

IF.

If all who hate would love us, And all our loves were true, The stars that swing above us Would brighten in the blue; If cruel words were kisses, And every smile a smile, A better world than this is Would hardly be worth while; If purses would untighten, To meet a brother's need, The load we bear would lighten Above the grave of greed. If those who whine would whistle, And those who languish laugh, The rose would rout the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff; If hearts were only jolly, If grieving were forgot, And tears and melancholy Were things that now are not— Then Love would lead us to duty, And all the world would seem A bridal world of beauty, A dream within a dream. If men would cease to worry, And women cease to sigh, And all be glad to try, Whatever has to die— If neighbor spoke to neighbor, As love demands of all, The rust would eat the saber, The spear stay on the wall; Then every day would glisten, And every eye would shine, And God would pause to listen, And life would be divine.

THE KEY TO CHRISTMAS.

"The miserable traitor I am, Sister! Deserting you just before Christmas!" quavered Bess. "Traitor? Nonsense. I shan't be lonesome. 'Never!' I gulped. We stood close to the steamer rail, and clung tight to each other's cold, shaky hands. Bess was enchanting in her brand-new traveling array, but she was white to her sweet lips. As for me, I was putting up what Ned Truesdell would call a dreadnaught bluff. But my heart was breaking, inch by inch. John Carroll, my tall, brand-new brother-in-law, stood some yards away, gazing earnestly at a pile of freight. "John is a dear, to let us have these minutes all to ourselves," choked Bess. "John is a pirate," I choked back. "To come racing up from Buenos Aires, on nine days' notice, and marry you, and carry you back to South America the day he landed. Highway robber!" "Well, but I wanted him to," Bess, a bride of two hours, but a wife to her very bones, made haste to defend her man. "But for me to rush off and leave you, soul-alone! If only cousin Lucretia was in town! She'd take care of you over Christmas, I know." "Well, cousin Lucretia isn't. She's away in the wilds of the Berkshires, managing Dr. Sayer's House of Peace for the Neurasthenic Rich. Don't fret, sister. I'll be all right." "Or—if Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore." Bess's voice was elaborately unconcerned. But her fingers tightened on mine. "Well, Ned Truesdell is afar on the rolling deep. Trying out submarines, off Pensacola," said I, rather hurriedly. "Seems to me that he squanders a shocking lot of his pay on postage. What does he find to write about, Babe?" "Oh, shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax. And target practice, and fleet maneuvers—Oh, Bess! Hark!" "Up the deck echoing like the tramp of doom, rang the relentless cry; 'All ashore! All ashore!' John shouldered up, his kind face full of abashed sympathy. Bess's dear eyes brimmed. A long minute, she held me close. "Little Sister! Little Sister!" she whispered. "Margery, my own dearest! Good-by! Love me always—"

"Keep you over Christmas? Blessed, homesick lamb!" Lucretia, roused by my late coming, led me into the great fire-lit living-room, and clasped me in motherly arms. "Why, child, I've longed, all day, to rush down to New York and snatch you up and bring you home with me. Nothing but heaped-up calamity held me back." "Calamity?" "Yes, raging seas of it. Yesterday I stretched a point, and let two nurses go home for Christmas. Alack, this morning rose on three of the Faithful flattened out with tonsillitis. That leaves only four nurses on deck. We've had to serve meals in relays, all day. Imagine how our lordly inmates have growled at a dessert that dares be three minutes late!" "Can't you wire a registry for extras?" "Two days before Christmas? To come up to this wilderness? I suppose it does seem quiet." I glanced through the great east window. Up the black pine forest lifted a waning moon. Terrace on ivory terrace, the mighty hills rose against a starry sky. "Quiet is our aim, child, in the House of Peace. (Though it's the Cave of Adullam I'd be calling it, more often!) Not another house for a mile, except the Berk County Orphanage, that glint of light away on the farthest hill. And nobody there but a baker's dozen of babies, and a cook, and a matron. I'd planned to send those weans some Christmas doings, but with the House of Peace in such a turmoil, I haven't a free minute. Scamper to bed now, Margie. I'll need your help, as soon as you've slept 'round the clock." "Need my help? Wh-why, I came came up to be helped out, myself!" "Precisely!" Lucretia chuckled, and pinched my cheek. "Come along, honey-child, I'm going to tuck you in."

"The miser traitor I am, Sister! Deserting you just before Christmas!" quavered Bess. "Traitor? Nonsense. I shan't be lonesome. 'Never!' I gulped. We stood close to the steamer rail, and clung tight to each other's cold, shaky hands. Bess was enchanting in her brand-new traveling array, but she was white to her sweet lips. As for me, I was putting up what Ned Truesdell would call a dreadnaught bluff. But my heart was breaking, inch by inch. John Carroll, my tall, brand-new brother-in-law, stood some yards away, gazing earnestly at a pile of freight. "John is a dear, to let us have these minutes all to ourselves," choked Bess. "John is a pirate," I choked back. "To come racing up from Buenos Aires, on nine days' notice, and marry you, and carry you back to South America the day he landed. Highway robber!" "Well, but I wanted him to," Bess, a bride of two hours, but a wife to her very bones, made haste to defend her man. "But for me to rush off and leave you, soul-alone! If only cousin Lucretia was in town! She'd take care of you over Christmas, I know." "Well, cousin Lucretia isn't. She's away in the wilds of the Berkshires, managing Dr. Sayer's House of Peace for the Neurasthenic Rich. Don't fret, sister. I'll be all right." "Or—if Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore." Bess's voice was elaborately unconcerned. But her fingers tightened on mine. "Well, Ned Truesdell is afar on the rolling deep. Trying out submarines, off Pensacola," said I, rather hurriedly. "Seems to me that he squanders a shocking lot of his pay on postage. What does he find to write about, Babe?" "Oh, shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax. And target practice, and fleet maneuvers—Oh, Bess! Hark!" "Up the deck echoing like the tramp of doom, rang the relentless cry; 'All ashore! All ashore!' John shouldered up, his kind face full of abashed sympathy. Bess's dear eyes brimmed. A long minute, she held me close. "Little Sister! Little Sister!" she whispered. "Margery, my own dearest! Good-by! Love me always—"

"Keep you over Christmas? Blessed, homesick lamb!" Lucretia, roused by my late coming, led me into the great fire-lit living-room, and clasped me in motherly arms. "Why, child, I've longed, all day, to rush down to New York and snatch you up and bring you home with me. Nothing but heaped-up calamity held me back." "Calamity?" "Yes, raging seas of it. Yesterday I stretched a point, and let two nurses go home for Christmas. Alack, this morning rose on three of the Faithful flattened out with tonsillitis. That leaves only four nurses on deck. We've had to serve meals in relays, all day. Imagine how our lordly inmates have growled at a dessert that dares be three minutes late!" "Can't you wire a registry for extras?" "Two days before Christmas? To come up to this wilderness? I suppose it does seem quiet." I glanced through the great east window. Up the black pine forest lifted a waning moon. Terrace on ivory terrace, the mighty hills rose against a starry sky. "Quiet is our aim, child, in the House of Peace. (Though it's the Cave of Adullam I'd be calling it, more often!) Not another house for a mile, except the Berk County Orphanage, that glint of light away on the farthest hill. And nobody there but a baker's dozen of babies, and a cook, and a matron. I'd planned to send those weans some Christmas doings, but with the House of Peace in such a turmoil, I haven't a free minute. Scamper to bed now, Margie. I'll need your help, as soon as you've slept 'round the clock." "Need my help? Wh-why, I came came up to be helped out, myself!" "Precisely!" Lucretia chuckled, and pinched my cheek. "Come along, honey-child, I'm going to tuck you in."

"The miser traitor I am, Sister! Deserting you just before Christmas!" quavered Bess. "Traitor? Nonsense. I shan't be lonesome. 'Never!' I gulped. We stood close to the steamer rail, and clung tight to each other's cold, shaky hands. Bess was enchanting in her brand-new traveling array, but she was white to her sweet lips. As for me, I was putting up what Ned Truesdell would call a dreadnaught bluff. But my heart was breaking, inch by inch. John Carroll, my tall, brand-new brother-in-law, stood some yards away, gazing earnestly at a pile of freight. "John is a dear, to let us have these minutes all to ourselves," choked Bess. "John is a pirate," I choked back. "To come racing up from Buenos Aires, on nine days' notice, and marry you, and carry you back to South America the day he landed. Highway robber!" "Well, but I wanted him to," Bess, a bride of two hours, but a wife to her very bones, made haste to defend her man. "But for me to rush off and leave you, soul-alone! If only cousin Lucretia was in town! She'd take care of you over Christmas, I know." "Well, cousin Lucretia isn't. She's away in the wilds of the Berkshires, managing Dr. Sayer's House of Peace for the Neurasthenic Rich. Don't fret, sister. I'll be all right." "Or—if Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore." Bess's voice was elaborately unconcerned. But her fingers tightened on mine. "Well, Ned Truesdell is afar on the rolling deep. Trying out submarines, off Pensacola," said I, rather hurriedly. "Seems to me that he squanders a shocking lot of his pay on postage. What does he find to write about, Babe?" "Oh, shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax. And target practice, and fleet maneuvers—Oh, Bess! Hark!" "Up the deck echoing like the tramp of doom, rang the relentless cry; 'All ashore! All ashore!' John shouldered up, his kind face full of abashed sympathy. Bess's dear eyes brimmed. A long minute, she held me close. "Little Sister! Little Sister!" she whispered. "Margery, my own dearest! Good-by! Love me always—"

"Keep you over Christmas? Blessed, homesick lamb!" Lucretia, roused by my late coming, led me into the great fire-lit living-room, and clasped me in motherly arms. "Why, child, I've longed, all day, to rush down to New York and snatch you up and bring you home with me. Nothing but heaped-up calamity held me back." "Calamity?" "Yes, raging seas of it. Yesterday I stretched a point, and let two nurses go home for Christmas. Alack, this morning rose on three of the Faithful flattened out with tonsillitis. That leaves only four nurses on deck. We've had to serve meals in relays, all day. Imagine how our lordly inmates have growled at a dessert that dares be three minutes late!" "Can't you wire a registry for extras?" "Two days before Christmas? To come up to this wilderness? I suppose it does seem quiet." I glanced through the great east window. Up the black pine forest lifted a waning moon. Terrace on ivory terrace, the mighty hills rose against a starry sky. "Quiet is our aim, child, in the House of Peace. (Though it's the Cave of Adullam I'd be calling it, more often!) Not another house for a mile, except the Berk County Orphanage, that glint of light away on the farthest hill. And nobody there but a baker's dozen of babies, and a cook, and a matron. I'd planned to send those weans some Christmas doings, but with the House of Peace in such a turmoil, I haven't a free minute. Scamper to bed now, Margie. I'll need your help, as soon as you've slept 'round the clock." "Need my help? Wh-why, I came came up to be helped out, myself!" "Precisely!" Lucretia chuckled, and pinched my cheek. "Come along, honey-child, I'm going to tuck you in."

FARM NOTES.

—One ounce each of tincture of ginger and gentian at a dose in a pint of cold water twice each day for two or three weeks will start the thin animal to laying on flesh. The medicine can be mixed with a little soft feed. —Cut straw has been highly recommended in place of hay for horses, because it is cheaper, is less likely to cause colic, contains less foreign material than hay, and serves as an excellent medium for the distribution of the grain. —Feed and House Cows.—Not only are pastures short but the frosted grass contains little nourishment. Cows in milk should now be put on winter rations and kept housed on cold days. Milk pail results will show that it pays. —Watch Egg Production.—Birds that have been laying well under artificial lights will have a tendency to increase in production still more with the coming of spring. Over production will be disastrous to birds already producing well. Feed plenty of grain to keep the production down to normal. —Take Care of Eggs.—Now that cold weather is coming on, carefully collect the eggs and store them in a suitable place. Eggs should be held at a temperature of 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The storage house should be free from odors and not too dry. Make a practice of shipping your eggs regularly. —Some Garden Hints.—Before the ground freezes hard is time to clean out the hot bed pit, repair the framework if necessary, and cover with boards for the winter. Everything will be ready to place the manure under cover during the winter to secure enough soil for the hot bed and place under protection so that it will be in good physical condition next spring. —With the Lilies.—Some of the Japanese lilies, such as Auratum, Speciosum, and Longiflorum often do not arrive until late in December. They can be planted in December if the ground has been mulched to keep out the frost, or if the frost crust is removed. Where it is not possible to plant them the bulbs should be carefully packed in sand and stored in a dry, cool cellar until spring. —Quarantine does not mean simply putting an animal alone in a pen, even if that pen adjoins other pens. If a hog is purchased and quarantined he must be placed by himself at least 500 yards from the rest of the herd. To make the quarantine absolute, he should have a special attendant, who will never go even near the other herd. Every animal shipped to a farm should be treated for lice and skin disease and otherwise thoroughly disinfected. Unless the animal is kept in real quarantine for a month, the breeder is only endangering his herd. —The successful storage of vegetables is not difficult; in fact, good storage facilities already exist in most homes, it being only necessary to make use of the cellar, the attic, a large closet or other parts of the dwelling, depending on the character of the product to be stored. A cool, well-ventilated cellar offers good facilities for storing vegetables and some fruits. Cellars containing a furnace frequently are too warm and dry for storing root crops, but it often is possible to partition off a space in one corner or at the end of the cellar as far from the heating plant as possible. Preferably there should be an outside window in this storage space, which can be used to let in cold air at night or at other times for the purpose of keeping down the temperature. Sound, dry apples, beets, carrots, onions, parsnips, potatoes, pumpkins, squash, sweet potatoes and turnips may be kept in such a room in good condition for winter use. —Brushes for applying stain, varnish, paint, and oil are manufactured in various sizes and qualities. In general, a wide brush of rough bristles will be found most convenient and economical, and if properly cared for can be used over and over again; it is pointed out in Farmers' Bulletin 1219, "Floors and Floor Coverings," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. A varnish brush may be kept in the varnish in which it is used, or in case of shellac varnish, in alcohol, but brushes used in oil paint and oil stain unless they are to be used again within a few days, should be thoroughly washed in turpentine or kerosene, rinsed in gasoline or benzine, washed again in warm soapsuds, thoroughly shaken, and hung up to dry with the bristles down. Paint-brushes that are to be used again the next day may simply be wrapped in several thicknesses of paper, or they may be kept for several days with the bristles submerged in turpentine or kerosene. If kerosene is used, the brush must be shaken and rinsed in turpentine before it is put into paint again. Brushes used in water stain may be washed and rinsed in clear water. —There are tricks in all trades but once in a while a motorist runs across a trick that is distinctly out of place, as witness to the following incident, described by a member: —Coming over the boulevard one evening, a motorist had his machine stop dead on him in the midst of the congestion surrounding the Metropolitan opera house. He and his friends got out and vainly looked for the trouble. The chauffeurs of the machines parked near by did the usual amount of joshing at his expense, but offered no help. Finally a young man from Chester, who was in the automobile business, happened along and offered his services. After looking over the engine, wiring, carburetor, vacuum system and gas line, he finally opened the gas tank which happened to have a good-sized aperture, which admitted his hand and part of his arm. As there were three and a half gallons in the tank the puzzle was all the greater. Upon reaching in the tank, however, he found the suction gas line was turned up instead of down. It is supposed that this was done by a second-hand dealer so that he could repurchase the machine at a low price because it would not run.