

THE TASK WE LOVE.

Here's to the task we love,
Whatever that task may be,
To till the soil, in shop or toil,
To sail o'er the charless sea.

HOW BILLY STRONG AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO NITTANY.

When this century was still a bouncing infant, I came to these beautiful Alleghenies, to make a home for my boy Billy, during his year at Nittany College.

We were intimate friends, as well as mother and son, so as often happens in this good America of ours, and Billy knew all the bitter economies and weary efforts needed to keep us two decently cared for since John died ten years ago.

And he did too, though many times our meals were our ancient national "stand-by," good old Indian meal mush, with plenty of rich cream, contributed by Billy's ancient and beloved friend Jane.

He fed her, cleaned her, milked her from the time he was ten years old. We had to sell the horses, of course, but the gods be thanked there was no mortgage on the house, and John always kept what he called his "jewel box" in good repairs, so it was long before we had to spend money on that.

As soon, after John was gone out of our lives, as I could pull myself together, and understand what life meant for my two, without him, I explained to our good, strong Pennsylvania Dutchwoman and she promptly set about two things, To teach me capable ways of doing all the needed service of the house, and to look for a good position for herself.

It was topped by a queer square shaving glass with a cloudy effect in the glass. John's great grandfather had had it made by a neighbor "with a gift for carpentering," "fit for long legged fellows like us." Billy was always interested in the pegs used to put it together, nails being "hand made" at the village forge and quite too expensive.

It was filled with personal oddments of Billy's for Billy. Ma Quantrell was quite sympathetic about it, and said "she wanted that place anyhow, for a little bed, as her only and idolized grandson, Jefferson Davis Quantrell was coming to live with them."

She also insisted on my storing in the garret my small store of silver ware, and linen, until we knew where and how we should live at the college.

It seems to me that if ever people were possessed of the real article in religion, those two people had it "good and plenty." This matter of a steady cash rent made possible many small luxuries for Billy and me, but we solemnly held up our right hands and promised each other not to spend until we know what our living expenses at Nittany will be.

Most of the students there "work their way through college" and Bill fears that "the other fellows will have all the good jobs."

But our banker at home dearly loves to help people, who want to help themselves and he had privately written to his conferee at Nittany to tell him about Billy, and I believe, to offer to back us financially if we should come to grief.

Long after, when the Nittany banker was our fast friend he told me that our home banker had said that Billy was a fine young fellow, in need of a few good jobs as pot boilers and would Mr. — see that he got them. And poor old Mr. —, saw that Billy got them, so Bill had peace of mind, and when his "exams" were successfully passed, could keep one eye on his natural enemies, the Sophomores.

Of course I was afraid of what they would do to my one and only boy, all that I have of my own, in the world, But I held my tongue, with both hands, fearing to make Billy nervous.

One or two kindly old "Profs." told me "that while there is still more horse play than the college authorities like, the introduction of Student Government has dominated the worst forms."

If all the yarns I hear, are even founded on fact, these youngsters must be more severe with evil doers, than the Faculty ever were.

To look at them, hundreds of them in the streets, many times a day, they are anything but severe in expression. Men's bodies, most of them surmounted by most youthful faces, but strong, keen and kindly.

During his last year in school we spent our Sunday in handing out to each other all the information each had been able to acquire on college subjects—expense, social life, health, athletic and all the many phases of that wonderful world.

As we solemnly kept a military silence on the subject, during the week pursuing our inquiries, each alone, you will see that our Sundays possessed a charm of their own, quite unknown to others, in that somewhat puritanical region where the sacred day was a bugbear to youngsters.

The old Quantrells were greatly interested in all this and helped us secretly with much mystery during the week. Pa Q. helped Billy "because he was the man of the house," and Ma Q. helped "because women have a slim chance in this world, anyhow."

Pa Quantrell intended to sell out and retire and for years he and Ma had discussed plans for the little house, which they would need.

So one fine, sunny Sunday morning near the end of the school year, when Billy would be graduated from our High school, Pa Quantrell in his Sunday best walked over to our porch where we were trying to do the impossible "and make up our minds" and proposed to buy our pasture field, and build his house upon it.

You can imagine our astonishment and delight.

This made all that we desired possible to us until Billy said "but what will Jane do without grass?"

After a solemn silence of a moment or two, dear old Pa Q. with a twinkle in his keen gray eyes, said "well Billy she might as well eat that grass until we begin building so leave her with us until we do so. I will write you when we need the land."

And so it was settled, otherwise I think that Billy would have taken Jane to Nittany—and entered her as a freshman.

Next day after our few garments were airily swinging in the breeze, Ma Quantrell came over and said that she "had about made up her mind not to be hurried about those plans if it was to please the best man that ever trod shoe leather and would I rent our house to them until she and Pa could agree about closets, porches and other exciting details?"

Of course the dear old souls had worked this up between them to help us, but equally of course, the new owner of the store wanted the upper rooms in which Pa and Ma Quantrell had always lived.

It surely was dear of them and made me feel as independent as a millionaire.

So we spent the summer putting away in our garret such personal treasures as we did not wish others to use. Ma Quantrell was a dainty old house keeper, and greatly admired our ancient mahogany, so we took no thought of that, with one exception. That was John's old "high-boy" where I used to keep his linen in nice order. It was topped by a queer square shaving glass with a cloudy effect in the glass.

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To look at them, hundreds of them in the streets, many times a day, they are anything but severe in expression. Men's bodies, most of them surmounted by most youthful faces, but strong, keen and kindly.

What they are is proved by the fact that, with several thousand of them turned loose and only recently freed from the autocratic petticoat government of their homes, there is just one policeman, a mild and kindly old fellow.

I have never known of his being called on to make them "behave." They do it themselves and it would seem to be the best possible training for good citizens.

One of our first expenses will be a uniform, as the two younger classes drilled under an officer and sergeant detailed here by Uncle Sam. This had much influence with me, as my boy had the usual slouch of the mountaineer, as well as the usual indifference of the countryman, to neatness in clothing.

All this is a disadvantage to boys of ordinary height, but when a boy is some inches over two yards high, carelessness of that sort hurts him.

Billy went to the tailor and came home a bit uneasy at the cost.

On the ball field he spoke of this to an older student, who said he "knew another fellow, of about Billy's length who wanted to sell his uniform and he would take Billy to his digs."

Billy gladly went and bought the suit for half the original cost, and better still commenced a friendship which bids fair to last all the years of his college life. This boy told him the Juniors are ex-officio the friends and advisers of the Freshmen.

He proceeded, then and there, to give Billy a few "points" and took him to the rooms of others, who made him welcome and proceeded to enlighten him further. Billy got pink all over his dear boy's face when he said "it was all strictly confidential, mother dear, and much of it not best discussed before women."

Being a fairly wise woman I took the blow quietly, and faced the inevitable fact that Billy had entered on his man's inheritance and would always, hereafter, travel farther from me. Whatever the reason was, he certainly never was injured in body, though sometimes his torn clothes and weary silence told a tale. He had to work steadily and hard, as he is not quick mentally, which seems strange in a boy whose sprinting looks to me more like flying.

Next came the important question of choosing a Fraternity. I have had much sage advice on the subject, and am still uncertain as to what is best. We are in a clean and comfortable boarding house with a kind and reasonable woman. I think I will try to arrange with her to assist in many ways, and so lessen our debt to her.

Billy is being dined, possibly wined by students at several Fraternities and is rather coolly looking them over. How can such a woman and boy judge properly. Also I am looking about for occupation for myself. Perhaps you, wise reader, (it is not necessary to be gentle) can suggest something. If only I were a trained nurse I would like to help at the new little hospital. Do you suppose they could make use of a woman, whose only training has been in "waiting hand and foot" on her husband and son.

I am listening for your answer. Billy wants a "motto" so I gave him "Remember, the road on either side is strewn with opportunities. It is for you to have the eyes to see them, and the hands to grab."

Queer Incident of the Turkish Revolution of 1908. In "The Orient Express" Arthur Moore, F. R. G. S., relates a true incident of the Young Turks' revolution of 1908, in which a woman plays a thrilling dramatic part. Herself a revolutionary and the sister of Major Enver Bey, she was the wife of Nazim Bey, the sultan's principal police spy at Saloniki, whose assassination the committee of union and progress had decided upon. She did not hesitate to help the murderer. She left the curtains undrawn where she and her husband were dining together and placed a strong light behind him. Then she sat waiting tensely. Soon the shot rang out. But the conspirator had bungled. Nazim was only wounded. Six weeks later the miracle of the revolution was accomplished, and the committee, clement in their triumph, condemned Nazim Bey not to death, but to exile, and would have exalted his wife into a heroine. But she, to Enver Bey's astonishment, proposed to go and share her husband's lonely exile at Benghazi.

"But, my sister," said Enver, "it is unthinkable that you should suffer such a terrible fate. Moreover, the man is an infamous spy, who deserves death. Why should you share his public disgrace?"

"He is my husband," she answered, "and I love him."

"You love him! But were you not already a consenting and even abetting party to the death which was intended for him?"

"That is true. I was willing that he should die for the sake of our cause, but as he is to live I shall live with him. Where he goes I shall go."

So together the husband and wife went to Benghazi.

Side interests. "No, I didn't hire your friend." "Why didn't you? He's an able man."

"Well, he's a health enthusiast. Has to go out every hour for seventeen inhalations of ozone, does setting up exercises four times a day and has to have a quart of hot water to drink every fifteen minutes. I fear he would have little time for actual business."

Kansas City Journal.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Country Where Violets Stand the Sun and Rox When it Rains. A Professional Visit to Mohammedan Family, and Their Queer Customs.

JHANSI, AUGUST 8th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: We are in a green world now and my wonder never ceases, to see how fast and luxuriantly the grass grows and the bushes and trees turn green when given such a little encouragement, for even at this late date, August 8th, there has been but little rain in Jhansi; scarcely four inches, and we ought to have had thirty. But another queer thing is that our violets, having stood all the hot weather, seem to rot when even the cloudy days come, and what have not rotted are covered with bugs, so I spend spare moments picking those nasty little things off and am hoping, although I am not at all sure, that a few may be strong enough to survive and we will have a few little blue things this fall.

Cholera broke out in the city last week and this morning a man came for me to go and see his daughter. He did not mention his fears, but after I had gone and found nothing to be afraid of, he told me he had feared cholera, and I am wondering how a contagious disease, having gotten started, could ever be stopped.

We drove to one of the near-by bazaars and then were taken through under what looked like a big gate, and thence into a smaller compound; in fact not larger than your little plot at the kitchen door, with buildings enclosing it on every side, thence into a little dark room. As it is cool, I did not notice any particular odor; but here I found seven women—Mohammedans—in pajamas and "chudars," all squatting about the bed of my patient, chattering like parrots, and I wish you could have seen this incongruous group. Ears, nose, etc., all were loaded with precious metal; the ears so much so that they are nearly always pulled double, the upper part being bent clear down over the lower part. Their feet were bare and pajamas so dirty I loathed to touch them—yet these are clean people.

Never again will the acrobats at home, who walk and do feats while in squatting postures interest me; all India does everything in that position; from holding their sewing with their toes, to calmly moving across the room for a chair and bringing it back, they remaining in the same squatting posture; or having stood up they use their toes to pick up a paper or a rag they have dropped. So much do they use their feet and toes I sometimes wonder that they don't lose the use of their hands. One of these women pushed a pan under the bed with one foot while sitting on the other, and all sat with hands resting on their ankles while a servant was sent for a chair in a distant room, for me. I did not wish to sit down but unless I wish to be ungrateful I must stay for awhile, although breakfast is waiting for me. Having found out all that I could, I went out into the court-yard and sat down to talk to the men, who are much more intelligent and one can reason with them. Their wives are but chattels, so one discusses their ills, etc., with various male units of the community household in about the same way as one would their dogs or horses, and the women get about the same consideration.

It is a curious character study, these Hindu and Mohammed households, where many wives, many children and many husbands and relatives, to an almost uncountable number, live together and in such close relations that I declare I never know which is the husband, or which the son. I always have to ask for it is just as likely to be the brother-in-law or the father-in-law who comes for you and sees that your directions are carried out as it is the husband or father.

Now all these live in a single small house and so far as I have ever discovered there is no attempt at sanitation, and all refuse is thrown directly into the small court-yard, where horses and cattle are often kept.

I got up early this morning to go and call upon the sick woman, and it is but seven o'clock and I am back from a two mile drive. I found that she was quite all right and ready to smile at me without fussing, which is a sure sign that she is better.

I went out to a dinner last night and I am really frank to confess I was rather ashamed of my behavior, but they invite one to help entertain their guests, so I, having to earn my food, go at it and hence the above remark. The dinner was given by a little woman who told me once that she was called the "biggest flirt" in Bombay. She is very beautiful, but there it all ends, and now I think her husband stays away so much because he is rather tired of the lack of something that lasts. I sometimes wonder why those beautiful women don't cultivate brains, even if they don't really possess any. I know if I had beauty I would try my best to be fascinating and perhaps I wouldn't have to talk so furiously, and make myself otherwise tired trying to make folks forget how many of the good Fairies were away on their vacation when I came into the world. Come to think of it, perhaps it is well that there are a few silly people.

I wish you could see a small Mohammedan girl just here, with her bright yellow pajamas with black bands across her bottom, a bright pink thing over her

FARM NOTES.

The farmers' institute work is all done before the public, it is always on trial. This makes the work more difficult, but helps to keep it on a high plane.

As lime contains none of the elements of a complete fertilizer, the application of it alone, for building up a soil, must result in exhaustion of fertilizing elements.

Never use force to remove a calf from a cow unless you are sure that the calf is in the right position. Undue force used when the calf is in some positions will result in severe laceration and tearing of the cow and might result in death of the latter.

A sow of quiet disposition and good milking qualities is essential to successful hog growing. Sows that are good sucklers are as rare as good milk cows. When the experienced breeder gets one, she is seldom for sale. Such a sow is a more valuable asset to the farmer than a fattening steer, so far as profit is concerned.

There is no better way to make a horse mad than to strike it with a fork broom handle to make it move when in the stable. A good horseman will stand slightly back and speak to the animal. A good horseman will not habitually speak sharp and harsh to an animal, and he will never leave him in the street unattended.

Inflammation of the udder in cows is often infectious and may be carried from the affected to healthy members of the herd on the hands of the milkers. A good practice to follow is to segregate any animal showing disease of the udder until it has recovered. The milkers should wash and disinfect their hands after milking such a cow.

The way to find out what a cow likes best is to watch her lick up the last of a good feed, and when she licks off her nose and draws a long breath and seems to say "Have you anything better?" just give a handful of any one kind of meal, and thus go through the bill of fare, and she will soon decide for you what is best suited to her.

It is a mistake to bury stable manure deeply. One of its chief values is the fact that it seeds your soil with bacteria that will render plant food already contained there unavailable. But these little workers have to have air, and if the manure is buried deeply this needful element is shut off from them. Break the land first if possible and then harrow the manure into the surface.

The experience is general that too much corn and too little exercise are the twin evils responsible for 90 per cent of the bad luck during the farrowing season. Too much fat makes the sow inactive, the pigs tend to come weak and poorly developed, and the sow is likely to be nervous and irritable in temper and prone to the pig-eating habit. Furthermore, it results in deficient milk supply and an uneven growth in the pigs.

In an experiment at an agricultural college in Scotland, the bacterial content of the milk was materially lessened by grooming and washing the udder. In another test it was determined that feeding and grooming cows, or the removal of manure from the barn during the time of milking, greatly increased the bacterial content of the air and hence that of the milk. Immediate cooling of milk to the temperature of the air greatly retarded bacterial growth.

There are entirely too many horse owners and drivers who do not know how to treat an animal. A horse is a most intelligent animal, and often uses more common sense than does its driver.

The other day the writer saw a driver cruelly strike a horse because it stumbled. An animal will not fall if it can help it. Instead of beating the horse, a humane driver will look for the cause. Quite frequently it is due to a stone becoming wedged between the frog and the shoe.

Whipping a horse because he happens to shy is the very worst thing that could be done. It teaches the animal that a whipping is associated with the object he got frightened at, and he becomes a worse shyer than before.

The word "whoa" is very often misused. It should mean only one thing, and that is to stop. Stopping so often use it as they approach the horse in a stall, or when they lift up its tail to crop it, or when they put the bit into the animal's mouth. It would be better in such cases to use the word "steady," so as not to have a confusion of the meaning of the word.

To violently drive or ride a horse immediately after starting is distinctly injurious. Race horses are always gradually exercised before they are placed in the race. The use of spurs in riding is often attended with cruelty. Men who would not allow themselves to be forced by any boss will use tactics on the faithful horse. It is no wonder that horses often rebel. Hanging on always to retain one's position in the saddle is wrong, and so is the use of dirty collars or harness. Keeping on the shoes too long is false economy, besides and unjust.

One of the biggest pieces of thoughtlessness that could be imagined is to drive single-harness horses in a hilly country without breaching. In such cases the animal cannot utilize the weight or strength in its quarters to assist in holding back, and the slightest stumble will cause the entire weight to be suddenly thrown upon the withers and forelegs and does not give the horse a chance to recover himself. The action of the weight of the trap on the dock by the crupper is a life long one.

The heavier the load and the steeper the hill the greater is the lifting, practically taking the horse by the "neck and crop" and trying to pitch him head foremost down hill. This lifting power is accentuated by the fact that the weight on the forefeet of the horse going down hill is heavier than on the hind ones (vice versa in going up hill), thus adding considerably to the likelihood of accident.

To hitch a good slow horse with a good fast one is harmful to both animals. Using cruel bits to prevent bolting should not be tolerated. Overloading a team is a matter that should be stopped by the police.

Some men in starting a horse are not content to make a "clicking" noise, which the animal knows is a command to go ahead, but they must use the whip.

Some drivers will see that the horses are well clothed while in the stable, and will allow them to stand shivering for hours outside (while they are indoors), unprotected by join cloths.

Cutting the hairs out of the ears of animals is to remove a protection that Nature gives from the obstruction of foreign substances and insects.

Have your Job Work done here.

A Muscular Christian. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, who climbed Mount McKinley, or, as he insists it should be termed, the McKinley peak of Mount Denali, came from England, and after a residence in Texas spent eight or nine years in Alaska as archdeacon of the Yukon, helping Bishop Rowe in his remarkable missionary labors. He has traveled thousands of miles in Alaska on foot or by dog-sled, usually with only an Indian boy as a companion, threading dangerous passes in the depth of the bitter winter of the Arctic circle, and at times while on his rounds camping at night on icy slopes with the thermometer at 70 degrees below zero. He has been not merely spiritual counselor and teacher, but also friend, helper and physician to white miners and Indian hunters.—Woman's Home Companion.