

THE ADVENTURER

HE WAS a small boy. One might have guessed his age as 5, although he was nearer 8 years. A nondescript child he was, dressed in a pair of ragged overalls, held up by one suspender and exposing a pair of soiled knees through the rents in each leg, and not entirely concealing that part of his anatomy which had once been covered by the patch on the seat. The overalls had evidently seen considerable service, and the length of the legs suggested that they had been handed down from another wearer. His face was rather expressionless, as is not unusual in children of the workers, especially in small towns; the features could not be said to be irregular, though his nose was perhaps slightly longer than it might have been, and the chin a little weak; his eyes were a pale, washed-out blue, while upon his brow fell in an unkempt tangle a mass of vari-colored hair, which would probably be called "tow," but it wasn't.

It was a moonless night, and as he closed the kitchen door behind him he seemed to shrink back against it as if in fear of the dark. His small hand seemed to feel for the door knob again. But the sound of acrimonious voices in the room which he just quitted, raised querulously in argument over matters in which he felt no interest, seemed to deter him. He stood for a moment irresolute, and then slunk around the house, off across the street and through some lots to where a group of trees stood on the side of a fenced pasture. But the shadow of the trees did not seem agreeable to him after he had reached this vantage, and he wandered on, out into the pasture, coming to rest at the top of a slight mound. Here he seated himself on the grass and gazed upward at the stars.

"GEE! THEY ARE bright tonight!" he said, aloud. "I wonder if there is anything to that stuff Virgie was givin' me about there bein' a guy up there pushin' those things around, an' throwin' down the rain' an' snow an' such like?"

He gazed at the stars and shivered slightly, as much from the vague thoughts which were passing through his mind as from the chill which was settling down with the dew. Then he threw himself back upon the grass and concentrated his atten-

tion upon a large constellation overhead.

"That bunch of stars looks kinda like a kite." He carefully traced out the likeness he saw. "It might be a bird, only one wing would be crippled an' it couldn't stay up there. There isn't any bright star in that wing. Gee! That is a bright one on the other side."

He stared intently at the bright star. It seemed to wink at him and then to wriggle under his steady gaze. At first it had

seemed like the others, only larger; but as he looked it grew red, and then violet. He had never seen a star change color before. It worried him; he became uneasy.

"Now, what makes it change color like that?" he asked himself. "An' how does it move without my seein' it move? An' what makes it move at all?"

He lay upon his back and gazed at the star fixedly. As he gazed his thoughts grew vague and hazy, and he seemed to be

By EARL R. BROWDER.

JUDGEMENT

By WALTER C. HUNTER.

I'M wondering about Billy Sunday.

Last winter I went to Boston Symphony hall to hear Josef Hoffman. I could not look enough at the beautiful blue and gold decorations about the stage. And when Hoffman played my soul severed itself from the material me. I forgot the uncultured at their sordid toil and revelled in ethereal space. I became greater than myself. Ah, thought I, the best things in the world are inspiring and of the spirit.

But Billy Sunday leaves me cold.

AND LATER, when a great-souled foreigner allowed me to visit him at his temporary residence in this country, I went in subjection. He is a laborer in the cause of humanity; a fearless thinker, one of the soundest of our time, and is known almost as well here as abroad. I thought to find him living in stylish quarters, but found him in a boarding house. His coat had seen a previous season.

Sunday's fur coat cost a thousand.

FOR MONEY I don't care. Now I am content to study the best that has been written and thought in the world. All those creations of lofty minds—books, music, painting and all the other inspiring productions of culture. I guess I'll never earn any money to give to the poor. If I were only well and hustling I might become as rich as John

D. Rockefeller. He gives to charity.

And so does Billy Sunday.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a meek man. He never had jewels or fashionable clothes with which to bespeak a hearing. And Ben Franklin, too, had all the humility of greatness. A stranger to Concord would not have recognized the plain-appearing man he passed as Emerson. The Roman soldiers who divided Christ's garments were hardly the richer thereby, and as for jewelry, He had none.

Billy Sunday wears diamonds.

OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS I never tire: nature about, works of art, or man's noblest achievement, his character. They attract so spontaneously we never think to question their virtues. All these are beautiful because they reflect the nature of their creators. What a noble and refined head had Philip Brooks!

Have you seen Billy Sunday's?

WHAT WE TRULY ARE cannot be disguised. In a thousand ways it will show itself. If we are refined and noble how can we sincerely act coarse and vulgar? and if insincere who cares what we are? What great man ever but believed his best was the least he could give? What one ever spoke in half-truths? And who ever gave to those below him less inspiration than he received from those above?

I'm wondering about Billy Sunday.

floating up, up, and still up, toward the winking star. He scarcely realized at first that this was an unusual experience; it was so pleasant. Then a sudden fear seized him.

This was an unknown world that he was entering; a world not having the familiar kitchen, and the corner behind the stove where he sat on winter nights. He remembered every nook of that kitchen now; he seemed to be looking at it. In fact, it seemed the first time he had ever really looked at it. There was the kitchen table where he had sat struggling over his "first reader"; the group of brothers and sisters also crowded around the table. Now they were eating supper, while his mother, going her eternal round of work, filled their bowls with mush and milk.

BUT THIS was different. He seemed to be looking at it from outside. He gazed intently, and before his eyes again was the wiggling, winking star. All the world was slipping away, away, far off, back behind him.

The realization brought with it a wild terror. In an agony of apprehension, he grasped at the earth which seemed so far below him. His hands closed convulsively upon the grass where he was lying. He was glad to find himself really upon the earth; but he still did not feel entirely safe. For the ground was tipping up beneath him, and he felt he was going to slide off. If he did he surely would drop, drop, swiftly and eternally until he was brought up with a crash against one of the stars. He wondered which one he would hit.

The grass which he held came up by the roots under his hand, and he was sure he was slipping. He dug his bare heels into the earth, clutched the grass again and turned over. The wet grass against his face brought him reassurance. He scrambled to his feet and ran; ran, with a wild terror in his heart, until he came to the kitchen door and heard his mother's voice.

"Jim! Jim! Where is that boy? It's bedtime and he hasn't washed his feet yet!"

A thrill of joy succeeded the boy's fear. He stood for a moment with his hand on the door knob. Then slowly he turned and looked again at the bright star. It seemed again to wink at him. He winked back. His audacity startled himself. Then he half thought, half whispered: "I'm goin' to come again. So long!"