

WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO?

Our dallies team with daring deeds, And books are filled with fame; Brass bands will play and cannons roar In honor of the name— Of men who held commissions, and Were honest, brave and true; But still the question comes to me, What did the privates do? Who were the men to guard the camp, When foes were hovering round? Who dug the graves of comrades dead— Who laid them in the ground? Who sent the dying message home To those he never knew? If officers did all this, What did the privates do? Who were the men to fill the place Of comrades slain in strife? Who were the men to risk their own To save a comrade's life? Who was it that lived on salted pork And bread too hard to chew? If officers did this alone, What did the privates do? Who laid in pits on rainy nights, All eager for the fray? Who marched beneath the scorching sun, Through many a toilsome day? Who paid the soldier's double price, And scanty rations drew? If officers got all the praise, Then what did privates do? All honor to the brave old boys, Who rallied at the call, Without regard to name or rank, We honor you as well as they, They passing over by one, And soon they'll all be gone, To where the books will surely show Just what the privates done.

LOATHLY LOVER.

All the cynics could have told her—some of them, being her dear, good friends, did tell her long before and repeatedly—that her affair with Richard McLeister could have but one ending. She herself, during the public glow, told herself the same thing more than once when his letters were a trifle tardy in reaching her, or when his brief telegrams came, saying that he could not make her town for that week's end visit. For she was a clever woman always, and a sane one, and her bride, as all the world's wives could have forecasted fifteen years back, was not to be Alice Gilbert.

There had been, before the blow fell, a lapse of four weeks without sight of each other, the longest period in all fifteen years that he had suffered to pass without coming to her or sending for her—in all these years he would never hear to her, making her home in his city, and Boston and New York are not so far apart as to make weekly trips more than a swiftly passing inconvenience. There passed four lonely weeks without sight of him and those four weeks without a letter, merely telegrams announcing his unavoidable detention. Finally, after the manner of the women that wait for her and wrote him a letter, quiet enough, but full of all the love of all the years through which she had waited.

"He must answer this!" she had breathed, with a throb of her heart which paled her cheeks and made the sealing of the envelope a blurred splootch of gilt wax, and all but held her back from the posting of it.

And she had not mistaken the letter's imperative quality. Every line of it called McLeister's hand, called it all the more because no line held any tangible demand. By return post his answer came, quite as if he had been waiting for the opening she gave him.

"I have decided to marry. . . My career is lying straight before me. . . I need the social aid a wife can give her husband. . . You do not know her. . . You do not know her. . . If she had her point of view I should not object to your meeting, but she is very young. . . Let us always be friendly, if not friends."

And Alice Gilbert, reading that last sentence, which contained as vivid a plea as her whole letter, and thinking of all the incriminating documents which she had kept over from his callow, incautious days, wished passionately for one black moment that she were the sort of woman to whom breach-of-promise suits and their ilk were possible things. For years his "career" had been his god, his fetish even; it was now, and would be for the future, and he had come to fear for it now. With all that she must know of her unlikeliness to her sisters of the flowered robes and grasping hands, he still had cause to fear. For some crises of life have driven the meekest to insensate madnesses.

been her lover and who had only five days before thrown her definitely aside for a girl, "very young"—minus "a point of view," but the daughter of his State's governor. She glanced again at herself in that in spite of what she had walked through these last five days she did not look her thirty-five years—McLeister was forty-two! If the girl was very young indeed, it must mean that he was more than twice her age—Tom Gilbert had been more than that when he had married her, twenty years before. She shuddered as she thought of Gilbert, forgotten almost from the moment she left him, dead now for years. No wonder she had left him—for Dick—Dick McLeister who had drifted into that country town of hers for a brief year, young and ardent and brilliant and alive, and had caught her up in a very whirl of flame and horse her way. . . .

She changed her current of thought resolutely, for along that channel lay madness and loss of all her self-control. So she smiled a little as she thought of how wish in a brief time she and McLeister would pass each other with a roar and rush, he bound for her city; she for his. She smiled too as she thought of McLeister calling her telephone number time and again. She had carefully dropped the re-sealed telegram in her mail-box. Rosa had signed for it, and let him look up the time of its delivery as he wished and explain it as he might, he could hardly be sure that she had left solely because he was coming. She smiled as she reflected carefully that he could not be sure of anything.

Instead of staying two days away from her home, she stayed two weeks. She was a woman of rare perceptions and gifts, and she had her rare friend. She frisked away every waking hour and dragged herself into slumber at night. Then one morning she awoke serenely, without the habitual start into throbbing pain, and looked calmly upon the sword hanging by its scabbard in above her bed.

"Let it fall!" she said aloud, in a trance of composure she packed her things and left that day for her home. The rooms she had left so hurriedly were dreary and close enough as she entered them, and she flung every window wide and straightened chairs and furniture before she sat down with the pile of letters and telegrams that had accumulated in the two weeks. All of the latter were from McLeister, and several of the former. She smiled a little as she ripped open one telegram after another and caught his state of mind. McLeister was undoubtedly dubious; even a little frightened, for in these two weeks he had come up four times. She knew him so well that she could see into his mind with startlingly clear vision, and the sight helped her a little. She had meant to frighten him, perhaps, but in common with her sisters she loathed a coward, although she knew that he had cause for fear for his "career."

"He has not begged yet, but he wants his letters more than he wants salvation—they are salvation, he thinks." They are wrapped about with her immutable composure, she went to a locked drawer in her desk and drew them out—yellowed things, soiled with time and handling; and as she held them in her hands sentences from the hidden pages seemed to flash up at her; all of them of a type which would make the rarest of feasting in the camp of his enemies.

"But I am not that sort of a woman; why does he fear it?" she asked herself, and the silent question helped her as had the knowledge of his coward's fear a while back.

"It is so common to fear that from me!" she sneered, and the sneer was for herself. If he had known her so little in their youth, she too had been too blind to see in him the strain of coarse misunderstanding of her deepest qualities and motives.

And while she stood there, with the letters in her hand, her bell rang sharply—once long, fierce ring and two short, sharp ones. It was McLeister's ring, and even as she listened and knew him by the ring, her instinctive composure never faltered. She had come back without a definite plan of action, but now she was ready for anything, and she was not only ready, but ready for the end. Here it was, close upon her.

She laid the letters back in the drawer and went to the door herself, with her traveling-bag still on her back. "Where is Rosa? Where have you been? I have been afraid you were ill!" McLeister stammered it all out as he stood in the hall. Evidently his coming there had been a part of some madness on his part, for his surprise at seeing her was unfeigned. And when he entered the apartment he stood at loss. The suspense of the two weeks had told on his nerves, which were usually of stoical fiber.

She leaned forward with a little gasp, her one sign of weakness in all the interview, and she opened and shut her eyes rapidly to clear her blurred vision and dispel her slight dizziness. For the half of one delicious second she had thought that the thick-set, stouky man opposite her, with his reddened eyes and discolored teeth and coarsened skin, was no other than that man she had married first, who had died since, who had surely died. Then the delirium passed, and she saw that it was only Dick sitting there—only Dick.

Her gasp made McLeister brave for the first time since he had written her that decisive letter. But unfortunately his inner consciousness that his courage was but overlay and thin veneer made him swagger a little, incited him to the use even of a slightly bullying tone.

"Of course, Alice, you're going to be sensible about this, and it's going to be all right for you, in any case. This girl is well enough, and my career—those early, damn early! If a public man could guard against scandals he might live his life as he would like to live it, and in that case you'd still stay in mine. You must understand though," hurriedly, "that this is best to break this off entirely—like that! I'm resolved on that, understand. But I'll fix you—you don't need to worry any for the future."

He paused, disheartened, as her laugh struck discouragingly against his bulwark of bravado and battered it down. And he cursed inwardly as he beheld his new-found courage reel and totter, and realized that he had not yet taken one step along the path which would lead him to the possession of his bride—those early, assistive letters of his to her. He could not know that she had followed hardly a word of what he had been saying; that her laugh was wholly for her comparison, which was comparison no longer, but identity. One cannot compare things that are alike. She laughed again as she thought of old Tom Gilbert and old Dick McLeister. Things alike, at last!

And then, while his pause grew sadder and heavier, all that he had been saying came back to her, sentence by sentence, and she looked at him with eyes so bright that he could think of no words with which to lift the pall of silence. Already he was regretting a part of the bravado he had mistaken for bravery. She spoke at last.

"But won't it be a little hard on the young girl, poor child!" she mused. "Only seventeen! Your breath is bad, you know, and you are fat, and growing old. Your eyes are red all the time now, and they are quite revolting—sometimes. No, Dick, not even your 'career,' gorgeous as it may be, is going to make up for that tooth which I met with stained teeth which had reddened eyes, and a tobacco-tainted breath."

He flushed purple, and his eyes took all the vivid color at which she had so delicately shivered. But he tried to laugh.

"After all, you—" he began, with the un wisdom of fury that must be compressed. She laughed without his obvious attempt at a jest.

"I? I knew you fifteen years ago, when you were slim and strong and didn't puff when you ran, much less walked, and I've been able to think of you in these degenerating years as you were then, in those bad days when I was married to a fat old man with tobacco-stained lips. Do you remember to blame her, even you, years ago? Ah, me, Dick, how she is going to ridicule you to the inevitable young god some day!"

She paused lightly, while she watched the purple blood creep over his face. Twice he tried to speak, and no words came, and then she added: "Count the cost to-night, standing before your mirror, and make up your mind never to blame her, Dick, if she is caught up in the whirlwind of life, and takes her youth and her beauty away from you without permission or regret. And if she goes, she will be doing right in choosing to live, to leave the fat old man for the slim young one whose kisses are the wine of Spring. Ah, it was hard on me, eighteen years ago, when I was as young as she is now, and I know; that's why I am sorry for her to-day."

Curious Corn Facts.

Few people realize what even a little improvement in corn culture means. During 1906 the United States grew ninety-five million acres of corn. This area produced 2,880,000,000 bushels of corn, worth in round numbers \$1,300,000,000. By simply adding one kernel to each ear you add \$1,630,000 to the returns from the area producing corn.

This increase is infinitesimal in itself and very few farmers who have adopted improved methods, or used pure-bred seed, will admit that less than two to three bushels per acre can be secured. Figure a little further. As stated above, in 1906 the corn crop covered ninety-five million acres. By increasing the yield one bushel to the acre, and figuring this at forty-five cents a bushel, the total value of the corn crop is increased \$42,750,000; by increasing the yield two bushels, \$85,500,000; three bushels, \$128,250,000; four bushels, \$171,000,000; five bushels, the stupendous sum of \$213,750,000.

The economic possibilities of the corn plant are almost unlimited. At the National Corn Exposition, which was held in Chicago, October 5th to 19th, 1907, one of the most interesting exhibits was that of household articles made from corn. This consisted of rugs, portieres, table covers, mats, picture frames, etc., made from the corn plant.

More than five hundred thousand acres of unproductive swamp land within a radius of three hundred miles of Chicago can be made great corn fields; first by drainage, and second, by the application of potash or phosphorus or both. The first-named element is usually the one most needed and can be applied at a comparatively small cost. That these waste areas will eventually become great corn fields is almost certain. True, they will grow truck crops, but any considerable increase in the area devoted to truck will render the business unprofitable by glutting the market. The ever-increasing demand for corn will absorb almost any extra area without any appreciable effect upon the market. Land which now grows nothing can, at a cost of a few dollars per acre, be made to produce annual crops of from sixty to eighty bushels per acre. This has been definitely demonstrated during the last few years by at least three experiment stations in the Middle West and hundreds of practical farmers.

About one-third of all the land under cultivation in the United States is devoted to the raising of corn. It is worth more than two and one-half times the wheat crop—the grain second in proportion. No grain lends itself so readily to scientific investigation and improvements as does corn. About twelve years ago the agricultural experiment station began to apply the study of corn. Almost every State has its corn-growers' associations, a few have corn-breeders' associations, and all corn States have annual corn schools, annual judging contests, and schools of instruction for expert judges.

A Massachusetts inventor has perfected a process of transforming flax straw into fibre that promises to add millions to the revenue of the American farmer and to the manufacture of linen fibre in the United States, says the World of To-Day.

By the laborous process followed abroad it takes from 16 to 30 weeks to transform flax straw into linen. There is first the "retting," which in Belgium is done by weighting down the flax straw in pools of water exposed to the sun until the wood, or "shive," is rotted away from the fibre. Then comes the "scutching," or beating, of the dried straw. After this it is "hackled" by pulling the straw through the coarse teeth of combs for the purpose of removing snarls and frangles. The softening and bleaching processes number 25, after all which is ready for market. Now comes Benjamin C. Mudge, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with a combined mechanical process that makes linen out of straw in 12 hours. In place of the European method, which consists very largely of leaving the natural rotting process to accomplish the disintegration of straw, Mr. Mudge goes to this work by machinery.

The European method yields about 170 pounds of straw and sacrifices the seed crop. The Mudge process secures 250 pounds of straw after the seed has been saved. It converts the "shive," wasted by the European method, into a pulp for papermaking and also saves the "tow."

In 1900, there was one salaried man for every thirteen wage-earners. In 1905 there was one salaried man to every ten and a half wage-earners. To-day about sixty thousand officers of manufacturing corporations draw average salaries of \$2335 each, and then there are four hundred and sixty thousand superintendents, managers, accountants, clerks, etc., who average a shade under \$950 each. Of these, one salaried employee in every six is a woman, which raises the male average of pay. For where the salaried man gets a bit under \$1,050 a year, the salaried woman draws less than \$500. These figures apply only to factories, it must be remembered.—Saturday Evening Post.

Forest Patriarchs Saved.

William Kent, of Chicago, has just shown that brains may be made to count for more than money in philanthropy. By a gift whose present market value may be two or three hundred thousand dollars he has bestowed upon the public a benefit whose future worth will overshadow many famous foundations endowed with millions. He has decided to the United States a tract of two hundred and ninety-five acres of redwood forest on the seaward slopes of Mount Tamalpais, six miles from San Francisco, and the land is to be proclaimed a National Monument, under the name of Muir Woods. The canon is declared by the Forest Service to be "in absolutely primeval condition, not so much as scratched by the hand of man"; yet it is within an hour's ride of San Francisco, "as the very doors of hundreds of thousands of people," and two-thirds of the entire population of California live within about fifty miles of it. It will give to San Francisco a suburban park that no other city in the world can match. There are only two thousand square miles of redwood forest on the entire globe, and they are all in California. Some of the trees in the grove which the enlightened liberality of Mr. Kent has saved from the fate that has befallen all its neighbors are sixteen feet in diameter, nearly three hundred feet high, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred years old. There is no reason why they should not still be standing, greater and more majestic than ever, a thousand years hence, when the spreading metropolis of the Pacific shall have made Muir Woods a Central Park in the city's heart. The redwood—first cousin to the patriarchal Big Trees of the Sierras—seems never to die a natural death, and if ax and fire can be kept away, the giants of Tamalpais will be Mr. Kent's monument through unnumbered generations.

Rapid Growth of Jap Race. The population of Japan to-day is just about 50,000,000. The exact figures for 1907 are not yet available, but the estimates just published are based on the average growth of the last 30 years and may be taken as fairly accurate. In each of the five year periods for which figures are shown, over the past 25 years, the population has increased, roughly speaking, by 2,000,000. To-day the estimate is that in the territory ruled over by the Mikado, in addition figures in the official record show that at the end of 1906 there were some 300,000 Japanese abroad, and that figure has been very largely increased during the past year. Exclusive of China and Korea there were 36,000 Japanese settled in various parts of Asia, while the western territories of the two empires named were credited with 100,000. Europe had 690; Australasia, and the islands of the Pacific, 70,000, and the United States 90,000.

The Japanese native papers comment with satisfaction on these proofs of Japanese progress, especially when compared with the falling birth-rate in certain western countries. They also claim that where there has been objection of Japanese immigration it has never been on the ground that they were undesirable citizens because of being of a low type or addicted to objectionable habits. On the contrary, they have been objected to because of their industry and simplicity of life. "They have been accused," says the Asahi, "of being inferior to the natives. There is not the smallest justification for such an epithet. They have beaten back the aggression of our Powers, but no aggression on their own account can be laid to their charge."

England's Bill for Drinks. The part played by the drink traffic in the social and political life of England is enormous. The people spend over \$800,000,000 a year on drink. The revenue derived from it more than floats the British navy, and amounts to twenty-eight per cent of the total revenue of the kingdom. The fact that the Peage should change hands in the name of the Peage gives the measure of the social influence of a trade which in America, I believe, is not classed among the most reputable industries, writes Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly.

There is another point of contrast between the English and the American attitude towards the drink traffic that is not without interest. In America it is the salaried keeper who is the prominent figure; in England it is the big brewer or distiller. The political influence of the trade is represented in America by the man who sells the liquor, and in England by the man who makes it. This is the only point I am aware of at which America is frankly more democratic than England. About \$1,500,000 has been invested in the trade in the United Kingdom; over 110,000 premises are licensed for the sale of alcohol; and the number of people who hold shares in brewery companies must run into many hundreds of thousands.

There is a saying that "a man's first right is to be healthy." It is a constant reminder to motherhood to see a puny, pining baby grow to be a pulling, peevish boy. It is a reproach because proper preparation and care will give the mother the health without which she cannot have a healthy child. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for the baby's coming gives the mother abundant health, and the mother rejoices in a hearty child. This is the testimony of many women who never raised a child until they used "Favorite Prescription."

—Mrs. Hayrix—What be yore son doin' tew th' city? —Mrs. Meadowgrass—He's studyin' fer a doctor. —Mrs. Hayrix—The idee! Is th' doctor tew lazy tew study fer hisself? —Lil—So you rejected that young fireman, did you? —Min—I surely did. Do you suppose I'd marry a man who might leave me at any hour of the 24 to dance attendance on some other flame? —Mrs. Gotham—The paper says that chewing wintergreen will keep people awake in church. —Mr. Gotham—It might be; but, at the theatre, I have found cloves very efficacious. —"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." —"Did they? Six of them recognized it at once."

—In transplanting any vegetable plants let it be done in the evening if possible. Press the soil firmly about the roots, and water well. If, after the water disappears, the soil is dry, it will prevent baking of the soil about the roots when the sun comes out next day.

Straw colorings, pongee shades and other light yellow tones are much sought in cotton stuffs.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Man carves his destiny; woman is helped to hers.—Julia Ward Howe. Long sleeves are making gradual headway and it is advisable to have a few summer dresses made with them. The heavy flit laces gain constantly in popularity and have quite superseded the Irish and Venise.

Very smart colored effects are this year obtained in the dotted Swisses. Cluny lace, the color of the dot, is combined with the Swiss and the dress is worn over a slip of self color or white. Of the goods sold as "all wool" there is not one tenth that is genuine. Generally the main component is cotton. The test for this is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up. To distinguish pure linen from counterfeit is even easier. The intended buyer need but wet her finger and apply it to the goods. If they are pure linen the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here also the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads on the pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking. The boasted silk of our grandmothers that "stood by itself" is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means of giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose. Silks and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce a stiff silk as ever graded the wardrobe of our ancestors. Such stuff is quite worthless, however, as it quickly rots.

If it has a high crown and small rolling brim, it's a Postillion. If it is shaped like a racing shell and has a low crown, it is a Merry Widow. If it has a tulle crown and a drooping, pleated brim, it is a Charlotte Corday. If it is high crowned with large, picturesque brim, it is a Romney shawl. If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggled they would stop it. Learn to smile; not giggle. Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh; but very few people know how to laugh. It is as rare in life as it is on the stage. A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company. She will giggle when a boy meets her and says "Good morning." She will giggle when he says "Good-by." She is only nervous, but she appears silly. It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth; it is trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with giggles.

It is not always possible to know, at first thought, whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead. Far better be silent; you may then get the credit for wisdom, that you have not. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile. Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self-consciousness; but anything is better than a silly giggle.

A cedar chest makes an excellent receptacle for all winter garments. Either turpentine or camphor serves as an excellent prohibition against the attentive moth. The furs should always be first wrapped in layers of tissue paper. White furs must be laid in blue tissue paper, as white causes them to assume a yellow tinge. Camphor should not be used on either sable or chinchilla as it spoils the color of both. Black furs do not require the same tender care as do gray, brown or white ones. It is a mistake to put away white or grey furs when they are soiled. Powdered chalk or cornmeal shaken well in and dusted on the next morning will cleanse the fur. It is agreed by many learned physicians that whisky and alcoholic drinks are not stimulants, but depressants. There are men who have been accustomed to these drinks who feel the need of a tonic. People recovering from the grip and the other weakening diseases will also find an ideal tonic and stimulant in the following: One teaspoonful pure olive oil. One teaspoonful lemon juice. Pinch of salt and pepper. Take morning and night. The lemon juice is all the liver requires to correct any sluggishness. The olive oil is a food, stimulant and lubricant. It builds up the tissues and is of more value than half a pound of meat daily.—Robert Bryan Harrison.

After emptying the last bits of flour, give the bags a good shaking; later soak them in plenty of cold water with a big handful of washing soda and allow them to lie over night. Take them out and wash them, giving all the colored parts a good rubbing with carbolic soap; then put them on the boil with plenty of soda. Carbolic soap takes out the dye better than anything else. Bleach and wash again and the bags will be a clear white. For Apple Charlotte.—Line a baking dish with slices of buttered bread, put in a layer of sliced apples with sugar and a little butter, then a layer of buttered bread, and so on until the dish is full, covering with bread. Eat this warm with sweet sauce.

—Customer—What is this tough, tasteless substance in this custard pie? —Waiter—That's cocoanut, sab—custard topped with cocoanut. —Customer—Hum! Well, take it out and bring me onstard topped with rich, juicy white pine sawdust. —"Say!" growled the man in the chair, "hurry up and get through shaving me." —"Why," replied the barber, "you said you had plenty of time." —"I know, but that was before you began to use that razor."

—Henry, I am afraid that bank is shaky. —"No, it ain't. The cashier told me it was as staple as Gibraltar." —"And what is Gibraltar?" —"I don't know, but that is what he said." —"Henry Heckman, you just go down right away and take your money out. That sound to me mighty like the name of a sleeping car." —Wedderly—I made the mistake of my life when I gave my wife a \$20 gold piece on the first anniversary of our marriage. —Singleton—How's that? —Wedderly—I've had to give her \$20 a week ever since to keep her from spending it. —Mistress—"Jane, I saw the milk-man kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in."

—Jane—"Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."