

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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DO NOT DISCHARGE THE BOY.

Edwin Booth once spoiled one of his supers for the careless way in which he took his part. "Look at me," said Mr. Booth, "why don't you do as I do?" "Ah, Mr. Booth," said the man, "if I were you I would not be carrying a spear for one dollar a night."

Don't scold the employee who doesn't always do things as you would do them. Remember, he has not your experience, judgment or present ability. If he had he would not be working for you.

Don't fire the boy who has disappointed you. Think how you would like to have some one treat your boy who happened to make a mistake or to do some foolish thing. Do not throw him out. Take all interest in him. Try to arouse his ambition. Tell him of your struggles to get a start in the world and how important it is to do everything to a finish. Show him that every letter he writes, that every well done thing is a step to something higher.

Did you ever think, Mr. Employer, what it may mean to you to discharge a boy or girl, perhaps in a fit of temper or for a trifling offense?

It may seem a little thing for you to discharge employees, but it may be the turning point in their careers. It is a most unfortunate thing for young people, who are very susceptible to discouragement, and who are the victims of their moods, to be discharged. They sometimes become so disheartened they think it is no use to try to do their best.

Some employers say that their time is too valuable to spend breaking in green boys, and they discharge a boy upon the slightest provocation, for a little instance, a blunder, carelessness. They do not realize that this may ruin him.

Remember that you can persuade a boy, you can lead him, into almost anything, but it is very difficult to drive him, if there is anything in him.

Perhaps the boy you want to discharge has not had the love and care, the tender influences in his home, which your boy has had. In fact, he may have no real home at all, as you have it. His home may even have a vicious influence upon him. Are you sure there is nothing in him which you can bring out?

Employers should resort to every possible expedient before discharging help. Sometimes just a little encouragement, a little praise, when an unruly employee does well, will result in wonderful improvement.

Only recently the manager of a large department store told me that he had been so tired with the stupidity, the carelessness and apparent indifference of a girl clerk that he made up his mind he must discharge her. He had talked with her and advised her, but found that it did little or no good. He called her into the office one morning to tell her that he would have to let her go. While talking to her, however, he asked her why it was that she could not do better, and she told him that she didn't like the work she was doing; that if he would put her in the silk department he would find she would do better. He made the experiment, and she became a different girl. She took a great interest in silks; in fact, had an almost perfect knowledge of silk textures and colors. The girl is now in charge of the silk department at a large salary, and her employer says she has become indispensable to the concern.

Instead of firing an employee who has tried you perhaps past endurance, change him about, try him in different positions. He may develop genius. He may now be a round peg in a square hole, and after he has found his place he may prove very valuable to you; but if you discharge him it may discourage him from trying.

Many men seem to think that they can treat their help in any way; that they can scold them, bound them, nag them, find fault with them, and use all sorts of slave-driving methods in their treatment of them, and yet get their best service.

While there is now and then a conscientious person who tries to do his best under all circumstances, there are a thousand who will give back what they receive.

Action and reaction are pretty nearly equal in this world. As a rule, people pay us back in our own coin. They will pay back kindness with kindness, hate with hate and ingratitude with contempt.

TODAY IS YOUR DAY AND MINE.

The majority of people get a very small percentage of the possible happiness out of life because they are waiting for that paradise of tomorrow when they believe their worries and their anxieties and the things that embarrass and harass them and fret them will be eliminated and only the good things, the things that make people happy, will remain.

Do you ever realize, you who are dreaming about tomorrow and its wonderful possibilities, that it will be just like today, that the glamour

which your imagination puts in it will be gone when you reach it, that the mirage which you witness today comes from the distance, but that when you arrive it will be gone, and you will find only a common, ordinary day—practically a duplicate of this common, ordinary day, through which you are now passing?

The trouble with many of us is that we are waiting for the ideal condition before we enjoy ourselves. Somehow we cannot seem to manage to extract satisfaction and enjoyment out of the day that is so full of cares, anxieties and the humdrum routine of life. We are dreaming of that Utopia somewhere in the future that will have all the good things, the comfort, the conveniences and luxuries without the annoying things, the thousand pin pricks and the little annoyances, the fretting and the worrying and the anxiety of today. We are dreaming of the condition when our family will all be well, when we shall be strong and healthy, vigorous, and when we shall be rid of the things that harass.

But there is no such Paradise awaiting us. We are really now in the Paradise which we pictured in our dreams a few years ago. We all are in it. This is the future we looked forward to when we were in school or college, when we first left home to start out in the world for ourselves, and is it materially different from yesterday? Is it not the same humdrum sort of life, with the same anxieties, the same worries, the same cares that we had then, and probably many more? Life is made up of days, each one must be a success or the whole is marred. The habit, therefore, of resolving when we start out each morning that the day shall find us a little further ahead, a little farther on, is a wonderful help. Life as a whole will be a success if each day is a success.

"Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part," says David Starr Jordan. "What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know; it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness."

Today is the day that holds the key to your future. What you do today you will likely do tomorrow; what you are today you will be tomorrow, with simply one day's growth or one day's retrogression. Today is the bulletin-board of what you do tomorrow.

By what philosophy can you idle away your time today, waste your energy, squander your force, and do your work like a drudge, and expect a magnificent harvest of success, prosperity and happiness from such a sowing? Today is the seed you are sowing for tomorrow's harvest, and if you sow seeds of carelessness, accuracy, energy, zeal and enthusiasm, if you sow optimistic good cheer, helpful seeds, you will reap the same kind of a harvest tomorrow.

Evolution of Modern Trade.

In a jewelry store more than fifty years ago, John Wanamaker was buying a present for his mother with a few dollars of his earnings. "I'll take that," he said, pointing to a dainty jewel and handing out the cash a little proudly. As he spoke, he saw another shiny something that pleased him still more, even though it came higher. "I think I'll change my mind and take that one instead," he said to the man, who had not yet wrapped up the first selection. "It's too late now," snapped the jeweler. "You've bought this and you must keep it." Doubtless it had been in stock a long time and the salesman felt proud that he had worked it off. It was an affront to the young purchaser, but it was the inception of one of the basic policies in the Wanamaker system. The jeweler's attitude reflected trade conditions prior to '61, but all this was reversed in the Wanamaker idea, whose creator has lived to see his convictions adopted as business axioms. One price for goods and the return of purchases has revolutionized retail trade not only in Philadelphia, where it met with bitter opposition, but in all parts of the country. John Wanamaker was one of the first merchants to recognize the privilege of the American woman to change her mind—"A Modern Business General," by Flynn Wayne, in National Magazine.

Fire Away.

A company of territorials were at the range. The usual marker had not turned up, but a deputy was soon found in the person of an old worthy well known in the district who occasionally acted as substitute in such circumstances. The first round was about to be fired when the captain, looking towards the target, was almost stupefied to see the newly-engaged marker right in the line of fire.

"Stop firing!" he screamed, as he hastened to where the old man stood, calmly smoking. "You blithering idiot!" he yelled, as he approached. "Do you know you were within an ace of death just now?"

"Och, aye," was the reply. "Jist fire awa'. A've marked for your squad before."—London Tit-Bits.

Neglected.

"Yes," said the lifelong resident, "I can remember when that stream was 15 feet across."

"And now it isn't more than five."

"Yes. It just goes to show that we haven't been getting our share of the rivers and harbors appropriations."

Progressive Crime.

The Richmond Virginian, in describing a small battle, says: "The officer attempted to arrest the negro on the charge of stealing a ham, which, it afterward turned out, he carried concealed beneath a large white apron. Sweet started for the first police station with his prisoner. When the pair reached the open window the negro suddenly whirled, shoving the officer through it. In doing this, however, he lost his own balance and tumbled in behind the officer. While the off-

icer was subduing Johnson someone else disappeared with the ham. It will probably be years before this matter is fully cleared up."

Rope is as Strong as Steel.

Recent experiments show that manila rope is as strong as solid bar steel, weight for weight, whereas a leather belt is less than 40 per cent as strong, compared in the same way. A year's use will take 90 per cent of a rope's strength, after which the weakness is more gradual.

BOY IS KILLED IN FIGHT WITH SHARK

Young Turk, a Fancy Swimmer, Makes a Heroic Struggle Against Aquatic Enemy.

ALMOST WINS COMBAT

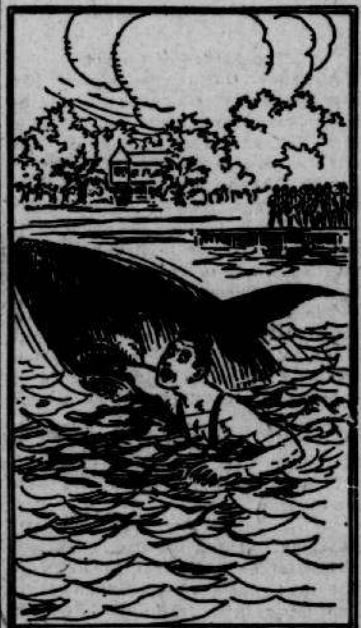
Crowd at Lake Pontchartrain, La., Sees Death Struggle Between Youth and a Man-Eater, Rescuers Arriving Too Late.

New Orleans, La.—Peter Kontopoulos, a seventeen-year-old Turk, a fancy swimmer of remarkable ability, gave a large audience at Lake Pontchartrain 20 minutes of unshedding thrill and horror when he was fatally attacked by a man-eating shark while doing his swimming stunts in the lake. Kontopoulos had been doing his swimming tricks 100 yards out from the throng-lined shore for 15 minutes before the excitement began. Suddenly, the water about the boy began to churn. The lad was seen to throw up his hands and then disappear. The water became violently agitated, and the knowing men in the crowd which lined the shore yelled:

"My God! A shark has attacked that youngster!"

Clear-headed men in the crowd ran up the beach a quarter of a mile to get a boat to go out to the assistance of the youth. The rest of the crowd, helpless to aid the struggling swimmer, watched the death struggle of the nifty Turk in mute horror. Out on the lake, the expert swimmer was making a terrific fight for life.

The shark first caught the man by the right foot. By beating the water hard and by strenuous squirming, the Turk freed himself temporarily from the jaws of the man-eater. Bravely he struck out for shore. In another minute, the shark, again on his back,



With the Right Arm of the Swimmer in Its Jaws.

made for the boy. This time he got a grip on the right leg of the youth. Again the battle in the lake raged fast and furiously, the boy and the shark both churning the water like paddle wheels. Again the boy freed himself from the monster of the deep. By this time the men who had gone for a boat were putting out for the scene of battle.

In another two minutes, the spectators saw the shark make another lunge for the swimmer, but this time they saw the Turk avoid the on-rush of the monster. When the shark passed the youth, the lad struck out again for shore. The lad was seen to swim at least fifteen yards with great speed. Again the white, ugly throat of the sea brute was seen to shoot out of the depths, this time with the right arm of the swimmer in its uncomplaining jaws. Men in the crowd yelled:

"Merciful God! The shark's got a big taste of blood now. He'll never quit the fight. The boy is done for!"

Using his left arm and his legs to the best of advantage, the boy struggled for fully two minutes underneath and on the surface of the water before he could wrest himself away from the monstrous man-eater. The men in the boat were pushing nearer and nearer, but were still a considerable distance away from the scene of battle. Weakened, but with magnificent spirit, the boy was seen to put again for the beach. This time he swam longer than he had after previous attacks.

Suddenly, however, the lad was seen to rise bodily out of the water. The shark had made a swift flank attack and the people on shore could see the boy's right side in the jaws of the man-eater. With unbridled fury the boy attacked the shark, freeing himself again from the monster. Again, he tried to strike out for shore, but his strokes were weak. As the rescuers in the boat reached the lad, he was just going down for the second time. He was unconscious when hauled into the boat, dying from loss of blood and an overworked heart before the craft reached shore.

U. S. War Hospital Praised.

London.—The Times describes the American ambulance established in the Pasteur Lycee at Neuilly by a committee of Americans as one of the best equipped and most remarkable war hospitals in Europe.

"Its splendid work is not sufficiently known in England," says the Times. "It deserves all the help that England can give, and the devotion and kindness of the self-denying American citizens in Paris should excite a thrill of gratitude throughout England."

RABID PRAIRIE WOLF ATTACKS TWO MEN

Texan's Lip Is Torn Off in a Desperate Fight With a Coyote.

Austin, Tex.—Two of the most extraordinary cases since the establishment of the Pasteur Institute in Austin have just been registered in that institution. W. H. Whitley, a farmer of Electra, Wichita county, and his son, seventeen, arrived here for treatment against rabies.

Whitley and his son were attacked recently at night by a coyote, and both are suffering from wounds, several of which are serious. The elder Whitley has about eighteen wounds.

The center of his upper lip was bitten off, and there is a wound in one arm penetrating to the bone. The other



Caught the Animal by the Throat.

or wounds are on his face, arms and body. The boy has nine wounds, the most serious one being on his hand.

Whitley was attacked while he was asleep on a cot in his barn. He was awakened when the wolf bit him on the lip. He caught the animal by the throat and fought desperately for fully half an hour, the noise from the scuffle awakening Whitley's son, who also was sleeping in the barn.

While his father and the coyote battled young Whitley started to the house for assistance, but before he had run 50 yards from the barn the wolf escaped from the clutch of Mr. Whitley, overtook the boy and attacked him. The boy finally fought off the beast.

Whitley was semi-conscious when aid reached him.

In the opinion of the physicians at the Pasteur Institute there is no doubt that the coyote was afflicted with the rabies, and double treatment was given Whitley and his son.

CAT IS HEIR TO \$1,000

California Woman's Will Gives Tabby Kidneys and Cream For Life.

Pasadena, Cal.—A cat inherited \$1,000 the other day, and is to have kidneys and cream three times a day for the rest of its life. It can have its favorite delicacy oftener if it desires, but its late mistress, Mrs. Nellie L. S. Ross, thought three full meals a day would be enough, especially as the cat is getting old.

Its name is Tiger, and its ancestral home was an ash barrel in the rear of a neighbor's yard.

It was 12 years ago that Tiger rubbed its eyes open in an ash barrel in the rear of the home where little Mary Peters lived, across the street from Mrs. Ross. Mary went out and looked at the barrel one morning and reported to her mother that the stork had certainly been kind to Tiger's mama. There were six or ten kittens to the stork's credit. She went directly across the street and told Mrs. Ross that she had a gift to make, and with a little sob and much clutching at her skirt, she presented Tiger, then unnamed and unloved.

Mrs. Ross never liked cats, her friends say. But Mrs. Ross' mother, Mrs. Mary Scripture, and her aunt, Mrs. Emma Gower, were living with her, and the two elderly women took a fancy to the undesired infant.

The two old women potted and cared for the kitten, and things were luxurious in the Ross household, for Mrs. Ross had sold her home in Chicago to Potter Palmer, and the site where it once stood is now the ladies' entrance to the historic Palmer house. The sale gave to Joseph M. Ross and his wife \$75,000.

Mrs. Scripture died nine years ago, and five years later Mrs. Gower died, leaving Mrs. Ross alone. And as Tiger had been dear to both of the dead, Mrs. Ross cared for the cat, liked it, then grew so attached to the prosperous Tiger that she was more loyal even than her relatives.

Several weeks ago Mrs. Ross died suddenly. The other day her will was read and the Union National and Savings bank of Pasadena learned that it is executor, and that by the provisions of the will the first \$1,000 of the estate was set aside for the care of Tiger, and Mrs. Louise M. Adams, 1493 Walnut street, Berkeley, is to be the caretaker.

British Prisoners Suffer.

Venice.—Reports from various parts of Austria-Hungary indicate that British prisoners of war have been subjected in many instances to harsh treatment. They have been insufficiently fed and badly housed amid insanitary conditions.

Many prisoners have been transferred to various points in the interior. At first they were made coal fortable, and those who money were permitted to buy all the extra comforts procurable, but later all prisoners were treated alike.

AS TO MAKING CAKES

EXPERT ADVICE FROM DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Cases Where Rendered Beef or Veal Fat May Be Substituted for Butter—Introducing Variety into the Confections.

There are, generally speaking, only two kinds of cake made by the American housewife; namely, sponge cakes and butter cakes. The former never have butter in them and are frequently raised entirely by means of eggs. The eggs usually provide the only moisture used, but when eggs are expensive, economy sometimes demands that water be added and baking powder used. In the latter kind, butter is generally used on account of its flavor. Its effect on dough is to make it tender and brittle instead of tough and elastic.

Sponge cakes are mixed differently from butter cakes and should be baked in a cooler oven and about one and one-fourth times as long. The tests and rules for baking are the same for sponge cakes and butter cakes.

Gingerbread and other highly spiced cakes may be classed as "butter cakes," but for economy's sake pure rendered beef or veal fat may be substituted for butter as the flavor of the fat will not be so evident as in other kinds of cake.

A cookie also comes under the class of "butter cakes," any butter-cake recipe being applicable to cookies if only one-third to one-half the amount of milk called for is used. The dough should be rolled out on a floured board. Cookies should bake in a slow oven for 8 to 10 minutes.

Much variety can be made in cakes by introducing fruits, nuts, spices or different flavoring extracts into the dough, or by using only the whites of eggs for white cakes, or a larger number of yolks than whites for yellow cakes. Brown sugar may be used for dark fruit cake.

Pastry flour will make lighter and more tender cake than standard flour. If standard flour is used take two tablespoonfuls less for each cupful measured. In making cake only fine granulated or powdered sugar should be used as a rule. One of the best of these materials in any case should be employed.

In preparing the pans for cake they should be greased well with butter or lard or lined with paraffin paper. Bright, new pans will not need to be buttered for sponge cakes and if left unbuttered a more delicate crust is formed.

If a wood or coal fire is used there should be a small or moderate-sized fire, but one that will last without much addition through the baking. Regulate the oven long enough before the cake is to go in to have the dampers adjusted as they are to remain throughout the baking. If this is not done the dampers must be changed to regulate the heat during the baking, and the cake will not be so well baked. Most cakes can be at once removed from the pan when baked, but very rich cakes and dark fruit cake will be liable to break unless allowed to stand about five minutes.

Spley Chili Sauce.

To make chili-sauce cut 24 tomatoes in small pieces and cook as for the table. Run twelve green peppers and eight onions through the meat chopper. Rub the tomatoes through a sieve or colander and have the peppers and onions ready to add to the tomatoes, with two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, ground cloves and allspice, four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt and three quarts of cider vinegar. Mix all together and boil for three hours. Put, when hot, in sterilized jars or bottles and keep in a cool place.

Nutmeat Blaque.

One pint scalded milk, one and a quarter cupfuls sugar, one egg, one scant tablespoonful flour, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one quart thin cream, one tablespoonful vanilla, one teaspoonful almond extract, one-half cupful of macaroons, almonds and peanuts. Mix the sugar, flour and salt, add the egg (slightly beaten) and the scalded milk; cook in a double boiler 20 minutes, stirring constantly at first; cool, add the cream, vanilla and almond extract; strain and color with leaf green; add the macaroons broken in small pieces, add puts chopped fine and freeze.

Pineapple Delight.

Cut the pineapple into slices and peel and eye. Stack the slices, then cut them into eighths. Sprinkle with lemon juice. (This helps to bring out the flavor.) Pare ripe, juicy oranges, remove every particle of the bitter white, divide into sections and cut each section in two. Toss into a glass bowl with the pineapple, sprinkle with powdered sugar and grate over it a layer of fresh cocoanut. Serve at once.

Dresden Oysters.

Chop two dozen large oysters with a tablespoonful of melted butter, an unbroken egg, one-third the bulk of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of parsley, and a little onion juice if liked. Season with salt and paprika, form into balls, and bake ten or fifteen minutes in a hot oven, until the outside is well browned. Serve on half oyster shells with a parsley garnish.

First Love Kisses.

Beat together the whites of two eggs. Add to these a teaspoonful of sugar and stir until it is so thick it will not slip from the spoon. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture on buttered paper and bake in a hot oven until light brown.

To Prevent Glasses From Cracking.

When pouring hot drinks into a glass, if a silver spoon is placed in the glass first it will prevent it from cracking.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Dan Cupid Corral "Snorky Dan," Cowboy of Cal.

CHICAGO.—"Snorky Dan" Sammons tied his pony to the rack at the yards the other day, doffed his chaps, wiggled into "the cowboy black" and, with the able assistance of 300 wildly enthusiastic "the yards," was roped, tied and led at the altar.

It was the biggest "wedding" the yards ever saw. "Snorky" knocked off buying the Bismark Packing company in the day and got ready to trail for the Holy Cross church, Sixty-first street and Maryland avenue, he had no hint of the on foot.

Late in the afternoon, however, became aware of the side, dragged along by a gaunt, underfed mule and driven by a cowboy's appearance. A big banner was stretched across its sides giving the groom this welcome admonition:

"Don't weaken, 'Snorky.'"

At its heels came a "hungry five" German band playing Irish music riding in a "cripple wagon" driven by a red-coated negro. A train of pulling a chain of 12 "clean-up" chariots, came next, and in its wake of hundred yelling, plug-hatted cowboys led by "Rags" Murphy and "Spuds" Grady and "Skinny" Kenny. Even young Edward Morris, recently went to work in the packing business, was on the job.

The cavalcade drew up in front of the church and awaited "Snorky" was about five o'clock when he arrived in a big touring car with Miss Mary Cowman.

While Rev. D. D. Hishen was "tying the knot" inside the automobile, the bride party upon re-entering the vehicle attempted their getaway, but in vain. Surrounded by the prancing ponies they paraded to the yards at Root and Halsted streets, and after "Snorky" made a little speech he was permitted to go.

Hard to Keep the Chinese Out of the United States.

DETROIT, MICH.—If Uncle Sam would bar the Chinese bent on the United States, then the aged gentleman clad in glad raiment that must stay awake every night in the year, so immigration authorities Detroit aver. For John Chinaman is wily, and John Chinaman is shrewd when it comes to a realization of purposes. From the days of "Sand Lot Kearney" in San Francisco down to today, John Chinaman has shown a disposition to enter the United States whether the laws said him nay or yea.

Detroit immigration authorities estimate that a large number of Chinese successfully "smuggle" from Windsor to Detroit, and thence on to various destinations year in and year out. Withal, the immigration authorities have nipped many a "runner" in the bud and in every instance where they do this they "runner" and deport the would-be residents of this country.

There lives in Windsor at the present time a Chinaman when the States officials would gladly pay a price to arrest. This Chinaman, known as the chief of smuggling and "underground" forces, has a lot of trouble.

He has successfully smuggled a large number of his countrymen into the United States—He has also been bailed in an equal number of cases his "parties" arrested and deported. However, he is active, defiant, worry him, and he is a real thorn in the flesh to federal officers.

The plan usually followed in Windsor and neighboring towns is to have twelve Chinese to gather in a laundry or store conducted by a Chinaman. The sum of either \$200 or \$300 is paid by each applicant who desires to enter the United States.

Frequently this money is paid to the Canadian smuggler by legal residents in the United States, who want their relatives to share "golden harvest" in the land of Uncle Sam.

The money in hand, the chief runner makes ready for his run across the Detroit river. He places the party in charge of one or two in many instances young white men who have launches. A landing is at some point along the water front where cable cars are waiting for him to run to Toledo.

Making New Orleans Ratless to Keep Out Plague.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The federal government is helping this city itself of rats, those carriers of the fleas that carry the bubonic plague. On June 19 a case of bubonic plague was discovered here. A hurry sent to the public health service a strenuous campaign was stamp it out. The government concerned in preventing the other sections of the country the task is costing the government \$27,000 a month.

There are three kinds of the worst is the Norwegian rat is the nomad of the rodent world, militant brute that soon carries all others of his tribe. It carries the flea whose bite reaches New Orleans from the Orient via Liverpool, which trades with the East.

The rats are being exterminated with poison and with traps. expert rodentologists were brought from San Francisco and they have as many as 7,734 rats in a single week.

Thousands of rodents have been examined for infected fleas, and 121 plague stricken rats have been found. About twenty-five cases among humans have developed; with six deaths. No new cases reported among humans for some time, but infected rats are constantly trapped. A few days ago a Chinese restaurant was condemned, slashed, and in the process no less than 13 rats bearing plague parasites found.

It is a herculean job to ratproof an ancient rabbit-warren of New Orleans. The city has been divided into districts, each under the care of a doctor of the public health service, and a survey has been made of all rat-breeding or rat-harboring places noted; and now cleaning up the place. Holes are being stopped up; buildings are so that they clear the ground sufficiently to allow circulation of sunshine or else hug it too closely to afford shelter to the rodent; foundations are being fixed to keep the rats from getting through.

When Play Really Became More Serious Than Work.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—As the street car banged along, the men who the tracks crawled away from in front of it somewhat more leisurely more good-naturedly than a tribe of ants retreating before the stream of water from the hose. They were not indifferent to the small amount of pleasure their work afforded them. Some of them enjoyed keeping one leg on the track until even the motorman was a bit worried, and then jumping away and grinning at the nervous passengers.

Many of them waved or laughed, but all of them took their pleasure lightly and went back to work seriously.

It was not that way with the boy in the gang. He was much younger than the others. He worked fast to keep up, but he laughed as he worked. He was taking the fun of his father, who was ill, and felt proud and rather pleased, although a little tired and it was not yet noon. He talked about everything and seemed to consider it a new and interesting game. It was when the car approached that he grew serious.

He climbed from between the tracks, frowning and searching his eyes. As the car passed he drew out a small piece of a broken mirror, and it skillfully in his hands and flashed a terrifying bolt of sunshine in the eyes of everybody on that side of the car. Then, the serious business of the moment finished, he began whistling and chopping cement. He was a nothing scamp, as everybody on the car agreed, but you see he was not that play was a serious matter to him, all the more serious because to make so much of such small opportunities.