

A MYTHICAL RACE.

When I look on a blue-veined wrist
And think how its pulsing tide
Began in a far off mist
Where centuries breathed and died.

There is something within me years
For that kindred of long ago,
Who governs my life by turns,
Whether I will or no.

There's a soldier with heart of gold
But a spirit that brooked no wrong;
Am I fearless? His courage bold,
Not mine has made me strong.

'Tis a Quaker the ages know
Who can soften my varying mood;
Not to forgive my foe
Were to wrong that gentle blood.

There's a priest in gown and stole
Stands rapt at altar-rail,
A love him an aureole;
Through him must my prayers avail!

And one with a wind-filled sheet
For alien lands outspread;
I follow with roving feet
His haunts revisited.

Not a long procession of saints
But a line of honor fast,
The brush of history paints
On the canvas of my past.

And I love them one and all
And offer a "bidding prayer"
For a race without stain or thrall,
That blesses me unaware.

LOUISE MANN

THE TRIMMED LAMP.

Of course there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear "shop-girls" spoken of. No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as "marriage-girls."

Lou and Nancy were chums. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at home to go around. Nancy was nineteen; Lou was twenty. Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little cherub that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Gentle Reader: My lady friends, Miss Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice—cautiously—of their attire. Yes, cautiously; for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at the opera show.

Nancy would call a shop-girl because you have the habit. There is no type; but a nervous generation is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-ratted pompadour, and the exaggerated straight-front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless, type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous revolt against cheated womanhood; of sad prophecy of the vengeance to come. When she laughs her loudest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it come day on Gabriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should wither and abash men; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowers—with a string tied to them.

Now lift your hat and come away, while you receive Lou's cheery "See you again," and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the house tops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan. Dan was Lou's steady company. Faithful? Well he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen subpoena servers to find her lamb.

"Ain't you cold Nancy?" said Lou. "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for \$8 a week; I made \$18.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than \$10. And I don't know that it's any less respected work either."

"You can have it," said Nancy, with uplifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and half bedroom. I like to be among nice things and swell people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburgh-steel maker, or blacksmith or something—the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything, but I'll take my chances where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collar and saw me at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, how round and white

they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases, and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

"How can you wear a waist like that, Lou?" said Nancy gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid \$16 for this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards of hand embroidery on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've got on."

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was \$12,000. I made mine myself. It cost me \$15.50. Ten feet away you couldn't tell it from hers."

"Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and put on airs, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came—a serious man with a ready-made necktie, who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity—an electrician making \$30 per week who looked upon Lou with the sad eyes of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught.

"My friend, Mr. Owens—shake hands with Miss Danforth," said Lou.

"I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth," said Dan, with outstretched hand. "I've heard Lou speak of you so often."

"Thanks," said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cold ones. "I've heard her mention you a few times."

Lou giggled.

"Did you get that handshake from Mrs. VanAlstyne Fisher, Nancy?" she asked.

"If I did, you can feel safe in copying it," said Nancy.

"Oh, I couldn't use it at all. It's too stylish for me. It's intended to set off diamonds rings, that high-shine is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it."

"Learn it first," said Nancy wisely, "and you'll be more likely to get the rings."

"Now, to settle this argument," said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, "let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little vaudeville? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?"

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacock in her bright and pretty clothes; Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true VanAlstyne Fisher walk—thus they set out for their evening's moderate diversion.

I do not suppose that many look upon a great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her. She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and refinement. If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it or another's. The people she served were mostly women whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterions. From them Nancy began to take toll—the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice a gesture, from another an eloquent lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, or carrying a purse, or smiling, or greeting a friend, or dressing "inferiors" in station.

From her best beloved model, Mrs. VanAlstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft, low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. Suffused in the aura of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits. The teachings of your parents may not keep alive your New England conscience; but if you sit on a straight-backed chair and repeat the words "prisms and pilgrims" forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the VanAlstyne Fisher tones she felt the thrill of noblesse oblige to her very bones.

There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever you see three or four shop-girls gather in a bunch, and jingle their wire bracelets as an accompaniment to apparently frivolous conversation, do not think that they are there for the purpose of criticizing the way Ethel does her back hair. The meeting may lack the dignity of the deliberative bodies of men; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and her first daughter first put their heads together to make Adam understand his proper place in the household. It is Woman's Conference for Common Defense and Exchange of Strategic Theories of Attack and Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Man, its Chief Usher, who Persists in Throwing Boquets Thereupon. Woman, the most helpless of the young of any animal—with the fawn's grace but without its feebleness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of sweetness but without its—Oh, let's drop the smiles—some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange strategems that each has devised and formulated out of the tactics of life.

"I says to 'im," says Sadie, "ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to me?"

The heads, brown, black, flaxen, red and yellow bob together, the answer is given; and the parry to the thrust is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages at arms with the common enemy, man.

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to a woman successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is a wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition—the drawing of a matrimonial prize.

Her station in the store was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the words of the favored one. The music room was best composers—at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a tentative and aspiring foot. She absorbed the educating influence of art wares, of costly and dainty fabrics, of adornments that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. "Here comes your millionaire, Nancy," they would call to her whenever any man who looked the role approached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and dawdle over the cambric squares. Nancy's imitation, high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their sedulous apes. Nancy learned to discriminate. There was a window at the end of the handkerchief counter, and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street below. She looked, and perceived that automobiles differ, as well as do their owners.

Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Copheta air. When he had gone one of the girls said: "What's wrong, Nancy, that you didn't warm up to that fellow? He looks the swell article, all right, to me."

"Him?" said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, VanAlstyne Fisher smile. "Not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H. P. machine and an Irish chauffeur! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought—silk! And he got dactylis on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please."

Two of the most "refined" women in the store—a forelady and a cashier—had a few "swell gentlemen friends" with whom they now and then dined. Once, they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in a spectacular café whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two "gentlemen friends"—one without any hair on his head—high living ungreed it; and we can prove it—the other a young man whose worth and sophistication impressed upon you in two convincing ways—he swore that all the diamonds in the world were corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived irresistible excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to rejected suitors, and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the franker charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hemstitched, grass bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been using her eyes and ears. When the rejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraids and horror upon Nancy's head.

"What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire—he's a nephew of old VanSkittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nancy?"

"Have I?" said Nancy. "I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allow him \$20,000 a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was guying him about it the other night at supper."

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes.

"Say, what you want?" she inquired in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum. "Ain't that enough for you? Do you want to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't \$20,000 a year good enough for you?"

Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes.

"It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie," she explained. "His friend caught him in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together—I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch, but it's got to be able to do something more than make a noise like a toy bank."

The phycopathic ward for yours!" said the brown pompadour, walking away.

These high ideas, if not ideals—Nancy continued to cultivate on \$8 per week. She bivouacked on the trail of the great unknown "catch," eating her dry bread and tightening her belt day by day. On her face was the faint, soldierly, sweet, grim smile of the preordained man-hunter. The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-antlered and big; but always some deep unerring instinct—perhaps of the huntress,

perhaps of the women—made her hold her fire and take up the trail again.

Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of her \$18.50 per week she paid \$6 for her room and board. The rest mainly for clothes. Her opportunities for bettering her taste and manners were few compared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, work and her thoughts of the evening pleasures to come. Many costly and showy fabrics passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus transmitted to her through the conducting metal.

When the day's work was over Dan awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood.

Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes, their increased conspicuity rather than in style; but this was no disloyalty; he deprecated the attention they called to her in the streets.

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatsoever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made tie and unflinching, ready-made wit never startled or clashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone.

To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready-made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter; but she was young; and youth is a gourmet, when it cannot be a gourmet.

"Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away," Lou told her once. "But why should I? I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn, and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nancy, what do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems to me that you could afford to be little less stuck-up if you could make a good deal more money."

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the habit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every day. I'm right up against refined and rich people all the time; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh.

"I haven't selected one yet," answered Nancy. "I've been looking them over."

Goodness, the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by you Nancy—even if he's a few dollars shy. But of course you're joking—millionaires don't think about working girls like us."

"It might be better for them if they did," said Nancy, with cool wisdom. "Some of us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me," laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-ut."

"That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em closer. Don't you think that red silk lining is just a little bit too bright for that coat, Lou?"

Lou looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend.

"Well, no I don't—but it may seem so beside that faded-looking thing you've got on."

"This jacket," said Nancy, complacently, "has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. VanAlstyne Fisher was wearing the other day. The material cost me \$3.98. I suppose hers cost about \$100 more."

"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as a millionaire bait. Shouldn't wonder if I catch one before you do, anyway."

Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon the values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and fastidiousness that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan—Dan the constant, the immutable, the undeviating.

As for Nancy, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and laces and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding, and taste—these were made for women; they are her equitable portion. Let her keep near them if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to herself, as Esau was; for she keeps her birthright and the pottage she earns is often very scant.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she thrived in it and ate her frugal meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man, the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and nothing smaller.

Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bride-groom when he should come.

But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her mind's eye, and shaped itself into letters that spelled such words as "truth" and "honor" and now and then just "kindness."

FARM NOTES.

—There probably is money to be made in raising capons on a commercial scale, but not anything like the profit that would appear in the raising of a few capons as a side line to a general flock. The factors in the situation, of course, would be original cost of the capons, cost of feed, percentage of mortality and rate of growth gains obtained. If capons are fed for a period of 40 weeks, the food intake might well be in the neighborhood of 70 pounds per bird.

—Do we need more forest trees? The answer is that at present four to six times as much timber is used as is being grown. Planting trees on idle lands will help relieve the situation. Write to the Pennsylvania State College for Circular 130, which tells how to do this.

—Approximately one dime of every dollar expended for food goes for poultry products—six cents for eggs and four cents for poultry meats. This indicates the esteem in which poultry products are held by the American consumer.

—When prices of dairy products are low it is a good time to put the herd on a more efficient basis of production. Cutting down the feed is not considered good economy; culling out inferior cows is a profitable practice. Testing will show which cows should go and which should stay.

—Only high quality vegetable seeds of proven varieties or strains should be sown. Vegetable garden specialists of the Pennsylvania State College caution against sowing seed too thickly in the row. Much thinning can be avoided by more careful sowing. Where thinning is needed it should be done early to give the remaining plants a chance to make full growth.

—The source of baby chicks is important. Well-bred, good, strong healthy vigorous chicks may cost slightly more but they will be cheaper than poor ones in the end.

—Spray thoroughly to protect the fruit trees from insect and disease attacks.

—Vegetable varieties should be chosen which will furnish fresh food over as great a part of the growing season as possible. This may be done by planting varieties which will mature at different times and by making succession planting of the same varieties. A good family garden should contain at least 25 different kinds of vegetable.

—Raise the chicks on ground where no fowls of any age have been allowed to run for at least two years and where no poultry manure has been spread during that period. Where clean ground is not available or the brooder house cannot be moved State College poultrymen recommend that chick be raised in complete confinement.

—Satisfying the consumers' demand for good quality fruits and vegetables comes only after a long hard struggle against insects, diseases and constant care and watchfulness in handling the products of garden, field, and orchard.

—Serious losses are probable unless seed corn is tested before planting this year. Early reports reveal severe injury to corn intended for seed and so handled that it would have been excellent in ordinary seasons.

—From an obscure garden ornamental the tomato has grown in popularity until the annual crop is worth more than \$41,000,000. Certain curative properties attribute to the tomato a hundred years ago have been scientifically established since the vegetable has been found rich in vitamins.

—It is unnecessary to provide house for turkeys though it is the part of wisdom to have a shed handy into which they may be driven on extremely stormy nights. As a usual thing they will do better roosting out in the open air in quite severe weather.

Where only a small flock is kept 15 females may be mated with one male if he is unquestionably vigorous. If a flock of about 25 or more is kept, two males will be needed but they should not be allowed to run with the flock at one time.

One should be allowed to run with the flock one day and the other the next.

The reason for this is that when both are allowed to mingle with a flock at the same time, they will fight until one of them becomes boss, after which he will do most of the mating and the flock will be very little better off so far as fertility is concerned than if he had a single male.

—With the approach of war weather many cream producers have difficulty in getting their cream into the creamery in good condition. Practices in caring for the cream during the cold weather of winter are not always satisfactory for the summer season. Cream kept in a cellar filled with odor becomes unsuitable for the manufacture of high-class butter. View of the approach of hot weather the following suggestions may be of value to some of our readers.

Wash and scald the separate cans and pails and all utensils immediately after using and keep them dry while not in use. Sunshine is a cheap and effective dry agency.

—If a coat of clear shellac is applied to the labels on medicine bottles the labels will remain clean and the writing will be clear. And the cellophane which drips over the labels can be removed with a cloth.

—Richard J. Detwiler, of Smulton, this county, has been elected second vice president of the Penn State Y. M. C. A.