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THE CLIQUE

What is the Clique? It is a body of men
Who attend every meeting, not just now and then;
Who don't miss a meeting unless they are sick—
These are the men that the grouch calls "The Clique."

Who don't make a farce of that sacred word "Brother,"
Who believe in the motto, Help one another,
Who never resort to a dishonest trick—
These are the men that some call "The Clique."

We all should be proud of members like these—
They can call them "The Clique" or whatever they please;
They never attempt any duties to dodge;
These are "The Clique" that run most every lodge.

But there are some people who always find fault,
And most of their kind are not worth their salt;
They like to start trouble, but seldom will stick—
They like to put all of the work on "The Clique."

A FRIEND IN NEED

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

"ALL RIGHT, Mrs. Travers, I'll attend to that little matter. Don't you give it another thought. And when I come around to-morrow. I hope you'll have something else ready for me to do."

The pale little woman in the doorway looked at the eager young man on the steps, and her eyes suddenly filled. "You are a good boy, Barry," she said brokenly. "I don't know what we should do without you—I really don't."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and Barry looked down at her with the awkwardness characteristic of his sex in the presence of tears. Then his sympathy got the better of his constraint. He patted her on the shoulder with his big hand, his eyes full of boyish kindness.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Travers. I think he's better, I do honestly. Why, to-day we had a little talk about business and he seemed to have more grip on things than he has had since he was first taken."

"Yes, I know, Barry." Mrs. Travers' voice sank to a low whisper, so low that the youth beside her had difficulty in making out the words. "He's better now, but what will happen when he finds out? It will kill him." In spite of her lowered voice, the last four words were spoken with an intensity that gave them the effect of having been shouted.

Barry Neil's handsome face flushed to the ears. "Oh, that," he said scornfully. "That's bound to be cleared up, you know."

"It will kill him," the wife repeated. "A man who has lived to be fifty years old without even a shadow on his reputation, and now to face this." She looked up piteously into the boy's eyes. "Sometimes, Barry, I have almost felt sorry to see him growing stronger. It seemed as if death would be so much easier than this other."

"It's going to be cleared up," Barry insisted. He took the little woman's frail hand in both his big ones, squeezed it fondly, and went swinging down the walk. And just as the gate clicked behind him, a roadster drew up to the curb.

"Thought it was you, Harry," said the driver, a middle-aged man with deep-set gray eyes. "Want a lift?"

"It's against my principles to walk when I can ride," laughed Barry, and he sprang lightly to the seat. The little car rushed on, and Mr. Goss cleared his throat. He had something to say, and now that he had the chance of saying it, he did not find it as easy as he had anticipated.

"You've been to call on Travers again, I see."

"Oh, yes. I go there every day, even when he can't see me. Mrs. Travers generally has some errand I can do for her. But to-day had I quite a long talk with him."

"It's my opinion," said Mr. Goss with gruff kindliness, "that you go there altogether too much."

Barry stared. "Why she doesn't let me go into his room if he isn't strong enough to see me."

"Nonsense! I'm not worrying about Travers. It's you I'm thinking of. You're young and you've always stood well in the community, but I want to tell you, young fellow, that there's nothing needs more careful handling than a reputation. You can't be too particular."

Barry favored him with a level look and made no answer.

"Travers is under a cloud. Everybody knows he's short on his accounts and that he would have been arrested if it hadn't been for this timely typhoid. And if he ever gets up, he will be arrested. Can't you see that it is a mistake for you to haunt the house the way you do?"

"No, I can't see it. I think Mr. Travers is as fine a man as ever lived and I'm proud to call myself his friend."

"I know you're ambitious, Barry," continued Mr. Goss, in a tone of kindly remonstrance. "You want promotion and you expect it, too. If Travers doesn't come back to the bank there'll be a general shifting around and you ought to take a jump ahead. But can't you see, they'll hesitate to promote a fellow hand in glove with another man who's only escaped arrest by lying at death's door? You probably have enemies as well as other folks, Barry, and they're going to make capital of this. They might even say that you know more than you ought about the disappearance of that money."

"I suppose they might," Barry returned indifferently, "but I can stand by Mr. Travers, no matter what people say."

"You mean you're going to keep on going there."

"Certainly."

"Then I'm going to make one suggestion to you, Barry. Go after dark. If you believe Travers is an innocent man, that is your privilege, but don't endanger your own reputation on that account. If you want to slip in during the evening, and hearten Mr. Travers up, I haven't a word to say. But don't let anybody see you. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Mr. Goss, but I don't think much of your suggestion. I'm afraid I couldn't bring myself to creep into Mr. Travers' house after dark, praying as I went that I wouldn't meet anybody on the way who would know me. That sort of thing doesn't square with my idea of loyalty."

"You can't fly in the face of public opinion," scolded Mr. Goss. "That's fatal. You can't name a man who has done that and been successful."

"I think I can name one—Daniel."

"Daniel who? Oh, you mean in the Bible. I tell you, Barry, you can't regulate your business life by that."

"That's where I don't agree with you, Mr. Goss. That's exactly what I'm trying to do. Well, much obliged for the lift."

The machine stopped jerkily before Barry's home. Mr. Goss' countenance was overcast. "I've done what I could for you," he exclaimed. "If you're bound to be headstrong, I can't help it."

"No, you can't, Mr. Goss. I'll testify that you did what you could." Barry went into the house smiling, but his face was grave enough as he closed the door behind him. No ambitious young man can realize that he is compromising his success without some serious thoughts. Barry knew that Mr. Goss' warning was not unfounded. But if Barry was ambitious, his ambition did not concern itself solely with business success, and no prospect of preferment could have tempted him to fall below his own standards of loyalty.

Barry went to his work at the bank next day with a heavy heart. His talk with Mr. Goss had brought home to him the realization that his friend Mr. Travers had pulled through an almost fatal attack of typhoid only to face another struggle no less deadly. Mr. Travers had been paying teller in the Commercial Bank for twenty years, and till the day he fainted at his post, nearly three months before, there had never been a whisper against his good name. He was taken home, and Robinson, the receiving teller, was put in his place till he should have recovered. A day or two later Robinson had reported that he was unable to balance Travers' accounts. Expert aid had been called in and a serious shortage revealed. As Mr. Travers was by this time in the grip of delirium, and his recovery seemed improbable, no steps had been taken, but it was generally understood that if he recovered he would face arrest. In the weeks that had elapsed, Barry had been too absorbed in the outcome of the duel between life and death to spare much thought to the other matter. Now he realized that the greater trial was imminent.

He looked up from his work and glanced at the window where Mr. Travers had stood for so many years, with a smile for every comer. Robinson stood there now, and Robinson was not given to smiles. As Barry looked at him, he reflected that Robinson must be finding the duties of his new position onerous, for he seemed fagged and worn. As Barry stood motionless, Robinson lifted his eyes and as he recognized himself the object of Barry's scrutiny the color rose swiftly into his face, and he threw a look of angry resentment at the astonished boy.

Barry gave his attention to his books. "Robinson's getting mighty sensitive," he reflected. "If a cat can look at a king, I shouldn't suppose it would be against the law for a humble bookkeeper to look at an august paying teller."

The scowl which he had received kept Robinson before Barry's mind. Rather to his own surprise he found himself watching the over-sensitive young man. Along in morning a telegraph boy entered the bank, and looked about him. "Robinson," he piped.

"Over there." Barry directed the blue-coated messenger to Robinson's window. The lad had come at an opportune time, for there were no customers awaiting Robinson's attention. The paying teller signed for the telegram, and put it in his pocket unopened.

"Queer," mused Barry. "When I get a telegram I like to see what's inside it. Most folks do. Robinson isn't interested."

His watchfulness hitherto had been unpremeditated. Now it became deliberate. As he entered columns of figures, he kept his eye on Robinson. Toward three o'clock business was rushing. Long lines of customers stood waiting to deposit funds or draw them, and still Barry watched. It was not till five o'clock that Robinson took the telegram from his pocket, read it and tore it into bits. But the youth bending over the ledger in apparent absorption could see the older man's face was suddenly ghastly.

Robinson left the bank fifteen minutes later. And then Barry, rushing to the waste-paper basket, set himself to find the yellow scraps of paper which composed the telegram. His hand was shaking as he pieced the bits together. A sudden conviction had seized him that this message was of more than ordinary importance. He was breathing hard as he finished and read the words:

"Wire two thousand at once to cover your open accounts. Rowlie."

Barry swept the scraps together and dropped them into his pocket. And then he found himself facing Robinson, and the man's face was livid.

"What are you doing at that basket?"

"Just fishing out a piece of waste paper, Mr. Robinson. It's all waste, you know."

"You—" Robinson choked and caught Barry's arm, his agitation confirming the boy's suspicions. Barry drew himself up, his fists clenching.

"Hands off, Mr. Robinson, if you please."

Robinson regained his self-control with an effort. "You'll be discharged to-morrow."

"Perhaps so," replied Barry nonchalantly and went his way. Instead of going home, he boarded a car going in the other direction and went to the house of the cashier. But Mr. Elwell had not come home and Barry spent an unhappy hour waiting till his superior finished a fascinating game of golf.

"What's all this?" Mr. Elwell spoke testily. After golf he was in no mood to be kept waiting for his dinner. He looked hard at the telegram which Barry had pieced together for his enlightenment.

"That telegram came for Mr. Robinson to-day. It looks to me as if he had been playing the wheat market."

"Yes, but two thousand."

"Bought on margin, I suppose, and I'm inclined to believe that Mr. Robinson, not Mr. Travers can explain that shortage."

Mr. Elwell looked at Barry as if he were being introduced for the first time. "We will see what Robinson has to say about it to-morrow," he replied.

But Mr. Robinson had no explanation to offer on the morrow, nor at any other time. Apparently he had realized the folly of dropping his telegram, torn as it was, into the waste-paper basket, and had come back for it. And then finding it was in Barry's possession, he had realized that the game was up and fled. Though efforts were made for his apprehension he was never discovered.

Mr. Travers recovered, and went back to the place he had honorably filled for so many years. And he is very proud of the rapid rise of a young man for whom the knowing prophesy great things, but who to Travers and his wife will always be just "Barry."

WORK WILL NOT HURT

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things; you must work. If you look around you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. People die sometimes because they quit work at 6 p.m. but don't go home until 2 a.m. It is the interval that kills, my son. Work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old Bo- and So's boys." The great busy world does not know that they are there.

So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

ANIMAL INSTINCT

The instinct of animals, displayed in attempts to escape danger, is marvellous. For instance a hare fleeing from hunters, has leaped into a lady's lap. Sheltered her arms until the dogs were called off, the panting little prisoner was at last restored to freedom.

We may also observe many strategems to which the weaker animals have recourse. We have seen a little snake wriggle away at our approach, and have tried in vain to discover it, until we saw two eyes, like shining beads, looking up at us from the midst of small withered branches, beside which it had stretched itself out. It was feigning death, but the restless eyes betrayed it.

A similar instance is that of the cardinal bird, which has been given its name from the red top-knot, or hood. On hearing the approach of travellers it will draw up one slender leg, hiding it against its breast, and spread out a scarlet fan until it resembles a wild flower. A stranger device is that of the famous ventriloquist frog of South America, whose weird chant may be heard, now here, now there, as the notes carry, in its efforts to lure the wayfarer from its haunts.

A well-known animal trainer assures us that a lion never turns viciously on his mate, and that a keeper who indulges in liquor and dissolute habits loses all power over the animals.

Some time since we were on a car with two gentlemen—strangers. Their conversation turned upon the faithfulness of dogs, and one asked the other, if he met with an accident on a lonely road, to which would he look for aid, his dog, his only companion, or the first passer by. The answer was emphatic: "The dog." He then narrated the following:

"A young man came to my office seeking a position. He was the son of an old friend, and I hired him at once. He was a frequent visitor at my house and always welcome. But our dog resisted all attempts at friendliness. He would show his teeth if the new-comer touched him. I laughed at this at first, and thought it canine jealousy. Later on I found the young man was robbing me to a considerable extent. The dog's instinct detected the falsity which I had never even suspected."

Early in the late century there appeared in Ireland a famous horse tamer named Barry. His methods were unique. He would approach a vicious animal in a quiet easy manner, laying a hand caressingly on the creature's neck. Then he would bend his head to the horse's ear. From this habit the superstitious people believed he used some "charm," and named him "the whisperer," by which name he became known far and wide. He never resorted to violence. Large sums were offered for his secret, as it was called, but he persistently refused them. As he lay dying he was approached for the last time.

"I had no secret but kindness," were almost his last words words which may well go down to posterity for those who have animal welfare at heart.—Emma E. Hornibrook.

INVALUABLE ADVICE

"I have a most valuable book to sell, madam," said the book agent. "It tells you how to do everything."

"Does it tell how to get rid of a pest-ering book agent?" asked the busy woman.

"It does, madam," returned the agent serenely. "It says you should buy something from him."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Oct. 14th, 1897

Erin Fair to-day and to-morrow.

The farmers have been busy at their fall plowing since the rains of last week.

Mr. Robt. Watson, of the fourth line, is making preparations for the erection of a new bank barn.

The orchestra of the Methodist Sunday School was reorganized last Friday night. Miss Annie McNabb was appointed leader and Miss Lizzie McLean will perform the duties of leader of the singing as well as assistant organist.

The yield of potatoes is well up to the average and the quality unsurpassed. Lord Cariboo, king of Erin potato growers, got a communication last week from a Buffalo firm offering 70c. per bushel for a car of potatoes delivered there. This would pay the duty and still leave twenty-seven and a half cents over the market price here for the freight and handling. The price is from 40c. to 45c. a bag.

The Sons of Scotland have arranged for a concert for Friday evening, October 29th, with Henry Burnell, humorist, Miss McCallum, elocutionist and Miss Janet Grant, contralto.

BORN

STUMP—In Rockwood, on Sunday, October 10th to Mr. and Mrs. R. Stump, twin boys.

A GOOD PROPHET

To the Editor:

In the sermon entitled "The Use of Money," 150 years ago, the Founder of Methodism, Rev. John Wesley, said: "None can gain by swallowing up his neighbor's substance without gaining the damnation of Hell. His is a dear-bought gain. And so is whatever is procured by hurting our neighbor in his soul, by ministering, directly or indirectly, to his unchastity or intemperance. Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine; they made be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this and may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know too such distillers in England?

"Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects whole, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to Hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of men?

"Who then, would envy their estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of these; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost Hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundations, the walls, the floor, the roof are stained with blood! Though they are clothed in scarlet and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation?

"Not so, for there is a God in Heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee." —H. Arnett, M.R., M. C. P. S., Social Service Board.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

POTATO FLOUR

Potato flour is made by dehydrating or drying the potatoes and then grinding them. The potatoes are sliced or cut into cubes and dried. When thoroughly dried the pieces or slices are quite hard; these are run through a mill and ground into flour. Potato flour is used for bread making and for general baking purposes. Mixed with wheat flour it makes bread that is considered better than bread made from wheat flour alone.

A GOOD RESOLVE

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother!

A MESSAGE FROM LINCOLN

George had resolved to give up his place at the hardware store. He did not like the work any better than he had liked the grocery, and his employer seemed no better satisfied with him than Mr. Chalmers had seemed. George wondered if he were characteristic of all employers to be unappreciative, and unreasonable.

Perhaps the trouble was the town. George grasped at the idea avidly. Yes, that was it. A fellow was not likely to be appreciated in the town where he was born. If only he could get away! He began to think over his acquaintances, wondering which of them could be induced to lend him the money to go West. He had distant relatives in Missouri. He might go to them.

A sheet of paper lay upon the table written in his sister Patty's copy-book hand. George glanced at it carelessly at first. Then a word riveted his attention. He began to read, the angry color rising in his cheeks as his eyes went down the page.

"What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to work there is no better place than right where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do you no good."

Patty came in before George had time to turn the page. He gave her a withering look. Patty stared.

"If you're going to set up to give me advice," began George, in a choking voice, "whyden't you say it to my face?"

"I don't know what you mean." Patty's look bore out her statement. She seemed bewildered.

"I suppose you thought it was smart to leave that around where I'd run across it," George continued. "But as far as Missouri goes—"

He stopped, checked by a surprising thought. He had never mentioned going to Missouri to Patty. He had never mentioned it to any one. It was his turn to stare.

Patty seemed on the brink of tears. "I don't know what you're talking about, George. You act awfully funny."

George took up the sheet from the table, and held it toward her. "What's this?" he asked. His manner had become quite mild.

"That?" Patty looked. "Oh," she explained casually, "that's a quotation from President Lincoln."

"I never heard it before."

"Everybody in our class has to bring a quotation from Lincoln to school to-morrow. I thought that most of them would pick out something from the Gettysburg address, you know, and I'd try something different."

"But how—but how did he come to write it."

Patty was plainly so relieved at the change in her brother's demeanor that she was glad to explain.

"He wrote it to a step-brother of his, Johnston, his name was. He wanted to borrow some money so he could go somewhere else. He hated to work; that was the trouble with him, and Mr. Lincoln knew it."

"I see," said George. He took up the letter and read it again. The giver of the advice, it seemed, was Abraham Lincoln, not his little sister Patty. And yet George could not rid himself of the idea that it fitted him.

"What could you do in Missouri better than here?" What indeed? He realized now that he had no plan, only an aimless longing for a change. "Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you?" No. If there was any difference he was more sure of help in the town where he had always lived, where he had many friends in spite of his weaknesses. "If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are." George's lips closed with a snap. "Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do you no good."

Patty left the room as George stood staring at the sheet of paper. His face was flushed again, this time not with anger, but with humiliation.

"He didn't mean it for me, but it fits me just the same. If I'm going to work, there's no better place than right here. And I am going to work. I'm going right back to the hardware store, and ask Mr. Temple to give me another chance. I'll tell him I've turned over a new leaf, and it's all on account of Abraham Lincoln."

Patty had to make a new copy of her quotation to take to school next day for George asked her for the first one. He wanted to keep that message from Lincoln always before him, till he had grown strong enough to rely on himself.

ATTACHED

Little Mary had been sent to the store to get some fly paper. She was a long time in returning, and her mother began to feel a bit anxious.

Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and said, "Mary, have you got the fly paper?"

"No, mother," cried Mary, "it's got me; but we're both coming together."

To safeguard the child from damage that worms cause, use Miller's Worm Powders, medicine par excellence for children. These powders will clear the system entirely of worms, will regulate and stimulate the organs injuriously affected by the worms, and will encourage healthful operation of the digestive processes. As a vermifuge it cannot be surpassed in effectiveness.