

Fruition

We scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we never shall see them
more.
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears.
In weeds that mar the land
Or helpful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last
To the dread judgment day,
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

—John Keble.



A BACHELOR'S BUTTON

BY MALCOLM FURZE

"And the world will say: 'What did she see in him?'"

"Exactly! That's just what the world is saying of me, I expect!" Ellice Dare threw back her pretty head and looked a little defiantly at her husband of a year. "What did she see in him?"

"Well?" he laughed a bit constrainedly. "And what did you see in me?"

She lifted her gray eyes to his and shrugged her slender shoulders with an insouciant air.

"Not much!" was the unexpected reply. "May I offer you a bachelor's button, Geoff?"

She held out the tiny red blossom—little more than a daisy blushing vividly—with a careless bow, which somehow had the power to irritate him in his present mood.

He took it and flung it far away across the cliff.

"I am no longer a bachelor now—worst luck!" he muttered, as he turned on his heel and left her.

Ellice Dare shivered a little, although it was mid-June. These little tiffs were becoming of almost daily occurrence now, and both of them were at fault, she knew. And yet Geoffrey would not, or could not, see where he provoked by his heavy, uncertain temperament, and Ellice, a creature made for smiles and laughter and fun, loved nothing so much as to tease him.

A sob escaped her slim, white throat as she sank down on a seat, and the sea made a little lapping sound on the sand below which seemed a fit accompaniment to her thoughts.

"I'll try ever so hard—ever so hard, next time," she murmured to herself. "Perhaps—oh, if only Geoffrey would not take things so seriously! Why—oh, why, didn't he kiss that bachelor's button. I believe if he had, I'd have kissed him."

She rose and whistled to her dog, and the two were soon racing over the heathery moor which fringed the coast, each in their different way, enjoying the exhilarating air and the exercise of mind and body.

All at once something her husband had said came to her mind. She had been very near to forgetting it in her volatile way.

"I am no longer a bachelor, worst luck!"

Had Geoff meant that—really meant it? And if so, what about herself? Did he wish that she was dead? But she was young and strong and healthy and likely to live for many a long day?

Something must be done. She could not give him back his bachelorhood except in part! She could—run away!

Would he follow her up if she did? Would he put detectives on her track, who would find her dead body cast up



"Not much!" was the unexpected reply.

by the sea some months afterward. Of course that would be the correct solution, but it was not one which commended itself to her life-loving, pleasure-built nature.

No, she would run away; and then perhaps Geoff would be sorry and miss her. He might even write and ask her to return, and be as loving and sweet to her as he had been in the days of their honeymoon—days that seemed so far off now.

And so the world—as startled one

day by being asked to accept the fact that Lady Ellice Dare had run away from her solemn-eyed, clever husband—and the funny part was that the world was not a bit surprised.

The usual "What she ever saw in him?" "Wonder that she had managed to hit it off with him for so long" and a few regrets were some of the comments, ere the world settled down again, as it always does, to think no more about the matter.

Geoffrey Dare said little; he did



He picked it up.

not employ detectives; he made not the slightest effort to find his runaway wife. She had gone—it was her choice, and he accepted it in the same phlegmatic way he lived his life.

There came a day when he had to go into his wife's room for something, at least twelve months after her disappearance. He had not entered it from that day when he had come home to find her gone till now, and to-day as he stood on the threshold the daintiness and emptiness of it struck home. Where was she, the dainty owner of this pretty home?

On the dressing table a withered blossom lay, quite dry and shriveled up, but bearing a very faint semblance to that he had flung away the last time he saw her—a bachelor's button!

He picked it up and it cracked in two. Wondering at himself he laid his lips on the dead thing, then put it carefully away in his pocket.

"Come with me," said a friend to him, meeting him in the city the next day, "I've got a case on in the police court, and it is likely to be amusing. Millman Smith, you know, can be awfully witty at times."

Geoffrey had lain awake all night, he was tired and unfit for work. So he accepted his friend's invitation because he felt disinclined for anything else, and the two men were soon listening to the case before Lyne's, which had not yet come on.

"I seem to know that voice," Dare muttered, as a steady, girlish voice broke on his ears.

He looked up to get a glimpse of the speaker. She was defending herself—a slim young waitress—from an accusation made against her by another waitress from the same establishment—it was a charge of stealing half a sovereign, and though no one had seen the defendant commit the act, half a sovereign was found upon her when she was searched. She denied that it was the other girl's; it was her own, she said.

Dare's friend had taken the opportunity for an after-luncheon nap, the girl's voice broke in the middle of a long sentence, and Geoffrey, looking up, caught a startled gaze fixed upon him. In an instant it flashed across him. Ellice!

He scrambled down from his seat and came up behind Millman Smith, who greeted him with a hasty smile. Then ensued a slight consultation. The magistrate spoke: "This eminent gentleman, Mr. Geoffrey Dare, will defend you," he said.

And defend her Dare did to the best of his ability. Following his suggestion, the other waitress' jacket lining was searched, and the lost money was found; there had been a hole in the pocket, and it had slipped through.

"Accused was acquitted."

"Come along," Dare said, giving her arm a gentle squeeze. "Ellice, I am going to take you home, dear."

She still hung back—he looked up

as they were passing down a small street, and a little grocer's shop met his eye. Displayed in the windows were plants and plants of crimson daisies.

He drew her toward it.

"Ellice," he said, ever so humbly, "offer me a bachelor's button again, and I will take it. Darling, I am tired of being a bachelor, won't you come and release me?"

There were few people about, and he stooped and kissed her forehead. Then he drew out his pocketbook.

"I found this on your dressing table yesterday," he said, holding out the dead daisy, "and then I realized that I should never be happy until I found you again—"

She turned a smiling face up to his. "I haven't even a copper," she said. "So if you want one of those you will have to buy it for yourself."

And he did—but she presented it to him, and since that day they have lived happily together, while in their garden on the cliffs the crimson daisies flourish, the daisies that go by the quaint name of "Bachelor's Buttons."—Malcolm Furze in Chicago American.

BENEFIT IN HAVING FRIENDS.

Case Where Quality Should Predominate Over Quantity.

It is told that Russell Sage said that he never cared to know anyone who would not be of use to him. Possibly by "use" he was specially thinking of pecuniary advantage. Like many millionaires his horizon is apt to be bounded by cash.

But, believing that there are many uses to be derived from one's acquaintances besides merely pecuniary ones, it seems strange that so few ever think of "making the best of other people." A distinguished playwright the other day confessed that he owed an immense amount of his success to the inspiration he derived from the society of an old crippled lady whom he made a point of visiting two or three times a week.

"She never says anything particularly clever or witty," he remarked, "yet I never see her without seeming to gain ideas and inspiration. To a great extent that old lady has made me."

This goes to show that with a little care and sense everybody might select friends and acquaintances who would generally be of a good deal of benefit.

"Happy is the man who has a dozen friends," said Sir Edwin Arnold. He was quite right. They are not to be made in crowds. Friends are things in which quality should predominate over quantity.

A Complicated Case.

Mrs. Mortimer seated herself with the air of an offended goddess, and removed her gloves with the expression of one who has suffered untold indignities.

"Well, what's been going on at your club to-day?" asked Mr. Mortimer, who saw clearly what was expected of him.

"The committee meeting," said Mrs. Mortimer, bitterly, "and I must say I think it is time there was a change made in our presiding officer. When I was in her position I should have made—I always did—a point of having things plainly expressed, so nobody would be left in doubt."

"Now, this afternoon," said his wife, her indignation rising as she talked, this afternoon there was a discussion as to whether we couldn't change the day from Wednesday to Thursday, because some of us have maids that prefer to go out Wednesday, because it's so common Thursday. So many of them go then, and they feel it, they'd rather go the day before. It's a common feeling among them."

"But they said it couldn't be done because they liked Thursday, and when they have two of course it doesn't matter, for one stays at home, so either would do for them, you see. But it seems some of them have a reading circle that day, so they don't like to give them that afternoon."

"It seems as if it would be very selfish if they don't, when so many want it, but they talked back and forth, and my head got to aching so I could not tell whether they really think they will or won't!"

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Mortimer, solemnly passing his hand across his forehead.—Youth's Companion.

Israeli.

The pillar of the cloud flamed as a pyre of Ezevot's hope, that in the trackless night
And girlish day—led by the Lord of night—
The tribes should go as strong and sure as fire
Or eagles' wings—our sages never tire
Of their great glory; wonder and delight
Their poets give; and in the fair star's sight
From their high race was born the world's desire.

And to what end, oh, splendid Israel?
Why have you joyed and sorrowed, patient, won
Freedom from tyrants—seen the blessed rod
Of Aaron triumph; pure of blood you dwell
In alien lands; this you have proudly done
That you may say forever: "Thou One God."
—Maurice Francis Egan.

Japanese M. E. Church.

The Rev. S. Sugihara is pastor of a Japanese Methodist Episcopal church in Portland, Ore. His people, who are mostly domestic servants or day laborers, have made great sacrifices to raise \$3,000 toward a church building.

Strenuous Life.

The Mother—Now, be careful, my son, and don't work too hard at college, as you may injure your health.

The Son—Don't worry, mother. Under the new football rules there isn't half so much work required as formerly.



Bliss Beyond Compare.

Fond mother—You will be five years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else.

Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Couldn't Lose.

"I've got a bet on to-day's ball game."

"Who do you want to see win?"

"I don't care."

"I thought you said you had a bet on the game."

"I have, but I can't lose."

"How's that?"

"Why, I bet a kiss with my best girl."



A Knock.

Mrs. N. Peck—You don't know how to appreciate a good wife.

Mr. N. Peck—Well, I haven't had a chance yet.—Comic Cuts.

The Pleasures of Imagination.

"It is not so much what a thing is as what we think it is that influences us," I insisted earnestly, for I believed in looking on the bright side of things.

"True," said the unsentimentalist.

"Nothing adds so much to the bouquet of the wine as the right label on the bottle."

Gaining an Emphatic Answer.

"I beg, I beseech you to be my wife," he pleaded. "Oh, do not say 'No.'"

"Mr. Nervy," replied the fair girl, "I had not thought of saying 'no' to you. I'm sure you wouldn't take that for an answer, and so permit me to say, 'Not on your life!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Somewhat Different.

DeBorum—I hope you do not think I have prolonged my stay unnecessarily.

Miss Caustique—Oh, no; it isn't your staying so late that I object to.

DeBorum—What, then?

Miss Caustique—To your early coming.

Drawing the Line.

"This world is but a vale of tears," said the sentimental lady. "Even the beautiful rose has its thorn."

"Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that," rejoined the prosaic bachelor.

An Extinguisher.

Gusher—She told me I was the light of her life.

Flusher—Well, that was encouraging.

Gusher—Yes; but her father happened along just then and put the light out.

Went Out Through the Roof.

She—Jackson never goes out with his wife.

He—He went out with her this morning.

She—Your surprise me!

He—Yes; the gasoline stove exploded.

Not Universal.

Tommy Figgiam—Paw?

Paw Figgiam—Yes, my son.

"Do they kick on the street rail way services everywhere?"

"No, my son; only where they have street cars."

"Oh!"

Cause for Doubt.

The Passenger—Can I get through here?

The Gateman—You may try it, madam, but I doubt it.

At the Seance.

Widower—Is that my wife?

Medium—It certainly is.

Widower—Lord help me! And to think that I put ten tons of granite over her!

Always Something on Foot.

"Chicago girls have to stand for a good deal from the joke writers."

"Yes; but they have the broadest grin."

The Mission of Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

If so, He must have made these. We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee?

They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whisky, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whisky, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history, testified to by literally millions of people, that Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee are sniling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get firm hold enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell (and "under the spell" is correct) of any one of these drugs frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggled through a week, fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whisky) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to), breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, a sturdy, steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is fixed by the infinite and will not be quickened out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whisky, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him—keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work—luxury, overeating and drinking, licentiousness, waste and extravagance, indulgences of all kinds—then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness (in childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery,

Levelers.

The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

LEVELERS.

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It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins. There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

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disease, and the wreck follows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman, and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left too far behind.

And yet we must admit that same all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean-cut, steady mind, and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I will not deaden my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself cheap, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whisky, tobacco or coffee. Life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things without any sort of handicap, so a man is certainly a 'fool trader' when he trades strength, health, money and the good things that come with power for the half-asleep condition of the 'druggier,' with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead."

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certain it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to "mind" if some of his children are foolish and stupid, he seems to select others (perhaps those he intends for some special work) and allows them to be threshed and castigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flirting with these levelers a while, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint, or a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within," for every highly-organized man and woman has times when they feel a something calling from within for them to press to the front and "be about the Father's business." Don't mistake it; the spark of the Infinite is there and it pays in every way—health, happiness, peace and even worldly prosperity—to break off the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit and be assured of a return to health and all of the good things that brings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good cream, for the color and flavor is there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve-destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary, the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by Nature are in Postum and they quickly set about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than two days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles or complaints of kidneys, heart, head or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better, and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain-working Americans to-day use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

Generous Deed of Elks.

Through the generosity of the Bridgeport Lodge of Elks, Peter Markoon of Wallingford, Conn., will profit by the unfortunate accident which he met with while witnessing the Elks' banner raising. A runaway horse ran him down and dislocated his collar bone.

The bone was not fractured as at first reported. Markoon was here looking for work, and when the Elks heard that he had a wife and family dependent upon him for support they sent a committee out to investigate.

Markoon, as a result, was sent back to Wallingford to-day, after the Bridgeport lodge of Elks had paid his medical expenses, secured his ticket, given him money for incidental expenses, and told him to calculate upon \$5 per week for the next four weeks.

The Elks went further. They notified the Wallingford lodge to take care of Markoon and help him to get employment. Markoon is not a member of the order, never was, and the Elks were not in any way liable for the accident.—Boston Globe.

The Eternal Feminine.

He—Will you—O, will you be mine forever?

She—Mercy, no! I just accepted Cholly Saphedde last night.

He—What! Has all your encouragement to me meant nothing of affection?

She—Oh, I assure you it has meant a good deal. In fact, I don't know how I'd have managed without you. You see, until you came along and I began to be so nice to you, Cholly didn't seem to have any serious intentions at all.—Baltimore American.

This One of the Years.

Johnny—Pa, when was the year of the big wind?

Father—Any year when there was an election.