

THE SINGING HEART.

I spoke a traveler on the road
Who smiled beneath his leaden load.
"How play you such a blithesome part?"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I questioned one whose path with pain
In the grim shadows long had lain,
"How fare you thus life's thorny smart?"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I cried to one whom adversity
Could not make bend the hardy knee,
"How such brave seeming? Tell the art!"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

Friend, blest be thou if thou canst say
Upon the inevitable way
Whereon we fare, sans guide or chart
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

Bannard's Old Soldier

The hand-rail at the side of the steps leading down from the employment office was much worn. Hugh Bannard's eyes had dropped thoughtfully upon it as he came out of the door at the top of the street steps and paused to decide what to try next. Hundreds of hands, thousands, yes, tens of thousands of hands, must have touched that iron rail, going up or down.

Thousands of other job-hunters, like himself, the young fellow thought, with that heavy feeling under his ribs which people call sinking of the heart—thousands of other had come here and gone away again, all looking for the chance to earn a living, most of them departing disappointed, as he was departing. The clerk inside had told him coldly that they could not place a quarter part of their applicants, an unusually frank statement. So it was a sort of Bridge of Sighs, this little stairway with the iron hand-rail, with the last depository for a fellow's vain hopes at the top end of it.

He looked out at the passing crowd. It was made up of men mostly, young and old men, passing, passing, passing below him. They were all business and professional men. They had work, every one of them, from that big, fine-looking fellow with the silk hat just alighting from the motor by the curb, who evidently was a person of consequence in the bank across the way, to the little chap with the flashy tie and the green fedora who was just coming out of the haberdasher's next door, on his gleeful way to the lunch-counter.

It was the twelfth day since he had first stepped into the Chicago streets, and they had been the most miserable twelve days of his life. It would have been bad enough to be homesick for the quiet Michigan home if he had been behind somebody's counter or at somebody's office desk where he could earn his way. It was "tough," as he whispered under his breath, to be homesick "on nothing a week."

It was the luncheon hour—at least, it seemed to be for most of these men. He had been trying not to think about food for himself. Indeed, it had become a serious question with him whether he could afford such a luxury at all to-day. He fingered one last small bill in his pocket, and remembered that his room rent would be due again on Monday—room rent for another week in advance. This was Friday. "If the folks at home knew," he thought, "wouldn't I get fed up this noon!"

Somebody had come out of the door behind him and was standing at his side. Something in the quiet pause of the other made Hugh look up quickly. He looked into a pair of pleasant, friendly grey eyes that were regarding him with interest through the glasses that covered them.

"Well, did you get a job?"

The man was not young. He was tall and rather slender, erect, but with the look of years upon him. His hair was white. He was smooth-shaven except for a grey mustache and a small goatee, which somehow at once suggested the old soldier to the boy.

"Oh, no, I didn't," Hugh said, shortly.

"Neither did I," said the man.

"Are you looking, too?" Hugh asked.

His eyes went over the other again involuntarily. There was something fine about the man. His face and his hands, as Hugh saw them now, had the peculiar silvered look that old people's faces and hands show sometimes, as if the skin were turning a satin-grey, too, like the hair. He was so straight, so quiet, so self-contained, and yet the corners of his eyes were wrinkling with a smile that opened his lips also in a frank sort of comradeship.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I've been looking quite a while. Nobody seems to want an old man."

He laughed a little, and Hugh was forgetful for an instant of his own troubles.

"They don't seem to want boys, either," he said, slowly. "I've been standing here watching all these men go by, and wondering why they all have jobs. They're like you and me, aren't they?"

"Many of them are like you," said the old man. "Not many like me."

Hugh felt a little choke coming into his throat. "A good many of them must know of other jobs that would do for both of us," he went on, hastily. "If we could only let them know that we need jobs—let 'em all know. I feel like shouting it out at them now, from the steps here, and waving my arms and telling them that I can work, too—that we can work."

The older man was the first to

move. "Well," he said, "I must be going on. We'll find a job all right. Keep a stiff upper lip." Suddenly he held out his hand. "Here's luck," he said, the genial smile coming out again clear.

"Here's luck to you," said Hugh, seizing the extended hand with boyish heartiness.

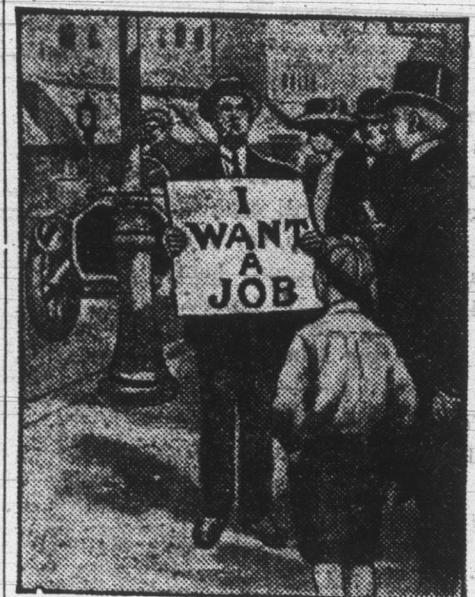
A moment later they had separated in the crowd, Hugh walking slowly toward the corner of the street, the other taking the opposite direction. The boy could still feel the touch of the man's hand on his. Such courage! If he had only been in a position to help! But the old man's brave words and the grasp of his hand had helped the boy.

Still, things were serious with him. He had exhausted all he knew the ways to get work. And nobody wanted him. What was it? He was not wholly without business experience. He had worked in stores, had reported for the newspaper, had handled a magazine agency at home. He had been considered an enterprising, capable young fellow in the village where his people lived.

When he had started off to look for work in Chicago, his friends had been ready to prophesy success for him. And he was failing—yes, that was the only word for it—failing as he had not believed anybody could fail who was in earnest.

"It's here!" he whispered to himself, as he plodded along with the crowd.

"It's here—work—on all sides. I know there are jobs waiting for me. There's always a chance for



IT WAS NOT EASY TO FACE THAT STREET FULL OF CURIOUS EYES.

a fellow who can do good work, I know, and I ought to have courage if that old boy can keep it."

He looked about him with troubled eyes. If these men only knew! The wish that he could let them all know, every one, came back suddenly as he recalled his half-jesting words of a few moments before.

A stalwart figure in curiously colored garb passed him—a man in a purple coat. On the back of it, across the shoulders, were yellow letters:

Go to Boyne's Dental Parlors.

Teeth-Filled Without Pain.

Hugh stared after the fellow. To his unaccustomed eyes the grotesque thing stood out from all its surroundings. And so strikingly did it fit into his thoughts that an idea leaped into his mind on the instant.

"I could do that!" he said, aloud. A man who heard him turned to look curiously at him, but Hugh did not heed him. All the work and disappointment of the two weeks past, with the desperation that had risen at last from dreaded failure, served to make his resolution swift.

"I can do it, and I will!" he muttered. "I'll let 'em know about me."

He looked quickly about. A stationer's store was across the street. He crossed to it quickly. Inside, he bought a sheet of Bristol-board two feet square and borrowed a marking-brush.

In five minutes, working feverishly, he had made a sign of his own, and its announcement was clear:

I WANT A JOB.

The clerk who had lent him the brush watched him with amusement. But Hugh, although conscious now that his face had reddened under observation, was of the mettle to put his idea through. He pinned his sign-board upon his breast and walked out into the sunlight, feeling that he was striking a last, forlorn blow.

It was not easy to face that street full of curious eyes, he found quickly; but he took his stand and looked into the faces of the men who turned to stare at him. Almost at once there was a laugh, then another.

Then the young fellow who had laughed first looked at Hugh's serious, flushed face, and grew sober. "And that single recognition of his earnestness gave the boy courage again. He stood his ground and waited.

More and more the passing people looked at him. The big motor-car which he had noticed before was still at the curb, and he of the silk hat had come out to re-enter it and had spied the card-board sign. He was looking.

A woman passed and gazed wonderingly at the young fellow. She smiled as she went on. Two boys jeered and stopped to watch.

Then suddenly Hugh found himself looking up at the big motor-car again and realizing that the man in it was beckoning to him. The other's face was serious, too, and the boy obeyed the gesture.

The man's eyes were dark and keen. They looked straight into Hugh's as the boy stood beside the car, and he seemed to forget that the card-board sign was ludicrous. Hugh's heart beat hard. It could hardly be that success had come so quickly. But the big man was not slow to speak.

"If you want a job as bad as that," he said, tersely but kindly, "come to my office in the bank to-morrow morning at 9." He paused, and then smiled. "Ask for Mr. Freyne," he added, "and send in that sign as your card."

Hugh tried to thank him, but a chauffeur had cranked the engine and was climbing into the car as the other finished, and the banker turned to him with a direction.

A moment later the car had disappeared and the boy stood alone on the curb, taking the card from his breast and whispering excitedly over to himself the name of his new acquaintance, while he folded the Bristol-board carefully.

"I wish I knew where my old soldier is now," he thought, as he walked home to the hired room. "Perhaps he'd try my scheme, too."

But surprise awaited Hugh the next morning, when he arrived at the bank. He was ushered into a dimly lighted waiting-room, where a score of men and boys were waiting; and that their errand was similar to his was quickly evident from conversation overheard. Somewhat taken aback, he still told the story of his appointment with Mr. Freyne to the young man who had shown him in, and offered the folded cardboard as his credentials. He was reassured when the other seemed promptly to understand.

"Oh, you're the one, are you?" he asked. "Just wait a minute."

The young man disappeared through a glass door, and Hugh's spirits rose joyously. He looked around at the others with a natural sense of advantage fairly won over them by his little scheme of the day before. He did not know certainly that they were after the place that would be offered to him, but it seemed probable. They were seeking work. He felt a little twinge of regret at the thought that what was his good fortune would be their loss. And then all at once he found himself looking at a tall figure near the door, a figure of an old man with white hair and grizzled military goatee, who stood, hat in hand, waiting with the rest.

It was his friend of yesterday—his old soldier, as he had thought of him. He had not seen Hugh, or else had failed to recognize him. But the light from a hall window shone in strongly enough to bring out plainly his fine, patient, brave old face. And Hugh stood and stared at it with a sudden loss of his satisfaction of a moment before. Was his old soldier after this place, too?

The door at his side opened, and the young man who had taken his odd card to Mr. Freyne was beckoning him inside. With his mind full of confused speculations, he stepped into the presence of the banker.

The man laid down his papers as Hugh walked toward him. "Tell me about yourself," he said, briefly, without introduction.

The boy, conscious that brief response would please him, did so in a few words. When he finished his short narrative, the dark-eyed man seemed satisfied.

"All right," he said. "The young man who has sense enough to use such an idea as you did yesterday will use his brains wherever he is. You'll do."

The banker paused for an instant, and then went on:

"The only place we have open now is an usher's job in the banking-room. It pays twelve dollars a week, and will lead to better. We advertised yesterday for a man, but I saw your card and made up my mind you deserved a chance. Go into the next room and tell Mr. Chase I've hired you and that he may dismiss the others."

The fine dark eyes went back to the letters on the banker's desk. But Hugh still could not rejoice in his fortune. The banker's words had made the situation clear to him, and as that gentleman ended, the face of the grey old man out there in the waiting-room—who was presently to be sent away disappointed—rose before him and blotted out other things.

The banker noted his pause and looked up. "Well?" he said, a little sharply. And Hugh's mind was made up.

"Mr. Freyne," he said, quickly, "you are very kind, and I appreciate your offering me this place. But I have a friend—who needs it more than I do. It seems to be a place that requires no special training, and he can fill it. In fact, I'm quite sure he'll be a better man than I for it. Won't you give it to me?"

The banker was surprised, but his eyes turned suddenly curious as he looked at Hugh. "Well?" he said. And then he laughed. "Who is your friend? What's his name?"

The boy started to answer the first question eagerly, but he stopped short at the second. His name? He did not know it, of course. And what would the banker think? He hesitated. And then suddenly realizing that he was spoiling it all by sheer stupidity, he burst out abruptly with the uncolored truth.

"I don't know his name," he said. "never saw him till yesterday. But he needs this job." And then, his brain firing with his feeling, he told the story in swift words that his genuine emotion made vivid, even to the description of the old man's appearance and bearing.

The banker heard him through in silent attention.

"And you want to give up your job to a stranger; do you?" he asked. "You admit you know nothing of the man, and yet you want me to hire him. Who vouched for him to you?"

"I will see him, you'll know him. He doesn't need anybody to vouch for him!" exclaimed Hugh. "I know he's honest. I know."

But Mr. Freyne touched a button on his desk. To the clerk who responded, he said, "Ask the old gentleman with the goatee, in the waiting-room, to come in here." Then he turned again to Hugh. "I'll take him on your recommendation, Mr. Bannard," he said, using Hugh's name for the first time. But Hugh was embarrassed now. "Please don't let him see me," he said, hastily. "He might understand."

He turned toward the door. But the banker spoke promptly and decidedly. "No," he said, "you stay here. Wait in Mr. Chase's room, if you like, but I've hired you, if you remember. And I'm not inclined to think your ways merit discharge—yet. There's room for more of your kind in this bank."

Hugh turned to look at him, and saw that the other was on his feet and that his face was alight. But just then the waiting-room door opened again, and the boy was forced to make his exit quickly. In the backward glance, however, as he stepped into the cashier's private room, he caught a glimpse of the face of his friend, and saw that the look was now a cheerful one.—*Youth's Companion.*

LEAST IMPOSING TITLE OF ANY.

Belongs to the Monarch of the Greatest Kingdom on Earth.

Most of the crowned heads of Europe revel in a multiplicity of styles and dignities, but apart from mere peacockeering the ruler of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen has to be content with the simple formula: "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Even in these titles the reference to the Britons overseas was added only on the present King's accession, and the style of Emperor of India was conferred on the British sovereign late in Queen Victoria's reign. Queen Victoria was crowned simply "Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith," though on some of the early coinage of her reign—the north, for instance—she is styled "By the Grace of God of all the Britains Queen, Defender of the Faith"—a fine, dignified and comprehensive style.

Besides his regal appellation the King has of course many lesser titles, but even these are not nearly so numerous as in the case of most foreign potentates.

When one turns to other monarchs the list appears very trivial, the German Emperor, for instance, enjoying the luxury of 75 subordinate titles, the King of Spain 42, the Emperor of Austria 61 and the Sultan of Turkey 82.

The Sultan of Turkey's various styles are somewhat amusing to the western mind. He is, of course, Sultan and Kha-Khan (high prince and lord of lords) to start with; then he claims sovereignty over most districts, towns, cities and states in the east, specifying each by name and setting out with great deliberation in each of his various titles, "all the forts, citadels, purlieus and neighborhood thereof," in regular legal form, and finally his official designation ends, "Sovereign also of divers other nations, states, peoples and races on the face of the earth." All this is of course in addition to his high position as "Head of the Faithful" and "Supreme Lord of all the Followers of the Prophet."

"Direct and Only Lieutenant on Earth of Mohammed."

The Bomb Man.

Lecocq the detective ordered a fourth egg nogg.

"Bomb men are the pest of Russia," he said. "As we have green goods men here, so they have bomb men there."

"You, for instance, are a farmer, Stepan Stepanovitch. You come to Petersburg to see the sights, and suddenly a man thrusts his hands in your pocket and says:

"Cursed aristocrat! I have placed a bomb in your trousers. Move a muscle and it will go off."

"You stand perfectly still. You are half dead with fright. After ten minutes or so, though, you collect enough courage to ask a passer-by if he will please remove very carefully the bomb placed in your pocket by an Anarchist, and the passer-by draws forth gingerly a brick."

Lecocq ordered a fifth egg nogg.

"A brick," he repeated. "But Stepan Stepanovitch's purse, containing 17 roubles and 49 kopecks, is quite gone."

When a politician approaches you, and you lie to him, you may not think he knows it, but he nearly always does.

BERLIN BUTTER BOYCOTT.

Germans, Frugal Souls, Object to Paying 36 Cents a Pound.

Berlin has a butter boycott. It is also spoken of in the dispatches as a bitter boycott, thus, in addition to other attractive features, giving it the neat and alliterative interest that must attend such a movement as the Berlin butter boycott. The people, frugal souls, object to paying 36 cents a pound for butter, insisting that 26 is quite enough. When we hear such news as this most of us are astounded at the moderation of our own toleration, the Indianapolis News says. For months we have been paying all sorts of prices for butter—some people insist that they have even paid more than that; prices, indeed, that made 36 cents look like the easy times of the days before prosperity hit us so hard. Our prices are not so high now, to be sure, but the product is still quoted at a rate that leaves 36 cents far short of appearing appalling.

Our own butter prices have been subtly progressive. Not many years ago the ordinary householder bought his butter by contract from an itinerant huckster at "25 cents a pound the year round."

Then, as prosperity proceeded, there came an autumn when the butter man announced that he would have to charge 30 cents during the winter. This was paid grudgingly, but when the spring came and the grass grew and pasture became rich there