They can't come."

"They? Who?"

"Is it possible you don't know? Why, the quartette."

"Mr. Knowles, I was not told anything about the plans for this social, and I am quite in the dark."

The president gave her a quick look of comprehension. Then an expression of disgust came over his strong young face. "Ah, that explains. I understand," he said. "Well, your associates — who will not associate" (he could not help adding this) — "hired a quartette

of concert singers to come from the city to entertain us. Bah! And they have just got word that the soprano has a bad cold and cannot sing, and your fellow committeemen have become panic stricken and thrown the entire management of the social into my hands. You must help me out, Miss Rolland."

Instantly a daring project flashed into Jennie's head. "I have a plan for a game," she said, "that I have been holding for some time in reserve for just such a predicament as this. There are, however, two long pauses in the game, which is a sort of contest. I have two friends from the printing-office in which I work. How would it do to ask them to fill these pauses? One of them sings beautifully, and the other is a fine declaimer. I have heard the other girls in the city go into raptures over them."

"The very thing! A Rolland to the rescue!" cried Jasper Knowles, and at once went to Grace and Bess to tell them about the unfortunate predicament and prefer his earnest request. They saw the need and cordially assented, not magnifying their importance, as

so many do, by a grudging and tardy acquiescence.

Jennie speedily unfolded her plan to the president, and he, calling to order the already too dignified assembly, told them of the disappointment of the social committee, and announced the extemporized entertainment, to which, in a true Christian Endeavor spirit, all were to contribute.

"Everybody here knows some funny story, or ought to. Five minutes will be given you to decide on the best you know. Three judges will be appointed. These will hear, one after another, half of the society repeat their stories.

"If the judges laugh, they must pay forfeits. While the judges are deciding among themselves which is the best story of the first set, one of Miss Rolland's friends from the city has kindly consented to sing for us. In the same way the second half of the society will be heard, and while the judges are deciding on the second victor Miss Rolland's other friend will favor us with a recitation. The two victors are each to propose a conundrum, and the judges will

solemnly crown the one who tells the best. This victor will sell the judges' forfeits. Now, for five minutes, put on your thinking caps."

The conclusion of this speech was followed by a merry buzz quite different from the subdued tone of the previous half hour, and very far from the brown study the president had advised. The plan of the joke contest struck the fancy of the society.

The five minutes up, the judges were appointed — the pastor, the Sunday-school superintendent, and a young-hearted, gray-haired deacon, who was one of the most honored members of the society. These drew their faces down into a most comical solemnity as they ranged themselves in seats on the platform, the pastor defying the entire roomful to make *him* laugh. In absolute surrender, however, he paid his forfeit to the very first story, which was Arthur Adams's, the roll being called in alphabetical order. And this was Arthur's joke, given in a capital Irish brogue :—

" Maggie and Pat were all alone. Maggie and Pat liked each other very much. Maggie

and Pat were having a very good time. 'Oh, yer a broth of a boy,' said Maggie. Pat's arm stole around her waist as he replied, 'I'd be better broth if I had a little mate.'"

May Asten gave the next joke, which had a good point to it: "An old soldier was smoking his pipe in the presence of a lady. He noticed that his smoking annoyed her, and coolly remarked, 'They don't smoke in your regiment, ma'am?' The lady replied with spirit, 'In my regiment, possibly; in my company, never!'"

Ralph Asten, May's brother, was also evidently fond of a joke with a point to it, and, though his story did not extort a forfeit from the now wary judges, it won their nods of approbation. This was it: "At the close of the Revolutionary War it took a large sum of Continental money to buy a very small thing. One day a wag was traveling and wanted to pay for his breakfast at an inn. Before giving the old landlady her money it occurred to him to play a joke on her. He had in his pocket a copy of the old 'New England Primer,' with its Shorter Catechism and its religious verses, such as

'In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all.'

He separated the pages, and counted out a few to the old lady. She didn't know much about reading, but she looked at them closely, spelled out a few pious words, and said, 'That's all right. I'm glad Congress has at last got some money with a little religion in it.'"

So the contest went on through the alphabet. Some of the jokes were rather musty, to be sure, but young hearts laugh easily. No Endeavorer refused to contribute his share to the evening's entertainment, that being part of the unwritten covenant subscribed to by this society, as it should be by every body of Endeavorers. That is, no active member refused; but some of the associates that clustered around Maude St. Albans were so piqued at the failure of their plans that they would join in no new ones.

While the judges were deciding, in another room, the merits of the jokes told by the first half of the members, Bess Summers quietly came forward to sing. She and Grace, close friends all their lives, had practised together so

much that Grace knew all her accompaniments by heart, and so it was Grace who, with no music, sat down, in a self-possessed way, at the piano.

Almost with Bess's first word the loud chatter that had followed the first series of jokes was hushed. Bess was especially fond of Tennyson's unapproachable lyrics, and delighted above measure in "The Brook." Her sweet young voice rippled through the beautiful lines as sunnily as Grace's fingers tripped over the keys in the rare accompaniment.

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

The song is one that sings itself over and over to the brain, long after the singer is still, going on, like the brook itself, forever; and as Bess and Grace put all their hearts in it, no wonder they charmed their audience, and gained an enthusiastic recall.

Bess's second song would also be called old-

fashioned by some foolish folks who do not know that fine songs never grow stale, however stale the "tarra-ra boom-deay" songs may become; it was Kingsley's "Three Fishers."

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West, as the sun went down."

The tender pathos of this song of love and toil and death entered into every heart, and not a few of those who listened remembered that nowadays it is not always "men must work, and women must weep," but women must do both.

Promptly the judges reported the victor, — Clarence Brown, the wag of the society, and then, as the generous cheers died away, the secretary proceeded with his roll-call.

Jennie came in this half of the alphabet, and I am sure you would like to know what sort of joke she would select. Here it is: —

"There were once in Glasgow three tailors in the same street. Of course they were rivals. One of them hung out a sign, 'The best tailor in this town.' The second, not to be outdone,

posted his claim, 'The best tailor in the world.' What was left for the third tailor to say? Well, he was the cleverest of the lot, and got away with them all by putting out his sign, 'The best tailor in this street.'"

The joke of the evening was told by Ned Winters. This was not because Ned's joke was anything remarkable in itself, but because Ned was by far the most bashful and solemn boy in the society. It was an entire revelation to all when, with spirit and with appropriate gestures, as well as with a capital imitation of French-English, he got off the following:—

"He was a French visitor and he said, 'I called to see Monsieur.' The maid replied, 'You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet!' Cried the Frenchman, 'Vat you tell? I com' yester' an' you zay, "Can't zee heem, because he's not down." Now you zay, "Can't zee heem, because he is not oop." I no compr'end, not at all, Mademoiselle! *Ven vill he be in zee middle?*'"

All the jokes being told, while the judges were again consulting, it came Grace's turn to

entertain the waiting company. A perfect little lady she came forward, her bright face earnest with the message she was proposing to give, for she had chosen to declaim Lowell's rare poem, "The Fountain of Youth." Few indeed in the room had ever read it: —

"'Tis a woodland enchanted!
By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes,
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted: — "

Grace was in love with the beauty of the scene described by the poet of nature, and her glowing declamation, enriched with appropriate gestures, presented the poet's wise meaning so truly and forcibly that she also was given an encore.

Again she betrayed her love for outdoors, as well as her dainty taste, in selecting Shelley's exquisite verses "To a Skylark."

"Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:—"

So she wandered on through that fairyland poem, in which is contained the very distilled essence of imagination. Oh, why is it that public declaimers will insist on mouthing "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night," while a vast world of noble poetry lies all unhackneyed before them? Try the appeal to the most thoughtful and cultured of your audience, young elocutionists, and see if you will not win them all, as Grace did.

Well, as every one expected, Ned Winters won the second triumph. He must have been shyly expecting this honor; at any rate, he was ready with his conundrum, to cap Clarence Brown's, this being the appointed method of deciding the tie.

Clarence's poser was this: "What is the difference between a sheet of paper and a lazy dog?"

There was the usual pause, the usual wag-

gishly desperate attempts at an answer, and the usual "Give it up; what is it?" to which his reply was, "One is an inclined plane (an ink-lined plane), and the other is a slope up (a slow pup)!"

Then came Ned's turn, and with diffidence he queried, "What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted molar?"

"Give it up!" "Give it up!" they all cried, taught by their previous failure.

But Ned waited for several grotesque guesses before he solved the query: "One is too thin (tooth in) and the other is tooth out!"

It did not take the judges long to decide. The palm was awarded Ned, as the deacon said in a comical speech, because his conundrum was a little more youthful, because it was shorter and pithier, and because it contained a useful lesson in hygiene!

In the midst of tremendous hand-clapping Jasper Knowles placed a laurel wreath upon Ned's head. This laurel wreath, by the way, was extemporized from twisted paper.

The laureled victor was next enthroned as judge. Undue and unwarranted levity had brought upon the parson the payment of two forfeits, while the deacon and Sunday-school superintendent had got through with only one each.

As judge, also, Ned Winters showed unexpected brightness. Indeed, Ned was the great discovery of the evening. One such discovery should (and could) be made at every Christian Endeavor social.

He condemned the parson, as just retribution, to tell a story about a toadstool and to show how a girl sharpens a pencil. He sentenced the deacon, at once, and as fast as he could talk, to describe, *in rhyme*, — boiled cabbage! And he decreed that the Sunday-school superintendent should play on a comb "The Last Rose of Summer,' with variations!

The forfeits having been triumphantly redeemed, decided movements here and there warned the social committee that it was time to dismiss the laughing company.

Socials in this Weston society were closed in

as definite and orderly way as the prayer meetings. They were not allowed to "fray out at the edges." On this evening, at a word from the president, the society pianist touched the chords, the members rose from their seats, reverently sang the tender parting hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," and reverently repeated in concert their mutual benediction:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

With a merry heart Jennie escorted her two friends homeward. She was very proud of them, and very glad of the opportunity to show her Weston comrades what they could do, and how womanly and intelligent they were. You may be sure the story of the evening's triumph was told before Cousin Catharine, and that lady's gray eyes snapped at the rehearsal as if to say, "When the best society will not take us in, it is next best to show them how much better we are than they!" You will believe me, how-

ever, when I say that Jennie's sunny spirit did not mar the evening's success by any thought so unkind as that. One of the highest proofs that one is in the best society is that one never worries about whether one is there or not, but simply lives the life God sets before him from day to day.

Girl fashion, Jennie and her friends, who occupied two beds in the same large room, chattered till a late hour. It seemed to them they had scarcely gone to sleep, though it was really near morning, when they were awakened by those most startling of all sounds, the ringing of alarm bells, and the wild cry of "Fire! Fire! Help!" through the quiet village streets. A bright light shone into the room.

"O girls! girls!" cried Jennie. "It is the St. Albans' opposite!"

CHAPTER IX.

COMMON SENSE AT A FIRE.

IN a twinkling the three girls were dressed. They met Mrs. Rolland and Cousin Catharine on the stairs.

"Mother, we three girls must go over to help. Fire is bursting out of the roof, and the whole house will go before they can get the engine from Croton."

"Be very careful, Jennie, and don't run any risk."

"I'd let the stuck-up St. Albanses carry out their own duds."

You may guess which of the two ladies made each speech.

Neither Mrs. Rolland nor Cousin Catharine was strong enough to venture out, but they stood at the window and anxiously watched the girls run across the brightly illuminated street and the great lawn that lay smoothly in front of the extensive mansion opposite.

"Fortunate it hasn't got below the attic yet," cried Jennie, as they ran. Then added, "What idiots people are at a fire!"

This remark was called out by the crash of china, a shower of which was coming from one of the windows. Another incident she observed in that quick sweep, and could not afterwards recall without shivering. A woman was reaching out of a window to drop something on the turf below. Out of the window above was thrust a trunk, and Jennie gasped as the trunk came crashing down, striking just where the woman's head had been an instant before, bounding from the window-sill, and splitting to pieces on the ground.

Within the house were screams and contradictory cries. Mrs. St. Albans met them as they rushed up the broad stairway. Her wrapper was wildly flying, and she was carefully carrying down stairs — her brush and comb.

"Oh, isn't it *dreadful?*" she exclaimed. "*Do* you know where Maude is? And *have* you seen Tom?" Tom being her husband, who was up attic with the garden hose.

"Mrs. St. Albans, may we help carry out the things? And shall I have them taken over to our house?"

"Oh, yes! Anything! Where *is* Tom? He might help me take out my new card table. He ought to know—"

"Mrs. St. Albans, won't you go upstairs with us, and unlock the drawers and boxes, and point out what you value most?"

"Oh, yes! Anything! Oh, dear, isn't it *awful?* And I can't think of anything in such a hurry. Where *is* Maude?"

Maude, upstairs, was like her mother, incoherent and moaning, out of breath with the excitement. Half a dozen men were there, the servants and the neighbors. Jennie went straightway to Jasper Knowles.

"A crowd will be here at once. Won't you stand a man at each door to make them form in line along the halls and up the stairs, and send the women up here to pack things?"

Then, while Jasper chose two young men to aid him in this work, Jennie, turning to Mrs. St. Albans, said quietly, "The fire is in the

attic, and I think we shall have time to get out everything before it reaches us. We might as well begin in this room. Please unlock everything."

Quieted somewhat by Jennie's composure, Mrs. St. Albans and Maude did as Jennie directed. In the meantime our three girls had snatched the bedclothes — it was Mrs. St. Albans's own room — laid them on the floor, and were busily placing in them great piles of garments, rare laces, jewel cases, elegant toilet articles, the contents of chest and drawer, — rich vases and other costly and fragile goods being thrust safely down amid the cloth.

These were tied in great bundles, and left in the middle of the floor while the girls went to Maude's room. By this time enough women had arrived to make it plain to Jennie that her clear brain was more needed even than her quick hands. Bess and Grace had caught the method, moreover, and Jennie asked Grace to see to the work in Maude's room, directing the excited neighbors, while she herself went on.

In the same way Bess and Mrs. St. Albans were left to clear the linen room with the help of a few women, and Jennie, armed with the remainder of the keys, opened doors here and there, and composedly set people to work. It is wonderful what a single ready mind and steady will can do at a fire. The true kings come out here, if anywhere, — the kings, who *can* (I hope you remember your Carlyle). Before Jennie reached a room it was all a noisy tangle of people running against one another, loading each other's arms, and excitedly debating what ought to be saved. The very sight of the capacious sheets spread on the floor inspired every one with the possibility of saving everything, and showed how it could be done.

Ralph Knowles also was of the king-men, the *can* men. Stoutly resisting the temptation to seize some valuable article and carry it to a place of safety, he stood at the broad front door and formed the rapidly arriving men into a line, down the wide hall and up the stairway to where Jennie was at work, sending only a few of the quickest and strongest up attic to help

hold the fire in check until the engine might arrive from Croton, three miles away.

Speedily the great bundles came down along the line, handsome chairs, mirrors, toilet sets, pictures — it is absolutely marvelous how much can be done by system. These all were passed out to the crowd of eager helpers on the lawn, who soon caught the idea, and formed a line extending to the Rollands' across the street.

Men by the score sought to crowd past Ralph. "Let me in! I want to help."

"But there are enough in there already, and you would only be in the way. You are needed outside. Join the line." Luckily, Ralph was a young man of muscle as well as mind, and his stout arm served to emphasize his words in the case of many a village bully and prospective thief.

In spite of all, some of these incompetents effected an entrance, through windows which they smashed in, or through some side door. On reaching the first floor in her orderly progress, Jennie found one of this class in the library, a town loafer, absolutely beside himself

with fire frenzy. He was climbing up on chairs and wildly sweeping whole shelves full of beautiful books on the floor.

"What are you about, sir?" demanded Jennie. "Don't you see that it will take a great deal longer to gather them up from there?"

The man gave a frantic howl, "Fire!" and sprang at another shelf. Some of the elegant volumes split in two as they were dashed against the hardwood floor. Jennie had to call Jasper to subdue the fire-crazed fellow.

In the library were many large rugs, into which the books were piled. Jennie's eyes looked lovingly at their noble bindings, and she would have liked to linger in that room, for there were few things she enjoyed more than handling books; but Bess had taken charge here with Jasper, and she hurried off to the china closets.

All the dishes in plain view had been thrown from the windows by the silly gardener at the beginning of the fire; but Mrs. St. Albans unlocked the closets in which the most valuable table ware was kept and the safe where her

silver was stored. Jasper's thoughtfulness had sent out word that clothesbaskets would be needed, and a score of ready hands piled therein the costly goods.

By this time the fire had reached the floor above, and volumes of smoke rolled down the stairs. The firemen had come, but too late to save the house. The crowd outside saw a danger never thought of by the eager workers within. The cornice was loosening. The roof was about to fall in.

"Come out! Come out!" they screamed; but their voices were drowned by the angry roar of the flames.

A fireman ran in from the engine throbbing on the lawn.

"All out! All out!" he shouted. "The roof is falling! All out!"

Jennie looked around her, loath to leave. The fire had as yet appeared nowhere on that floor. It seemed perfectly safe, and there was so much yet to save!

"Come," said Ralph, taking her by the arm. "They say we are in great danger if we stay

in here a moment longer." And Jennie reluctantly left the doomed house.

On reaching the lawn, where she found Bess and Grace, she saw her past peril with a shudder. Flames were billowing out from the second-story windows. The roof seemed to rise and fall with the fierceness of the imprisoned flames. Even as she gazed there was a great crash, the roof parted, wavered, sank crashing down to the cellar, and a vast swirl of fire-demons rushed exultantly into the air.

Jennie turned away shivering. "Come, girls. Mother will be terribly worried."

In this she was right. Mrs. Rolland had watched the fire with inexpressible anxiety, her lips moving in constant prayer, and it was in a very passion of gratitude that she threw her arms around Jennie on her return.

Cousin Catharine also met them in the hall. "They're here!" she whispered excitedly.

"They? Who?"

"Mrs. St. Albans and Maude."

To be sure, there in the little parlor, in the midst of a pandemonium of bundles and house-

hold goods, were the rich woman and her daughter. Mrs. St. Albans was weeping hysterically.

"Oh, isn't it *awful?*" she cried, on seeing Jennie. "Oh, where *is* Tom? Was my set of Sevres saved? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Where *is* Tom? And my Valenciennes lace?"

Tom soon appeared, red from his gallant fight with the fire. He took the matter philosophically. "We were fully insured," he said, "and I hear that everything we care most about was got out, — the things we could never replace."

Here Maude spoke up. She had been silent hitherto, not quite knowing what to say to Jennie; but Maude St. Albans, foolish as she was, saw things far more clearly in the light of such a fire as had visited her.

"Father," she said, "we owe it all to Jennie and her two brave friends. Everything was in confusion till they came, and they directed and managed everything so splendidly — oh, I never can tell you! And, Jennie, I never can thank you enough. And how proud you ought

to be of your friends! And how glad I am that they were out here to-night!" With this, the young aristocrat went up to the three printers and hugged them all in turn.

Cousin Catharine saw and heard this, and gave a "Humph!" of satisfaction. "Jennie may get into the best society, after all," thought she.

It was early morning. The sky, that had glowed far and wide with that hill-top conflagration, now reddened with the flames of the sunrise. Mrs. Rolland and Jennie busied themselves with the breakfast, while Bess and Grace assisted the homeless rich folk to find some immediate necessaries.

A queerly assorted company gathered around Mrs. Rolland's bright breakfast-table, but the strangers at once felt more at home than they ever had in the elegant dining room now reduced to ashes. As Jennie ran over the long list of rooms she had seen entirely emptied of their precious contents, Mrs. St. Albans gradually ceased to moan, and a feeling of profound gratitude came over her. After breakfast a

carriage rolled up to take her to the hotel, but she said, in departing, "If it were not for adding to your trouble, already heavy, dear neighbors, I should accept your invitation, and stay in your lovely home. You must let me come here often, now that I have found out how beautiful it is."

And Cousin Catharine felt that Jennie's entrance into the best society was at last assured.

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE DISCORD.

THE Printers' Christian Endeavor Society grew and flourished. It made no striking efforts — indeed, it did not consider it necessary to have officers and a constitution — yet it gradually drew three others of the force into its circle. These three were some friends we have already made, — wide-awake, laughing Bess Summers, thoughtful Susan Armitage, and firm-faced Mary Norton, who always took everything seriously, even Dick's jokes.

The seven thus brought together made up half the working force in the office of *The White Plume*. The compositors were divided into two camps. Sallie and her party had nothing but ridicule for Jennie and the "saints," as she scornfully dubbed them. On Thursday noons, when the little band of Endeavorers, having finished their lunch together, bowed their heads in their corner — for the same corner was

still retained that Jennie had found the first day — and while their earnest young voices rose in softly uttered praise and petition, then, indeed, the jest and boisterous fun of Sallie's band was for an instant hushed, in spite of their bold leader, who blamed herself for her weakness in yielding even this show of respect to the "hypocritical proceeding of those fanatics."

As soon, however, as the heads were raised, and the Endeavorers began to tell each other, speaking in a regular order, about their week's experience in the Christian life, their trials and triumphs, their blessings and troubles, the things that had hindered and the things that had helped, then the seven in the center of the room found tongue again. First came sly glances, then smirks of amusement and smiles of scorn, then loudly spoken sneers, each vying with the other in fancied wit. And what provoked them most of all was that the eager-eyed group in the corner, their heads all bent forward into the circle, really seemed not even to hear, still less to mind at all their brilliant efforts.

This Printers' Society of Christian Endeavor

had been in existence some weeks when Dick, the inventive, suggested the publication of a society paper.

"A printers' Christian Endeavor society," said he, "should surely make use of printer's ink;" and to this they all agreed.

And so it was that *The Christian Endeavor Composing-Stick* came into the world. The type for this was set up at noon by the members. Each set up the article which he or she contributed to the paper. In this they had a distinct advantage over contributors to other periodicals. After enough had been set up to form a four-page number, the seven gathered eagerly around, all of them having a hand in making it up into pages. There was much friendly jesting as to which article should be honored with first position, and those who inserted their advertisements all wanted, in imitation of the advertisers in *The White Plume*, "top of column, next to reading-matter."

Finally, however, the pages would be made up and laid out on the bed of the proof-press, where Dick would work off in a few minutes an

edition ample for the needs of *The Composing-Stick's* rather limited constituency.

I think you would like to see a number of this unique Christian Endeavor periodical, and I will ask the printer to make an exact copy of one here. The initials appended to the articles will remind you of some friends.

The Christian Endeavor Composing-Stick

VOL. I. YORK, N. L., NOVEMBER 4, 1893. No. 3.

PI-'TRY.

BY KCID.

PUMPKIN-PIE is healthy diet,
Lemon-pie will keep me quiet,
Hot mince-pie, O that's the prize 'un;
But printers' pi is printers' p'izen!

A BATTLE IN FAIRYLAND.

No one in the composing-room saw it, but as the compositors came in in the morning, the air was filled with a throng of ugly little creatures, with impish faces, and claws on their fingers, and long tails with stings in them. These were the type goblins.

No sooner had the compositors seated themselves on their stools than these mischievous beings got to work. One of them loosened the clamp of Grace's composing-stick so that it slipped and almost pied her type. One of them took up several handfuls of *n*'s and dropped them in the *u* box. One of them covered up a whole line of copy from Lucy's eyes, so that she did not see it, and left it out of what she was setting. A great crowd of them, when Susan was not thinking what she was about, took up a case of minion and put it in the place of the case of brevier from which she should have been setting, so that her whole hour's work was spoiled.

All things were soon in a pretty mess in that composing-room. Every one was cross, even Mr. Edwards and Jennie Rolland. The type goblins were having it all their own way, and they were exulting.

But all of a sudden — if we could only have seen it — there came into the room a whole army of beautiful little type fairies. I think they must have been waiting outside, and when pleasant-faced John Reynolds, the expressman, came in, he must have brought them in with him.

These type fairies had the loveliest forms and faces imaginable, and their wings were all glittering with gold. Swiftly they flew at those imps of darkness, the type goblins. They drove them away from all their knavish tricks. They stood guard over copy-holders, and type cases, and composing sticks. They saw that the type we were distributing went into the right boxes. Everybody began to smile. Dick began to hum a song. Mr. Edwards even started to whistle, his heart was so light.

Many thanks to the good fairies. May they come every day! M. N.

THE GREWSOME GRIFFIN; Or, Knights and Knitting.

BY S. A.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Launcelot to the Rescue!

OUR brave knight, with one thrust of his long sword, pierced the lion's breast, and the fiery monster rolled over harmless on the bloody ground.

"Well done!" cried the mysterious voice. "Now hie thee to thy second task. Thou must win Lady Patience from the castle of Hard Work."

"I will do my best," said the stout knight to the unseen power, and he boldly set forth on his journey.

He had not proceeded far before he discovered, coming toward him, the most marvelous and absurd creature imaginable.

It was a great griffin. Its wings were made of soft molasses candy. In vast clouds from its mouth rolled the vapor of chloroform. Its claws were fish-hooks. It was encased in an armor of sofa pillows. Its eyes were tightly closed.

"Ho!" cried the knight. "This is an easy conquest."

"Not so confidently," warned the attendant voice. "You see before you the redoubtable Lazy Griffin. A griffin more grewsome walks not upon the earth. Beware!"

Notwithstanding, the knight boldly urged on his noble steed, his lance in rest, and before the griffin opened his eyes the lance was thrust into his side.

But alas! what power has steel against a mass of feathers, or valor the most exalted against the breath of chloroform? The fish-hook claws caught the

knight as, withdrawing his lance, he would retire for a second onset. The soft molasses candy wings enwrapped him and stuck to him. Grievously upon him was cast a cloud of chloroform, and our good knight went fast to sleep.

The grewsome griffin detached a pillow from his armor, wherewith to smother his slumbering foe; but on a sudden arose a mighty shout: —

"Sir Launcelot to the rescue, ha! ho! hoo!"

(*To be continued.*)

MIND AND MATTER.

A True Story.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL. PHABET.

ONCE upon a time a boy was engaged, rancorously and rebelliously, in sawing wood with a very dull saw. (⍝ the saw.) Wearily and wearingly wobbled the sawhorse. (X the sawhorse.) Toughly and tenaciously the stick of wood held its own. (I the stick of wood.) At length, languidly and lazily, the boy lay down under an apple tree. (T the tree.)

Brightly and brilliantly glowed an apple in the branches above him. (O the apple.) Suddenly and swiftly, like an arrow, the apple descended upon him. († the arrow.) Brutally and bouncingly it hit him in the eye. (o the eye.)

Inquired the boy, sadly and solemnly, "Why was I not born before Sir Isaac Newton? I should in that case have discovered the law of gravitation. However," the boy reflected, jauntily and jocosely, "if I have not discovered the law of gravitation, I have, at any rate, seen stars." (* * * the stars.)

The boy was so pleased with this witticism that he immediately proceeded vigorously and vivaciously to finish sawing the wood. This is an illustration of the influence of matter (the apple) on mind, and of mind, in turn, on matter (the stick of wood). E. S.

MY FAVORITE STORY-TELLER.

A SYMPOSIUM.

MY favorite story-teller is Sir Walter Scott, because he takes me into so many interesting places, makes me a witness of so many thrilling adventures, shows me so many noble people, and teaches me so much about travel and history.

S. A.

DICKENS is Dick's favorite. For why? Because he's jolly. R. C.

I MOST enjoy Pansy, because she helps me most to live closely to my Saviour. I feel as if I must have known all her characters well somewhere — I have forgotten where. L. B.

I LIKE Miss Alcott best, because she always has so much good sense, and because the people in her stories have so good times. G. L.

MRS. WHITNEY pleases me more than any other story-writer. Her people are "real folks," and yet they are more interesting and helpful than most real folks. M. N.

I CHOOSE George Macdonald every time. He is so thoughtful, and brave, and true. I always think of him as Greatheart. J. R.

I WOULD rather read Mrs. Stowe's books than any other stories, and especially "Oldtown Folks" and "Poganuc People." Her characters are so funny and bright. E. S.

OUR MEETING.

BY O. N. WEST.

THERE's a peace for the soul and a light for the eye
In our Christian Endeavor meeting;
There's a lift for our burdens as Jesus draws nigh
To the Christian Endeavor meeting;
There's the shining of joy in the jubilant air,
There's a whisper divine that replies to our prayer;
And rightness, and lightness, and brightness are there,
In our Christian Endeavor meeting.

Ah, praise the dear Father who gives to the week
Its Christian Endeavor meeting!
We pray for His presence, His blessing we seek
For our Christian Endeavor meeting.
For the work we attempt be that Presence the power,
Our rainbow of safety in tempests that lower,—
Love, wisdom, and life from that blessed half hour,—
Our Christian Endeavor meeting.

THE
Christian Endeavor Composing-Stick.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WE, US, AND CO., Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS:

One year $0.00
Children, half price.

Our Clubbing List.

THE LEADER.

This is at present the only paper we are anxious to club.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Do not forget that for advance payment of subscriptions we make the liberal discount of twenty-five per cent.

The sad part of type-setting is that all our work must so soon be taken to pieces again. It requires, indeed, the eye of faith to see clearly that it is the same labor that goes on, with the electrotype, into the press, while the type itself may, perchance, be pied.

The constant industry of the coat-makers in the building over the way is an inspiration. How it contrasts with the loafing and the idle chatter of the clerks in the book auction room below, who choose to waste their time amid so rich chances of improving it!

It will help us if we can keep in mind, as we drudge over the type, the thousands of readers to whom we are carrying bright stories, beautiful poems, and wise essays.

Scarcely is any manuscript so hard to read as that of a man who tries to write finely, with his flourishes that only confuse, his hairlines, and his needless shadings. Commend us to the penman who seeks simply to make his writing unmistakably plain.

In what different ways different people eat lunch! Some degrade it, by their munching, to the hog-pen level. Others eat it as daintily as if it were a dinner of ten courses.

Now that there are so many journals, and everybody is writing for the press, why not teach in every public school the art of getting up a manuscript? There are few, indeed, that understand such matters as the proper indention of a paragraph, the proper way to write headlines, the place for the signature, and the need of great care in writing proper names.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

When Editor Barton, on entering his room in the morning, slams the door, look out for squalls.

When the editor, on the contrary, is heard whistling his one tune, "Suwanee River," it will be a fair day.

A galley tipped over indicates clouds and heavy showers.

Poor copy should lead you to expect muttering thunder, with uncertain weather.

When Dick hears the noon bell, expect a bright sønrise.

When the author of this article sets a galleyful of type without an error, look out for the sky to fall.

When the boy from the electrotyper's comes in with his pipe in his mouth, and Foreman Edwards sees him, it is a sure precursor of lightning. L. B.

VERTICAL WRITING.

It is astonishing to see how few people write letters that can stand alone. To understand a word you must read it as a whole, like a Chinese character. And so, if there comes a time when the meaning of the word depends on a single letter, as "and, end," "form, from," "far, for," and especially proper names, the poor compositor is totally at a loss.

How many penmen make n's that, cut out from their words, could be distinguished from their u's, or their m's, or their v's, or their w's? In the same way t, i, r, and l are hopelessly confused, and c, a, u, o, e, as well as such letters as b, l, k, f, h.

I saw the other day in a newspaper the statement that vertical writing is coming into use more and more, and

that there is even a movement to introduce it into the public schools. All printers will rejoice. The few manuscripts in vertical writing or back hand that I have seen were as plain, almost, as print. The letters can be distinguished from each other in this mode of writing more clearly by far than in writing of the ordinary slant.

I think if I had anything to say about the control of the public schools — and some day I may have, though I am only a woman — I should at least insist that teachers get their scholars to writing plainly, even if they did not put in a single flourish, and even if they never knew how to decline a Latin noun.

G. L.

THE COMPOSING-STICK.

BY O. N. WEST.

Oh, a gallant weapon am I
For a true Endeavorer's hands!
The bullets of truth I supply
Find lodgment in far-away lands.

My types in their militant rows
Are ready to charge and to fight
The boldest and ugliest foes
That assail the good and the right.

Since pens are mightier than swords,
My type has more power than guns;
It is lordlier far than the lords
Of all earth's imperial sons.

To one mighty Monarch alone
The hosts of the types yet shall bow;
Great Alpha-Omega in one,
The Lord of all letters art thou

BY THE CLOCK.

There is one compositor in the office who sets more ems in a week than any one else on the force. I have watched to see how she does it. This is her secret: she sets herself stints. She watches the clock. She says, "Now I am going to set up so many stickfuls this hour"; and she always does it.

The rest of us, with no definite aim, work as fast as we may,— by spurts,— do not get as much done as she does. She has no patent on her method, and I know she will be glad to let others have her secret.

QUADS.

BY THE OFFICE DICK-TATER.

Why is a bad compositor like the Lick telescope? *Answer:* Because he is always pi-ing things ("always spying," you know! Te, he!)

When an urchin cries for candy of the old-fashioned variety, of what printer's tool are you reminded by the candy that finally quiets him? *Answer:* Of the composing-stick.

Pied type calls for piety.

The Dick-tater would like to remind his readers that a slow compositor who makes no mistakes is worth more than the fastest compositor whose galley it takes an hour to correct.

"Why, who is the poet of the office?" was the cry when this third number of *The Composing-Stick* made its appearance.

Everybody wore an innocent face, but in an instant Lucy clapped her hands.

"Oh, I know!" she cried. "Who lives in Weston?" and Jennie was overwhelmed with congratulations on these products of her muse.

It was this paper that brought the society to the notice of Foreman Edwards. He went to a restaurant for his lunch, and therefore had never been present when one of the weekly Christian Endeavor meetings was in progress. Dick, however, had to ask his permission before he could run off the paper on the proof press, and his answers to Mr. Edwards's inquiries aroused that young gentleman's interest. He made up his mind to be present next Thursday noon and investigate. Going out to his lunch, therefore, earlier than usual, our foreman returned just as the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society was beginning its session. Quietly Jack Edwards took his seat close by the little circle, while Sallie and her crowd in the center

of the room nudged each other in gleeful expectation of a scene. Jack's heresies were well known in the office.

As he sat outside that circle of seven earnest young Christians, Jack was overcome by a feeling he never had known before. His head bowed instinctively as theirs bowed, and he trembled with suppressed emotion, as, one after another, the sweet girl voices and Dick's frank utterance expressed their needs and aspirations, their confession and their praise, softly, as to one very dear; confidentially and simply, as to one greatly trusted and felt to be very near.

"Dear Jesus, teach my hands to be patient for thee, and my brain to be quick. Enable me to do whatever I do as for thee."

"Dear Jesus, forgive all my murmuring, and frets, and discontent. Help me to be happy all the day because thou art with me and blessing me."

"Dear Saviour, I thank thee for the strength to do my work, and pray thee that it may become more and more thy work as well as mine."

Such were the brief prayers, the like of which

Jack, unused to churches and prayer meetings, had never heard before. Their earnestness thrilled him, and their directness appealed to his straightforward manliness. Notwithstanding, he felt ill at ease.

When heads were lifted and the seven began to speak in order, Jack grew more at home. This did not make him feel so uncomfortable as those prayers did. Yet this, too, was quite new to him, for these young Christians were in the habit of saving for that Thursday half-hour whatever of helpfulness they could find during the week, and the quick wits of these bright young folks found many helpful things. To this meeting Jennie brought Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful poem, "Not as I Will." Susan read for them a few noble sentences of Phillips Brooks, whom they all evidently loved. Grace repeated a fine illustration that had stuck in her memory from last Sunday's sermon. Dick told of a noble act of heroism he had read about in the paper. Lucy repeated the Ninetieth Psalm, asking them all to bow their heads as she did so, that they might use it as a prayer.

When all were done, Dick turned to Jack Edwards, and said, with his winsome smile:—

"Every one takes part, Mr. Edwards, in Christian Endeavor meetings. Won't you give us a word?"

"I had been intending," answered Jack, "to ask permission to bring my contribution to the meeting. I am well aware that you will not agree with what I shall read, and probably my contribution will be the strangest ever made to a Christian Endeavor meeting, but nevertheless, as I believe it, I will read it"; and he pulled from his pocket a copy of *The Leader*.

CHAPTER XI.

HER FATHER'S BUSINESS.

SURELY the article that Jack Edwards then read was the strangest ever read at a Christian Endeavor meeting, as he himself said. I shall not stain my story with it. And yet it was no worse than many thousand other writings sent forth every month by the infidel press of the world,—writings becoming each year, I am glad to believe, fewer themselves, and patronized by fewer readers.

In the article it was coolly taken for granted that this ancient faith of ours, the inspiration of countless heroic lives, and the dearly loved support of myriads of the world's wisest and best, is based on foundations no more firm than uphold the myth of the apples of Hesperides. This conquering, regnant religion, this master of history, this Lord of kings, was treated as an old wife's tale, honored only by women and children. Christ was patronized — *patronized!*

The writer ranked him as somewhat below Herbert Spencer and somewhere above Tolstoi. Miracles were contemptuously cast aside as impossible; the Bible, as a fairy-book. Voltaire was accepted as history, and Ingersoll as logic.

"But," said the writer, "there is something better than outworn superstitions. In the place of this absurd religion of a self-imagined god, let us practise the religion of a real humanity. Let us feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant, reform the vicious. Thus, in place of a fictitious heaven, we shall create a heavenly earth."

As Jack Edwards ceased, there was a profound silence throughout the room. Sallie's group of jeerers had been listening, you may be sure. Now they watched eagerly to see what would be the result of Jack's bold attack on the enemy. Jennie's face was pale, and her eyes were full of tears. The others were more familiar with *Leader* copy; even Lucy Banks, who, in her sore need of work, had not dared to take Jennie's bold step and refuse to set the

hated matter. Grace, ever ready, was first to speak.

"Christians believe in doing good, Mr. Edwards," she said, "as much as the writer of that article, but we have found that we cannot do good without Christ's help, and that with his help we can. I hope that some day you may come to know the Saviour we all love to honor."

"I do honor him," said Jack, and he said it earnestly. "He was a great and good man. I do not confound *him* with the things that silly tradition has attributed to him."

With this, as it was one o'clock, he rose to go to his work, and his compositors followed him, —with what feelings you may easily imagine.

This incident was the beginning of several things. One of them was this: Jennie Rolland made up her mind to do what she could to win for Christ this manly young fellow, whose merry laugh, pleasant ways, and abounding energy could do such good service in the Christian cause.

Having come to this decision, our young woman was not long in carrying out her inten-

tion. She was a young woman of business, and was in the habit of counting work for her Master as more pressingly important than any other business whatever. After long thought and much earnest prayer, she found opportunity, one evening, for a few words with Jack, just as the other girls were bustling off toward the elevator.

"Mr. Edwards," she began abruptly, "do you know, though you pretend to be such a skeptic, I think you would like to believe the story of Christ, if you could?"

"Why, yes, indeed, Miss Rolland," Jack answered frankly, evidently not at all displeased at her introduction of the subject. "Who would not rather believe in the Bible account than disbelieve it? But I can't, and that is all there is of it."

"Are you *sure* you can't?"

"Quite sure. I have investigated the matter thoroughly"; and Jack looked very wise.

"Mr. Edwards," urged Jennie seriously, "I do not see how you *dare* disbelieve the Bible. If ever death comes as near you as it has come

to me"— and here Jennie's voice faltered at the remembrance of her dead brother — "you will see how the Bible story furnishes the only comfort in all the world."

"But we ought not to believe things merely because they are comforting, Miss Rolland. Death is a dark mystery, but fables, however beautiful, do not clear it up."

"Yes, but if the story of the resurrection is true — "

"If!" and Jack's monosyllable expressed equal superiority and amusement. Had he not delved deep into philosophy? Had he not read Herbert Spencer and all the other evolutionists? And here was a girl compositor who thought she knew more about the problem of life and death than he knew!

"Mr. Edwards, why do you think the account of the resurrection untrue?"

"Miss Rolland, it is not my business to prove it true or untrue. It is the business of Christians to prove their story true, and in this they ridiculously fail, when they do not piously evade the point altogether."

"What kind of proof do you need?" asked our persistent advocate, who felt herself getting far beyond her depth.

"Well," answered Jack, smiling condescendingly, "before I could believe that a man died and came to life again after three days in the grave, I should have to have the testimony of competent, disinterested witnesses, and the evidence of a sufficient number of them. Besides, I should want it proved that what was given me *was* their testimony, and not a fabrication. None of this can be given for the Christ myth."

Jennie never felt her weakness as she did just then. Her faith, like the faith of the majority of Christians, was born of the heart, rather than of the mind. Faith, to amount to anything, must always spring from the heart, but it must be armed with logic and facts if it is to enter into a struggle with unfaith. What is perfectly satisfying to Christians, and rightly satisfying, seems, to one who has not passed through the Christian's blessed experience, to be nothing but emotion. Few Chris-

tians realize their duty to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. They are likely at any turn to stumble against Jack Edwardses.

There was only one thing Jennie could say, and she said that.

"Mr. Edwards, I am ashamed to say that, though I believe in my heart that the Bible is true and genuine, and do not think a false book could possibly do what the Bible has done for me and the world, yet I have not studied the reasons why men know the Bible to be true, and Christ to be no impostor or myth. But my brother Henry once thought just about as you do, and one of his college professors gave him a book that helped him out of all his difficulties. If I bring it in to you, will you read it?"

"Why, really, Miss Rolland, I have read so many books on the subject that it would be carrying coals to Newcastle, if you will excuse me; but, if you want me to, I will read the book, of course, and thank you for your kindness."

Promptly the next day Jennie appeared with the volume. It was a small book, in pleasant, open type, with short chapters. It was written in a straightforward, manly style, and with a fine feeling of sympathy with honest doubt. The writer evidently did not aim at an elaborate theological treatise; it was a plain talk in plain language. Nor did the author prove all his positions by quoting the Bible, forgetting first to prove the Bible.

He put himself with wonderful insight and tact precisely in the place of the unwilling skeptic. He took nothing for granted except the reader's honesty of purpose and willingness to yield to clear proofs. He admitted the mysteries that must attend the infinite God in his dealings with his finite creatures, and he showed how it would be unreasonable if these mysteries did not exist, and exist, too, in just the form in which the Bible presents them.

And as for the side of Christianity that admits of human proof, his evidence was such as would be deemed conclusive in any court of law, and was presented with all a lawyer's ardor and

skill. Jennie read the little book entirely through before she gave it to Jack Edwards. She sat up half the night, I am sorry to say, to do it. But she gave it to him with the confidence that, unless he was wilfully skeptical, that book would resolve his doubts.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY CAN STAND IT NO LONGER.

JACK EDWARDS read with care the book that Jennie had given him. He read certain portions of it many times. Saturated as he was with the infidel arguments of Strauss, Renan, Ingersoll, and men of their stamp, this was the very first time he had given Christianity a chance to speak for itself. He was astonished; he was overwhelmed.

It is a mistake to suppose that our modern young men are naturally inclined toward skepticism. When the argument for Christianity is presented to them with clearness and manliness, and without the use of cant terms, their minds are fair enough to acknowledge its truth, and their characters are brave enough to go on from inward admission to outward confession. So it was with Jack.

Shutting the little book with emphasis the second evening after Jennie had given it to him,

Jack exclaimed, "I must see what Will Stevens has to say to this. If this book can be answered, I want to know it."

Will Stevens was a young man, the son of the owner and editor of *The Leader*, and a great crony of Jack's. From him Jack had received many of his doubts, and it was natural that upon him he should try his awakening faith. It chanced that Will's house was close at hand, and to it our foreman at once betook himself.

Ushered into Will's den,— a room dense with tobacco smoke, that half hid and wholly befouled its contents,— Jack was not long in introducing the subject of his visit. "For you see, old fellow," he explained, "this is an important matter, whether it is true or not, and I have made up my mind to sift it to the bottom."

"I thought you had sifted it to the bottom long ago," sneered Will, "and become convinced of the absurdity of this obsolete religion. I didn't think you were one to be frightened from logic and reason as soon as the priests threaten you with an imaginary hell."

"I thought I had investigated it," answered Jack, not minding his companion's ridicule; "but I find that I investigated only the arguments of the opponents of Christianity, and not those of Christians, which is hardly fair."

"Why not? If the books you have been reading prove that the Christian story is impossible, what is the need of any more bother about it?"

"There would be no need. But, Will, my dear boy, from a little book I have been reading it seems to me that many of the arguments against Christianity are founded on misstatements. I believed the arguments because it never occurred to me to investigate their premises."

"Why, we do not take *anything* for granted, — except common sense, — while the professors of Christianity take *everything* for granted. They swallow stories that any beginner in science knows to be utterly false."

"The miracles?" queried Jack. "But, do you know, I have been astonished lately to see how much proof there is of the miracles."

"Pooh! Every other religion has just such stories to tell."

"So the skeptic books always say, but the stories they quote are very different from the miracles of Christ, and besides, *they* are unproved, while Christ's are not senseless miracles, but miracles for a grand and adequate purpose, and they are miracles that seem to be well authenticated."

"Authenticated! by a lot of monkish legends written six centuries after the events they are supposed to commemorate!"

"And now, Will, that is another point. I find an overwhelming mass of evidence proving that the books of the New Testament were really written by the immediate followers of Christ. Men who lived during the lives of the apostles themselves confirm in their writings the genuineness of the Gospels. There are translations of them into other tongues made at least within a century of when they were written. The very opponents of Christianity of those days prove the authenticity of the Gospels by their abuse of them. The Gospels are widely quoted, too, in the early Christian writings. They seem to correspond so minutely to the

customs and conditions of the times in which they are said to have been written that it now seems to me quite impossible that they could have been a later production."

"Oh, those early Christians were all deceived. Fanatics will come to believe anything."

"At any rate, they believed the story of Christ strongly enough to die for it, hundreds of thousands of them."

"That is, *you think* they died as martyrs."

"No, not I, but the fact is proved —or so it seems to me — by the testimony of the heathen persecutors themselves."

"Oh, well, they were credulous in those days. They would believe anything told them, and believe it strongly enough to die for it. What did they know then about our modern logic? What did they care about the rules of evidence?"

"That argument also had much weight with me, Will, until I looked more carefully into the matter. But really, though I have but just begun to read the New Testament with this point in view, I am astonished already to see

what proof there is in it that the followers of the new religion accepted it only after long struggles and anxious inquiry. Why, Paul seems to me as careful about proofs as a modern lawyer; and what wonder, when we think what the adoption of Christianity meant to those first Christians!"

"Bah! What do we know of those days? Most people are Christians now because it means an easy life here and no hell hereafter, as they think."

"I have read about the missionaries killed only a few years ago in China, and Africa, and the Pacific islands, and I do not know how many more places, and I have seen the workers in our city missions. I am sure *they* do not accept Christianity just because it is popular. You see, Will, I have been thinking a good deal lately on the other side of this question. I have read the first book of Christian evidences" —here Will sneered derisively— "that I ever read, and I am beginning to read my New Testament in its light, and not just to pick it to pieces. I have come around to-night to go over

that book with you, if you will be so kind, and see what you can say against its arguments, one by one; it is so easy to talk in generalities and get nowhere. I know how well versed you are in all the arguments of the skeptics. Will you do me this favor?"

We need not pursue the conversation farther. Point by point, and chapter by chapter, for two hours, Jack fought it out with his infidel friend. He found Will able in no particular to meet, with opposing facts, the many facts of the book. His "poohs" were many, his denials multitudinous; finally he became angry, and Jack was shrewd enough to see that none of these things were arguments. With his eyes opened by Jennie's book to the impudent assumptions and falsehood of the skeptics, he was able to see that further study on his part would probably refute even the few of Will's objections he was not already prepared to meet.

Jack went from that interview a far wiser man. His brain was cleared from many a fog. He was ashamed of himself, seeing in Will what he himself had been. His heart had not

yet been touched by the love of Christ; he was not yet a Christian; but his mind had been won to give assent to the truth of the Christian story, and he was no longer an infidel. So little, however, did he yet know of the Christian experience that he would probably, if asked, have declared himself to be a Christian.

* * * * *

I said that the *Leader* episode of the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting was the beginning of several things. This was one. Another, though less important, was more dramatic.

You may be certain that such Christian Endeavor meetings as I have described could not long go on in the office of *The White Plume*, and yet the consciences of the six Endeavorers who had not protested against *Leader* copy remain at peace.

They fell to talking about the matter one noon, and asked Jennie what they ought to do.

"Why, I am not your conscience," answered Jennie. "I have hard enough work to be conscience for myself."

"You are a constant rebuke to us," said Dick.

"I am sure, Dick, I don't want to be."

"But you are," declared Grace. "We are Christian Endeavorers as much as you are, and what business have we, I should like to know, setting up a paper which slanders Christ in every number? Is that one of the things He would like to have us do?"

"Only, Jennie," put in Susan, "we have done it so long that it is pretty hard to break away from it. You were a new girl, you know."

"And if I should refuse to set up that *Leader* copy," added Lucy, "I am afraid they might dismiss me, and what would my poor mother do? It would surely be wrong for me to risk her comfort, don't you think so? — more wrong than to set up that miserable stuff."

She asked the question of Jennie, who only answered, pressing her hand, "God will not let any harm come to us, dear, or to our loved ones, from our doing right, I am sure."

"That's just it," put in Mary; "but what is right? If we should stop setting that copy, it would all have to be set by the other girls,— all

of it, — and it would hurt them much more than it hurts us, for they believe it, and we do not."

Mary, you see, was even improving on an argument that Jack Edwards himself had once used, in vain attempt to persuade Jennie into *Leader* work. It is so easy to come to the conclusion that right-doing — when we are afraid of it for ourselves — is going to injure some one else!

"But yet," said Dick emphatically, "here we are, seven Christian young people, at work in an office that is sending out the most dangerous infidel paper published in the United States. And we not only do not protest, but we put the wretched stuff into type. I feel as if I never could wash the black from my fingers. I tell you, girls, I am not going to do it any longer. Do you know what I am going to do? I am going straight to the owner of *The White Plume*,— straight to Mr. Phillips. He can stop the whole thing if he will, and they tell me he is a church member."

"Good! good! Dick. I will go with you," cried Jennie.

"And I!" said Grace.

"We will all go!" exclaimed the rest of the seven.

"Well!" remarked Dick, rather uneasy at thought of the leadership he had taken upon himself in so important a matter, "this will be quite a strike!"

CHAPTER XIII.

DO YOU KNOW CHRIST?

JACK could not get away from Jennie's book of Christian evidences. Its manly logic, abundant attestations, unanswerable facts, appealed most strongly to a mind naturally truth-loving, though it had so long been steeped in crafty misrepresentation and falsehood. Moreover, the book drove him at every turn to the New Testament, the fascination of whose marvelous pages seized upon him, so that for the first time he really read them.

And the result speedily was that he became ill at ease. The talk with Will Stevens was renewed, time and again, that he might test to the utmost his old unfaith; and more clearly each time he grew to see its fundamental unsoundness. But he grew also to see that in losing this he had gained nothing to take its place.

What taught him his lack? The meetings

of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society and the conduct of its members. He was present at no more of the meetings, but he saw the heads quietly bowed in the corner, he heard the reverent murmur of voices, he saw the blessedness in the faces. Here was something — he knew not how to define it — that he sorely lacked.

One evening, as he was coming from the house of Will Stevens, whom he had failed to find at home, the thought occurred to his mind, placed there doubtless by some heavenly influence, "Now why do I still flutter around the candle where my wings have been burned? Why not seek out a man who can help me into peace?"

Jack walked slowly on, his proud heart contending. Why should it be so hard to ask for help in getting to Christ? If Jack had had money to invest he would, without a particle of shame, have asked the richest and most successful man he knew, how to invest it. If he had been going to Europe, he would without hesitation have inquired freely about routes and

cost from any man who had been there. But he had set out on an eternal journey, and was blindly trying to find his way alone.

And why is it, too, that so many professed Christians, if by any chance a man asks of them the way to Christ, feel themselves growing hot and cold with embarrassment, and stiffen at once out of their real, helpful, workaday selves into cold platitudes? Oh, that we could enter into this, "our Father's business," with the warmth, the zest, the reality we put into our miserable business of dollars and cents!

At last Jack's sturdy common sense got uppermost, and he hesitated no longer. He knew just where to go, and speedily found himself in the cozy study of the Rev. Paul Strong.

Paul Strong was a young minister whom Jack had heard a few times, and whom he had always admired for a certain straightforwardness and living earnestness,—qualities that attract young men far more than all the political sermons, and bicycle sermons, and "life in a great city" sermons, and stereopticon views, and operatic choirs in the world. Paul

Strong's business was to win men to the eternal life, and he meant business; and so his church was always full of young men, and so our young man came to him in his only half understood trouble.

Jack stammered out a few commonplaces, and was wondering how he could ever introduce the subject, and whether he was not, after all, a great fool for coming, when Paul Strong, looking squarely at him with his bright and manly eyes, said, "Mr. Edwards, I believe and hope that you have come here to talk about Christ."

"Yes, I have," said Jack, surprised and relieved.

"Well, we could have nothing better worth talking about, and you could give me no greater pleasure than by talking with me about Him. Do you know, Mr. Edwards, every time I talk with any one about Christ, I get to know Him better myself, seeing a new side of Him through the other man's experience."

"But I guess you will not get this good from me, for I have been a great skeptic, an absolute infidel."

There was something Paul Strong did not like in the way Jack said this, and he asked, a little sharply, "You are not proud of it, are you?"

That was an unexpected question, and Jack's answer was confused. "N—n—o, though I don't see anything to be ashamed of in it. I wouldn't give a fig for a man who would believe a thing without looking on both sides of it."

"Nor would I. There is nothing in honest doubt about which one should feel ashamed, but at the same time there is nothing in it of which to be proud. It is like a blind man's being proud of his blindness."

"Blindness?"

"Certainly; you will not know what I mean till you see Christ. A man who has been blind from his birth can have no conception, poor fellow! of the light, the sky, the reflections, and shadows, and colors. He needn't feel ashamed of it, but at the same time he mustn't be proud of it."

"But I have come to see Christ. I am now convinced, thoroughly convinced, of the histori-

cal truth of the New Testament, — at least, the major part of it." Jack said this with the magnanimity of a discriminating judge, giving— with due qualifications — a favorable decision.

"You have come to see Christ? Good. I rejoice with you. But, comrade, *have you found Him?*"

"'Found Him?' I have often heard that term"— Jack was going to say, "that cant term"— "but I do not know just what it means."

"And so you are not at peace, just as I was not at peace not many years ago, for I fancy that most young men pass through this same experience. Let me try to show you what I mean by 'finding Christ.' First tell me, please, just what you have come to believe about Him."

"Well, Mr. Strong," was Jack's ready answer, "I have decided that He really lived; that the account given of Him in the New Testament is, in the main, authentic; that He spoke, on the whole, the words He is said to have spoken; that He claimed to be a manifestation of the deity; that His miracles and His

resurrection and ascension proved the claim." Here Jack stopped, feeling that he had "witnessed a good confession," and expecting the minister's astonished congratulations.

Instead came the question, "But why did God come to earth?"

"Why, to tell us about Himself, to show us His character."

"What parts of His character? His power? The world knew that before. His wisdom? That is manifest in nature. His uprightness? The human conscience has always testified of that. No; Christ came, as He Himself so often said, to show us God's mercy, God's love,—something nature could not show us, something our hearts could only dimly hope before. But that is what Christ came to do on the Godward side. What did He come to do for man?"

"He came to set us an example, to show us how to live."

"Yes, that of course. But that is not the reason He gave for His coming. He said He came to save men from their sins. Do you need saving?"

Again Jack hesitated. He was determined not to take upon his lips any pious cant.

"Why, I am not good enough, of course; but I guess I'm as good as the average, and I'm trying to do better all the time."

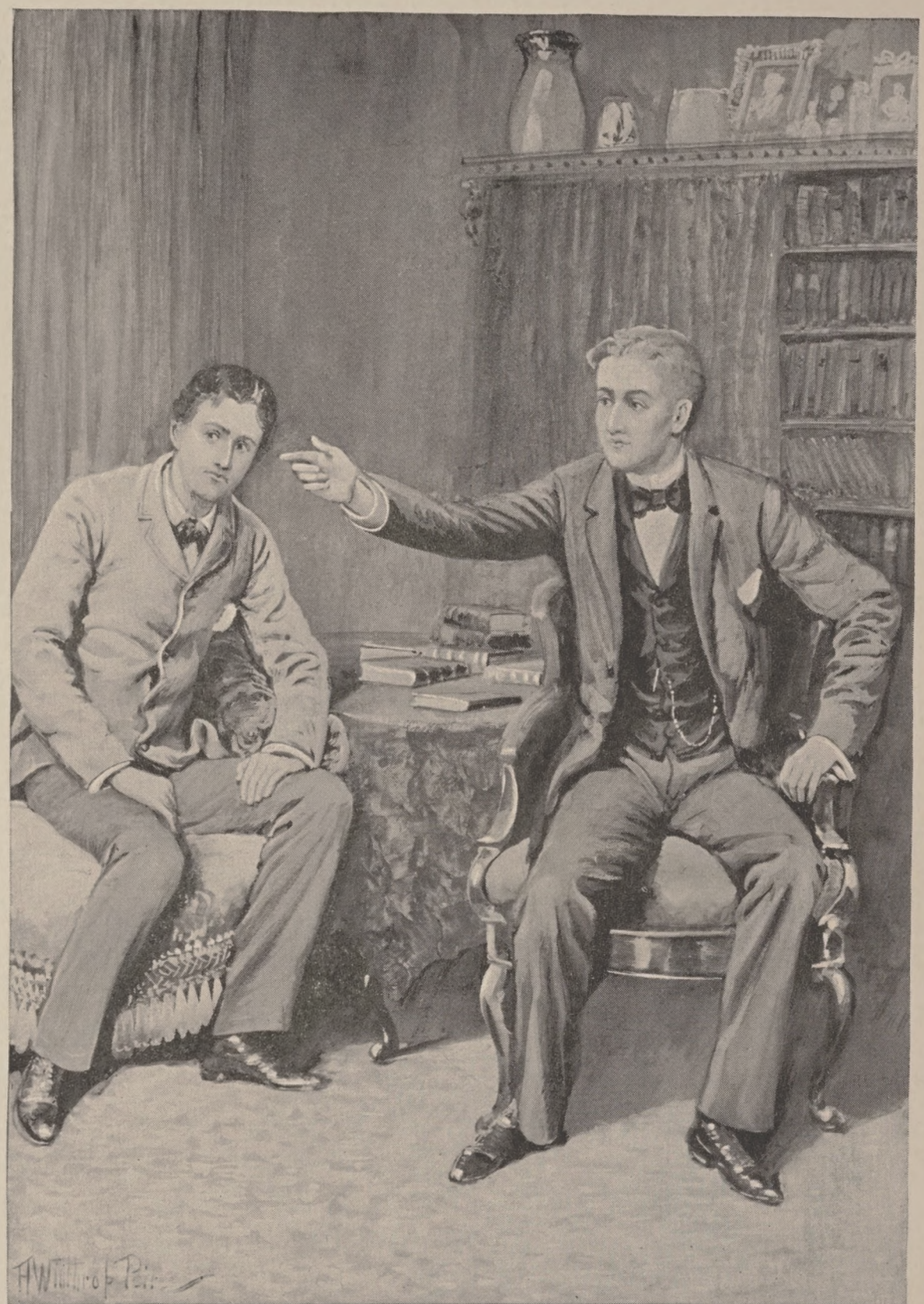
"But are you lost?"

"I do not feel so, certainly," answered Jack. ("He's just like all the rest of 'em," he said to himself.)

"Then if you do not feel that you need saving, it is easy to see why you do not feel your need of a Saviour, and so have not found Him."

"Well, I am not to blame. How can I feel what I do not feel?" Jack felt that this argument was adamantine.

"My dear sir, do God's will, and you will know the doctrine; you will find out your sin, just as I did. Cease measuring yourself up against other men, deciding that you are as good as the average, and measure yourself up against the Christ life, and you will see how you need Him to lift you up into it. For instance, the Christian is not to let his heart be troubled. Do you indulge in worries?"



JACK WAS STARTLED AND FOLLOWED THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

"I should say so!" laughed Jack. "I get blue enough, sometimes," and he wondered what that had to do with it.

"Then you know how that sinful habit saps your strength, clouds your mind, sours your temper. Try to conquer it. Try even for a single day to be peaceful, trustful, sunny, and you will quickly see how incapable you are of maintaining yourself in happiness, and this discovery will lead you to Him who came that His joy might be in us, and that our joy might be full. And then, are you contented?"

"No, indeed. I want many things, more money, and greater skill, and knowledge, and influence; but this is only laudable ambition, Mr. Strong."

"As far as it is, it is all right, and will strengthen you. But I am greatly mistaken if this desire for what you have not does not often make you discontented and unhappy, envious of men and rebellious against God, and so incapable of doing your best work for God and men. Now, try to conquer this great weakness. Try to trust always in God, and to accept with abso-

lute joy and satisfaction the measure of success God grants to your earnest efforts; try to keep this up even for a week, and you will find that you cannot do it without Christ."

"Excuse me, Mr. Strong, but you have used a phrase that I often hear on the lips of ministers, and it always seemed to me a bit of mysticism."

(Jack was proud of that word, "mysticism." It compressed into small space a world of sarcastic argument.)

"Just what do you mean when you speak of doing things 'with Christ' and 'without Christ'?"

"Mr. Edwards, do you see Christ standing there?"

The tone was so vivid, the gesture so earnest, the look so genuine and expectant, that Jack was startled, and followed the outstretched hand as if some vision were before him.

Then Jack, ashamed of this bit of weakness, answered boldly, "Mr. Strong, I am not a girl, to be scared, or a spiritualist, to be credulous."

"Did He not promise when He rose to return

and be with men forever? Do you not admit omnipresence to be a necessary attribute of deity?"

Jack assented.

"Ah, you believe with the head alone. If Christ is omnipresent, He is here. Right by your side. He will pass out of that door with you. He will stand by your bedside to-night. His will be your first greeting to-morrow morning. He will go to your work with you after breakfast, and to the restaurant when you lunch. Too literal? Why, if omnipresence is not taken literally, how can it be taken? Now, you are living as if this Presence were not with you, and I am living ever conscious of Him, seeing Him as clearly as with physical vision, talking with Him, getting answers from Him every time I question Him, and helped by Him at every turn. Do you see the difference between doing things with Christ and without Him?"

"I see your meaning; but, Mr. Strong, your words seem as unreal as dreams."

"Alas, comrade, I cannot make this blessed experience real to you. No one can but your-

self. Arguing never led a man to Christ. You have many noble qualities. You are strong, and honest, and industrious, and intelligent. I know more of your life than you think. But I want you to stop thinking about what you have and begin to long for what you have not — this Presence. It is as sad to miss heaven by not taking the step up as by taking the step down. Study the Life. Try to be like Christ. Lift Him up before you in your eager thoughts, and see if He does not fulfil His promise, and draw you to Himself."

Jack carried away from that frank talk just the feeling Paul Strong had hoped to inspire,— the beginning of a distrust in his own powers, his own ability to see truth, the beginning of a longing that truth,— He who is Truth,— might be shown to him. And this longing received its satisfaction in a fearful experience that I shall soon have to relate.

* * * * *

On the same evening with this interview another was taking place, which also was of much importance to the progress of our story.

Dick's strike had not been suffered to languish. The very next day after it had been determined on, the seven who made up the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society went to the office prepared to call upon Mr. Phillips, the owner of *The White Plume*.

They had brought with them their evening, as well as their noon, meal, and, to the amazement of the rest of the force, sat quietly down to eat it, instead of hurrying home after work was done. Not even Jack Edwards could learn their purpose. Dick imposed absolute silence as to that.

The Printers' Christian Endeavor Society set out with much trepidation.

"I feel," said Mary, "exactly as if I were going to prison."

"Instead of that," declared Dick, "you are going to put a man on trial."

After a long ride in the street cars, they arrived at the finest residential portion of the city, and alighted in front of one of the grandest houses. The wide street, the handsome, smooth paving, the rich lawns, and the magnificent house, with its great windows and massive door,

caused our little party of reformers to tremble somewhat, yet they stoutly pressed on.

A lackey in uniform answered their ring, and gave them an impudent stare as they asked for Mr. Phillips. He admitted them into the wide reception hall, from which stretched vistas of elegant parlors. Looking at them suspiciously, as if uncertain whether to leave them without a guard, he went to summon his master.

After what seemed a long time to the little company awkwardly standing in the hall and talking constrainedly in low tones, the lackey reappeared.

"Mr. Phillips is busy. Tell me your errand, and I will tell him," said the flunkey, snapping out the words as if he were throwing bits of meat to dogs.

"Please tell Mr. Phillips," said Dick, speaking up sharply, "that we wish to see him on business that we think very important. If he cannot see us now, we will come another time."

This message brought the lord of the mansion, a short, fat man, with a burly neck and red face and an arbitrary manner.

"Hum!" grunted he, acknowledging his visitors with a cold nod, "you will excuse me, but my time is precious. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Phillips," answered Dick, his voice trembling a little at first, but growing stronger as he proceeded, "we are compositors from the office of *The White Plume*. We like the work on that paper, and are trying to do it faithfully. You may ask the foreman about it. But we are Christians as well as compositors, and we have to set up in that office a paper that we don't dare to work on any longer,— *The Leader*. I presume," said Dick diplomatically, "that you don't know the character of this paper, or you would not have it printed in your establishment. I have brought you a copy. You will find it full of slanders against Christianity, and we are followers of Christ. We are Christian Endeavorers."

"Christian what?" sneered Mr. Phillips. "Christian meddlers? Well, I believe you!"

"Knowing that you are a church-member," continued Dick boldly, "I thought you might be glad to know the condition of affairs."

"Don't you suppose I know my business, you

impudent little wretch?" broke out Mr. Phillips, no longer restraining the passion he had felt for some minutes. "Do you come here to dictate to me what I shall print and what not? A pretty pass the labor element in this country is coming to! What concern is it of yours, I should like to know, whether I print tweedle-dum or tweedle-dee?"

"Why, you see, sir," began Dick, "we have to set the type, and we are Christians —"

"Well, you don't write the articles, do you? And you don't own the paper, do you? Though, I declare, you seem to think you own it."

"No, sir, we don't make it our business what you print, but it *is* our business what we set up in type, and we will not — we have decided it among ourselves, sir — we *will not* any longer help in sending out those slanders on the religion we love."

"You won't, eh?" shouted Mr. Phillips in a towering passion. "Well, who do you suppose cares? Leave the house this instant, you canting Pharisee, with your silly girls. I will have the whole pack of you dismissed to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIV.

STOP THOSE PRESSES!

OUR Printers' Society of Christian Endeavor walked away from their interview with Mr. Phillips in a state of fiery indignation. As they had to take different lines of cars to go to their homes, they walked a little way together, in order to talk matters over.

"Well," quivered Lucy, "I wonder if Mr. Edwards will let him turn us off for such a reason as that."

"If he does, you will get a new place, dear," said Jennie reassuringly, with her arm around her friend. "We are doing it for Christ's sake, and He will not forget us. Don't worry."

"And very likely Mr. Phillips will forget all about it, or change his mind when he cools down," said Dick. "But the question is whether we shall stay, anyway, turned off or not, and go on setting up type for *The Leader*, as it seems we must."

"If we leave," put in Susan, "he would only get another set of compositors to do the work. We should just be rolling sin over on to their shoulders."

"They can do just as we are doing," answered Jennie. "Your argument is the one liquor dealers use when they try to defend their business."

"Well," said Dick, "I, for one, don't intend to set another line of *Leader* copy, come what may."

"Nor I," said Grace firmly.

"Nor I," "Nor I," came from all the rest, though Lucy's agreement was a trembling one.

With this the seven parted, going their several ways, and most of them spent a troubled night, living over again the scene with Mr. Phillips, that meant so little to him and so much to them. Many were their gloomy doubts and misgivings. It means much to give up a good position. Notwithstanding all, however, a very determined band of Christian Endeavors met in the *White Plume* office the next morning, and greeted each other with reassuring smiles.

Before she went to work on that eventful morning Jennie noticed the crack in the wall near her case, that I have already spoken of. The two quads she had inserted in the crack had fallen out. Picking them up, Jennie now found the crack large enough to hold *three* quads side by side. She was about to speak to Grace regarding the phenomenon when Mr. Edwards came around with the copy. It was *Leader* day, as they all knew.

Jack Edwards soon found that he had an insurrection on his hands. One after another, all of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society refused to accept the *Leader* manuscript.

Jack was puzzled. He was not angry, as he would have been a week before, but that number of *The Leader* was to be got out, and how could he do it with only half his force at work on it? In his distress, he went to Editor Barton.

That gentleman laughed.

"You have a puritanical set of compositors, Edwards," he remarked. "Of course I don't approve of *The Leader* any more than they do. I would not edit it for anything. But I don't

propose to throw up my position as editor of *The White Plume* because my employer chooses also to publish an infidel paper. What is that to me? or, for that matter, to your fussy compositors? But of course we don't want a row in the office. Send them all in here, and I think I can put the matter before them in a way that will show them their foolishness."

And so it was that the seven found themselves, ranged under Jack's marshalling, in the editor's sanctum. Mr. Barton sat at his desk with his back to them until they had all entered. Then he wheeled sharply around. He wore a long beard, and had keen gray eyes under bushy eyebrows.

"So! we have seven censors in this office, have we? My young friends, I think you are carrying your religious scruples a little too far. When you take the car to go home, will you stop to inquire whether the conductor of the train is orthodox before you will patronize the railroad? When you go into a restaurant, do you make the waiters pass a theological examination before you will give your orders? Don't

you see that the world would come to a standstill if no one would have anything to do with any one else until the two got to thinking alike? You are engaged in a boycott,— in that unchristian thing, *a boycott*. I don't hold the editor of *The Leader* responsible for my opinion, nor will any one hold me responsible for his. Neither will any one hold you responsible. Go back to your work and do it well, and let other folks attend to their work. That is their business, and not yours. *The Leader* is not considered to be the production of the printers, but of the writers, my dear young friends," and Mr. Barton's eyes snapped as he got off this bit of sarcasm.

Jennie could not stand this. Dick, who had been the spokesman of the evening before, hesitated, but she made answer to the logical editor: —

"Mr. Barton, I am sorry you think we are so conceited as to set ourselves up as judges over any one. We are just doing what our consciences tell us to do. We would not ask our train conductor if he was orthodox before we

would travel with him, but if he wanted to run the train over an unsafe bridge, and I were one of the brakemen, I should not help him do it. It seems to us that if we were to set up type for an infidel paper, we should be accomplices of the men who write the paper, and we have decided not to help in any such bad business."

"A-h!" and Mr. Barton scowled. "You are the girl who began this whole foolishness. You are the girl that made away with that chapter of the serial, because you objected to something in it, eh?"

"Mr. Barton!" cried Jack Edwards sharply, before Jennie could answer, were she able to do so in her agitation, "I told you once before, sir, that this young woman is incapable of any such deed. You must not say another word of the kind in my presence. And I must say, sir, though I suppose in my position I ought not to say it, that I think these compositors have the best of the argument. We are all,— all of us in the composing-room,— accomplices in that business of publishing *The Leader*. I used to think little of it, because I believed with the

editor, and did not believe in Christianity; but during the last few days" — looking toward Jennie — "I have come to see that Christianity is probably true and *The Leader* false. I do not myself see any need of making such a fuss about the matter, for I don't suppose *The Leader* does much harm, anyway. You see" — again turning to Jennie — "it has not hurt *me* much; and I don't think it will do any mischief if we go on printing it, as I suppose we must. But, just the same, Mr. Barton, I cannot help thinking that Miss Rolland is right in holding the printers partly responsible for getting out the paper, just as those who work in a distillery are partly responsible for the work of saloons — not, of course, that this is as bad," he hastily added, bringing his long and confused speech to an abrupt close.

Jennie did not know whether to be proud of her champion or not. She thought that the matter was anything but such a slight affair as Jack had pictured it. But just here Dick, having mustered his courage, stepped forth and took his rightful place as the leader of the strike.

"You see, Mr. Barton," said he, looking that gentleman straight in his keen eyes, "it is just this way. We have a society of Christian Endeavor, we seven. We think it is the first printers' society of Christian Endeavor in this country. We meet once a week, at noon. We have all taken the pledge, in which we promise to try to do whatever Christ would like to have us do."

"A large contract," observed Editor Barton, cynically.

"Only to *try*," repeated Dick; "we can at least try. And we have to go from our little meetings, where we pray to him and talk and read about him, and right away we have to put into type articles that say that he never lived, or, if he did live, he was an impostor, and that everybody is a fool who believes in him nowadays, and that the Bible is only a tissue of lies, and that there is no hereafter, or God, or anything." Dick ended rather lamely, but he had said his say, and he felt relieved.

Mr. Barton did not attempt to argue the question further. Turning to Jack, he said,

with a wave of the hand as if to dismiss the party: —

"It is plain, Mr. Edwards, that you have an obstinate set on your hands. I advise you to advertise for fresh compositors who do not want to run the office."

The eight withdrew, our seven strikers looking anxiously at their foreman to see what would be the result of it all.

Jack was in a quandary. He knew well the value of his trained compositors. He had given them much attention. Himself a skilled worker and a young man of much intelligence, he had gathered around him a group of workers of whom he was proud. Their equal, he often said, could not be found in any office of its size in the land. He could not bear to think of parting with them. And for such a paltry cause, too! Yet what could he do? *The Leader* must be put into type, and that in a hurry.

Jack was never required to solve that problem.

As Jennie went back to her stool — there was no work there, but she went there for want of

any other place to go — she noticed something that at once thrilled her with terror. The crack in the wall was greatly widened. She would have no difficulty now in putting in her whole hand.

As she watched it, her eyes riveted on it, fascinated, she thought she could actually see it widen. A bit of the plaster fell to the floor as she looked. She leaped from her stool with a loud cry.

"Mr. Edwards! come here! quickly! What does this mean? Oh, hurry!"

In rapid words she told the foreman how she had watched that crack slowly widen. Our alert young man lost no time. On the floor above and on two floors below, as well as on his own floor, great presses were thundering, while the rickety old building quivered. Jack turned pale with excitement.

"Dick! run upstairs while I run down. Tell them to stop their presses as they value their lives. Hey, Joe, Joe, stop those presses! The building is falling!"

CHAPTER XV.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

AS, one after another, the great presses stopped, the quivering building returned to comparative quiet. The panic-stricken compositors, however, thought they still felt a trembling, and they were right.

As soon as he had thought twice, Jack had given orders to prevent a rush out of the building. His workers were bidden to remain where they were and not to spread the alarm, while he got together and consulted the heads of the other establishments in the building.

A hasty examination of the walls led these men to telephone in hot haste for the city inspector of buildings. Cracks were opening everywhere before their eyes. Sharp little noises were to be heard here and there, and these were becoming louder. Bits of dust and of plaster were observed dropping from the ceilings.

It took the inspector of buildings only a few minutes to answer the imperative summons. He knew the establishment of old, and, as has been said, had condemned it partially once before, ordering the presses to adopt a slower rate of speed, a command which the owners had obeyed only for a time. Now, however, the judgment of this officer was prompt and almost passionate. He spoke with decision.

"This building is falling. Every soul in it is in great danger. We must get them out as quietly as possible, with no running and jar."

The inspector immediately stopped the running of the elevator. Everybody must go down by the stairs, which would be speedier, anyway, on the whole, and safer. The top floor was to be emptied first, and those below in order. All possible haste was urged, and extreme care that the workmen on each floor should be handled with promptness and quietness, and yet without exciting alarm among those of the other floors. The inspector himself saw to the accomplishment of his orders.

Mr. Phillips had been telephoned for at the

beginning of the trouble. He came puffing up from his down-town office.

"Pooh! Pooh! What is all this? Got scared again? This building is safe enough! You can't expect to run presses without some vibration, can you? Why, of course cracks will start in an old building. That means nothing. We shall put in some ties some day. What is the use of stopping work and letting all these compositors lie idle? Inspector ordered the building cleared? Just like his impudence! What right has he to interfere with my business, I should like to know? Where is he?" And Mr. Phillips bustled off after the inspector.

That gentleman, while he was deferential to Mr. Phillips as a man of wealth who had political influence, yet did not pause an instant in his work.

"I am sure," he said firmly, "that this building is unsafe, and every soul in it is running a terrible risk."

So Mr. Phillips had to console himself with seeing that as much as possible was saved

from his establishment, now being rapidly deserted.

"Don't let any one go out empty-handed!" he shouted. "Take your arms full, heaping up, and put everything in White and Wait's storeroom opposite. Then come back for more."

"Don't come back for more!" shouted the inspector, who was quite angry. "Don't put your foot inside this building again; and get out of here as quickly as you can, no matter whether you carry anything or not. When so many lives are at stake," he added, turning to Mr. Phillips, "it is no time to think of saving property. That can come afterwards."

"Take all you can carry," defiantly shouted Mr. Phillips, "and then come back for more! Let the heads of all departments see to this. I will hold you each responsible for the property in your charge."

"And God will hold *you* responsible, Mr. Phillips, for the lives that may be lost," sternly said the inspector.

Nevertheless, every one that went from the

fourth floor went with his arms filled. The great account-books were taken from the safe; the order-books, and important papers and correspondence. The compositors were loaded with cases of type, the most expensive being chosen by Jack's experienced direction. Composing-sticks, galleys, boxes piled high with costly wood-cuts — the distracted employees staggered out under a double load of lead and apprehension.

"It is like a fire," said Dick, "only nothing is burning."

"It is awful!" exclaimed Lucy. "I knew no building could stand such a fearful shaking. Oh!" And she screamed loudly as a bit of plaster fell sharply down on the case she was taking up to carry.

They tiptoed downstairs as well as they could under their heavy burdens. The long, black stairways seemed endless. In the dusky light they could see everywhere yawning rents in the walls. Fear lent wings, and they soon breathed more freely in the street below, even though it was already filled with a curious crowd held back by a line of policemen.

Under this escort our compositors filed across the street, and gladly laid down their heavy loads in the storeroom opposite.

Mr. Phillips was with them, bustling about, and superintending everything in a loud voice.

"Now," he cried, "go back for another load, every one of you, as you value your positions. Hurry up!"

Jack ventured to expostulate.

"Why, Mr. Phillips, the inspector said it was not safe, and told us not to go back."

"Mind your own business, young man, whoever you are," was the sharp reply. "Come, girls! Come, men! Back with you — all of you — and hurry up!" So he led his company of employees across the street, not one disobeying.

"I don't like the looks of this," muttered Dick.

"But they won't let us go in," said Jennie reassuringly, "if it is not safe."

And so indeed it proved. The policemen at the door were obstinate. In vain did Mr. Phillips tell them who he was.

"Yer ca-a-n't get in here, don't care who you are," said the guardians of the peace; "that's the orders." So Mr. Phillips, threatening and raging, and vowing he would have those men discharged, had to retreat, with his little company, back through the lane in the crowd to the store opposite.

Here he was met by Editor Barton, who wore a troubled countenance.

"Mr. Phillips, the most important of *The White Plume* manuscripts are still in that building, in the manuscript safe."

"Why under the canopy didn't you bring them out with you?" fiercely inquired his master.

"I gathered up my papers in my desk — they were more than I could well carry — and I forgot all about the manuscript safe. But the manuscripts there are worth thousands of dollars, and they ought to be in a safe place."

Mr. Phillips bustled across the street again, and accosted the two policemen on guard at the door.

"There is some especially valuable property in that building, which I want to put in a safe

place. I know you will let my foreman enter, with a few others, and bring it out. They will be out before the lower floors are all cleared," and Mr. Phillips slipped a ten-dollar bill into each man's hand.

"Well," they cried, "go ahead; only be quick about it, and say nothing to any one."

"Now, Barton," said Mr. Phillips, hurrying back, "you take some of the force and get out those manuscripts. The policemen will let you through. It is safe enough," he added, as Mr. Barton appeared to hesitate.

"Well, who will go?" asked Editor Barton, turning to Jack and his compositors.

"I, of course," said Jack.

"I will go before any of the girls," said Dick, promptly, "if it must be done."

"There is no danger," sharply said Mr. Phillips, "or they would not let you go in. It is all a mere scare."

"And who else?" asked Mr. Barton, looking at the group of frightened girls.

A sudden impulse seized Jennie.

"I want to help save your manuscripts, Mr.

Barton," said she, remembering the ugly charge made when she first came. At the same instant Sallie spoke up.

"I am not afraid. It is just a silly scare. I will go, too."

"Come on, then," and Mr. Barton led the way past the scowling policemen into the doomed building.

Whether it was fancy or not, Jennie thought the gaping cracks perceptibly wider than they were when she had come down. Through the silent floors and along the dark stairways sounded ugly snappings, and sometimes louder reports. It was nervous business, but they tiptoed safely up to the fourth floor.

Fumbling awkwardly at the lock of the manuscript safe, Mr. Barton had it open, after a minute which seemed an age to the four who were waiting. He took out box after box of costly documents, for *The White Plume* paid its contributors well, and always kept a large stock of manuscript on hand. Each was well loaded when they once more took up their march downward.

Before they reached the floor below a brick fell out of the wall.

"Run!" shouted Jack. "Run! Run!" and he seized Jennie's arm to help her on through the gloomy passageway.

The noises grew more and more startling. Each felt that it was a race for life. Editor Barton dropped a box, but did not stop to pick it up. Calls rang up from the hall below, loud and imperative.

Down they sped, Mr. Barton well in the lead. He reached the first floor and the street. He found the crowd pressed back by the police to the opposite side. They shouted to him to hurry, and he ran as fast as he could.

Suddenly came a fearful sound, an angry roar, and an indescribable sweep of rushing air, followed swiftly by a terrible rain of brick and stone and great iron girders. The entire front of the building had collapsed. It lay under a stifling cloud of dust. And somewhere in the horrible ruin were our four printers.

CHAPTER XVI.

SO AS BY FIRE.

STUNNED by the fearful crash and choked by the dust, Jennie was some time in regaining her senses. She found herself in darkness, save that a mere glimmer of light came in some way from above. Sallie was sobbing beside her, and convulsively seized her hands.

"Oh, we are buried alive! Oh, what will become of us? Jennie, Jennie! Are you alive?"

"Sallie, dear, I am not hurt a bit. God has saved us wonderfully."

"Saved us? We are buried alive!" sobbed Sallie.

"Mr. Edwards! where are you?" screamed Jennie, as a sudden terror assailed her.

"Here I am," cried a voice, faint but brave, out of the darkness. "Something very heavy has fallen across my leg. It is broken, I think, but that is a small matter. Thank God, you are alive. Where is Dick?"

"I don't know. He was ahead, and Mr. Barton ahead of him. Oh, I do hope they got out safely!"

Jennie and Sallie soon found, by groping around, what sort of predicament they were in. Fortunately for them, only the front half of the building had fallen. The great heap of rubbish lay in front of them, and blocked up the way behind them. Above them, however, the glimmer of light gave them some hope. They could not be buried very deeply.

There came in to them a deadened tumult of noises from the street. There was a confused roar of voices, and quickly began to ring out the sharp blows of axes.

In spite of himself, Jack groaned in his black imprisonment. At once Jennie was by his side.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"Yes," Jack answered, "but I can bear it all right. I am ashamed at groaning."

"Here is something loose to pry with," cried Jennie, feeling around in the dark. "Come, Sallie, and help." And the two girls together exerted all their strength to push away the cruel

beam that was pinning Jack down. But it was all in vain.

"Never mind," urged Jack. "Thank you, thank you, but do not tire yourselves. You may need all your strength before you get out of this dreadful place."

The three prisoners waited in their black dungeon, their ears straining anxiously for every sound. It was impossible to tell what was happening outside, whether their plight had been guessed, whether any rescue was being attempted. It was terrible to wait thus.

Sallie's sobs again broke forth, and Jennie's arms were instantly around her.

"Don't cry, my dear. The Father will care for us. He can see us here just as well as if we were in the daylight out there."

"He may take care of you, but he won't take care of me. O Jennie, I am so wicked. I feel that this is a punishment. Oh, I wish I had been a better girl!"

"Pray to Jesus, dear, and he will make it all right again," said Jennie, kissing Sallie in the dark.

"No, no, he won't, he can't. You don't know what mean things I have done. Why, Jennie —" and then came a pause, Jennie holding still tighter the sobbing girl.

"I *will* tell it — I *must*. Jennie, I *stole* that chapter of the serial they blamed you for losing. I hid it in my waist. I wanted them to blame you, because I was jealous of you. I hated you because I saw you were good, and people would like you. I meant to put the story back, but I had no chance, and I was afraid of being caught with it, when I thought how valuable it was. I took it home and burned it. And I have been so ugly to you, Jennie. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, of course, Sallie, dear, and so will God, if you are truly sorry and ask him to."

Jennie was going on, but at this moment a fresh fear seized her.

"Mr. Edwards," she asked, "don't you smell smoke in this dust?"

"Smoke? Fire?" said Jack, startled. "God help us all if a fire has started."

In an instant there was no longer any doubt

about it. A choking mass of smoke filled the hollow in the ruin where they were. It made the darkness still more black. It stifled them. Happily, it passed away after a moment, but it told them what was going on outside.

"Oh, pray for us, Jennie," cried Jack Edwards, quite forgetting his "Miss Rolland"; "pray for us, for we need your prayers."

"Pray yourself, too," urged Jennie. "Let us all pray with all our might."

"No, I can't pray," groaned Jack. "I have tried to, but God seems so unreal, so far away, and I keep thinking of this terrible mass that is pressing down on me, and of that fire that is eating its way toward us."

"But think of Christ," insisted Jennie. "Christ is here, just as he was once on earth before men's eyes. Oh, don't you believe in Christ yet, Mr. Edwards?"

"My *head* believes in him, Jennie, but that is nothing now. All those proofs in that book you lent me — I saw they were true, I saw the folly of my skepticism, I made up my mind to stop fighting against Christ. But, oh, that did

not bring me nearer to him! I do not know him. I am not sure of anything. I am afraid to die. O Jennie, pray for me, and pray for us all. He will hear you, if he can hear anybody."

"I shall pray," answered Jennie, "but I want you to pray, too. You *must* pray, Jack. Just say, 'Dear Jesus, show thyself to me.' Say it over and over. Won't you, Jack?"

"Yes, I will, Jennie."

And Jack did.

While Jennie's trembling lips were whispering her faith-filled petitions — prayers for forgiveness for all her sins, prayers for her dear mother, that this great sorrow should not be added to what she had so lately borne, prayers for the strong young man suffering near her, imprisoned in a twofold darkness — while Jennie was praying thus, Jack also was praying for himself, and *really* praying for the first time in his life.

"O Jesus, show me thyself. Dear Jesus, show me thyself. Show me thyself."

Outside, meanwhile, a stirring scene was enacting. The lower floors of the building had

been cleared just in time to save enormous loss of life. Just in time, also, the police had pushed back the foolishly curious crowd. Some were injured by the flying bricks, but no one was seriously hurt.

After the paralyzing crash, the throng seemed for a moment unable to move. Then rose Mr. Barton's horror-stricken cry.

"There are four people in the ruins!"

"O Jennie, Jennie," cried Grace, wringing her hands; "Jennie and Dick are in there."

Fiercely then she turned to Mr. Phillips, who stood there, his fat face, usually so red, now white with the shock.

"If they are killed, you killed them! You! You are their murderer!"

Mr. Phillips felt his heart sink within him. He was not a bad man, — he had a heart within him, only it was dungeoned in with his gold. He would gladly have given all he had in the world at that minute to see those four young people safe before his eyes.

Loud rose the orders of the sergeant of police, bidding the crowd stand back; for even then,

though there was imminent peril from the tottering remnant of the building, the silly spectators were rushing from behind to see, pushing toward the ruin those in the outer rows. Under his orders men were speedily detailed, and axes obtained for them. Spurred on by the wails of the girls, and the encouraging shouts of the crowd, and the liberal rewards offered by Mr. Phillips, these rescuers worked with a will.

In front of them rose, however, a hopeless pile of brick, entangled with beams and sticks and splinters of wood and huge twisted bars of iron, sharp with fragments of glass, confused with the wreckage of furniture, presses, machinery, a mass most difficult to penetrate, even after the prize of four human lives.

Guided by Mr. Barton, whose tall form was seen everywhere among the workmen while he directed them with feverish impatience, they made an excavation where the doorway and lower hall had been.

Dick, who had been in advance, was first discovered. He had been struck on the head, and stunned. Luckily the weight of the ruin

had been held from him by the great lintel of the doorway under which he was caught. When light was let in upon him he was seen to be alive, and was tenderly lifted out and carried to the hospital wagon amid the sympathetic murmur of the crowd.

But while they were accomplishing this some one cried, "Fire! Fire!" and the throng of spectators shuddered.

In the fall of the building the water pipes had been sundered, and were pouring out immense streams. But so, also, had the electric wires been cut in two, and in several places were spitting out a torrent of sparks, which greatly intimidated and impeded the workers.

One such wire in the midst of the rubbish had doubtless set the fire which now was seen bursting forth in a dozen different places.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOREMAN JENNIE.

THE workers shrank back affrighted from the fierce outbursts of the fire and the fiercer sputtering of the volcanic electric wires. Their defeat, however, was only for the moment. The fire alarm was turned in, and soon the clanging, throbbing engines came sweeping down the crowded street. The lighting company was ordered to turn off the deadly current, and instantly the fire cascades were ended.

Jack and the two girls were far back in the ruins, but, as we know, were in no serious danger, now the fire was stopped. Mr. Phillips, driven frantic by the sight of Dick's white face, set more and more men to work, promising higher and higher pay for harder service. In his heart he cursed his greed that had led these lives into so imminent peril. Money had never looked so small to him before.

At length the long, rough tunnel through the

heap of rubbish had reached our prisoners. Jack was first lifted out. He fainted with the pain as the cruel beam was pressed away from his broken leg and he himself pulled out from his dangerous captivity. As he was being transferred to the ambulance, however, he came to himself sufficiently to wave his hand to the little company of compositors looking tearfully on; and oh, how the mighty cheer rolled along that street, now thronged for blocks with a horror-stricken crowd!

But the cheers redoubled as Jennie and Sallie, pale with excitement, and smoke-stained, but unhurt, were led out of the ruins.

"Hooray! Hurrah! Hurr-a-a-h!" It was a rough but very human thanksgiving for four saved lives.

Smoke-stained and tear-stained as the girls were, their clothing torn and soiled, Mr. Phillips clasped them in his arms, and said, "Thank God!" as he never had said it before. And ever after the terrible suspense of that half-hour the rich man's life was made better by the shameful consciousness that only God's kindness,

working a wonderful deliverance, had saved him from a murderer's curse.

* * * * *

I cannot tell you of the reception the girls gave their rescued comrades, of Jennie's return home, of her mother's thanksgiving, of her Cousin Catharine's grumbling satisfaction. Nor can I tell you about the visits of the reporters, each wanting Jennie's story of her experience in the ruins, nor of the two happy days spent in the dear home while the new office was being fitted up.

For of course *The White Plume* must have new quarters, and that as soon as possible. From his cot in the hospital, with cheery-faced Dick convalescing in a cot by his side, Jack planned out the new establishment with Mr. Phillips,— the type that should be bought, and the other furnishings of the office. On the second day after the fall of the old building, Jennie received this letter :—

Dear Miss Rolland : —

I write you with a deep sense of the sinfulness of my action in requiring you, with the four others, to

return to that falling building. You will understand with what horror I shrink from the thought of what might have happened, and will forgive me for the fewness of these words of reference to the matter. I hope you will forgive me, as I pray to God to be forgiven.

During Mr Edwards's recovery, which may be a tedious one, as his injuries are somewhat complicated, though mercifully small compared to what they might easily have been, our new office must have some one in charge, and he himself names you as the one of all his force competent for that position. In a few days, I hope, Richard Caswell will have recovered sufficiently to aid you in the heavier manual labor. If you agree to this, kindly assume charge to-morrow morning.

Very sincerely yours,

GRANT L. PHILLIPS.

P. S. No more *Leader* copy will be given out in my office.

This offer Jennie had slight hesitancy in accepting. She knew how much Jack would prefer to have his place filled for the time with some one acquainted with *The White Plume* and the ways of its office, rather than by a

blundering stranger. As to her fitness for the work, too, she felt few doubts. During the weeks of her business life, our young business woman had remembered her dead brother's wise saying: "No fellow does any good in a place if he is not fitting himself for a higher position."

Jennie had kept her blue eyes well open. Her quick hands had been ever ready to assist in any work where she might be needed. I have had no opportunity in the course of my story to detail her progress in her chosen art,—which is so truly one of the arts beautiful; but the progress had been made, and that rapidly. She had begun by lifting stickfuls of type for Jack from the galley into the chase, when she had chances of doing that little service. Seeing how neatly and safely his new compositor managed this difficult operation, Jack got to calling on her more and more often to help make up pages when he was in a hurry.

In this way Jennie had picked up quite a store of information regarding the foreman's art, and had obtained such skill in it that Jack had no

doubt about her ability to fill his place, especially with Dick's assistance.

What a welcome our young business woman received on her entrance to the beautiful new quarters of *The White Plume!* In the first place, there was the room itself, large and sunny, a window for each pair of compositors, new type glittering in new cases, a great white imposing-stone with a wide window to itself, everything bright and fresh. Then there were the girls — all of them — rushing up to her and Sallie, hugging them and rejoicing over them. And when Sallie turned impulsively and threw her arms about Jennie, every one was doubly happy, for they knew that the old trouble which for so many days had vexed the office was at an end.

But Sallie was not satisfied with that. Hers was an honest soul, and she knew that the confession of the wrong done should be as public as the wrong, so she seized this opportunity, and bravely faced the little company, interrupting their congratulations: —

"Girls, I have something I must tell you,

though I am ashamed to tell it. You remember that lost chapter of the serial that Jennie was blamed for? Well, I stole it, and got her blamed," and she flung herself into a corner, burying her face in her hands, while convulsive sobs shook her body.

After Sallie's confession the office was united, and Jennie found none of the girls disobedient to her authority, as she had feared they might be. This was well, for her work was difficult enough without any hindrance. She met with a thousand unexpected troubles. Mr. Barton was at her side often with a kindly word and a timely hint, for he felt that he could not do enough for Jennie to atone for his former injustice, — and both kindness and advice were needed. That number of *The White Plume* was already three days late, and likely to be still further delayed. Even Jack would have had his hands full, had he been there, and it was a severe test for a beginner, and she a girl.

The work of foreman in a printing-office is no sinecure. The compositors must be kept occupied, "takes" must be so arranged that the

matter may be ready for each page by the time it should be made up, proof must be sent to the proof-readers, and careful account of what each compositor does must be kept for the weekly pay-roll.

In the make-up of a page of a paper there are a myriad details the uninitiated would never think about. The titles of the articles must not come too near the bottom of the page, nor opposite each other in contiguous columns. Short and long articles must be so mingled as to give each page a bright look. The wood cuts must be inserted in connection with the stories they illustrate, yet in artistic positions on the page. Here a line has to be spaced out to make two lines, to avoid ending a column with a new paragraph. The editor's ideas regarding the paper may not be such as can be carried out at all in type. Besides, there comes in the further complication of the advertising man, with his scores of "ads.," a bewildering number of them labelled "t c n r m," which means, being translated, "top of column, next to reading-matter"; and there may be more of these "special posi-

tion" advertisements than there are special positions to fill.

Then the mere matter of "locking up the forms" is no slight job. Alongside the columns of type as they lie in the "chase" run sticks of wood and of iron, called "furniture." Between these and the chase are placed wedges of steel called "quoins."

The quoins are toothed, and, by a key which fits into them, the teeth are made to slide past each other, thus squeezing the type as compactly as is possible. It will easily be seen that a column only a trifle longer than its neighbors, or a line only a trifle narrower or wider, would result in that printers' Waterloo known as "pi."

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, which were greatly increased, as any printer knows, by the fact that new type was used, Jennie did remarkably well. Grace helped her in the heavy work of lifting the forms, and Dick soon brought his pale face from the hospital, and aided a little, though for some time his sunny temper was of more assistance than his muscle.

Before Dick's return, however, several things happened, about which I must now tell. One of the first was Jennie's reception of a second note from Mr. Phillips, evidently written just after a visit to the hospital, and saying that Foreman Edwards wished to see her there, to talk over the coming Christmas number of *The White Plume*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

AFTER arranging for the progress of the work in her absence, Jennie set out at once to make the desired visit to the hospital. The building set her to shivering as she approached it. It was a massive structure, whose architect, like the builders of most hospitals, seemed to have taken a court house and a factory for his models, rather than a home.

Once within, the shivers grew no less. Everything was scrupulously clean, but everything also was formal. This not being the proper time for visitors, Jennie would have found access difficult or impossible, had it not been for Mr. Phillips' letter; but the rich man's autograph had weight. As our printer walked along the hushed corridors, muffled doors here and there opening for impassive attendants, the slight but pervasive odor of drugs made her sick.

Arrived, however, at the private room where

Mr. Phillips had tenderly housed Jack and Dick, all these disagreeable impressions were at once removed. It was bright, sunny, and cozy. The walls were a dead white, to be sure, but Mr. Phillips had sent from his own home some of his rarest pictures. The floors were hard and polished, but Mr. Phillips had forced on the hospital's disapproving sanitarian some of his brightest rugs. There lay on a convenient table some delicate grapes and a collection of attractive books and magazines, as well as that comical bit of sculpture, "A Capital Joke." In fine, Mr. Phillips's repentant thoughtfulness and full purse had transformed an apartment once graced only by the floods of cheery sunlight into a sick-room that would reconcile any one to being sick.

As she entered, two eager hands were stretched out toward Jennie from the two cots, and Jack and Dick simultaneously cried, "Welcome!" "Hail, Foreman Jennie!"

"Why, I feel," said Jennie, "almost as if we were comrades of some battle, and you two had been more unlucky than I with the bullets."

"Oh, that was a terrible morning, indeed,"

said Jack, as Jennie took the great easy chair that awaited whichever of the two should first become able to sit up.

"Bad for us," piped up Dick, "but good for Mr. Phillips. Why, he seems like a different man. You wouldn't know him for the red-faced aristocrat that bullied us so the night we called on him. He is so kind and thoughtful, and he visits us every day, and he always brings us something nice. I was telling Jack a few minutes ago that that fiery experience had at least burned some ugly clay into a brick!"

"And he is never tired talking about you, Miss Rolland. He says few girls would have the grit to take up the work of foreman of a printing-office, and especially at such a time as this." Jack spoke with much warmth.

"But, Mr. Edwards, I don't see how he can know much about that, as he hasn't been to the new office since the force got to work again," replied Jennie.

Dick smiled mischievously. "I think, Jennie, it's some one else who is never tired talking about you!"

"Well," said Jennie, heartily angry with the hot flush that leaped to her cheeks, "I don't think there's a girl in the office that wouldn't be glad to do just what I am doing, to help out in such an emergency as this."

"Yes, if they could!" interjected Foreman Edwards. But, seeing that compliments were distasteful to our young woman of business, he went on to speak of the matter that especially needed attention.

"You haven't forgotten, have you, that next week we must get out our double Christmas number? That's why I wanted to consult with you to-day."

"No," answered Jennie. "It has been looming up before me like a great castle, that has to be stormed."

"You'll capture it all right. I'm not worrying a particle on that score. But there are some things about it I wanted to make sure you understood. In the first place, do you understand the folios of a double number?"

And here the talk took a decidedly technical turn, and need not be reported. Jack and his

deputy went over with care all the detail of the double number, the planning for which and its execution were more difficult than for a single number in a thousand points it would be interesting to describe, if one had time.

This being finished at last — "Though I am sure," said Jennie, "I shall find a hundred fresh problems as soon as I begin on that number" — Jennie started to go, but Jack detained her.

"There is just one thing more," he said, "that I must talk about, and it is on a very different subject." Here he hesitated.

"You know you gave me that little book on Christian evidences. Well, I have never told you, Miss Rolland, how much good that little book did. For all my boasted thoroughness, I am ashamed to say I had never really studied that side before, and I had absolutely no idea of the impregnable strength of Christian teachings. I tested the arguments of the book on the friend who had been most responsible for my skepticism, and, though he sneered and ridiculed, he could not answer. Then I thought I was a

Christian, because I believed in the historical Christ, but I had a talk one evening with a splendid young fellow, Paul Strong, a minister —you know about him?"

Jennie nodded.

"And he showed me so clearly that Christians had something that I did not have and that I needed that I became very uneasy and anxious. Then came the terrible accident, and I tell you, Miss Rolland, down in that blackness, with the awful weight on top of me and the fire creeping toward me, I felt myself on the very edge of this life, looking off into — well, it was all as black as that cavern in the ruins. You told me to pray, and I think I did pray, and I have been praying ever since that Christ would show me himself. But he does not do it. I cannot seem to get near to him. Mr. Strong talked about him as he would of a very dear friend that he could hear and see right in the room with him, but I cannot feel that way. And yet I am praying hard and often. Now, Miss Rolland, what can I do?"

Again, as once before, Jennie felt herself wretchedly weak in the presence of a great task.

"O Mr. Edwards, I do not know what to say. I am so ignorant. I have no words to tell my own feelings toward my Saviour, and how can I help you to feel the same way? I only know —"

Jennie was glad to have Dick's interruption. "Jack, old fellow, why have you kept still about all this? Why haven't we been talking about it while we were lying here, instead of about novels and the printing-office?"

"Well, Dick, some way — I know it's foolish — but it's hard for me to talk on that subject, and especially to bring it up."

"I guess I know," answered his comrade, "and I ought to have remembered how I used to feel about it. It is my own fault. I just took it for granted you were hardened in your skepticism, and there was no use."

Dick had yet to learn — as most of us have, for that matter — that it is always of use to talk about Christ.

By this time Jennie had recovered from her confusion. "I remember," she said, "something my minister once said. It helped me very much just where you seem to need help. He said that the trust in Christ of most Christians stops short of the very point where we most need to trust him,—our feelings. We do Christ's will, he said, and we soon come to trust him to bring the right results from our actions; and if anything fails that we try to do for him, we trust him, and believe that it is best our attempt should fail. And he said that one of the most important results of actions is feeling, and we should trust him for that result, too."

"Ah, Miss Rolland, that is right to the point. I thought you could help me. You mean that if Christ wants me to feel his presence he will make me conscious of it, and if he doesn't, it's all right?"

"Yes; I am sure that, if we do his will, he will give us all the joys that are best for us. And this sense of his presence is a joy and a blessing, but it isn't a duty. That is another thing my minister said."

With this Jennie again rose to go, but this time it was Dick who detained her.

"Jennie, we haven't had any Christian Endeavor meeting this week. At least I know *I* haven't, and I don't suppose you have had one, either. Why not have a little one before you go?"

Jennie looked timidly at Jack, who smiled brightly and said, "Oh, I should like it *so* much, if you will let me take part, too. And it will be in a better way this time," he added, shamefacedly.

There was a Bible on the table, and Jennie found the eighteenth psalm, giving the book to Dick. They read the wonderful words among them, each reading a few verses in turn. How well they fitted their recent experiences!

"Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.

He sent from on high, he took me ;
He brought me forth also into a large place ;
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.
Therefore will I give thanks."

Indeed, the hearts of those three young people were moved to praise as they read those glowing words. Jennie was the first to pray. Very simply she bowed her head and talked to the One close at hand : "Dear Saviour, we thank thee for thy care over us that terrible night. We pray thee to take care of us through all our days. Wilt thou remove our doubts, and give strength where we are weak, and help us to love thee and serve thee. For thou hast promised it. Amen."

Then Dick, lying with closed eyes, prayed reverently : "Our Father, we bless thee for preserving our lives. Help us now to consecrate them to thee more than ever before. Remove all things that keep us from seeing thee and knowing thee as thou wouldst have us see and know thee. And teach us to trust thee in all things. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Finally Jack, his voice trembling with deep

emotion, uttered the first prayer he had ever made aloud in the presence of his fellow mortals: "Dear Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief. Amen."

A moment they remained with bowed heads. That room in the hospital had become a Bethel. God seemed very near to all of them.

Truly it was with a happy heart that Jennie left the place. The oppressive odors of drugs were now the very incense of prayer and praise, and the long, hushed corridors of the hospital were the aisles of a temple. Her heart was singing the song of songs, joy over a soul that was coming into the light.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THAT Christmas number proved to be the most difficult task to which Jennie had ever laid hands. Few people appreciate the infinite labor spent nowadays on our noble periodicals, and especially on the beautiful special numbers now so common, — the Easter number, the Thanksgiving number, the Christmas number, and what not. For weeks and sometimes months beforehand men are busy on these. The editor is planning the literary contents and soliciting articles from the brightest and best writers in the world. The manuscripts having arrived, artists are set to work promptly, for good pictures do not grow in a day. Then after the artists come the engravers, whose toil is now much abbreviated by many mechanical processes.

In the meantime the advertising manager and his subordinates are scouring the country with their prospectuses, wringing out from soap men

and bicycle men and typewriter men and baking powder men the advertisements that alone make the special number possible. The business manager is ordering his extra paper, and a quantity of unusually fine "stock" for the cover. The cover itself is put through the press long beforehand, for its beautiful design in colors requires slow and careful work.

The whole number would be prepared and printed long before it is, were it not for their majesties, the advertisements, for whose dignified advent the pages must all remain "open" till the very last available minute.

Understanding this need for long preparation, you will see what havoc the great accident made with the Christmas number of *The White Plume*. In the hurried removal several manuscripts intended for it were left behind. All the pictures were destroyed, and both artists and engravers had to go to work again, at lightning speed. In the confusion incident to settling a new set of offices it would be hard enough to get out a regular number; to publish a special number was difficult, indeed.

Besides these necessary hindrances, there came in, as might have been expected, many that were not necessary. A well-known author had promised a story which was to be the leading feature of the number, but the most strenuous letters and telegrams had no effect on His Literary Highness. Either from sloth or from ugliness, he would not write. Many successful writers attain the freakishness so proverbial among spoiled public singers.

The paper went to the press in four "forms," or sets of pages. Manuscripts for one form were in type, but the pictures were delayed; for another form articles and cuts were ready, but the accompanying advertisements failed to appear. The compositors grew tired with the extra work, and their proofs were full of errors. The boy who carried the pages of type down to the electrotype foundry in his heavy black wheelbarrow was careless in handling one page, and "pied" it.

Jennie set out with a heavy heart on the last day of this arduous labor. Her worry, however, was not at all for her work; it was for her

mother. Mrs. Rolland had suffered for months with a treacherous disease whose slow approach and crafty progress were most distressing. The climax was at hand. It meant rapid recovery or equally rapid sinking into death. Jennie's spirit was constantly in prayer for her gentle mother, and every moment was darkened by a great fear. Mrs. Rolland needed but little care, and that Cousin Catharine was abundantly able to give; yet Jennie would have left her work to watch in the sick-room, were the circumstances of that work less urgent.

On this day especially the white face on the pillow had been so very pale, and the doctor's face so very grave, that Jennie, in spite of her usual self-control, had burst into tears on bidding her mother good-by.

"Oh, I *must* stay with you to-day, darling mother, I must, I *must!*"

"No, my dear child, don't think of it. You couldn't do anything, and if I am worse they will telegraph to you. I shall be happier if I know that my daughter is where she is needed, doing her duty."

And so Jennie had gone, with red eyes and a sinking heart, to the station.

For this particular day the culmination of trials seemed to have been reserved. In the first place, Editor Barton, whose temper, as we have already seen, was not the most equable in the world, had become quite nervous and worried with all this extra work. The first thing that morning he marked two cuts for insertion in different articles, and contrived to mark them in the wrong way, so that each picture got in the wrong article.

To the uninitiated this will seem a smaller blunder than it was. These cuts were purposely made irregular in shape, and into all their prominent angles the type had been neatly fitted. Moreover, the cuts were of very different sizes, so that before the two could exchange places both pages had to be "run over," each line, that is, taken up in the composing-stick and changed to a different "measure," or length.

Like all hasty men, Editor Barton charged his own blunders to some one else's account,

and when this error was brought to his attention he rasped out some unkind and unjust remarks that rankled in Jennie's heart for many hours.

So it went on, the livelong day. As one vexation followed another, and especially as her aching heart went out toward the distant sick-bed, our foreman could scarcely restrain the tears, and nothing but a very practical Christianity kept her from utter gloom and despondency.

The worst of all troubles was with the advertisements. On this last day, when the last form must be completed, they came in a perfect deluge, and Jennie dreaded the very sight of the "advertising man," his hands full of fresh "plate ads." or of advertisement copy that must be set up. Over and over the pages were re-arranged, as new advertisements, with varying demands for "positions," required. Pages all ready for the foundry must be "unlocked" and "made over."

To the trained eye of a printer many of these changes "to get position" were especially vexa-

tious. Big black "ads." were brought out with double conspicuousness, a great disfigurement to the page. Reading matter must be laid out in awkward step-ladders in order to furnish the "top column next to reading matter" so voraciously demanded. The nice balance of the pages, for which a printer looks as jealously as an artist seeks for harmony in a picture's composition, was often entirely ruined.

But the climax came late in the afternoon, just as the last page of the last "form" was ready to be "locked up." Mr. Samson, the advertising manager, came bustling in excitedly.

"Just reached me!" he cried. "Didn't expect to get it. Great luck! This ad. must go in if nothing else does. First business we ever had from this firm. What! only one page left? You should have held more. No telling what may come at the last moment. Well, squeeze this in, anyway." And he hurried off.

Jennie took a proof of the new "ad.," which came, as most advertisements now come, already electrotyped, the block prepared for placing at

once in the page. She looked at it with much disfavor, which increased as she read.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "this ought never to go into *The White Plume*."

It was the advertisement of a large dealer in music, whose productions were not of the best character, and whose mode of selling them was worse than the songs themselves. This particular notice closed with the statement, made in the most glaring type, that every one-hundredth purchaser of a certain packet of songs would receive "a handsome diamond ring" as "a free present." The "unparalleled offer" was set forth with all the attractiveness of the most ingenious modern advertisement writer. It would certainly do much mischief.

Jennie at once carried the proof to Mr. Samson.

"Surely you have not read this advertisement, Mr. Samson," she said. "Why, it is nothing but a lottery."

The man of the measuring rule scanned coldly the paper laid before him. His business was not conducive to the making of nice moral distinctions.

"I do not see anything out of the way," he said promptly. "I know the firm. It is perfectly reliable. Those rings will be sent as promised, and they will answer to the description."

"But only one in a hundred gets one."

"Of course. You don't suppose a firm could sell a diamond ring and a package of music for fifty cents, do you?"

"But no one knows who will get the ring."

"Every one gets his fifty cents' worth in the music. What more could you ask?"

"It seems clear to me, Mr. Samson, that this advertisement is precisely in line with the lotteries, and a training for them. I do not think it ought to go into a paper, especially one for young people."

"Well, Miss Rolland, I think it should, and I am the only one responsible." With this curt remark, Mr. Samson put on his overcoat and went home.

The business manager had gone home, also, and there was no one left to consult but Editor Barton, whom Jennie found just closing his desk.

"What!" he cried, when Jennie presented her problem. "Another ad.? And hasn't that last page gone to the electrotyper's yet? Why, we'll be late in getting to press if you don't hurry faster, Miss Rolland. This ad.? Hum — um — um. Bah! It's abominable. Call Mr. Samson's attention to it."

"I have, sir. He insists on its going in, and has gone home."

"Eh? Well, speak to Mr. Searles about it" — naming the business manager.

"He's gone home, too."

"Well, then, I don't know what you'll do about it. *I* have no authority to order it out."

"Hadn't it better be taken to Mr. Phillips?"

"Yes, if you want to do it yourself. I must go home and get to bed. I am all tired out, and my head aches."

Jennie wanted to tell him that her head ached, too, and that she was longing to get home for far other reasons than weariness.

"If Mr. Phillips tells you to leave it out — as I doubt not he will — send that page to the foundry just as soon as possible. If the ad. has

to go in, then I suppose you must leave out Gilbert's short article." With this, the editor hurried home, leaving Jennie to her own devices.

What should she do? She was tired in every fibre of her body, faint and sick with overwork, and borne down most of all by anxiety for the dear mother, who might even then be nearing death. Why not rest on Mr. Samson's positive orders, insert the advertisement, and hurry home?

Well, I think by this time you can be quite sure what Jennie would do in a case like this. She read once more the crafty notice, in which lay wrapped up the seeds of so much possible sin and ruin, pressed her lips tightly together, and put on her wraps to go to the proprietor of *The White Plume*.

CHAPTER XX.

NIGHT WORK.

ONCE more, and under circumstances quite different from those of her first trip, Jennie took the long ride out to Mr. Phillips's grand house. Every stop of the car upon a street corner seemed to take an intolerable time, and her anxious spirit lashed on the very electricity overhead: "Oh, hurry ! hurry ! Here's a girl half crazed to see her sick mother." The car was crowded with men returning from their offices, and to Jennie's impatience it would have been a great relief to get out and walk.

She was fortunate in finding the proprietor of *The White Plume* at home. He received her in his study, and gave her a welcome whose cordiality was a surprise.

"You are Miss Rolland, of the accident? Oh, that terrible night! Can you ever forgive me? I was such a brute!"

Jennie was at a loss for a fit answer.

"I wonder you will keep on in my service at all, and you are doing such noble work for me now! Be sure I know about it, though I have not yet had time to see you presiding over a printing-house."

"It is about that work that I have come," said Jennie, and showed him the pernicious advertisement.

She was quite astonished at the eagerness of his reply. He appeared anxious to prove to her that his heart was not so fixed on gold as it had been.

"Insert it? Of course not! Why, that might poison the lives of thousands. Leave it out, and every other advertisement of similar nature!"

Her errand thus successfully accomplished, Jennie returned on electric cars that, going in this direction, were little delayed. She would at once send the last page to the foundry, and be just in time to catch a train home.

But alas! everything seemed bent on detaining her that doleful night. At the entrance

of the building was Harry awaiting her. His face was pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Miss Rolland — father!"

"Well? What is the matter, Harry?"

"Father is — is — under the influence of liquor, and it will never do to let him run the press to-night."

Here was indeed a problem! Jennie knew well how important it was, if the Christmas number was to appear on time, that the press should be run all night. She followed Harry downstairs to the basement. (In this new building the press was there situated, placed, as it should be, on a solid foundation separate from that of the building above it.)

Here she found Pressman Joe, bending over a large table on which he was "making ready" the form. His body was swaying from side to side, and he was stuttering out some maudlin nonsense.

"Harry, you must take him home, and we must get another foreman for to-night. Do you know of any one?"

"No," said Harry.

"But I do," said the feeder, the stout and stupid young fellow of whom I have spoken in a former chapter. "He lives not far from the Bankses. I will help Harry get his father home, and will hurry back with the other man."

"That is what must be done," answered Jennie, and watched with loathing the sickening sight as the boy and the young man supported the cursing, foolish sot, and drew him, reeling, from the room.

"What is my duty now?" she wondered, as she hastened upstairs to send the impatient lad who had been waiting, with the last page, down to the electrotype foundry. The answer was clear. She must stand by the ship. She must wait till she was sure the new foreman was on hand, and in the meantime she must do what she could.

A telegraph office was a few doors away. She rushed to it, and sent off this telegram to Cousin Catharine: "Am delayed by work. How is mother?" Leaving directions where an

answer would find her, she hastened back to the lonely basement. There was work there that she could do, and urgent work.

Fortunately, Pressman Joe had placed the pages of the form in position on the bed of the press. It was the third form, Jennie just having sent to the foundry the last page of the fourth and last form. He was working on the "make ready" when his drunkenness overpowered him, aided by his pocket flask. The proof had been taken, and he had gone so far as to cover the great sheet with the complicated marks indicative of the places where the tympan must be thickened or the reverse. In going back and forth before the press in the old quarters Jennie had often watched this process, and understood it perfectly. She knew that, Pressman Joe having done the technical work, her ready fingers could speedily carry out the mechanical details.

Taking Joe's shears, and the kind of paper she had seen him use, Jennie set to work, cutting and pasting. And she worked none the less steadily and correctly because every minute

from her anxious heart went up a prayer, "O God, restore her! Dear Jesus, preserve her to me, if it be thy will!"

When Harry and the feeder returned they gave a cry of astonishment at sight of Jennie's work, then on the point of completion.

"Why, how did you learn to do that?" they asked.

"By using my eyes," answered Jennie, laughing. "It's easy enough, when the work is all laid out beforehand."

Harry always helped his father in this task, and he examined the sheet critically.

"Splendid!" he cried, indicating only a few places where were marks that Jennie had not understood, and showing her how to prepare the sheet in those points.

"But when is the pressman coming, Harry?"

"He isn't coming. He had a job somewhere else, and we don't know where to go for another. Alec" (indicating the feeder) "and I decided, as we came along, that we could do it ourselves, if you could help us, and then — then — it needn't get out about father. If it did, I'm

afraid ne would lose his place, and then he would go all to pieces."

"But I don't know enough to help you," objected Jennie, in dismay.

"At night my father and I watch the press, taking turn about, while Alec feeds. We haven't had to work much at night, but I have learned all about it, I am sure, and I could show you, so you could take my place, turn about. Alec is fresh, but I have been here all day and all last night, and I couldn't do the work to-night alone, I am sure."

Jennie hesitated — not about the work, for she had confidence in Harry, and knew him to be no empty boaster — but about the sick mother. While she hesitated a messenger boy brought this telegram: "Doctor says crisis safely passed. Catharine Tapley."

"Dear Jesus, I thank thee! I thank thee!" was Jennie's silent prayer. "Well, I'll stay, Harry," she decided heartily and at once. Then she wrote this message for the telegraph boy to return: —

"Thank God for mother. Work keeps me here all night. Jennie Rolland."

All her fatigue seemed gone in a instant. The gloomy basement was aglow with light. Her heart sang jubilantly to itself, "Mother getting well! Mother well! Mother well!"

Harry fastened the make-ready sheet in its proper place on the tympan, and set the great machine to work, while Alec fed in the paper from above. All three scanned with interest the result. "It's light here," said Harry. "This cut must be brought up," said Alec. "And this place, — oh, how black!" exclaimed Jennie.

So they went over the make-ready sheet once more, putting in the final touches. This time the proof fared better under their critical examination.

"Harry," suggested Jennie, "I should feel much safer if you ran around the corner to the *Record* office and asked the foreman there to look at this and see if it is all right; and I will go with you, to get points."

So the *Record* pressroom was treated to an unusual apparition,— a lovely young girl and a pale-faced boy, asking criticism of their own make-ready for a large press.

The foreman was very complimentary. "It is well done," said he. He pointed out, however, so many defects that they had no ground for much pride, and they took back to their basement a sheet pretty well scribbled over with make-ready symbols.

This time the proof was a beautiful one. "Hurrah!" cried Harry. "I'm not ashamed to show that to any one. Feed away, Alec!" And while the big machine trembled and rumbled the young pressman busied himself with showing Jennie just what work she would have to do during her night watches, — what parts needed oiling, and how often; what parts must be wiped off; how to tell when the electrotype plates needed cleaning; how to regulate the flow of the ink, and the "impression" made by the big rollers; where and how to pile the printed sheets that fell from the press, and the like.

Then it was decided to watch the press each an hour at a time. Harry made the rough bench he himself had used as comfortable as he could, with overcoats and Jennie's shawl, and

Jennie was so weary with her hard day's work and week's work that she could have slept soundly on the floor.

How strange it seemed to fall asleep amid the rumbling of the press, in that strange basement room, the incandescent lights casting huge, black shadows, and Alec on his high perch and Harry carrying his piles of printed sheets, each but silhouettes against the whitewashed wall. Jennie, however, thought little of all this; but her lullaby at every season of slumber was, "Mother getting well! Mother, mother, mother getting well! I thank thee, Jesus, I thank thee!"

The long night wore on without any adventure. The press needed little attention, and Jennie was obliged only once to waken Harry to ask him a question. Gradually the square little basement windows grew lighter, while the electric light paled. Jennie woke from her last nap to find, with a start, that it was day. On a chair were sandwiches, coffee, and hard boiled eggs,— such a breakfast as Harry could procure from the only restaurant at hand. Before

the two had finished the repast, handing up his share to Alec, Lucy appeared, with her father.

"God bless you, you dear girl!" whispered Lucy, hugging Jennie, while Pressman Joe hung back, abashed.

"Miss Rolland," he said stammeringly, "I don't know what to say for myself. I'm a beast. I'm worse than a beast. I — I — I —" and the big man broke down altogether, sank on a chair, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Oh, Mr. Banks," Jennie pleaded, "do let drink alone. For your wife's sake, for your dear children's sake, for the sake of Christ, let it alone."

"I am going to try," said Pressman Joe, his voice still quivering. "I have never really tried. But I have never been so ashamed of myself. To make a girl stay here all night and do my work! I am going to try to conquer the drink. I am. I am. May God help me."

"He will," said Jennie eagerly, while Lucy's arms were about her father, and Harry had

hold of his hands, and Alec, from his perch, drew his stout hand across his eyes.

And God did help Pressman Joe.

Ascending to the composing-room, Jennie made her appearance as if nothing unusual had happened the night before. To her great joy, there was Dick, pale, but jolly.

"O Dick! Back already? How glad I am!"

"Yes," said Dick; "rather shaky, but still I'm back, and happy to be here."

"And Mr. Edwards?"

"He'll be here before many days, the doctor says. He's doing famously."

Dick's presence released Jennie, and, after putting him fully in touch with the new office and the present stage of the work, Jennie hurried home as fast as the train and her eager feet could carry her. Without waiting to answer very fully Cousin Catharine's questions, she sped to the sick-room, and loving mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms.

* * * * *

Sooner than any one expected, Jack appeared from the hospital. He came hobbling into the

office on his crutches, and quickly became quite a hero. He could do no work, he explained, nor did the doctor promise him a very speedy recovery, on account of the shock, more than the broken bone; but he wanted to see how Foreman Jennie was filling the shoes of Foreman Jack.

He soon found that he had a worthy successor. It was a great pleasure to our young printer to watch Jennie's supple hands deftly moving about their difficult task. It almost seemed that the law of gravitation was suspended, so daringly did she handle the tricky bits of slippery metal; and not one of them fell. He had the warmest praise, too, for the taste displayed in the make-up of the pages, proofs of which she showed him. All the morning Jack watched the lovely head bending over the imposing-stone, and never had a morning passed so quickly.

That was Thursday, the day for the noonday meeting of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society. Jack got a hasty lunch in the neighboring restaurant, and Jennie's face brightened

when she saw him return and take his seat in their corner at the opening of the little meeting. This was Sallie's first day as a Christian Endeavorer, and Jack saw that it was only a question of time before all the girls would join.

He sat modestly through the entire meeting, and did not say a word. There was no extract from *The Leader* this time.

As the meeting closed and the compositors returned to their tasks, Jack said to Jennie: —

"Well, I have already stayed too long, so the doctor will say, but it has been such a pleasure! Miss Rolland, won't you just walk to the elevator with me?"

And as Jack hobbled along by Jennie's side, he asked her seriously: —

"Do you suppose, Miss Rolland, they will let me join that little society of Christian Endeavor? I have come to see clearer how much I need Christ, and how poorly I know him, and I do want to be his faithful follower, and to be known as such. What do you think?"

What did Jennie think? You may imagine what she both thought and said.

By this time they had reached the elevator shaft, and as Jack summoned the elevator he interrupted the eager words with which Jennie was expressing the gladness that her glad eyes spoke with sufficient eloquence, and in low and trembling tones he said: —

"Jennie, that is only half what I wanted to ask you. The other question I must ask you when we are alone some day, and O, Jennie, I hope you will be as glad to hear it."

As our young business woman walked back to her foreman's place she was blushing in a very unbusinesslike way, but a happy light shone in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOREMAN JENNIE STILL.

IT is Christmas time. A busy time at the office of *The White Plume*, but fingers fly when hearts are light, and joy reigns in *The White Plume* office nowadays.

"What a pleasant place this is to work in!" say all the compositors. They do not stop to consider why it is so pleasant, but I know one or two reasons.

There is Mr. Phillips, for one. "Was ever a man so changed?" asks Dick. "Why, before the accident he almost never came into the office, and never spoke to any of us, and I shall never forget his talk the famous night we strikers called on him. But now he is here two or three times a week, and he is always sending around some little treat of fruit, or some such thing, and he always speaks to us, and he even knows our names."

Then there is the great roomy place to work

in, with its floods of clear light, so dear to printers' tired eyes; with its pretty plants in the windows, and its cozy corner for the noonday lunch and for the weekly Christian Endeavor meetings.

Yes, and there is the Christian Endeavor meeting itself,— one of the chief features in the new pleasantness of *The White Plume* office. For all the force are members now,— *all*,— even Editor Barton; even Pressman Joe; even Tim, the elevator boy with the one arm and the stupid look in his dull face. Once a week they meet together,— chairs are brought in,— and from every heart goes up some prayer, and from every mouth springs some testimony. And Editor Barton's prayer is no longer than Tim's, and Jack's testimony is as humble and earnest as Lucy's. And if you think that this printers' Christian Endeavor Society does not have a wonderful influence over every hour of the week's work, sweetening and softening it, and filling it with health and joy,— I wish you would make the experiment of such a society in your own place of business, whatever it is, and try it for yourself.

It is Christmas time, I said, and every one in the composing-room is on tiptoe with interest and expectation. Nothing of the sort was ever known before. Mr. Phillips is to give a banquet to the force!

It is to come on Christmas Eve, and early that afternoon the compositors are sent home, "so that we can change our clothes, and to get us out of the way," explained Dick. Then came the caterer and his assistants,— a bustling host directed by Mr. Phillips, as happy as a king,— yes, happier than any king ever was, unless the king was in the way of doing good.

Rattle, clatter! Hustle the desks to one side. Move all the cases into the darkest corners. Pile up the stools — oh, anywhere! How spacious seems the floor with this great clear space laid bare!

In a jiffy a long table is extemporized in the center of the room. Its plain boards are covered with pretty white cloths, and these soon sparkle with bright china and glassware, and glow with beautiful flowers.

"Fairyland! fairyland!" cried the girls, on

their return a few hours later. And indeed, under the mellow light of the large lamps that had been brought in, the place seemed metamorphosed. High plants stood in front of the desks and stands and type-cases, and before everything else that could remind Mr. Phillips's guests of their daily toil.

And behold the host himself, as he does the honors for his employees! The entire affair has not cost him one-tenth as much as one of his wife's grand balls, yet he is enjoying it, it is safe to say, as he never enjoyed anything in his life before. They all file past him on their entrance,— clerks, book-keepers, "list-girls," stenographers, office-boys, mailing-clerks, subscription-clerks, compositors, pressmen, editor, assistant editors,— every one of the large establishment. And he knows the name of each and the personal circumstances of each. Nay, he has already become a warm friend to more than a few of them.

Soon the merry company is talking in happy groups, or walking about admiring the flowers and the pictures that have been transferred from

Mr. Phillips's own house. How handsome are our girls! Clad in their rough, black cambric, with their blackened hands, our compositors have hardly a fair show with the "list-girls" and stenographers during the working hours; but to-night, dressed neatly and tastefully as they all are, they are indeed a pleasing sight for the eyes, and Jack Edwards is proud of them, and gratified to hear the surprised comments that greet the metamorphosis of his company of grimy workers.

Most of all, however, is he proud of a trim little figure in brown, a beautiful young girl who bears herself with womanly dignity, yet carries in her eyes a sparkle of mirth from which many another face is kindled. He has hard work to keep track of her, for she is everywhere about the room. She knows everybody, even the janitor, and the boy who tends the furnace in the cellar, and the woman who scrubs the floors; and they all know her and love her. But, though she is everywhere throughout the room, it is noticed that at the table she is seated next to Jack.

What a happy tableful is this! Mr. Phillips still smiles to himself whenever he thinks of it, and he will feed on the remembrance of it until next Christmas, when he will do it all over again. The waiters catch the contagion of good cheer, and almost dance as they fly from guest to guest. Before these fresh young appetites the viands vanish rapidly, and it behooves the waiters to be lively.

Pleasant chatter and light-hearted gaiety speed the courses that seem so tedious at a fashionable dinner, and the meal is over before we fairly deem it begun. In the midst of a sudden hush Mr. Phillips rises, and is greeted with tumultuous hand-clapping. And here is what he says: —

"Dear friends and fellow-laborers, maybe you wonder why we have our Christmas dinner here, instead of at my home. I hope to see you all there; and many of you, I am glad to say, have found the way there during the last few weeks. But I have had this merry-making here because I want to emphasize the fact that here in our daily work we are one large family, with

common interests, common joys, and common sorrows. I want this feeling to animate your book-keeping, your editing, your type-setting, and everything else you do here. The cause of the labor troubles about which we hear so much nowadays is that the employer does not know his employees, nor they their employer, nor does either party to this divine partnership recognize the fact that it *is* a partnership, in which, if they are each faithful, they are joint workers for God.

"I learned a lesson a few months ago, — a terrible lesson. You don't need that I tell you what it was. I thank God that he sent it just when he did, before my soul was entirely hardened with love of gold. I don't believe a lesson less terrible would have served to redeem me from that sin. Since that time I have been trying to love my neighbor as myself, and I commend it to you as the happiest of human occupations.

"Some of the talented among our number have kindly consented to add to the pleasure of the evening, and we are now to listen to some music and recitations."

There followed a very interesting hour. It was astonishing, even to the young people themselves, to see what a variety of talents they had among them. And, to the wonder of everybody, by far the larger part of the entertainment was given by the composing-room force.

Compositors are somewhat isolated from other workers, and their task is somewhat disagreeable to the fastidious, so that they are seldom given credit for the intelligence they must possess in order to do their work well. This Christmas Eve Jack's force covered themselves with glory. Grace played beautifully on the piano which Mr. Phillips had had brought up on the great freight elevator. Lucy, the timid, to everybody's amazement, brought a violin. With this tucked under her pretty chin, she lost all her timidity, and set everybody's feet tapping to her merry jigs, or touched every heart by the tender strains of "Bonnie Doon."

Dick sang a comic song that set the room to roaring, and took part also in a composing-room quartette, with Jack for the bass, and Susan and Mary for the soprano and alto. Jennie's con-

tribution to the evening was Lowell's "Present Crisis," the brave, strong lines recited with a clear insight into their meaning and a force of earnest purpose that made every listener more manly and more womanly.

After Jennie was through, and before he introduced the next performer, Mr. Phillips took occasion to remark :—

"I said at the beginning that this gathering is to emphasize the fact that we are all one family,— sorrowing in one another's sorrows, and rejoicing in one another's joys. I trust, therefore, that it will not be thought improper if I here give a hint of a coming event that I have great pleasure in contemplating. This event will concern most closely two young people whom I have come to honor and love, and, as they are now willing it should be known, I will venture to express in this family meeting the joy we all shall feel in their new happiness. One of the persons to whom I refer is a young man who will always continue, I hope, to be one of the most efficient and highly prized workers of this office. The other is a young woman whose

brave loyalty to her faith has strengthened us all, whose sunny temper has cheered us all, and whose pluck and skill in carrying out the very difficult work lately thrust upon her has energized us all. In talking with me the other day, this young man made a remark to which I heartily assent. He said in effect that, though in the office here he might rule as Foreman Jack, he saw in the not distant future a little home in which the reigning spirit would be Foreman Jennie."

THE END.

IN WILD AFRICA. Adventures of Two Boys in the Sahara Desert, etc. By Col. THOS. W. KNOX, author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "A Lost Army," etc. 325 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

The least known part of the Dark Continent is the one described in the new book "In Wild Africa." Central Africa has been traversed by many explorers, until every part of it is known, and the larger part of South Africa has entered the domain of civilization and is equipped with railway and wagon roads. Northern Africa, with the exception of a strip two or three hundred miles wide along the coast of the Mediterranean, is almost a terra incognita; its only roads are caravan trails, and comparatively few explorers have ventured to brave its inhospitalities. Lake Chad has been known to exist for more than ten centuries, but it has been seen by fewer white men than Lake Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza, both discovered within the past forty years.

The narrative is replete with adventure and incident, combined with the description of the countries traversed and the people who inhabit them. A part of the route has been personally traveled by the author, who has thus been enabled to inform himself thoroughly concerning the countries he has described.

No author understands better how to write for young people than Colonel Knox, and parents and guardians owe much to him for conveying a vast deal of very useful information, geographical and historical, respecting the manners and customs of foreign nations.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

We can hardly imagine a better way of imparting information to young people. The present volume is similar in plan to those which preceded it, and is worthy of the same hearty commendation which was accorded them.— *Christian Intelligencer, N. Y.*

FOREMAN JENNIE. A Young Woman of Business. By AMOS R. WELLS, editor of *The Golden Rule.* 268 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25.

Foreman Jennie was a young woman of business; she was also a young woman who was an out and out Christian, and nobly strove to live up to her ideals. She was the moving spirit in the formation of the Printers' Christian Endeavor Society, whose struggles form one of the interesting features of the story. It was received most heartily when it ran as a serial in *The Golden Rule.* In its present form it is greatly enlarged, containing twice as much matter as originally. It is a splendid story for young people, whether they belong to the Christian Endeavor movement or not.

QUARTERDECK & FOK'SLE. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, author of "Paul Jones," "Midshipman Paulding," "Little Jarvis," etc. 272 pp. Illustrated. $1.25.

Two exceptionally interesting stories of our navy, written for boys, but which will be of equal interest to girls, as well as older readers. The first story tells of how a young fellow, who hated study and had never been made to go to school, learned the lesson of self-control, and by a series of disgraceful failures to pass his examinations for Annapolis, found by experience that the important things of this world are accomplished only by the hardest kind of work. The success which came to him afterwards shows how thoroughly and well this lesson was learned. The second story deals with a famous incident of the English occupation of Newport, R. I., during the Revolutionary War, where General Prescott was captured in his own house by a handful of Americans. An important part in this incident was taken by a boy. What he did and how he did it is fully told in the story. His service in the young American navy is the natural result of his love for the sea and his ardent patriotism.

The author knows how to tell her stories to captivate the boys, and the character of her heroes is such as to elevate and ennoble the reader.— *Hartford Evening Post.*

THE YOUNG REPORTER. A Story of Printing House Square. By WILLIAM DRYSDALE, author of "Abel Forefinger," "In Sunny Lands," "Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit," etc. 335 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

Every American boy who reads the newspapers is interested in the methods and adventures of the reporters who gather news for the great dailies. They go everywhere, meet all the prominent people of the time, and are constantly in the front of everything that is interesting and exciting.

In "The Young Reporter" Mr. William Drysdale has described the adventures of a young printer boy with a taste for newspaper work, who became a reporter for one of the great New York dailies when he was only eighteen. His introduction to the office by taking in an important piece of news, his early experience there, his trials and temptations, his adventures among the convicts in Sing Sing, his exciting search for the stolen body of a millionaire, his voyage to Mexico and the West Indies, his experience with bookmakers, who consider a reporter a person to be bribed, are all described to the life.

Every adventure through which Dick Sumner is taken is an actual adventure,—something that has really happened. From his first visit to the *Transport* office till his successful production of "The Through Sleeper," his experiences are as true to life as actual truth can make them. It is a book which no boy can read without having his ambition stirred and his character strengthened.

THREE COLONIAL BOYS. A Story of the Times of '76. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, author of "The Search for Andrew Field," "The Boy Soldiers of 1812," etc. 368 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

We have issued this book as an aid in the solution of that difficult problem, "What shall our young people read?"

It deals with one of the most interesting periods of American history, and embraces many incidents and regions which heretofore have been kept in the background.

Young people like excitement, as children crave sugar, and, while the book deals largely with actual experiences, it furnishes an excitement which is not born of the unnatural or impossible.

It is a story of three boys who were drawn into the events of the times; is patriotic, exciting, clean, and healthful, and instructs without appearing to. The heroes are manly boys and no objectionable language or character is introduced. The lessons of courage and patriotism especially will be appreciated in this day.

It is handsomely illustrated, printed, and bound, and we are confident will be eagerly welcomed by all who are seeking for a book for young people which shall be wholesome, interesting, healthfully exciting, and at the same time instructive.

It is the first of a series, but is complete in itself.

CAP'N THISTLETOP. By SOPHIE SWETT, author of "Captain Polly," "Flying Hill Farm," "Mate of the Mary Ann," etc. 282 pp. Illustrated. $1.25.

Sophie Swett has won a remarkable and deserved popularity for the strong and wholesome stories for girls which she has written. In her stories she believes in introducing boys, and it is this feature of her work that gives her stories their naturalness and much of their interest. In her latest book, "Cap'n Thistletop," the principal characters are a boy and a girl, brother and sister; the girl's firmness of character holds her brother up to his work for making a place for himself in the world. She urges, beguiles, and compels, as occasion serves, but still remains the natural, lovable girl, herself, so many thousands of whom are daily making the world brighter and better.

Margaret E. Sangster says, "Miss Swett has the knack of telling a story so naturally and in so interesting a manner that you cannot put her books down until you are at the very end of the last chapter, and then you sigh and wish there was a sequel."

JACK BENSON'S LOG; or, Afloat with the Flag in '61. By CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25.

Of all the boys who enlisted in the navy at the outbreak of the Civil War, perhaps Jack Benson was the luckiest. His guardian, an old sailor, wanted him to enlist; his first ship was "Old Ironsides," and he helped to save her from an attempted capture by the secessionists at Annapolis in 1861. Then he had the good fortune to ship on board a fast little steamer that was hurried into commission for blockading purposes and had a very pretty little fight off Cape Hatteras, and captured a prize at the very beginning of her career. In short, Jack was on hand as a spectator, if not as a participant, at most of the notable naval events that took place on the Atlantic coast during the four years of the war.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOYAGE OF THE DAPHNE, By Lieut. H. P. WHITMARSH, R. N., and others. 305 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25.

A book of stories for boys and girls by some of the best American authors. Such names as Wm. O. Stoddard, Hezekiah Butterworth, James G. Austin, Lieut. H. P. Whitmarsh, Marjorie Richardson, and Emma H. Nason will give a fair idea of the reputation and the standing of the writers whose stories are included in this book. The book is made exceptionally interesting by a large number of illustrations, while the quality of the stories cannot be questioned. The book is one that we can recommend as entirely safe to put in any girl's or boy's hands.

BIG CYPRESS. By KIRK MUNROE, author of "Fur Seal's Tooth," "Camp-mates," "Raft-mates," "Dory-mates," "Canoe-mates," etc. 164 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.00.

Kirk Munroe's books always teach something worth knowing. In his last story, "Big Cypress," the author includes a large amount of information about Florida, its coast, the Everglades region, the climate, and the Seminole Indians as they are to-day *** The story is so fascinating that it will hold the absorbed attention of every boy and girl reader to the end.— *Boston Transcript.*

A bright, wide-awake book as interesting and helpful for girls as for boys.— *Golden Rule.*

A vivid picture of life among the Seminole Indians of Florida, about whom so little is known.— *Advance, Chicago.*

A story *** inculcating manliness and full of incident.— *Congregationalist.*

PHILIP LEICESTER. By JESSIE E. WRIGHT, author of "Freshman and Senior," "Marjoribank," "Curly Head," etc. 264 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25.

The real motive of the story is a lesson for mothers,—that God will be with the children of love and prayer, even though they may be passing through the fires of temptation and bad influence.— *The Evangelist, New York.*

The book ought to make any reader thankful for a good home and thoughtful for the homeless and neglected.—*Golden Rule.*

The idea of the story is happily conceived and skilfully handled.— *S. S. Library Bulletin.*

There is real merit in the story.— *Epworth Herald.*

A charming story for young people.— *Young Men's Era.*

The interest of the reader is engaged and never flags until the last page is read.— *Christian Observer.*

PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES. By F. N. PELOUBET, D. D., and M. A. PELOUBET. A Commentary on the International Sunday-School Lessons. Illustrated. 340 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

This commentary is the *one* book every teacher must have in order to do the best work. It interprets the scripture, illustrates the truths, and by striking comments convinces the mind.

It is comprehensive, and yet not verbose, and furnishes winnowed material in the most attractive and yet convincing form from both spiritual and practical standpoints. Accurate colored maps and profuse original illustrations illuminate the text, and create an intelligent and instructive view of the subject matter.

Teachers are invited to send for sample pages of Select Notes.

It is safe to say that no better help on the International Lessons has ever been printed than Select Notes.— *Christian at Work.*

We know of no other book that fills the place of Select Notes.— *Golden Rule.*

Teachers and scholars have come to regard Select Notes as an essential part of their annual Sunday-school outfit.— *Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Select Notes has become as much of an institution as the International Lessons.— *Advance.*

Select Notes is current everywhere. Among the many books issued as helps to the study of the Sunday-school lessons this is the best.—*Messiah's Herald.*

WAYS OF WORKING; or, Helpful Hints to Sunday-School Workers of all Kinds. By Rev. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D. D. 285 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

All the methods of work suggested in the following pages have been tried and approved by the author. There is nothing that is merely theoretical. Many things other than those alluded to have also been tried, and, having proved failures, have been laid aside. Nothing but what came through the fire of experience unscathed has been dwelt upon. Not all the methods recommended have been originated by the author. In fact, the land was ransacked during the time of his actual superintendency for helpful methods, and wherever these were found they were adopted. Sometimes they had to be adapted, as well as adopted, and this will probably be the case in many schools who try to take up with some of the forms suggested. But if the suggestions given here serve to stimulate others in the line of advance, the aim of the book will have been accomplished.— *Author's Preface.*

THE GOSPELS COMBINED. Compiled by Rev. CHARLES H. POPE. 208 pp. Cloth, 75c.

Parallel passages blended, and separate accounts connected; presenting in one continuous narrative the life of Jesus Christ as told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

This book will be the best help to a clear connected view of the life and words of our Lord. Just the thing for every Sunday-school Teacher and Bible Class Student.

THE BEACON LIGHT SERIES. By NATALIE L. RICE. Illustrated. Each vol. 96 pp.

A collection of bright, attractive stories from the best known writers for young people in the Junior and Intermediate classes. The set, 5 vols., in a box, $2.50.

DOT'S LIBRARY. Edited by LUCY WHEELOCK.

Without question the most delightful set of books for little ones. Over 400 illustrations. The set, 10 vols., in a box, $2.50.