

THE STORY OF TWO GIANTS

By Elizabeth Hall Cornell.

There was once a beautiful country. All kinds of beautiful, useful and wonderful things could be found there. Many kinds of luscious fruits and nuts, great fields of grain, and over the plains roamed hundreds of herds of fine cattle and sheep. The rivers and lakes were full of fine fish—in fact, there were quantities of things to eat and of materials to make clothes and the comforts of life.

When a stranger first entered the country he thought what a beautiful and wonderful country it was and how happy the people must be. Wherever he went he saw brightness and, it seemed, happiness.

He saw beautiful homes, beautiful ladies dressed in elegant clothing and riding in splendid carriages.

All he met seemed to be very busy and happy.

He said to himself, "I should like to make this country my home. It seems to be so much easier and pleasanter to live here than in any country I have been in." So he made it his home.

Strange to say he had not lived there long until a change seemed to come over things.

He began to notice shadows in some of the faces he saw; lines of trouble that he had not noticed before.

He began to wonder how this could be and the more he wondered the more he wanted to find the cause of the shadow that seemed to darken the faces about him.

The desire possessed him so strongly that he spent his entire time in seeking the reason.

He traveled about the country studying the people and the conditions under which they lived.

After a long time he discovered the reason.

In that country there lived a great giant, a very, very powerful giant. He so cunningly disguised himself

that, he made the people believe he was their friend when, in fact, he was their most terrible enemy.

He got them in his power and made them do as he wished them to.

Once in his power they could only make money, money and more money.

He told them they must make it regardless of how, when or why. If honor stood in the way, then kill honor; if sorrow followed, if untold agonies followed, never mind, only make money, money and more money.

As time went on more and more people fell into the toils of this powerful giant. Wherever his slaves were found, there you saw black, despairing sorrow. The burden fell on old and young—the tiny babe in the cradle; the old man and woman whose heads were grey with the years they had lived and served their country.

It became so hard to live, at last, that people gathered in groups to find a means of relief from their misery. Now there lived, in that country, another giant. He was far more powerful than the giant who was an enemy to the people.

Never in all the world could be found such a powerful giant. Never was there such bigness, such strength, such love and honesty as was found in this big giant.

Alas, alas, for many years, so long that people had forgotten about him, this giant had been asleep.

If the people had only remembered about him they need never have suffered so long. He would have come to their rescue and delivered them from their enemy.

Now the stranger, who had come into this country and had spent so many years trying to find the reason for the oppression of the people, in his travels discovered this sleeping giant.

He saw it would not be wise to waken him immediately, so went