



READING
FOR
THE YOUNG FOLKS

By MABLE DICGS.

The Mill That Didn't Stop.

He got angry one day
And threatened to quit;
Didn't fancy the way
Things were going a bit,
And so, in a huff,
He resigned. It was meant for a bluff,
For the boy in his mind
Fondly fancied that they
Would beg him to stay,
But they stunned him and filled him with woe
When they failed to rebel against letting him go.

Keenly berelt,
With a heart that was sore
And a weight on his mind
Such as never before
The day he resigned
Had come to oppress him, he left,
But the greatest and saddest of shocks was to
come,
For when he stole round on the following day
He was stricken dumb
To see that the mill was still grinding away,
Merrily humming its wonted song
As if nothing at all had ever gone wrong.
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

Master or Servant.

"Wheels, wheels, and nothing but wheels. The world seems all a-wheel nowadays," commented Mr. Brownson, running his eye down the advertisement column of his paper.

"Except your very behind-the-times daughters, father," said Adelaide, with a sigh, "and you can't imagine how contemptuously the boys of the cycle club look back at a girl on a tricycle."

"Fie, fie," remonstrated her father; "surely you don't want a bicycle, my dear? Haven't you heard your Aunt Adelaide express her opinion of this most dangerous and unlady-like device?"

Adelaide laughed. "Poor dear Aunt Adelaide. She'll probably send me a pair of ear-rings for my birthday. They are so eminently lady-like, you know. Aunt has opinions on some subjects. She objects to bicycles, and she thinks daily papers a wicked extravagance and waste of time. But you don't endorse all her opinions, do you, father mine?" she questioned, with a roguish glance at his paper.

"Nonsense! Well, well! This isn't the first time this subject has come up. I believe in the mens sana in corpore sano, and since all other forms of exercise seems to have palled on you young folks, a wheel it must be. I suppose, though—"

"Oh, you dear, dear father," cried Adelaide, cutting his sentence short with kisses.

"Come, come!" laughed her father. "This is what you really want to carees," and he drew out his pocket-book. "But, seriously, daughter, I hope the exercise will bring color to your pale face. Well, a bicycle you shall have, but I fear I can't manage it till after Easter. There are bills to meet and matters to get in order. That will give you time to decide what make you prefer."

The bicycle talk of her companions now had new interest for Adelaide. She was absorbed in the consideration of saddles, cyclometers, dress and accessories. But a new thought came to her with the words of an old friend:

"It is not that fun and recreation and pleasure are wrong. They are innocent and right. Some pay too little attention to keeping sound and beautiful these wonderful bodies of ours, the temples of the living God. Others give overcare to the temple for its own sake, forgetful of him who should be worshipped therein. Beware of the ills which are the protests of a neglected body. Beware, too, of the degrading pursuit of pleasure just for pleasure's sake. Make the lower subject to the higher. The physical should serve the mental, and both the moral. And remember always that our pleasures are to be satisfied."

The words gave Adelaide a pang of re-

proach. She told herself that her's was a legitimate longing for healthy recreation.

"And that's all I can get out of my bicycle. Duty and pleasure can't both ride it. It isn't a tandem." She laughed, but she found herself making mental notes to this effect: "When I have my space annihilator I must go often to see Mrs. Jarvis. Poor, lonely old soul! The mere sight of friendly faces, and an opportunity to talk, is a pleasure to her. I must be obliging about home errands. And oh, the boys! I am afraid their rides to races and games are too frequent, and they stop for refreshments where beer, if not stronger drinks, circulates freely. I believe they would give up such excursions if we girls would enter more into their plans for innocent fun. And those Sunday rides. Surely, tact and principle are strong enough to put them down."

She planned so many pleasant excursions and bicycle picnics that the boys grew almost as impatient as she for her to enter into possession of her wheel. And then—well, of course, you foresaw that a disappointment was to come, and come it did. It was Adelaide's own hand which pulled it down on her head.

When Mr. Brownson came in evening after evening with papers to work over till bedtime, his wife remonstrated.

"Well, I don't feel quite up to the mark of day work and night work, too," he confessed. "But business is very slack lately, and I told Allen & Co. I would post their books. Money must come—especially when there are bicycles in the wind, eh! daughter?"

"Oh! don't do extra work on my account, father," said Adelaide, not very heartily, however. After all, it was only a few weeks extra work for her father, and she did so want a wheel.

But the next night his tired face smote her to the heart, and she drew the books from him with, "Allen & Co. will have to find some one else to post their books. I will not see my dear little daddy kill himself over such work, not for all the bicycles in the country. Some other time—some other way—but not this."

Mr. Brownson was too worn out to resist, and it was with a sigh of relief that he dropped back in his easy chair. An afternoon or two later Adelaide was on the veranda when her father came in, meeting Dr. Sanders at the gate.

"Ah, Brownson, glad to see you without those papers. You couldn't have stood much more of that night work, not much more. There would have come a breakdown—a serious breakdown, I fear."

And so the bicycle money was not earned.

For awhile Adelaide cherished a secret hope that somehow her father would manage it. But as she saw the economies necessary by hard times her hope faded and she sorrowfully announced that she wasn't to have a bicycle, and so was to be counted out of all the plans made.

"Then they'll just fall through, that's all," asserted Will Page, positively. "Not another girl in our set has got enough to start and carry things through as you do. We boys will just have to keep up the base-ball and horse race racket. Sunday riding? Of course, we'll not stop it."

Then Adelaide set herself a hard task. It was that of deliberately and systematically urging on bicycle picnics and pleasure excursions, in which she had no part except the onerous one of helping about luncheons and planning routes. And so the weeks went by.

Her birthday came, and her last hope faded when her father gave her a little trinket, with the hope that next year he could afford the bicycle. Next year! And it was this year, and her companions were mounted on their tireless steeds!

"Perhaps Aunt Adelaide will give you

a bicycle," suggested Phil. "Shall I inquire at the express office for you?"

But the express brought nothing. It was a belated mail which brought a letter in Aunt Adelaide's precise, cramped chirography.

"My dear niece," so it ran, "I find it grows harder for an old lady to select a present for a younger one. Times have changed, and I see girls delight in things which were unknown to my young days. I suppose I must not expect you to keep behind the times because I can't keep up with them. I have tried to think what you would like on this birthday. Your mother writes that you have acquitted yourself with honor in your classes, and I should like to give you something particularly nice. The girls here seem to care most for bicycles. Now, I am not at all sure they are lady-like. I would not, under any circumstances, buy you one."

Adelaide's countenance fell.

"But, after all, you and your mother are the ones to decide what is proper for you. I enclose a check. You are to spend this money as you please. If it is for a bicycle. I shall not object, though—" here a line was carefully over-scored—"I hope you will have your brother bring you out in the buggy when you come to see me. Wishing you many happy returns of the day, I am your affectionate aunt, Adelaide Kingsley."

And so the bicycle came after all, and it brought a pleasure, which was a servant, not master, in a young Christian life.—Elizabeth Lee, in Forward.

A Correction.

The name of the story in week before last's Advocate and News was omitted by mistake. "Dr. Grey, the Friend of the Poor," was written by Miss Perle Haley, the talented young lady who has kindly contributed several stories to the readers of the Young Folk's page.

Ambition is a virtue until it fails to include the welfare of our fellow men, when it becomes the worst of sins—selfishness.

Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it.

A countryman, wandering about a cemetery, says Harper's Bazar, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

"What does that mean?" he asked the sexton, who was at work near by.

The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied:

"Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory on Monday morning."

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A little girl of nine years, living in Wagar, Washington Co., Ala., had been sick from the time of her birth with some ailment which no one seemed able to diagnose correctly. The physicians who were consulted differed in their opinions as to the nature of the complaint. Some said it was catarrh, while others were sure it was not catarrh. The mother of the child had about given up hope of ever seeing the little one well again, but one day her cousin advised a trial of Ripans Tabules. After taking the Tabules three days, the child improved rapidly, and could eat any food that was given her. In two weeks time she was well, and could run about with just as much vigor, and play just as hard, as the neighbors' children. As her mother stated to a lady acquaintance: "She had been sick all her life until she took Ripans Tabules, and they cured her."

A new style packet containing ten STRONG TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale through drug stores—this style is new. This low-priced packet is intended for the poor and the uneducated. One dozen of the five-cent packets (50 TABLETS) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 12 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (10 TABLETS) will be sent for five cents.