THE TASK WE LOVE.

Here's to the task we love, Whatever that task may be, To till the soil, in shop to toil, To sail o'er the chartless sea. For the work seems light and the gue bright. If to heart and hand 'tis a sure delight

Here's to the task we love, Wherever to lead our feet, Through stress and strife or the simple life. For still are its victories sweet. And we'never tire, if our hearts' desire

Here's to the task we love The task God set us to do. And we shall not pale nor faint nor quail, And for us there's no such word as fail If we follow, with purpose true, The creed He writes, and the star He lights

To guide our soul to the distant heights. -Boston Cooking School Mag

HOW BILLY STRONG AND HIS MOTH-ER CAME TO NITTANY.

(Original)

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. As a rule that sort of doing is supposed to result in casting a "sissy" on the world. But no one who looks on Billy's long, clean athletic lines of body, and his frank, rather keen young face would fear that for him.

We were intimate friends, as well as mother and son, as so 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 like so many warm-hearted capable American boys, he bent all his little but growing strength "to help mother."

And he did too, though many times our meals were our ancient national "stand-bye," 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, airess. and understand what life meant for us 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 greatly admired our ancient mahogany, students at several Fraternities and is pushed a pan under the bed with one slipped somehow and how did he ever for a good position for herself. There was no trouble about this last, and she was soon engaged to go to the rectors, with the understanding that she did not leave me until I was competent to take care of the house. Of the care of the boy there was no question. There were only seventeen years of difference in age between us, and I cared for his body until he could do so himself, in passionate love of it. John used to say, "if he had been silly, he could have been jealous, and he surely never was silly, and always first with me."

His will gave me "all property of whatsoever sort I may die possessed, with full assurance that my wife will do what is best for our boy." Just over the way from our pasture, on the town pike leading into the neighboring village, lived our dear old neighbors, the Quantrells, and John made old Pa Quantrell his exec-

He had a large, old fashioned country "store" with every possible thing that one could need, within doors, and with-

While John lived, he "squared up" with Pa Quantrell on the first of every month, when Billy and I were alone these bills were of course very small, as I promptly learned every possible combination of milk and eggs.

Billy engaged as general utility boy, during out of school hours, his pay for the same to go towards the payment of jobs."

And dear old Mrs. Quantrell came over and proposed that I do her sewing to be paid in the same way.

This worked admirably and we generally had a small sum due us at the end of the month which Billy gravely carried into the village bank and deposited in his "College Fund."

Slowly it grew, never, never being my account, a feeble thing, but alive.

We went to bed as soon as we struggled through Billy's lessons to save fuel and light. We rose at daylight for the eye on his natural enemies, the Sophosame reason and Billy carried in wood mores. enough for the day, fed Jane, and did all possible things for my comfort before going to school, and hurried home to help just as you would expect John's son to But I held my tongue, with both hands,

Of course he joined the ball team and became a good "pitcher," not meeting, h wever, the fate of the one "that goes o'tenest to the well."

His dear graceful little body took on the long thin lines of coming manhood and he stood among the "Upper Ten" on graduation day at our neighboring High school.

" flatly refused to go to College leaving me alone at home.

to acquire on college subjects-expense, and kindly.

that our Sundays possessed a charm of mild and kindly old fellow. their own, quite unknown to others, in that somewhat puritanical region where

The old Quantrells were greatly interested in all this and helped us secret-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

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 Quartrell had always lived.

It surely was dear of them and made me feel as independent as a million-

So we spent the summer putting away we did not wish others to use. Ma. Quan- debt to her. trell was a dainty old house keeper, and Billy is being dined, possibly wined, by use of their hands. One of these women needed service of the house, and to look so we took no thought of that, with one rather coolly looking them over. How foot while sitting on the other, and all exception. That was John's old "highboy' where I used to keep his linen in nice order. It was topped by a queer cupation for myself. Perhaps you, wise distant room, for me. I did not wish to square shaving glass with a cloudy effect reader, (it is not necessary to be gentle) sit down but unless I wish to be ungratein the glass.

> pentering," "fit for long legged fellows the pegs used to put it together, nails foot," on her husband and son. being "hand made" at the village forge and quite too expensive.

It was filled with personal oddments of John's kept for Billy.

about it, and said "she wanted that place grab." anyhow, for a little bed, as her only and idolized grandson, Jefferson Davis Quan-

trell 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 tains undrawn where she and her husspend until we know what our living ex- band were dining together and placed penses 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

But our banker at home dearly loves to help people, who want to help them. Nazim Bey not to death, but to exile. selves 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 what he and the banker solemnly called home banker had said that Billy was a is an infamous spy, who deserves fine young fellow, in need of a few good death. Why should you share his pubjobs as pot boilers and would Mr. touched, as our expenses came out of 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

> 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. 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

During his last year in school we spent | anything but severe in expression. Men's our Sunday in handing out to each other | bodies, most of them surmounted by all the information each had been able most youthful faces, but strong, keen By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern

social life, health, athletic and all the What they are is proved by the fact many phases of that wonderful world. that, with several thousand of them turn-As we solemnly kept a military silence ed loose and only recently freed from the on the subject, during the week pursuing autocratic petticoat government of their our inquiries, each alone, you will see homes, there is just one policeman, a Dear Home Folk:

I have never known of his being called on to make them "behave." They do it luxuriantly the grass grows and the bush-

uniform, as the two younger classes drill- little rain in Jhansi; scarcely four inches, ly with much mystery during the week. ed under an officer and sergeant detailed and we ought to have had thirty. But here by Uncle Sam. This had much in- another queer thing is that our violets, fluence with me, as my boy had the usual having stood all the hot weather, seem slouch of the mountaineer, as well as the to rot when even the cloudy days neatness in clothing.

ordinary height, but when a boy is some off and am hoping, although I am not at care if she does keep you waiting." inches over two yards high, carelessness all sure, that a few may be strong enough of that sort hurts him.

Billy went to the tailor and came home blue things this fall. a bit uneasy at the cost.

would take Billy to his digs."

commenced a friendship which bids fair stopped. to last all the years of his college life. We drove to one of the near-by ba-This boy told him the Juniors are ex- zaars and then were taken through un-

Billy a few "points" and took him to the kitchen door, with buildings enclosing it and proceeded to enlighten him further. room. As it is cool, I did not notice any gaged person in the family. We never Billy got pink all over his dear boy's face particular odor; but here I found seven fidential, mother dear, and much of it "chudas," all squatting about the bed of not best discussed before women."

clothes and weary silence told a tale. loathed to touch them-yet these are He had to work steadily and hard, as he clean people. is not quick mentally, which seems Never again will the acrobats at home, strange in a boy whose sprinting looks to who walk and do feats while in squatting me more like flying.

choosing a Fraternity. I have had much their sewing with their toes, to calmly sage advice on the subject, and am still moving across the room for a chair and uncertain as to what is best. We are in bringing it back, they remaining in the a clean and comfortable boarding house same squatting posture; or having stood with a kind and reasonable woman. I up they use their toes to pick up a paper think I will try to arrange with her to or a rag they have dropped. So much in our garret such personal treasures as assist in many ways, and so lessen our do they use their feet and toes I some-

can such a woman and boy judge prop- sat with hands resting on their ankles suppose Bob did it. I always liked his erly. Also I am looking about for oc- while a servant was sent for a chair in a can suggest something. If only I were a ful I must stay for awhile, although John's great grandfather had had it trained nurse I would like to help at the breakfast is waiting for me. Having made by a neighbor "with a gift for car- new little hospital. Do you suppose they found out all that I could, I went out incould make use of a woman, whose only to the court-yard and sat down to talk like us." Billy was always interested in training has been in "waiting hand and to the men, who are much more intelli-

wants a "motto" so I gave him "Re- cusses their ills, etc, with various male member, the road on either side is strewn units of the community household in with opportunities. It is for you to have about the same way as one would their Ma Quantrell was quite sympathetic the eyes to see them, and the hands to dogs or horses, and the women get about

Queer Incident of the Turkish Revolu-

tion 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 cura 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 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

lic 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

"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.

Country. A Country Where Violets Stand the Sun and Rox When it Rains. A Professional Visit to Mohammedan Family, and Their Queer

JHANSI, AUGUST 8th, 1913.

We are in a green world now and my wonder never ceases, to see how fast and the sacred day was a bugbear to young- themselves and it would seem to be the es and trees turn green when given such best possible training for good citizens. a little encouragement, for even at this One of our first expenses will be an late date, August 8th, there has been but usual indifference of the countryman, to come, and what have not rotted are covered with bugs, so I spend spare mo-All this is a disadvantage to boys of ments picking those nasty little things to survive and we will have a few little

Cholera broke out in the city last week On the ball field he spoke of this to and this morning a man came for me to on older student, who said he "knew go and see his daughter. He did not another fellow, of about Billy's length mention his fears, but after I had gone guess they weren't going to tell me, who wanted to sell his uniform and he and found nothing to be afraid of, he but sister was so interested in brushtold me he had feared cholera, and I am | ing out her switch that she didn't no-Billy gladly went and bought the suit wondering how a contageous disease, for half the original cost, and better still having gotten started, could ever be

officio the friends and advisers of the der what looked like a big gate, and thence into a smaller compound; in fact He proceeded, then and there, to give not larger than your little plot at the rooms of others, who made him welcome on every side, thence into a little dark when he said "it was all strictly con- women-Mohammedans-in pajamas and my patient, chattering like parrots, and Being a fairly wise woman I took the I wish you could have seen this inconblow quietly, and faced the inevitable gruous group. Ears, nose, etc., all were fact that Billy had entered on his man's loaded with precious metal; the ears so inheritance and would always, hereafter, much so that they are nearly always travel farther from me. Whatever the pulled double, the upper part being bent lieve," the young man told her. reason was, he certainly never was in- clear down over the lower part. Their jured in body, though sometimes his torn feet were bare and pajamas so dirty I to me from your book?"

postures interest me: all India does Next came the important question of everything in that position; from holding times wonder that they don't lose the gent and one can reason with them I am listening for your answer. Billy Their wives are but chattels, so one disthe 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 cat-

tle are often kept. I got up early this morning to go and 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 nad beauty I would try my best to be fascinating and perhaps ! 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 the bottom, a bright pink thing over her

head and a white jacket fitting closely. She is about nine years of age and of course wears the nose ring of marriage. My attention was called to this little butterfly of color when I came through the gate, for she was playing gate-keeper, and I wanted her picture. She is so pretty and her skin is so fair; truly a good example of this East, where colors are so flaunting.

(Continued next week.)

IT WAS A SURPRISE.

The daughter of the household, aged eleven, looked up from her book as the man caller came into the library.

"How do you do. Mr. Dearmore." she said, getting up politely. "You might as well take a comfortable chair because sister won't be down for ages. She is always slow about getting dressed and I suppose now she'll be slower than ever because she won't

"Well, why shouldn't she care, I'd like to know?" inquired the caller with an assumption of surprise designed to be comic.

The young person hitched a little closer to him in her eagerness. "I just found out!" she told him, "tonight. I tice me and mother said: 'You might have done better if you'd more ambition, but, thank heaven, you're engaged at last!' And sister said yes, it was time and she'd have to make the best of it. Why, she's engaged! Don't you understand?"

"You surprise me," said the caller,

with interest. The young person nodded her head. "It's awfully exciting to have an enhad one before. I held my hand over my mouth to keep from asking right out who it was, but I knew if I spoke they'd make me go away—and then all they said was that where the trooser was coming from if dad didn't make a killing goodness only knew. What's a trooser?

"A sort of feminine delirium, I be-"Wouldn't you like to read out loud

"Not when I can talk," the young person assured him, promptly. "I'd think it was Bob Samson, only he hasn't been here for ages. He's riding around a ranch out West now and he always brought me chocolates and petted the dog and waited hours and hours for sister. Mother told her one day for goodness' sake when she got her hands on that huge old Samson house to burn it down and put up another one with a French gray drawing room, and other things, but I guess Bob slipped a cog somehow-"

"Er-what?" "Well, Aunt Clara said to mother that a cog in the wheels must have chocolates-he brought me just as good ones as he brought sister. Sometimes they try to pass off cheap candy on me, but I know! Then I feed it to

"I'm glad it wasn't that Siddens man. He always called me 'little one' and patted my head and he had bronchitis and always coughed before he spoke, and sister said she didn't care if he was rich, but she couldn't endure a man who wore brown ties and ate grapefruit with a fork and anyhow he gave her the shivers. That was the time mother scolded so and sister went to Aunt Clara's for a month.

"I'm surprised at her getting engaged, because she'll have to have a house and meals then and she says picking out things to eat is simply awful and she wouldn't wear her life away keeping down the grocery bills for any man and he might as well make up his mind to it. Anyhow, sister never loses her head, because mother says so, and she'll make him toe the mark. Mother says that with her sweet smile sister could make a man believe white was black, but that seems foolish. Wouldn't you know black if you saw it?"

"I used to think I was able to distinguish colors," admitted the caller. "But you're different," said the young person. "It isn't as though you were one of sister's trailers—that's what dad calls 'em. It doesn't make any difference to you. Only I thought call upon the sick woman, and it is but if I told you about it you'd understand why she didn't hurry to get down here, now she's interested in one particular man."

> "Well," said the caller, "I'll tell you secret. I'm the particular man!" The young person's eyes bulged. "Honest?" she squealed. "Why, I was never so sur-r-p-prised in my 1-1-life! And you never petted the dog once! My, but you're quiet!"

A Muscular Christian. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, who

climbed Mount McKinley, or, as he insists it should be termed, the Mc-Kinley peak of Mount Denall, 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.

-Have your Job Work done here.

FARM NOTES.

-The farmers' institute work is all done before the public, it is always on trial. This makes the work more diffi cult, 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

-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 -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 r 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 his anima and he will never leave him in the street unhitched or 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 milker should wash and disinfect his 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 bet-ter?" 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 inavailable. 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

-There are entirely too many horse owners and drivers who do not 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

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. Stablemen so often use it as they approach the horse in the stall, or when they lift up its tail to cropper 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 mean ing 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 by the reins 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 injustice.

One of the biggest pieces of thoughtlessness that could be impaired is to drive single-harness horses in a hilly country without breeching. 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 fore-most down hill. This lifting power is ac-centuated 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 team is a matter that should be stoppe 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 are well clothed while in the stable, and will allow them to stand shivering for

hours outside (while they are indoors,)

unprotected by loin 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.