

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that were plain
His coat was rough and rather worn
His cheeks were thin and pale
A lad who had his way to make
With little time to play
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today

THE WORDEN MORTGAGE.

Edward Worden bounded into the little kitchen with an anguished face, and slammed the milk pails into the sink with a force strong enough to send them into the cellar below.

"It's no use trying, mother," he exclaimed. "I just can't stand it much longer. Here I've had to waste this whole afternoon mending that old harness when I might have had that south lot all plowed, and now he's just been over to tell me that I will have to finish the plowing tomorrow. He knew of the time that I was planning to go to that ball game. Oh, he's a sharp, stingy, mean, contrary old man, but he'll find out some day that I'll wade into him and tell him a thing or two."

"I wouldn't do to say anything now," protested Mrs. Worden, passing her hand across the boy's sunburned face. "You forget about the mortgage."

"No, I haven't forgotten about the mortgage!" sharply retorted Edward. "I've had that old mortgage staring me in the face till I'm sick of it!"

"I too, am sick of it," she wearily repeated, "and—and I'm willing to give it up."

"Give it up," huskily whispered the boy. "Why, mother, what do you mean?" "Just what I say. I've about decided to give up the farm and move into town where you can find something to do that will be easier than this kind of work I can do plain sewing, and it wouldn't be but a few years before the girls would be old enough to help. Then perhaps you could manage to go to school again."

Edward did not reply. His mind was traveling over the years of the time when he had stood by the dying father and promised him that he would pay off the mortgage, and keep the Worden homestead in the family. It had seemed a very little thing to promise such a good father, and he started out with high hopes of soon accomplishing it. He would work hard and save every penny in winter, and then when the mortgage was all paid he'd go to college and study law. But somehow these plans had failed to materialize. The very first year they had to sell two of their best cows to pay the interest money, and now the twentieth of June was only two days away, and they still lacked twenty-five dollars to pay this year's interest, and it was not paid Montgomery Davis would foreclose.

at the beginning of the term? Why, mother, I know that first-year Latin so well I can almost say it backward. I'll get the prize all right!" and away he bounded up the stairway two steps at a time, returning a minute later with his books. He sat down by the kitchen table and studied till late in the night reviewing the Latin he had learned the year before.

The next morning found Edward whistling a sprightly little tune as he hustled about his work, milking the cows, sweeping out the barn, carting the milk cans down to the platform, and driving the cows back to the hill pasture, and stopping now and again to carefully consult a copied Latin translation, for he resolved to combine his study with the work. Two weeks would soon pass away, and he felt that he must improve every minute if on the twentieth of June he was to win the Latin prize and pay up the year's interest money.

"He had just finished the chores, eaten his breakfast, and was hitching up the team to go over to the south lot to plow when he heard some one call his name, and turning he saw Clark Adams wheeling up to the barn.

"Hello there, Ed. Worden! Put those horses back into the stalls or turn them out. I've got to have you today."

"Got to have me?" questionably laughed Edward, grasping his chum's hand. "What do you want of me?"

"It's like this. Our baseball team is in trouble. Will Jones was taken down with the measles last night, and if you don't take his place the Centerville High school team is going to get most awfully beat. They've got a crack team over at the Pines, and—"

"I'd like to go, Clark, but I can't," interrupted Edward. "You see, it's like this. I promised Montgomery Davis to plow, and I know he won't let me off. He wants it done today."

"Well, he's got to let you off. Great Scott! I'll stop down at our old place and send Mr. Evans up to do this plowing. You've got to go."

"Would you do that?" cried Edward. "Let's hustle across and tell Mr. Davis, then I'll get ready and go down when you do."

Clark Adams' handsome brown suit contrasted with Edward's farm clothes, as they hurried down the road, excitedly talking over the coming game. They found the old man in the garden.

"Huh!" he grunted sarcastically after a moment's reflection on Clark's question. "In my day when a boy had any work to do he stayed at home and did it, and I ain't going to have no new-fangled notions put into your head 'bout going to play ball every whip-stitch. And I won't have that man Evans up here to do the plowing, so there!"

Edward was too disappointed to speak. He knew he was the best pitcher in the Centerville school, and he wanted to help win the game for the boys' club, but for the sake of the captain, Clark Adams, for whom he had a great liking, his eyes flashed with anger as he strode quickly out of the yard and up the road. For a minute he was tempted to tell Clark all the petty, hateful things he had endured from that man, but on a second thought he concluded that the right thing to do was to shield the man's character. And as they walked on Edward found many an excuse for the old man's cranky ways, and Clark never suspecting the motive that inspired the kindness went back to town with the secret desire to be the same broad-minded, charitable sort of a fellow that Edward was.

The next two weeks were unique in the history of Edward's life. For years they stood out as the most strenuous period through which he had ever passed. It seemed as though the work, always hard enough, piled up at times mountain high; but more trying than the work was the constant faultfinding of Montgomery Davis. With an eagle eye he watched Edward's every movement, and nothing seemed to please him.

Thus by hard, steady toil through the day, and patient, painstaking study late each night did the time pass till the eventful Monday at last arrived.

Some of the contestants for the prize thought it a very difficult examination, but Edward whose mind for the past two weeks had been filled with the vocabulary and form of the Latin words smiled as he glanced over the paper and saw that he could answer every question. It was a close, sultry day, and before Edward had half finished he began to feel the effects of the heat. A stinging pain followed, and again shoot through his head, nearly blinding him for the minute, and would leave him so drowsy that he could scarcely see the paper before him. At last yet he struggled bravely through till he reached the last question, which was a long conjunction of the verb regio. The active voice came quickly to him, but in the passive the endings became uncertain, and he frequently made mistakes which to his tired, overworked brain seemed to be the correct endings that he so well knew.

Two days later Edward was climbing the winding stairway to the auditorium, confident with hope that the prize would be his. It was the twentieth of June, and before midnight the interest money must be paid or Montgomery Davis would foreclose the mortgage, and the Worden homestead would pass into the hands of strangers.

As in a dream Edward listened to the music from the orchestra; heard the orations and the address by the president of the board to the graduating class, while his mind was busy with plans of work which he must do on the farm before he could think of finishing his education. The next year he would work harder than ever, and make a big payment on the mortgage. He wouldn't mind hard work, not when he could get such splendid results. The closing strains from the high-school glee club aroused him from his reverie. A hearty cheer greeted the principal as he arose to announce the prizes. Edward straightened himself up, alert and stiff, with an eager, expectant look on his tired, happy face, while the long list of names for different prizes was read. Suddenly his heart stopped beating, his face went white, and the cords of his neck knotted as he heard Professor Bailey in a low clear voice which sounded miles away: "The Judge Albert Sewell first-year Latin prize, twenty-five dollars in gold, awarded to Clark Adams, with honorable mention of Edward Worden."

A round of applause followed this announcement, showing how popular the two boys were in the school. A moment later, Edward, unobserved by his companions, slipped noiselessly out of the hall.

He covered the two miles from town to his home in panting haste. Rebellion burned in his heart. It seemed to him that losing this prize which he had worked so hard to win was a prophecy that his entire future life would be a failure.

He would now have to give up all his cherished plans of taking care of his mother and little sisters on the farm, and would have to strike out into the great world to make a home for his family.

Breathless, he reached the house. Through the window he caught a glimpse of his mother. She was busily sewing. For the first time he noticed how old and careworn she had grown in the past two years. A bitter sense of the unjust outcome of this trying to do the right made him clench his fists, and sent the cold chills up and down his spine as he slumped wearily into a chair beside the little sewing table.

"I didn't get the prize." The words came fast, spurred by his disappointment, and also by the fear that his courage might fail if he did not tell it quickly. "We've got to give up the old place, and—"

A tap at the door interrupted them, and Montgomery Davis entered. His exultant face needed no explanation. "You didn't get the prize!" he cried.

An angry retort started from Edward's lips, when across his mind there once more flashed his father's well-known words, "Do the right, and things will come right." Suppose he had lost the prize and couldn't keep the Worden out, from being sold under a mortgage? It was no sign that he needed to begin doing wrong. No, come what might, he would still keep on doing what he knew was the right thing to do.

"The twenty-five dollars was what we lacked to pay our interest money. We can't pay it and the place is yours."

"This place is not mine!" exultantly exclaimed Montgomery Davis as he rode across the room, and with trembling hand held above the lighted lamp a piece of paper, which gleefully burned and fell in black, charred fragments on the table.

"What does this mean?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Worden.

"It means, madam, that the Worden name is burned, and that your home is yours, free from debt. It also means that I have had to live nearly seventy years to learn that there is such a thing as a law of kindness in this world, which brings to those that follow it more than money, lands, and mortgages. That boy's name taught me what a gentleman could be, and I'm glad that he died I wonder what his son would do with it."

"I can truly say that I've subjected him to every hardship a boy could possibly meet, and through it all he has been kind and courteous and manly. I'm a rich man, but I've always been so close and stingy, and disagreeable that I'm generally disliked."

"Your son has treated me with respect, has faithfully tried to please me, and as a reward for his efforts this farm is yours, and I have placed in the bank an account in his name, which will pay for his entire education."

Clark Adams, at a supreme effort at hand self-control Edward reached out and handed to the old man who had proved to be his best friend. His blue eyes blurred with tears as he tried to express his thanks.

"I can't tell you what this means to us," he finally stammered; "but, something bright moonlight the Worden homestead is a place for me, and some day when I have finished school, and am successful in my chosen profession, I shall pay you back every dollar which you have so generously given to us tonight."

Montgomery Davis did not reply, but the grateful look which he gave the boy revealed to Edward a friend who expected great things of him.

It was a radiantly happy boy that stood in his doorway and watched the retreating figure of Montgomery Davis down the long lane, and to the road where he was lost in the shadows. Through the clear, bright moonlight the Worden homestead, with its fields and meadows, and fields, and orchards, now free from the dreaded mortgage, looked like some fairy kingdom, ruled by a young king who had learned the great lesson that, when a boy does right and keeps on doing right, things after a time come right.—Youth's World.

Young Mothers

are not always wisely guided when they choose some medicine to give them a strength adequate to nurse baby at their own breast. The need at this time is real strength, strength which lasts. So-called "tonics" and "stimulants" do not give real strength. They give a temporary support and a stimulated strength, which does nothing to balance the drain of the mother's vital forces by the nursing child. Of all such preparations those containing alcohol are most to be dreaded. Many a child has begun the drunkard's career at his mother's breast. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes motherhood easy and gives to those who use it, a real strength and vigor, and shares. It contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant and no opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is the best medicine for woman and woman's ills which has ever been prepared.

FROM THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Guaranteed recipes contributed by the Publicity Committee.

Keeping foods in the winter, the following hints regarding the keeping of different kinds of food, may be found useful.

Potatoes are kept without difficulty in a cool, dark place.

Sprouts should not be allowed to grow in the spring.

Such roots as carrots, parsnips and turnips remain solid and fresh if placed in earth or sand filled boxes on the cellar floor.

Sweet potatoes may be kept until January if cleaned, dried and packed in chaff so that they will not touch each other.

Pumpkins and squash must be thoroughly ripe and mature to keep well. They should be dried from time to time and kept, not on the cellar floor, but on a shelf and well separated from each other.

Cabbages are to be placed in barrels with the roots uppermost.

Celery should be neither trimmed nor washed, but packed heads up in long deep boxes, which should then be filled with dry earth.

Tomatoes may be kept until January if gathered just before the frost, wiped dry and placed on straw covered racks in the cellar. They should be firm and well grown specimens not yet beginning to turn. As they ripen they may be taken out for the table use and any soft or decaying ones must be removed.

Apples, if for use during the autumn, may be stored in barrels without further precaution than to look them over now and then to remove decaying ones, but if they are to be kept until late winter or spring they must be of a variety known to

keep well, and they must be hand picked, and without blemish or bruises. They should be wiped dry and placed with little crowding on shelves in the cellar, as a further precaution they may be wrapped separately in soft paper.

Pears may be kept for a limited time in the same way, or packed in saw dust or chaff, which absorbs the moisture, which might otherwise favor molding.

Oranges and lemons are kept in the same way. Wrapping in soft paper is more essential as the uncovered skins if unused offer good feeding ground for mold. Oranges may be kept a long time in good condition if stored where it is very cold but where freezing is not possible. Lemons and limes are often kept in brine, an old-fashioned house-hold method.

Cranberries after careful looking over to remove soft ones are placed in a crock and covered with water, a plate or round board placed on top and weighted serves to keep the berries under water. The water should be changed once a month.

In winter large pieces of fresh meat may be purchased and hung in the cellar. Thin pieces of mutton chops are sometimes dipped in mutton suet which keeps the surface from drying and is easily scraped off before cooking.

Turkey, chicken and other birds should be carefully drawn as soon as killed and without washing hung in a cool place.

Smoked ham, tongue, beef and fish are best put in linen bags and hung in dark cellars. Salt pork and corned beef should be kept in brine in suitable jars, kegs or cans, and should be weighed so as to remain well covered. A plate or board weighted with a clean stone is an old-fashioned and satisfactory way.

EXCHANGE, Publicity Committee of Belleville Woman's Club.

The Germs of Weakened Government in Our Towns.

Microbes of disease and of weakened administration appear in American municipalities, whatever the form of government may be.

What attracts these microbes to enter the municipal circulation, unless it be municipal contracts, supplies, franchises, licenses, law and regulation enforcement, and what patronage remains over and above civil service laws? These we may call municipal riches and, when used for politics, municipal plunder.

It is proposed to take these attractions out of politics.

To prepare a safe place to put the control of municipal contracts, etc., we should bring about—

The complete separation of the political policy determining functions from the expert administrative functions, placing each in the hands of a different set of persons.

Tenure during good behavior and efficiency for the expert administrators and short terms for the policy determining officials.

Selection of the experts through high grade civil service tests; investigating education, training and achievements by the aid of independent experts, appointing as a rule to the lower expert positions with promotion to the higher, though making original appointments to the higher where necessary.

Removal only after the publicity of an open hearing.

The right of the expert administrators both individually and acting as a board, to have their proposed policies and budgets made public.

The final determination of appropriations and policies by the political side of the municipal government.

Where politics, either detailed or general, of the political side differ from the policy of the expert publication of the political policies before the expert is overridden.

With these preparations made it is proposed to place in the hands of the permanent experts, the control of municipal contracts, supplies, franchises, licenses, the enforcement of laws and regulations, what patronage there may be and all administrative details and discipline.

Where the separation of these wholly different functions is complete, as in England, Germany and France, we see efficiency and honesty. Where these functions are mixed, as in America, we see waste and corruption.

By such a plan of separation we should secure—

A career for experts in municipal administration.

Attraction for experienced men of high character and training.

A chance for promotion that will draw capable young men into the lower expert service.

Expert chiefs who would believe in enforcing the merit system.

Municipal contracts honestly and efficiently made and strictly enforced.

Clean streets and better security for the public health.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

The modern tendencies to avoid draught and overheating in the air of our living rooms are bad. The bracing effect of cold is of supreme importance to health and happiness. We become soft and flabby and less resistant to the attacks of infecting bacteria in the winter, not so much because of the cold, but because of our excessive precautions to protect ourselves from cold, and chills are less often due to the exposure to cold than to the overheated and confined air of rooms, factories and meeting places.

Of the 711 survivors saved from the Titanic, many insufficiently clad, only one died after reaching the Carpathia. Exposure to cold did not cause in the survivors the diseases commonly attributed to cold.

A very noticeable feature with all model coats direct from Paris is the smallness of the revers and in many instances their entire absence. Pleated skirts are generally in evidence, even when made of thick materials, and with robes for day or evening wear composed of soft voile and such like fabrics we find the old accordion pleating very popular.

Large checks and plaids, somewhat startling in character, are now making their appearance, but these, when blended with plain colors, make decidedly distinguished looking costumes. They can, however, only be successfully worn by tall women possessing slender figures, otherwise the wearer will attract attention, without commanding admiration.

Will Americans adopt the French coiffure? It is thought that they must do so if they wish to get on the new hats. No matter what the outside of the hat looks like, the inside is as small as it can be for the human head without counting for hair.

In Paris this kind of hat is all very well because puffs and braids and pompadours have long ago been consigned to the limbo of things that were, says a New York Times correspondent.

The new coiffure is as simple as men would wish it. Nothing more can be said. While women have liked puffs, curls, braids, and buns, the men have cried aloud for simplicity. They have asked us why we did not come back to the style of our grandmothers, forgetting that their grandmothers often wore the most enormous mask of cheap false hair, as did our own ancestors.

They may not call this coiffure simple, but the women do, and the hair dressers do not mind advocating it because it necessitates a wide, thick wave over the forehead and also a certain kind of braid or switch if one wishes to make the surface more smooth than one can manage with hair that grows on the head.

This coiffure is done as follows: The hair is first waved, then drawn back simply over the ears, and gathered into a flat knot in the middle of the crown. To be more correct it is only the right side that is drawn into this fashion, while the left side hangs free. After the right side has been smoothed into place and the back knot flattened out so that it will present no bulge, the left side is loosely brushed over the middle and to the right side, where its ends are turned under and tucked away by invisible pins.

The only ornament is a long amber comb with a fanciful rim, which is put into the hair up and down the head, and across it, and is curved exactly right for that purpose. This coiffure was first brought out in Paris a year ago. It is especially a French coiffure, and far more suited to the small, slender face with its arched eyebrows and short nose than it is to the heavier Anglo-Saxon face with its broad chin and high cheek bone. That type of face, Camille thinks, requires the hair drawn up straight from the nape of the neck and covering only the upper half of the ear and built into some kind of projection at the exact crown of the head.

The essence of the new coiffure is not to show any beginning or any ending. And the essential feature is not to have the hair even for a quarter of an inch above the rounded surface, except that given by the shell comb. This sounds simple, but it isn't simple. The difficulty lies in flattening the ends of the right side so that the hair from the left side can be smoothly passed over without a break.

This difficulty can be overcome for the amateur by a short, broad switch, through the end of which a short comb is passed. This comb is run in the hair just behind the left ear, and the hair of the switch, which is marcelled, is then brought straight across the head, and its ends tucked in invisibly on the right side.

This method will be used in America and advocated by the hair dressers, although the more natural effect is prettier if one can learn how to do it.

An excellent polish for hardwood floors is made of half a pound of beeswax, shaved, put into a gillpot, and covered with turpentine; stand by the fire to dissolve. When using, put some on a flannel and afterwards brush with rather a stiff brush, such, for instance, as a scrubbing or boot brush.

A laundry bag made of brown crash should have a very conventional design for which red and green outlined with black would be attractive colors.

The newest laundry bags open at the bottom, so the clothes can be easily slipped out. The bottom buttons over the side.

A rod is put through a run at the top and to this hanging cords are attached. The clothes are slipped into a slit near the top of the bag.

The early importations show the coat and skirt of contrasting materials, such as velvet or corduroy coats with broadcloth of fancy weave suiting for the skirts.

While these coats are tailored they are intended for dressy wear, and so far have kept away from the strictly tailored.

Chestnut Salad.—Shell large chestnuts and blanch them. Then boil until tender. While they are still hot immerse them in French dressing to which has been added a little onion juice. Drain and chill thoroughly. Serve in a bed of water-cress.

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get all the news in the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.

—The growing or fattening pig must transfer a lot of material into a marketable product in a very short period of time and any weakness or lack of vitality and vigor would result in a breaking down of the animal.

The easier food is digested, the greater the gains made from it. The more hogs can be made to eat in a certain time the more profit. The more weight that can be put on a hog in a given length of time the more profitable he is.

—In Florida and the southern parts of Georgia and Alabama there are flocks and flocks of turkey-buzzards which have become so tame that they frequently swoop down upon the main streets of a town and perch on the ridge-poles of the main buildings.

—Aren't they wild birds?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes and no," was the reply. "They have never been tamed and would not stand confinement, but they seem to know that they are protected by law, and act accordingly. There is a twenty-dollar fine for killing one, and it is rigidly enforced. You see they are invaluable as scavengers, eating up dead animals, snakes and garbage that would soon cause sickness, especially in the swamp lands where man's work is difficult if not impossible along this line. So these birds are called 'health officers' in the South, and are regarded as public benefactors."

The birds destroy enormous quantities of insects. A conservative estimate of the number consumed by each individual insectivorous bird is one hundred a day. The figures for Massachusetts alone illustrate what birds can do: A careful estimate gives five insect-eating birds to the acre, making a total of at least 25,000,000 for the State. These birds consume daily, between the first of May and the end of September, 2,560,000,000 and 21,000 bushels of the total for the season is about 360,000,000 insects, or 3,600,000 bushels. If this bird population could be increased one bird to the acre, it would make the destruction of 600,000 more bushels of insects during the five months. Can we therefore afford to sacrifice the life of even one of these industrious servants?

—It can, however, be relied upon with reference to a large variety of crops that thick seeding will in a great majority of cases outyield thin seeding. Take it in potato growing; if the sets are placed seven inches apart you will get a greater weight per acre than if they are ten inches apart, but of course the potatoes will not be any more marketable potatoes. The same principle holds true in all classes of roots. Mangel-wurzels, for instance, are usually thinned to about 12 inches in the row. On rich ground the crop will yield 20 tons per acre. If the plants are thinned to six or eight inches in the row the chances are that there will be anywhere from five to seven tons more per acre; but, of course, there will be more small mangels. Taking everything into consideration, a root grower would rather have 25 tons of uniform roots than to have 25 tons of the smaller kind.

Even in corn the same general principle holds good if carried only to a certain point. At the Illinois station a number of plants of corn planted at the rate of five kernels per hill averaged 53 bushels per acre, while those at a rate of four kernels per hill averaged 47 bushels per acre. In summarizing 19 experiments conducted in 12 counties in Iowa, Messrs. Bowman & Crossley on their book on corn find that five kernels per hill gave a slightly larger yield than any other number, though the increase over three kernels per hill was only three bushels per acre. At so the matter goes. Too little seed is used on the whole. Where the aim is to get three kinds per hill it averages more than two and one-half, and while thick planting is an objection on a dry year, yet taking it one year with another throughout a considerable portion of the corn belt, four kernels in a good many hills and three in the balance. To put the matter in another way, rather have a planter dropping from three to five kernels than from two to four. Of course, on thin, bare soil, it would be a great mistake to plant thickly.

—The little leaks on the farm seem innumerable. Year after year the very same leaks are found on the very same farms, no apparent effort having been made to check them temporarily or to stop them permanently. It would seem that they are accepted as a matter of course, and because of this an awakening is needed.

The waste of by-products on the average farm amounts to many dollars during the year. If these were properly turned into cash, the handsome sum realized would be astonishing.

There is the waste occasioned by poor fences. Waste in both money and time. Live stock will in an hour's time ruin enough of a crop to more than pay for a new fence.

We find high-priced farm machinery unprotected and weather-beaten standing in various places about the farm.

If the housewife would set a \$15 sewing-machine in the rain for an hour, she would be branded as a good-for-nothing, careless housewife, and rightly so, but what about the husband that wastes a \$150 binder in the rain, sun, snow and sleet for months, and the corn-plow where he finished the last row of corn, and the wheat-drill half full of wheat in the corner of the field until time to use them again?

Corn is thrown to the hogs on muddy ground, bushels at a time, and half of it is wasted. Good, fresh, warm separator-milk is poured into a leaky trough to the pigs, and the greater part of it is permitted to soak into the ground.

Live stock is not properly protected in the winter, and a greater amount of feed is necessary. Hay and other roughage is fed in such manner that the greater part of it is trampled under the animals' feet.

Manure is permitted to lay in the barnyard and leach until the valuable properties it contained are in the air or the ditch.

Nails are bought by the pound or by the keg and thrown here and there on the barn-floor or elsewhere, never to be found when needed.

Harness are left uncleaned and unrepared, and multitudinous little things allowed to develop into a waste of big things.

There is waste in time and energy in not using brain-power enough in planning.

Wooden spoons and paddles are indispensable if there is much pickle making to be done in the home, and even for the pickle dish on the dining table, a small wooden spoon, daintily carved, can be kept more attractive than a silver or plated one that needs constant polishing.