

TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come. But what have we done today? We shall give out gold in a princely sum. But what did we give today? We shall lift the hearts and dry the tears. We shall plant a hope in the place of fear. We shall speak with words of love and cheer. But what have we done today? We shall be so kind in the after while. But what have we been today? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile. But what have we brought today? We shall give truth and grander birth. And to steadfast faith a deeper worth. We shall feed the hungering souls of earth. But whom have we fed today? —Nixon Waterman.

A BAD LIL' DEVIL.

"Yes, I know I'm a bad lil' devil," said Roberta equably, twisting her slim length toward the hearth-fire (for the nights were getting cold) and revealing a nymph-like unbroken line from shoulder to ankle. "But—I notice you seem to like it, Jimmy!" She looked up at him with an impish light in her long green eyes. They were most annoying eyes—you never could tell what color they were going to be from one moment to the next. Sometimes they were gray, sometimes they were yellow-green, and sometimes—but that was when she lost her temper—they were a queer icy-blue. When she was teasing Jimmy Thorne, or engaged in some other such pleasant task, they were normal: melting, slanting dull-green things with little impish undertone.

"Yes," said Jimmy ruefully, looking down from his solid height at Roberta where she lay curled on innumerable cushions, "I'm afraid I do like it." Roberta grinned; a wide mischievous street-boy grin that was sure to appear just as you had decided that she was over-wise and over-mocking for a girl of twenty.

"Jimmy," she went on, "I wouldn't be as good and responsible and trustworthy as you are for worlds! Where do you suppose you'll go when you die, angel-child? I'll tell you—to a solid gold jeweler's heaven, with a solid gold crown full of family diamonds, and a harp to play for always. And when you ask for Saturday off to go down and play with a lil' devil named Roberta, they won't let you, Jimmy dear! And you can't think how lonesome you'll be!"

Jimmy laughed. He didn't exactly want to, but it was hard not to laugh when Roberta intended you should. Jimmy was blond and big and square and undeniably responsible-minded. He looked down from his post by the mantel, and wished for the thousandth time that Roberta wasn't so frivolous. He was a born householder, a man cats and children were made for, and to whom necessities turned automatically when crises loomed below-stairs. So, naturally, he had always intended to get married—some day. But the wife his well-ordered mind had arranged for was a stately, amiable, well-poised lady who would entertain his guests charmingly, and have various other accomplishments, solid and light; never do anything at all unexpected, and especially never lie on the floor. And now here was Roberta, green-eyed, elfish and mocking—and he was in love with Roberta! It was certainly very annoying.

He was nevertheless not so much to blame as his conscientious conscience told him. Roberta had dropped suddenly into the middle of a house-party of young people all very much alike; rather athletic, rather obvious-minded, rather well-to-do. The other girls were handsome, sunburned, wide-shouldered creatures with nearly as little vivacity as the men, and quite as great a fondness for hunting and comic stories. Most of the crowd had gone to school together. Roberta was a total stranger to everybody, a fourth cousin of the hostess from some remote little Southern town nobody knew anything about. She was a thoroughbred to the tips of her thin little hands, she rode superbly, and seemed to have read a great many things the others had vaguely heard of. And she was like a streak of flashing wildfire in the middle of a garden full of big, handsome hollyhocks and nice substantial trees. That was all anybody knew.

Now it is well-known that, while you may admire hollyhocks, you want to play with fire. All the men felt a desire to play with Roberta, Jimmy in particular. What Jimmy wanted he generally got, because he helped himself to it with a large simplicity. By the time the first adjustments were over, Jimmy and Roberta were paired so irrevocably that nobody ever thought of prying them apart. They fished together, they rode together, they helped each other to find nuts, they picked the hostess's grapes side by side. Tonight, all alone with her by the library fire, he found himself facing a conclusion that everyone else, Roberta included, had faced long before. He was badly in love with Roberta. It was just about the time she laughed at him that the thought struck him, and he sobered down abruptly. He was in love with her. He just stopped himself from pulling out his watch to time the event exactly. It was a habit of his with important things.

"Conscience hurt?" asked Roberta, watching him move uneasily. "Jimmy, I wish you would put a nice fat pillow back here, behind me. Thanks, Mr. James Thorne will now deliver his famous lecture on 'What no truly womanly woman does.'" She laughed at him again, openly, as he bent down to adjust the pillow, but the light in her long emerald eyes was a very affectionate one, and she gave the careful hand a little pat. The whole crowd, except Jimmy and Roberta, had gone off on a "possum hunt" by the light of the silvery moon." Roberta had refused to go. She was "gun-shy," as she had explained when she first came, and had proved it effectively one day by fainting dead away when a pistol went off near her. So she never went hunting for anything that had to be shot at. Jimmy, of course, stayed with her. As he watched her lying by the fire he tried to tell himself severely how much he disapproved of twenty-year-olds who wore clinging yellow gowns, and who curled up in balls and were insolent and off-hand and impossible to fathom. He himself wondering, instead, why Roberta's face had such a queer little tragic look when it was at rest, and feeling as

if, after all, there was something very brave and forlorn and pitiful about her like a poor little child who needed petting and looking after and—yes—fathering. He spoke out his thought.

"Funniest thing," he said. "I felt as if I ought to be sorry for you a minute ago, Roberta." Roberta looked at him intently for a moment, her eyes narrowing angrily. Then she laughed. "Perfectly good sympathy wasted. This is a gorgeous fire, and the cushions are just right, and I'm looking lovely to-night. Weep not for me!" "Roberta," he said again abruptly, "I wish you'd tell me about yourself."

She looked up sideways, elfishly, then reached over and gathered her knees into a close embrace. "Want something to be sorry for me about? Well, get out three of your immaculate handkerchiefs and lay them ready in a row, and I'll begin. I'm a poor lone orphan, and nobody loves me. Nobody loves me!" She glanced at Jimmy out of the corner of her eye as she made this untrue statement, and Jimmy felt himself turn a deep pink. He also felt that this was what Roberta was watching for. He sat down abruptly.

"I live in a large black house with crape on the door," she went on dolefully. "The crape's been there twenty years—when it wears out we buy new. I live all alone with a Chief Unbroken—oh, yes, and a black maid or so, chosen for their color. The shadow of an early tragedy has darkened my whole young life." Jimmy grinned in spite of himself. "And I suppose if I believe all that, you'll tell me more," he said. "Might if you were trustworthy," said Roberta lazily, then pulled herself indolently nearer the fire, threw both slender, graceful arms above her head, and was silent. Jimmy could not think of anything further to say. He felt that the part of discretion would be to talk rapidly and fluently about the weather, or to rise and go away. The whole scene was too desperately domestic for a man in his frame of mind. This was the way it would be if he married Roberta; only perhaps the slim arm would be thrown across his knees, and her crisp, dull-colored hair would be where he could put his fingers through it.

If only she weren't such a wise, mocking, impish, languid little piece of wild-fire! If only she could lose some of the wicked little tricks she loved her for, and stay just as lovable! If only he could even hope that she could ever add the least bit of responsibility or common sense or gentle womanliness to her witchcraft! The ideal he had cherished through so many earnest-minded years looked at him with decorous reproach over Roberta's careless, extravagantly coiffed little head. If only—

He was still staring straight before him when Roberta rose swiftly and slipped back of him. He felt her hands drop on his shoulders—such thin, hot little hands! He sat very still. Roberta had never touched him affectionately before. "I haven't always been nice, have I, Jimmy?" she said softly from behind him. "But it hasn't been because I haven't liked you—only because—well, because I'm a lil' devil, I suppose. I didn't think there were such good people in the world—real people, I mean. You're very real and good and hold-on-to-able. I don't think you quite know how much it is to be real like that. I'm not real, you know—imps and witches and lil' devils never are. But sometimes they're—grateful. Good-night, Jimmy."

He felt her soft, smooth cheek touch his for a moment, as burning hot as her hands had been. By the time he had risen and turned she was gone. He could hear her light footsteps flying up the staircase. He sat down again in a daze. He could feel the touch of the hands on his shoulders still as if they were physically there, and the soft, poignant voice, so unlike Roberta's, echoed in his ears. He sat without moving for three hours longer, sat there by the fire till the servants came in to put the lights out, at an early hour of the morning. The natural result was that when he did get to sleep he never woke till they rang the first gong for luncheon. "Where's Roberta?" he asked the table-blankly. A chorus answered. "We thought she'd carried you up the chimney, too, old man."

"Vanished away like the dews of morning!" "Roberta's gone." "Gone!" said Jimmy—the last speaker was the hostess. "She didn't say anything about going last night." "She got a special just after dinner last evening, she said," the hostess explained. "I thought she must have told you, Jimmy. She didn't have any time to say any good-bys this morning, but she left all sorts of messages for everybody. Her grandmother wanted her."

"Oh come!" said one of the men. "Don't tell us that child had a grandmother or was anything as useful as wanted." They went on talking and wondering and discussing, but Jimmy ate in silence, thinking hard. He was not at all polite to himself in his mind. He had stayed in a chair and let her go away, and never lifted a finger! That vision of the decorous Ideal Wife and Mother which had kept his mouth shut and his mind irresolute should have risen up to comfort him, about here, but for some reason it did not. The fact was that there was no room in his mind for any thoughts not of Roberta. He wanted her, witch, imp, hoyden, just as she was. He wanted her all day. He found himself wanting her quite as badly the next day, too. The third day he packed with deliberation, got her address from her cousin, and took a train to the remote little town where she was.

The trains would have seemed slow even to a man not in love. The stage that took him to Roberta's place was even slower than the trains, a thing he had not considered possible—but he finally got there in the late afternoon. It was a big, beautiful old house, so far back in the grounds that you could scarcely see it from the road. The whole place was handsome and well kept up. Somebody with a watchful mind and an eye for landscape gardening was evidently responsible for it. Jimmy approved subconsciously as he hurried through the grounds and up the steps. Then his heart stood still. The house was obviously lived in, for he could see a colored maid moving about back of a half-open window on the floor above. But otherwise it looked like a house of mourning. It was not nearly sunset, but every shutter was bowed. He remembered Roberta's non-sense, so few nights before in the fire-light—suppose it should have turned to bitter earnest, and the darkened house be—for her!

"Is—anyone dead?" he asked hurriedly of the staid old black man who answered the door. "Taint nobody dead, dis year," said the old negro with dignity. "Ole Miss she has hui preferences fo' havin' it dis way. Those blinds been that way ever since Mr. Robert die."

Jimmy wasted no time asking any news of "Mr. Robert." A relative, doubtless—but perfectly welcome to be dead as long as Roberta wasn't! "I want to see Miss Roberta; is she here?" "Yes-sah—she's in de parlor with—" Jimmy four himself in the parlor without any particular remembrance of the transit. It was a long, dark old room, heavily and handsomely furnished in an old-fashioned way. He could see very little more at first, coming in out of the light. Then he made out, at one end of the room, sitting in a high chair, a very little, very still old lady in long black draperies. She was neither talking nor sewing—merely sitting still, staring ahead. But by her side, black-clad and pallid, too, sat—the one human-looking thing in the place—Roberta, sewing. It looked theatrical, a stage effect—the two black figures, immovable in the dusky room.

"Roberta," he said, hurrying to her. His welcome was not encouraging. "What do you want?" asked Roberta in a voice like ice, without movement, or other greeting of any kind. Jimmy had gone through a variety of emotions in the last forty-eight hours, and being unable to do anything, was a little upset. The result was the absolute and tactless truth. "I want you," said Jimmy flatly. Roberta rose and looked at him with ice-blue, angry eyes. "Indeed?" she said. "You have merely to ask, of course!" "Roberta, my dear," said the old lady in the chair in a tired, uninterested voice. "Will you not introduce this gentleman to me?"

"This gentleman is a Mr. Thorne, grandmother," said Roberta in a tone that was nearly as quiet and formal as the old lady's own. "I met him at Cousin Janet's." The grandmother rose and bowed, taking a stiff step toward him. "This is a house of mourning, sir," she said, in a thin, wavering old voice. "You are welcome, but we cannot give you as merry a time as if matters were otherwise. My son has died under very tragic circumstances—I cannot trouble a stranger with particulars. Roberta, my dear—" She stopped, as if she was confused. "It's all right, grandmother," said Roberta soothingly. "I'll explain to Mr. Thorne. Sit down again."

She helped the old lady back to her chair with incredible gentleness and skill. Then she turned to Jimmy. "Come outside on the veranda," she said briefly, leading the way. She looked ten years older in the long black gown, with her hair braided closely around her head, and her eyes were still icy with anger. "How did you dare to come here?" she demanded, shutting the hall door and facing him. "You came to see, I suppose, to be with people your grandmother, and hear the whole interesting story."

Jimmy had not the least idea what she was angry about, nor what the whole thing meant, but he knew that it would be a good idea to apologize. "I didn't come to see anything but you, I suppose. I'm awfully sorry if I've done anything I shouldn't. But your cousin gave me your address, and I came to see you."

"I didn't want you at all," said Roberta, still unrepentant. "Roberta,—Roberta dear, what is it all about?" asked Jimmy, too frightened about her to be frightened by anything she could say. "Why are you dressed in this terrible mourning, and what are you angry at, and who died? And what is anyone thinking of to let you stay in this dreadful vault, anyway? Why, you must have been here three days!"

"I've been here twenty years," said Roberta, looking at him with a stare. "It is not your affair in the least. Jimmy, please pick up that suit case and go away from here." "But what is it all?" asked Jimmy again. "Who died, and why are you in mourning? It's got to be my affair—it's about you!" "I suppose I had better tell you—it will be a more accurate version than you would get from the people in the village, though it may not be as exciting—it's been their pet bit of gossip for a generation. Nothing much happens around here, you see," said Roberta bitterly, "and it's still a pleasure to them to discuss us. It was my father that died. You heard my grandmother say so. He—shot himself before I was born. That's why I faint when guns go off. It killed my mother—she died when I was a month old—and it made grandmother the way she's been ever since. She thinks it all just happened, and the blinds have been shut and I've worn mourning always."

"Do you wonder that when Cousin Janet happened to remember me, and sent me some money for a birthday present, I used every scrap of it in making the very brightest, most daring things I could find in the fashion-books? Do you wonder I was mad with excitement and desire to live steadily, they shot at last, and in all my life to be with people who didn't know, and couldn't say, 'Oh, that poor child!' every time they saw me in my black clothes? Do you wonder I'd rather be struck in the face than pitied or sympathized with? I made up my mind when she asked me to that house-party that if I was different from the rest I'd make them think I liked being different! I've managed things here for years—do you wonder I tried to fool you all into thinking I didn't know anything, like real girls who haven't had to be grown-up all their lives?"



Let P-ople Know. Trade Evolution Can't Obtain Commercially Roasted Barley, Porter, Stout and Beer. The Home Equipments Reduce Infirmities and Cost of Living

The knowledge obtained by a physically weak boy, who is now past seventy-five years of age, by meditation and observation on what are the most wholesome foods and drinks and solids, to obtain the greatest nourishment and produce stamina, muscle, development and the courage to dare to do right for humanity's sake, on which he found many impediments, such as local option of those you shall not obtain here, what you have found in practice to be a necessity of your life; and the combine that has caused an evolution of trade for selfish gain we have produced a spurious and injurious production of the liquor trade, etc., such as roasted barley and hop brew, changed to a mash of barley to germinate on the floor, and kiln bake to any required wants, and other procedures of you know not what—because of government immunity, to make porter, stout, beer and ale out of anything and collect a revenue thereon.

There being no restraint on spurious brews they are apparently driven off the American market by the brand of roasted barley, porter, brown stout and its coloring to make straight barley beer and ale, darkened by wholesome coloring of roast barley, therefore our markets and knowledge are inadequate to cure speedy bronchitis, tuberculosis, nervousness, etc., and thus avert the downward trend of American stamina. The increased price on the most favorable brands is from \$16.00 to \$20.00 per 100 pints and no tariff change, and my recent attack of violent bronchitis and successful cure by the provide in "gentlemen's cellar"—American wines, imported stout, lamb and beef broth, syrup of prunes and crisp toast in liquids. It inspires me to keep on going; be in the open for public betterment. "So let your light shine."

Joy for the farmer, and everywhere to willing, able, honorable labor to reduce the cost of living. Behold the illustrated "Kit" and read its use for making wholesome drink from roasted barley and hops, and wine from cultivated grapes and wild grapes with huckleberries, by the following procedure: For porter brew stout use three pounds of barley per gallon of complete brew intended, have two large black pans, spread barley three layers thick, have hot oven to make them crack and roast to a dark brown uniformly, by changing pans from bottom to top of oven, and grind, to crack the grain. (The one illustrated is too small, it wears out by grinding 40 pounds, needing duplicate grinder.) Wash boiler or pot holding ten gallons, put on stove two-thirds full of clear soft-water preferable, at temperature of 135 degrees Fahrenheit; place two gallons of roasted crushed barley therein, pour boiling water thereon and keep temperature just below boiling point for one-half hour; then empty in top tub as illustrated, with 1/2 inch rod in faucet that projects two inches through bottom of tub, and when the mash is settled draw off clear liquid into lower tub having two faucets in cylindrical part, one at level of bottom and one 1 1/2 inches above.

For barley mash squeeze the juice out by illustrated hopper screw press and the juice of barley, place in lower tub and keep on giving mash until obtaining half more liquid in lower tub than will fill the barrel, for the allowance of evaporation in the barrel of the liquid boiler fill and in one-half hour or more boiling down to 2/3 of fill; place therein 1/2 lb. native hops and pour slightly boiling water thereon, boil the whole one-half hour more and empty into upper tub, when taking out from lower tub for your second boil empty in mare storage, whereby to clean the lower tub, then empty the clear liquid from upper tub that has had readjustment of faucet to one-half inch through bottom, and press out juice from hops.

When you don't want barley for stock food a most simple and quick way would be a one hour boil of two gallons of crushed barley, add one-third pound of native hops and pour boiling water thereon, to fill of boiler, and then empty in top tub for clear liquid to lower tub and put the mash through hopper press and specially boil the liquid, repeating the boil to the amount required to fill the barrel. When cool, for one-half day draw off clear liquid in pail and dissolve in ratio of three-fourths pound of sugar per gallon. Prior to the same mixture, have on hand and trial an adjustment of a bent lead pipe through the bung with three-fourth inch hole and glass jar, whereby to connect from barrel to water in jar without touching the liquid brew, then use granulated sugar in the mix of fill speedily and close up per illustration of gaseous going off without letting air in barrel. In three weeks disband the pipe and close up barrel tight, or draw off to bottle in half pints or quarts, and in three months the brew will be fit to use, containing little alcohol; we think not exceeding three per cent; that is allowable commercially free from tax. It should be at the rate of five per cent. for humanity's sake, to reduce the cost of living, premature death and American stamina decline.

To make wholesome wine from cultivated or wild grapes, and huckleberries, mash them in a tub or jar, lifting up from bottom to top every day for four days, cover with cloth and board thereon and place in temperature of 70 degrees for fermentation of fruit, then put through hopper screw press into upper tub, having faucet projecting only one-half inch through the bottom, with rod therein to be withdrawn when ready for second setting, add granulated sugar, free from blue, in ratio of 1 1/2 pounds per gallon of the whole, including any water used. When crushing wild grapes have on hand 2 pounds of sugar dissolved in 1/2 gallon of soft, clear water to the gallon of this very valuable wine making a mixture with huckleberry juice of previous making, and barrel or jug the same to four-fifths full, thereby to keep the lead pipe illustrated, from touching the wine. Put shoemaker's wax around this tub bung so that it will be perfectly air tight. You can allow this to remain in the jug or barrel until about December then rack it off as carefully as possible from the sediment, into a clean jug. Let that remain until next spring and then rack it off clear again into clean vessels, and in the course of two or three years your wine will be good.

In my condition—I must have wine at meal time, to live and circumstances at times forces me to use for three months the home-made wine. For eight years I have not partaken of whiskey, brandy, gin, beer, tobacco or coffee. JAMES WOLFENDEN.

Lamar, Pa. Roberta sat up and brushed off the tears. "You certainly ought to pity me!" she said scornfully. She seemed to him the most pitiful, lovable little thing he had ever seen, sitting there and mocking him through her tears. He knelt impulsively down beside her and folded both arms close round her. "There, there, dear," he said soothingly. "You aren't ever going to have anything to bother you again as long as you live. We're going up to town tonight and get married, and tomorrow we'll pick out a trustworthy elderly woman with a taste for grief, and send her to look after your grandmother. The housekeeper can take care of her till tomorrow. Can you get your trunk packed for the six-seven, do you think?" She twisted herself out of this new and amazing Jimmy's arms and surveyed him. He looked at her apprehensively. Had he made the wrong move, and—no new thought—what would Roberta do next? She laid her hands very lightly and

lovingly on his, and for a moment there was a new mist of tears over her green, long eyes as they looked at him. "There's nobody on earth like you," she said softly. Then the innate devilry that, whether he knew it or not, was what Jimmy loved her for, flamed into her face. She sprang up. "I can pack in ten minutes," she said over her shoulder as she passed in at the door. "And—Jimmy—I never dreamed you'd get here as soon as this. I'd timed you for about three tomorrow!"—By Margaret Widemer.

State Leaders Plan Active Campaign Before Next Election.

HARRISBURG, MARCH 11.—Division leaders and county chairmen of the Woman Suffrage party at their conference here today decided that after April 21 they will work actively as an organization and as individuals to secure the defeat of the candidates for the State Senate and the House who refuse to support the referendum bill on woman suffrage. Miss Hannah J. Patterson, chairman of the party, read letters from a number of the candidates, all of whom supported the woman suffrage measure, but since so many reported candidates have not yet decided whether or not they will enter the field, we cannot now say that those who have failed to reply to our inquiry are opposed to us. If it should be that one or two of these candidates was opposed to woman suffrage itself an opportunity would be presented to the Woman Suffrage party to show its strength. Nothing would prove to the political parties the expediency of including in their platforms an indorsement of woman suffrage itself as much as a successful fight against a candidate for such an important office as that of Governor of the State or that of United States Senator.



HANNAH J. PATTERSON, chairman.

The party workers are now going over the records of members of the last Assembly who are candidates this year and their records on woman suffrage, child labor, workmen's compensation and about a score of other bills will be published. Resolutions pledging the women to renewed activity during the next 18 months were adopted and a declaration of principles pledging the party to the task of securing political freedom of women was approved.

Look Ahead.

It's only a trifle now, that little touch of stomach trouble. But look ahead. Every dangerous disease begins in a trifle, just as the destructive avalanche begins, perhaps, in a rolling pebble. When the first symptoms of a disordered or diseased stomach appear begin to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The perfect control exercised by this remedy over the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition makes a speedy cure certain. It will cure in extreme cases. But it cures quickest when the disease is taken at the start. Take no pill which reduces you to pill slavery. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not bog the pill habit. They cure constipation, and its almost countless consequences.

Pumping It Out Costs a Big Pile of Money Every Year.

It costs quite a bit of money to pump 1,000,000,000 tons of water out of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania every year, but it must be done or there could be no mines. In times past, collieries were abandoned because of inability to cope with the water flowing into them, but more and more pumps, some of them costing \$30,000 and \$40,000 each, have been installed, and the enormous amount of work they do is all that enables the operators to keep open the mines. The calculation as to the amount of water handled in this way is simple. The output of the mines is a little less than 70,000,000 tons a year. The average amount of water pumped is about fifteen tons for every ton of coal produced. The cost of this is one of the most important elements in the increased cost of mining. As the richer and more accessible veins have been exhausted, shafts have been sunk deeper and the volume of water to be pumped has increased rapidly. The pipes, of which there are thousands of miles in the mines, wear out quickly because the sulphur in the mine water eats into the iron like an acid. This destructive quality prohibits the use of the water in the boilers that generate steam at the collieries, and the result is that, when there is a drought, the companies often are obliged to haul water to the mines in tank cars from many miles away.—New York Post.