# BORN TO SERVE

**By CHARLES M. SHELDON,**

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE WORLD NEEDS LOVE.

"At the same time, Richard," said Mrs. Richard Ward, anxiously, "it comes back to the old question: What are we to do? You know I am not strong enough to keep house alone. We can't afford to break up our home and go into a hotel, and yet it seems almost the only thing left to do. What shall we do?"

"I don't understand why all our girls stay so short a time!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, irritably. And then he looked across the table at his wife, and his look softened a little as he noted more carefully her tired face and the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, I don't understand it! All I know is that they are all simply horrid. I do everything for them and never get anything but ingratitude from every one of them! The idea of Maggie leaving me to-day of all the days, just when Aunt Wilson was coming, and Alfred home from college, and Lewis down with his accident; it is more than I can bear, Richard. If you were any sort of a man, you would know what to do!"

"Well, I am any sort of a man, and I don't know in the least what to do," replied Mr. Richard Ward to himself, as his wife laid her head down on the table, regardless of several dishes overturned, and broke into sobs as a relief to her feelings which had been growing in hysterical power ever since Maggie, the hired girl, had that morning not only given notice of her departure but had actually left, after a brief but heated discussion about the housework in the Ward family.

The two children at the table turned frightened looks first at the father and then at the mother, and the youngest of them began to cry.

"Stop that, Carl!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, sharply. Then, as he pushed back his plate with the food on it untouched, he muttered to himself: "I'm losing all my Christianity over this miserable hired-girl business. It's breaking up our home life and wrecking the joy of our very children."

The child's lip curled in a piteous effort at control and the older one began eating again, looking from father to mother anxiously.

Mr. Ward rose, and, going over to his wife, he sat down by her and stroked her head gently.

"There, Martha, you are all worn out. Just go into the sitting-room and lie down. George and I will do up the dishes, won't we, George? We'll play hired girl to-night, won't we?"

"Let me help, too!" cried Carl.

"Yes, you can help, too. Finish your supper, and we'll have a jolly time washing and wiping. Now, Martha, you go in and lie down. We'll get things straightened out somehow."

Mrs. Ward feebly protested, but allowed her husband to lead her into the sitting-room, where she sank down on a lounge.

"I've got a splitting headache, Richard; leave the dishes until morning. You're tired with your business."

"No, I don't like to see them lying around. Besides, dirty dishes have a way of growing with miraculous rapidity when the girl's gone and things go to pieces like this," he said, with a lapse into irritation again.

"It's not my fault!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, sharply. "Carl, stop that noise," she added as Carl began to gather up some of the dishes, piling the biggest plates on the little ones and letting several knives and forks clatter to the floor in his eagerness to help.

"Don't be always nagging the children, Martha!" said Mr. Ward, angrily, losing his temper for the tenth time that evening. The other times he had lost it silently.

"It's always: 'Stop that noise!' from mother when her head aches," said George as he tried to pick up the knives and forks quietly, and let them drop twice before he had them back on the table.

"See me help! See me help!" sung Carl as he started towards the kitchen door with his arms full of dishes. The pile was too heavy for his strength; and, as he neared the door the column began to topple, it balanced for a moment on the edge of safety, and then fell with a crash. The child looked at the ruin a moment in terrified silence, then sat down on the floor and began to cry.

Mrs. Ward sat up on the lounge and looked at her husband almost savagely.

"Richard Ward, if you don't do something to change all this—"

She did not finish her sentence, but lay down and turned her face to the wall in despair. And Richard Ward, of the firm of Mead, Ward and Company, known in business circles as a good, agreeable, and fairly successful merchant, and in church circles as a consistent member and active Christian man, turned from his wife and went out into the dining-room with a look on his face that his minister had never seen, and a feeling in his heart that was a good way from being what might be expected in a man who was "in good and regular standing" in the Marble Square church.

"It would be very funny, if it were not so near a tragedy," he said to himself as he picked up the broken dishes while the two boys looked on. "It would be comical, if it were not so miserably serious in its effects on our home life. Here I am doing the dirty, common work of the kitchen, I, Richard Ward, the dignified, well-to-do member of the firm of Mead, Ward and Company, all because of this girl, who—"

He did not finish the sentence even to himself, but went on with the work of clearing the table, making the two boys sit down in a corner of the dining-room while he did the work. When he had carried everything out, he let the children go out into the kitchen with him, while he carefully shut the door into the dining-room and then proceeded to "do up" the dishes, letting George help, and finally, in answer to the younger boy's plea, allowing him to carry some of the indestructible dishes into the pantry.

"It's fun, isn't it, papa?" said Carl, as the last dish was wiped and the towels hung up.

"Great fun," replied Mr. Ward, grimly.

"Father means it isn't," said George, with a superior wisdom.

"Anyhow, I think it's fun. Only I don't like the old girls. They make mamma feel bad. Do they make you feel bad, papa?"

"Yes, my son, they do," replied Mr. Ward, as he sat down in one of the old kitchen chairs and took his younger son into his lap. And, if the truth were told, if his two small sons had not been present, it is possible Mr. Richard Ward might actually have shed tears over the constantly recurring tragedy of the "hired girl" as it had been acted in various forms in his own household during the last five years since they had moved into the city and his wife's health begun to break down from household cares.

"And yet I don't understand these women," he said to himself, as he sat there in the kitchen, his chin on the little boy's head, while George perched on the kitchen table gravely observant. "We have everything in the world to do with. Our family is not very large. Martha is kind, and gives the girls very many favors. We pay good wages and are ready to put up with many kinds of incompetency, and yet we don't seem to be able to keep any sort of a girl more than three months at a time. It is breaking up our home life. It is simply absurd that I should be doing this kitchen work, but Martha isn't well, and there's breakfast to get and all the work after it."

He thought of his wife in the other room on the lounge and was filled with remorse for her.

"I was a brute to talk to her so sharply," he said, out loud.

"Brutes don't talk," said George, from his elevated post on the table, speaking from knowledge gained in a study of natural history given him by his Aunt Wilson.

"Some of them do. The two-legged ones," replied his father. And he rose,

"DID UP THE DISHES WITH GEORGE'S HELP."

and with the boys went into the sitting-room.

They found that Mrs. Ward had gone upstairs in answer to a call from Lewis, the oldest boy of the family, at home, who had broken his arm the week before while engaged in sport at school.

The duty of putting the two younger lads to bed devolved upon the father. He performed the duty without much heart in it. His wife was silent and in no mood for reconciliation. When Carl said his usual prayer, he added: "And bless Maggie, because she is so bad, and has wandered far from the fold," repeating a phrase he had heard at Sunday school the week before. And Mr. Ward listened with anything but a love of mankind in his heart, wondering whether he ought not to be included in the child's petition, esteemed church member though he might be in the eyes of those who did not see into his home life.

In the morning he faced a tired, listless, discouraged wife, sitting opposite him at a breakfast which had been prepared with his help, under protest, and with a spirit of nervous depression that from experience he knew well enough meant a miserable day at home.

He rose from the table with a really desperate feeling, saying again to himself: "It would be funny, if it were not so tragic."

"I'll try to find some one, Martha," he said, feebly, as he put on his hat.

"I don't care whether you do or not," she answered, indifferently.

He was tempted to grow angry, but checked himself.

"I'll advertise. I'm tired of sending to the agencies."

His wife did not answer.

"We'll do the best we can, Martha. There must be some competent girl in this city somewhere."

"If there is, we never found one," Mrs. Ward answered sharply.

He wisely declined to discuss the question, and started to go out.

"I'll not be at home to lunch," he said, putting his head in at the door.

There was no answer, and he slowly shut the door and started for his car at the next corner; and, of the many burdened, perplexed hearts carried into the city that morning, it is doubtful whether any out of all the number was more burdened than that of Mr. Richard Ward, of the firm of Mead, Ward and Company.

He sent in to three of the leading evening papers a carefully worded advertisement asking for a competent servant, and took up his day's work with its usual routine without the least expectation that any reply would come from his advertisements. It would, therefore, have given him a peculiar sense of interest in the future, if at about six o'clock that evening, as he went out of his office and with strange reluctance started for his home, he could have seen in a house not two blocks from his own a young woman eagerly reading the advertisement and talking to an older woman in a strangely subdued, but at the same time positive, manner concerning it.

"Barbara, what you say is impossible! It is so strange that no one but yourself would ever have thought of it. You must give up any such plan."

The young woman listened thoughtfully, holding a newspaper in her hand; and, as she looked up from it, the older woman had finished.

"At the same time, mother, will you tell me something better to do?"

"There are a thousand things. Anything except this."

"But what, mother? I have tried for everything. Our friends" (her lip curled a little as she said the word) "have all tried. No one seems to need me unless it is this family. Here seems to be a real need. It will be unselfish, mother, don't you think, to do something to fill a real demand, instead of always begging for a chance to make a living somewhere?"

She took up the paper and read the advertisement slowly.

"Wanted—A competent girl to do general housework. A good cook, able to take charge of the housekeeping for a family of five. American girl preferred. Good wages. Apply at once to Richard Ward, No. 36 Hamilton street."

"I call it a good opening, mother. And it's only two blocks from here. And I seem to fill all the requirements. I am 'competent.' I am a 'good cook.' I am an 'American girl.' And I am able to 'apply at once' because I have nothing else to do. So I do not see why I should not walk right over and secure the place before some one else gets it."

She rose from her seat, and the mother turned an appealing face towards her.

"Barbara! you shall do no such crazy thing. At least, you shall not with my consent. It is madness for you to throw yourself away! To think of my daughter becoming a 'hired girl!' Barbara, it is cruel of you even to suggest it. It is a part of your college foolishness. You have been jesting with me."

"No, mother, dear, I have not." Barbara walked over to where her mother had been sitting, and kneeled down by her, putting her hands in her mother's hands, and looking affectionately up to her.

"No, mother, I am not jesting. I am very much in earnest. Look at me! Barbara Clark, age 21; graduate Mount Holyoke. Member of church and Christian Endeavor society. Plenty of good health. No money. Educated for a teacher. No influence with the powers that be to secure a position. At home, dependent on and a burden to—" here Mrs. Clark put a hand on the speaker's mouth and Barbara gently removed the hand—"a burden to a good mother who has no means besides a small legacy, daily growing smaller, and the diminutive interest on an insurance fund that is badly invested in western land. There's my biography up to date. Do you wonder that I want to be doing something to be making some money, even if it is only a little, to be a breadwinner, even if—"

"But to be a 'hired girl,' Barbara! Do you realize what it means? Why, it means social loss, it means dropping out of the circle of good society, it means daily drudgery of the hardest kind, it means going to the bottom of the ladder, and always staying there! And you, Barbara, of all girls, fitted to teach, an exceptionally good student, bright and capable. O, how does it happen that girls who are your inferiors have secured good positions and you have not succeeded?"

"'Pulls,'" said Barbara, briefly.

Mrs. Clark looked troubled. "Is that college slang?"

"No, mother. Political. I mean that the other girls have had influence. If father were alive—"

"Ah, Barbara, if your father were living, there would be no talk of your going to work in a kitchen. And you shall not go, either. It is the height of absurdity to think of it."

"But, mother," Barbara began, after a moment's silence, "do you realize the facts, the plain, homely facts, of our existence? Every day you are drawing on Uncle Will's legacy, and next month's rent and grocery bill will eat a large hole in it. I have been a whole year at home, living in idleness, and eating my bread in bitterness because I could see the end coming. There is no one who is in any way bound to help us. Why should I let a false pride keep me from doing honest labor of the hand? And there is more of it than you imagine, mother dear. It takes more than a low order of intellect to manage the affairs of a family as a housekeeper, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Clark did not answer, and Barbara went on: "You know, mother, I made a special study in college of social economics. The application of those principles to a real, live problem had great fascination for me. Now, the hired-girl problem in this country is a real, live, social and economic problem. Why shall I not be able to do as much real service to society and the home life of America by entering service as a hired girl and studying it from the inside, as if I went into a schoolroom like other schoolma'ams, to teach? I love adventure. Why not try this? No one knows how much I might be able to do for humanity socially as a hired girl!"

Mrs. Clark looked at her daughter again with that questioning look of doubt which she often felt when Barbara spoke in a certain way. It was not the girl's habit to treat any subject flippantly. She was talking with great seriousness now, and yet there were ideas in what she said that her mother could not in the least understand.

[To Be Continued.]

## SCARING THE LIONS.

**Fierce Forest Kings Driven Off by Imitating the Cries of a Pack of Wolves.**

M. Foa, the French explorer, says that lions have a wholesome fear of African wolves, which hunt in packs, and do not scruple to attack even the lion. There are terrible battles in which the lion succumbs to numbers, and dies fighting. In connection with the lion's fear of wolves M. Foa tells a story from his own experience.

It was a very dark night, so dark that trees could not be distinguished until the travelers were close upon them. Lions prowled about the party, one of them roaring from a point so close as to have an alarming effect on the nerves. The animals could not be seen, but they could be heard on all sides.

Reaching a tree, the men found one of their comrades with rifle cocked, peering into the darkness, trying to discover the whereabouts of the animal, which could be plainly heard walking among the leaves. A second man was trying to relight a half-extinguished torch. Still the lions could be heard coming and going in the darkness.

At this point the native servant whispered the advice to imitate the cry of wolves in the distance. The party at once began barking and crying: "Hu! hu! hu!" in an undertone, as if the pack were still at a distance, while the man at the camp made the same well-imitated cry.

The effect was instantaneous. There was the sound of a rapid stampede across the dry leaves. The lions decamped in a panic, driven off by the supposed approach of a pack of wolves. For the rest of the night the party was undisturbed.

### Hard Struggles of a Noted Jurist.

Judge Willis, lecturing recently on "My Personal Reminiscences," told a large audience that instead of being reared in the lap of luxury, and sent to Oxford or Cambridge, as some people imagined, he had passed six years in business before he was 21 years of age, doing every kind of work that came within his daily calling. In a basement he had entered £8,000 worth of bonnets, hats and ribbons in one day, and for nights in succession heard the bells of St. Paul's strike 12 as he turned out to walk three miles to his house. On leaving school at 15 he studied Latin and Greek and afterward matriculated in London university in the first division. A year later, in 1858, he passed into the inner temple and began the study of law. With the exception of £100 a year he received for his maintenance and for books, his education for the law cost about £10, as they could attend all the best lectures at the inner temple for £5 per annum. He secured his B. A. degree in 1859, and in the next year, having read law day and night without anyone to help him, he came out in the examination first.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Scotch Dialogue.

In a dull Scotch village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the dialogue went thus:

"Cauld?"

"Aye. Gaen to be weety (rainy), I think."

"Aye. Is John in?"

"Oh, aye, he's in."

"Can I see him?"

"No."

"But I wanted to see him."

"Aye, but you canna see him—John's deid."

"Deid?"

"Aye."

"Sudden?"

"Aye."

"Very sudden?"

"Very sudden."

"Did he say onything about a pot of green paint before he deid?"—Ian Maclaren, in British Weekly.

### Aimed at Blowhards.

Brown—Men of prominence in public life or in any of the arts and sciences must be a rather inferior set.

Greene—What an idea!

"O, I don't know anything about it. I only judge from the sort of chaps who brag of knowing the prominent ones."—Boston Transcript.

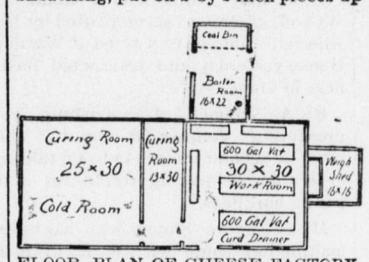
### Off on a Lark.

By a curious coincidence it is on a lark that money seems particularly prone to take wings.—Detroit Journal.


## IDEAL CHEESE FACTORY.

**Manager of a Pennsylvania Establishment Tells How It Is Arranged and Conducted.**

The new cheese factory in Crawford county, Pa., is 30 by 68 feet in size, double boarded and papered on the outside, with a cement floor. The workroom is 30 by 30 feet, with a slanting floor that falls about 4 inches in 26 feet, while the other 4 feet slants to it, forming a gutter for all slops to run off. There are two curing rooms. The small one is papered and ceiled on the inside. In this we put our new cheese for 8 to 12 days, after which they are moved to room No. 2, which we call the cold room. This room was sheathed on the inside, papered on sheathing, put on 2 by 2 inch pieces up




FLOOR PLAN OF CHEESE FACTORY.

and down, papered on those, then ceiled over the paper, thus making two air chambers, one of 4 inches and one 2 inches. It was ceiled and papered overhead and filled with sawdust level with the joists.

Two 12-inch ventilators run from the ceiling up through the roof. The windows in this room are of two thicknesses of glass. There are also two small openings in the wall in opposite corners, to allow cold air to come in when the night is cooler than the day. Last fall when the thermometer stood for several days above 90 degrees in the shade, we never saw it above 76 degrees in this room. This spring we put in a cold air duct.

The cheese are placed on a truck as they are taken from the presses and pushed to the curing rooms. The whey is pasteurized as soon as drawn and kept in tanks covered with boards and roofing paper. Some of our patrons say that the value of the whey was doubled by pasteurizing.

The building sets on a tile foundation, built high enough so no boards touch the ground. It is covered with an asbestos roofing. We use no hoisting crane to unload, as the cans are dumped over a saddle from the wagons. The upper story over workrooms is used for boxes, werkshop, etc.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## HAY IN THE STACK.

**How It Can Be Measured with a Degree of Accuracy Sufficient for Ordinary Purposes.**

Several correspondents have written for a certain method of measuring hay in the stack. Here is one that is said to be quite correct, but who first formulated it we are unable to say: Measure the stack for length, width and the "over." To get the "over" throw a tape line over the stack at an average place, from ground to ground, drawing it tightly. Multiply the width by the over and divide this result by four; multiply result of division by the length for approximate cubical contents of stack. To reduce to tons: For hay that has stood in stack less than 20 days, divide cubical contents by 512; for more than 20 and less than 60 days, divide cubical contents by 422; for more than 60 days, divide cubical contents by 380. For instance, take a stack which measures 17 feet wide, 58 feet long and 36 feet over. Stack has stood 15 days. Multiply 17 by 36, equals 612. Divide 612 by 4, equals 153. Multiply 153 by length 58, equals 8,874, which gives the cubical contents in feet. Divide 8,874 by 512, equals 17.3 tons in stack.

In the bay the rule is to multiply the length, width and height of the bay, or the hay, together, and then divide the total by 350, the supposed number of cubic feet in a ton of good timothy after it is well settled. Thus a bay 20 feet long, 15 feet wide and 15 feet high would contain 12 tons and 1,750 pounds. Of course these measurements are only approximate, and the actual results will show slight variations either one way or the other. There is no rule that can be absolutely correct.—Washington Farmer.

### Grasses for Dry Weather.

Experience during recent dry summers strongly emphasizes the chief weakness of blue grass—its almost entire failure to grow during dry weather. Orchard grass has been found best of the ordinary grasses in this respect, but the common red clover has shown its superiority to any of the smaller grasses for either hay or grazing in dry years. Highly prized as are the old blue grass pastures, it seems clearly proved that a greater quantity of food would be produced by putting them under a rotation, with corn and clover the chief crops. This would involve more labor, but in present conditions would give better prospects of profits, said the late Prof. G. E. Morrow.

In 1864 the Australian cost of carrying merchandise was 6s. 3d. per ton per ten miles. It is now 1s. 5d. for the same.

## RASPBERRY CULTURE.

**Valuable Suggestions for Those Who Intend to Engage in the Business Next Year.**

Select a piece of ground with good surface drainage, facing east or south. The soil should contain a good amount of humus. A good clover sod which had a crop of potatoes taken from it the year before planting berries, would be my ideal. During winter or in early spring give it a liberal dressing of stable manure—about 8 to 12 tons per acre. Plow under in early spring but be careful not to plow when the ground is too wet. I prefer plowing 7 or 8 inches deep.

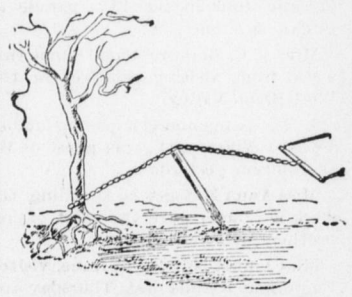
Pulverize ground thoroughly; mark out with single shovel plow about 5 inches deep; rows 3½ feet apart. Plant every other row to potatoes, then plant your berries in the remaining rows. Now we want good thrifty, well-rooted plants. When we have to purchase them or have to transport a considerable distance we want them in a dormant state, but when plants can be got on an adjoining plantation I prefer to have plants well started, say tops 6 inches high, taking them up with all the soil that will adhere to roots, only taking about 3 or 4 dozen at a time and planting them 3 feet in row, running the shovel plow through the row just before planting so the soil is fresh and moist. As soon as they are set start the cultivation to form an earth mulch and arrest the evaporation from the surface of moisture brought up by capillary attraction; also to kill all weeds. Keep cultivating all summer and keep clear from weeds. The potato crop will pay for the work and the use of the land. Do not prune the first season. In the following spring prune the laterals back to 10 or 12 inches. After fruiting remove all old canes, and all new canes except 3 or 4 of the strongest, in August or September.

I take one horse to a breaking plow and plow the soil up to the row of plants, forming quite a ridge. The reason I do this is, it braces up the plants and keeps them from being blown over; also it drains the surface water from the plants and keeps them from heaving out the following spring. I prune all laterals back to 8 or 12 inches. The reason of so close pruning is it preserves the vitality of plants. Also it makes them set less fruit, but it will be of finer and better quality and just as many quarts. I cut the top bud out of all canes when 2½ feet high so that they will form laterals. After the second year cultivate with a double shovel plow and five-tooth cultivator. My first plantation has fruited four crops and this spring has a fine set of canes for fifth crop and from appearances will produce paying crops for three years or more in the future. I attribute this success to close pruning.—George Wyler, in Ohio Farmer.

## PULLING GRAPEVINES.

**Chain Trace Worked by One Mule Does the Work Neatly and in Less Than No Time.**

Owing to a change in the plans of a fruit farm in a neighboring county, it became necessary to pull up two acres of a vineyard. The owner ordered his men to grub out the vines. They went at it with spade, ax and grubbing hoe, and at the end of the first half-day had only a few vines out. At that rate



CHAIN TRACE IN OPERATION.

they had a week's hard work on hand. A Yankee neighbor happened to visit the farm, and after watching the men for awhile told one of them to go to the barn and harness a mule and bring him with a ten-foot chain. Then he set the men to digging around the vines and cutting the main roots. When the mule and chain came he made a half-hitch with the chain around a vine near the ground, and attached it to the mule's whiffletree. Then he took a piece of 2x4 about four feet long, placed one end on the ground and the other under the chain, leaning at an angle of 45 degrees toward the vine. The mule was started and the vine lifted out of the ground. The chain was unfastened and hitched to the next, and so on. The whole job was done with the mule, and was an easy and speedy one. The same plan will work with all grubbing where the roots are not too large. Fence posts can also be pulled up in the same way.—Orange Judd Farmer.

### Worst Enemies of Butter.

Two of the strongest enemies of butter to-day are oleomargarine and the preservatives. Both are of the same general character, for they depend on the greed of men for their very existence. Both exist in the darkness and masquerade under other than their true characters. Oleomargarine can be profitably sold only when it is sold for butter. The preservatives are sold by being proclaimed as perfectly healthful drugs. The ignorant and vicious buy the chemicals. The ignorant principally buy the bogus butter products, or at least most of the consumers are ignorant. In either case a dissemination of knowledge is necessary to destroy the enemy.—Farmers' Review.