

BAREFOOTED.

The girls all like to see the bluets in the lane. And the saucy Johnny-jump-ups in the meadow. But we boys, we want to see the dog-ood blooms again. Throwin' a kinder summer-lookin' shadow;

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"If I am going to stay a servant," she said, with some calling back of her former habit, "I must learn what God thinks of service. I shall need all I can get out of His word to strengthen me in days to come."

"Of course," Barbara mused, after saying the words, "all this was said to actual slaves, whose bodies were bought and sold in the market like cattle. But what wonderful words to be spoken to any class of servants either then or now!"

So Barbara the next day did not present the appearance of the modern broken-hearted heroine in the end-of-the-century novel. Anyone who knew her could plainly see marks in her face and manner of a great experience. But there was no gloom about her, no un-Christian tragic beavelling of fate or circumstance.

"While you are waiting to complete the details of the building itself, why not interview a large number of factory and store girls about their work? Find out something about the reasons that appeal to young women for a choice of labor. You are not certain that you can get any girls to attend your training-school. I think you can, but very many other good people will tell you

your plan is senseless. It is only when people begin to try to do good in the world that they discover what fools they are. Other people who never make an effort to better the world will tell them so. There will arise a host of tormenting critics as soon as the idea of your proposed training-school is suggested.

"I think it would be a distinct saving of power if in some way we could make the training-school a part of Mr. Morton's social-settlement work."

"Oh, I cannot believe it!" Barbara exclaimed, and then she put her face in her hands, while she trembled.

"There is nothing impossible in love's kingdom," replied the old lady, gently. "If it comes to you, do not put it away. You are his equal in all that is needful for your happiness."

When she was through, Mrs. Vane said: "There is nothing very hopeless about all this. He has certainly never been anything but the noble-hearted Christian gentleman in his treatment of you."

Barbara was silent. Now that her heart was unbursed she felt grateful to Mrs. Vane, but she naturally



"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE"

shrank from undue expression of her feelings. Mrs. Vane respected her reserve as she had encouraged her confidence.

"Don't be downhearted, my dear. Go right on with your plans. Count on me for the 10,000 and more if the plan develops as I think it will. And meanwhile, if in your trips among the working girls, you run across anyone who can take Hilda's place, send her around. I haven't been able to find anybody yet. I would get along without help, but Mr. Vane will not allow it, with all the company we have. No, don't shake hands like men. Kiss me, my dear."

So Barbara impulsively kissed her, and went away much comforted. She created the thought that she might meet the young minister, and half hoped she might. But for the next three weeks Mr. Morton was called out of Crawford on a lecture tour which the Marble Square church granted him; and, when Barbara learned that he was gone, she almost felt relieved as she planned her work with Mrs. Ward's hearty cooperation to see as many working girls as possible for information, and to learn from them the story of their choice of life labor, and its relation to her own purpose so far as helping solve the servant question was concerned.

What Barbara learned during the next three weeks would make a volume in itself. She did not know that she had any particular talent for winning confidences, but a few days' experience taught her that she was happily possessed of a rare talent for making friends. She managed in one way and another to meet girls at

work in a great variety of ways. In the big department store of Bondman & Co., in the long row of factories by the river, in the girls' refreshment rooms at the Young Women's Christian association, in the offices of business friends where the click of the typewriter was the constant note of service, in the restaurants and waiting-rooms about the big union station, in the different hotels and a few of the boarding-houses of Crawford, Barbara met representatives of the great army of young women at work in the city; and out of what seemed like meager and unsatisfactory opportunities for confidence and the sharing of real purpose in labor she succeeded in getting much true information, much of which shaped her coming plan and determined the nature of her appeal to the mistresses on one hand, and the servants on the other.

"With a few exceptions, then," she said to Mrs. Ward one evening after she had been at work on this personal investigation for three weeks, "all this army of girls at work represents a real need in the home somewhere. I found some girls working in the offices, and a very few in the stores and factories, who said they were working for other reasons than for necessary money. Here is a list of girls in Bondman's. I told them I did not want it for the purpose of printing it, and it is not necessary. But there are over 200 of these girls who cannot by any possibility save any money out of their expenses, and a few of them"—Barbara spoke with a sense of shame for her human kind and of indignation against un-Christian greed in business—"a few of them hinted at temptations to live wrong lives in order to earn enough to make them independent. And yet all of these girls vigorously refused to accept a position offered to leave the store and go to work at double the wages in a home as a servant. I offered over 50 of these girls four dollars a week and good board and room at Mrs. Vane's, and not one of them was willing to accept it, even when, as in many cases, they were not receiving over three and a half a week, out of which they had to pay for board and other necessities."

"And the reason they gave was?" Mrs. Ward, who was an interested listener, asked the question.

"They hated the drudgery and confinement of house labor. They loved the excitement and independence of their life in the store. Of course, they all gave as one main reason for not wanting to be house servants the loss of social position. Several of the girls in the factory had been hired girls. They all with one exception spoke of their former work with evident dislike, and with one or two exceptions refused to entertain any proposition to go back to the old work. I think one of the girls in the Art mills will go to Mrs. Vane's. She worked for her some years ago, and liked her. But what can the needs of the home of to-day present to labor in the way of inducement to come into its field? I must confess I had very little to say to the girls in the way of inducement. Not on account of my own experience," Barbara hastened to say, with a grateful look at Mrs. and Mr. Ward, "for you have been very, very kind to me and made my service sweet; but in general, I must confess, after these three weeks' contact with labor outside the home, I see somewhat more clearly the reason why all branches of woman's labor have inducements that house labor does not offer."

"And how about the prospects for pupils for the training-school?" Mr. Ward asked, keenly. He had come to have a very earnest interest in the proposed building.

"Out of all the girls I have seen," Barbara answered, with some hesitation, "only four have promised definitely that they would take such a course and enter good homes as servants. One of these was an American girl in an office. The others were foreign-born girls in Bondman's."

"The outlook is not very encouraging, is it?" Mrs. Ward remarked, with a faint smile.

"It looks to me, Martha," Mr. Ward suggested, "as if it might be necessary to put up a training-school for training our Christian housekeepers as well as Christian servants. If what Barbara has secured in the way of confession from these girls is accurate, it looks as if they are unwilling to work as servants because of the unjust or unequal or un-Christian conditions in the houses that employ them."

"At the same time, Richard, remember the great army of incompetent, ungrateful girls we have borne with here in our home for years until Barbara came. What can the housekeeper do with such material? If the girls were all like Barbara, it would be different, you know."

"Well, I give it up," replied Mr. Ward, with a sigh, as he opened up his evening paper. "The whole thing is beyond me. And Barbara, of course, will be leaving us as soon as this new work begins. And then farewell to peace, and welcome chaos again."

"You are not going to leave us just yet, are you, Barbara?" Mrs. Ward asked, with an affectionate glance at Barbara.

"The house is not built yet," Barbara answered, returning Mrs. Ward's look.

agalu Barbara looked up with a blush, and Mrs. Ward could not help admiring the girl's pure, intelligent face.

There was silence for a moment, when Barbara went over her list of figures and memoranda.

"I see Morton is back from the west," Mr. Ward suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his paper. "The News says he had a remarkable tour, and prints a large part of his recent address on the temperance issue. I predict for him a great career. Marble Square never did a wiser thing than when it called him to its pulpit. My only fear is that he may kill himself with these lecture tours."

There was silence again, and Barbara bent her head a little lower over her work, which lay on the table.

"He is certainly a very promising young man," Mrs. Ward said, and just then the bell rang.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Morton himself," Mr. Ward exclaimed, as he arose. "I asked him to come in and see us as soon as he came back. I'll go to the door."

He went out into the hall and opened the door, and Mrs. Ward and Barbara could hear him greet Mr. Morton, speaking his name heartily. "Come right into the sitting-room, Morton. We're there to-night. Mrs. Ward will be delighted to see you."

Barbara rose and slipped out into the kitchen as Mr. Ward and Mr. Morton reached the end of the hall. She busied herself with something there for half an hour. At the end of that time she heard Mr. Ward's hearty, strong voice saying good night to Morton as he went out into the hall with him.

After a few minutes Barbara came back into the sitting-room, and taking her list of names and facts from the table prepared to go up to her room.

Mr. Ward was saying as she came in: "Morton seemed very dull for him, don't you think?"

"He is probably very tired with his lecture tour. It is a very exhausting sort of—"

[To Be Continued.]

THE HORSE PLAYED A JOKE.

Drew His Young Mistress Up to a Store Where She Didn't Want to Go.

"You may think horses haven't any sense if you want to," remarked a lady from Mississippi to a group of friends seated around one of the tables in the Peabody cafe, according to the Memphis Scimitar, "but I had an experience when I was a girl that taught me that they have sense enough to get one in all sorts of predicaments."

"I carried a friend of mine driving one afternoon. We had to pass through a town where there was a young man from New Orleans serving as a clerk in one of the large supply stores that were a feature of the country town a few years ago. He had paid me a great deal of attention, and to tell you the truth, I liked him very much, and though I was not willing to admit it at that time, and denied the accusation with true feminine promptitude in such matters, I always made it a point to go to that store for something every time I went to town."

"On this occasion, however, I had no excuse to go and see him and did not intend doing so, as he had caught on to the fact that I never came to town without seeing him. But as we crossed the railroad, right in front of the town, the bride bit came in two and I, of course, lost control of the animal, and he, finding that no one was guiding him, turned himself around and marched as straight back to that store as if I had driven him with the utmost precision."

"And that's not the worst of it," said she, in conclusion. "No sooner had he got to the store than he gave one of those little 'nicksers' peculiar to himself, and familiar to the young man. The young fellow was there in a jiffy and I—well, I wished that I wasn't. My face turned all the colors and he didn't object."

Unexpected Praise.

Dr. Guthrie, an authority on military surgery some 50 years ago, was a kindly man, although somewhat brusque in manner. Sir Joseph Fayrer says: "I was his house surgeon, and we got on very well together. One day, when we were going through the wards, with a large following of distinguished visitors, foreign surgeons and others, we stopped by the bedside of an interesting case, when Guthrie found fault with dresser for something he had done or left undone. The student ventured to reply, and Guthrie said: 'I dare say you think you're a remarkably clever fellow, don't you?'" "No, sir," said the youth, earnestly. "I don't." "But you are, though," said Guthrie, and passed on.—Youth's Companion.

Clerical Humor.

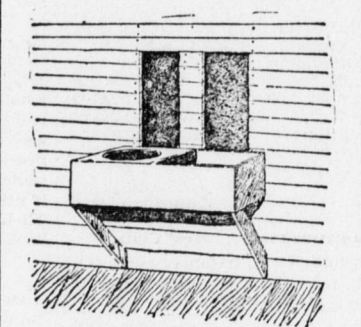
"That was an excellent discourse you delivered last Sunday," remarked a veteran minister of the gospel to a rising young preacher, "but I would hardly call it a sermon."



NEAT FEEDING DEVICE.

Where Calves Are Kept Confined in Small Pens the Plan Here Given Is Excellent.

The feeding of calves is never very agreeable work, and especially when the feed pail is virtually at the mercy of the calf, as it has to be more or less, under ordinary circumstances. The plan shown in the accompanying cut for watering and feeding will be found convenient, especially where calves are kept confined in small pens. The two slits cut in the side of the pen should be just wide enough to ad-



FEEDER FOR CALVES.

mit the calf's head. The animal can then get to either division of the feed box, one end of which is fitted to receive a pail, while the other is open to hold grain or hay. Even for calves that are old enough to be tied in stalls, this plan is useful. The box could, in that case, be continuous, having divisions as shown in front of each stall, with similar openings for the youngsters' heads. The calves could also be tied to a stanchion behind the openings. Another desirable feature of this plan is, it admits of leaving a pail of water constantly before each calf, which will be much appreciated, as young stock need to drink more frequently than older animals.—Fred O. Sibley, in Farm and Home.

SECRETION OF MILK.

Important and Instructive Facts Which Are Not as Well Known as They Should Be.

At a recent dairy conference, Prof. Wood read an interesting paper on some recent investigations upon the secretion of milk. Although bringing nothing actually new before his audience, the lecturer dwelt on some important and interesting items which are probably not generally known. He did not place much reliance on some of the so-called points in judging the milking capacity of cows, while he considered the size of the milk vein and the shape of the udder useful guides to the amateur, though the expert was generally able to judge their capacities by the general build. On the effect of the nervous system on the secretions of milk, it was generally known that a cow had more or less power to hold up her milk; but to what extent she may at will affect the actual secretion was not so clear. To milk a cow one teat at a time has a deleterious effect on both the quantity and quality of the milk. Circumstances that affect the animal unpleasantly decrease production, and the fat is consistently and most materially affected. On the question of food, it is generally known that it has a great effect on the quantity of milk. Poor rations will decrease the quantity of fat, though it will not be raised above the normal by liberal feeding for any length of time. The tendency of milk production is hereditary, with usually only a small change in the quantity and quality.

THROWING AWAY MONEY.

Farmers Who Raise Scrub Cattle Do It Systematically and Every Day in the Year.

None but a rich man can afford to throw money away, and a rich man is a fool if he does it. But many men who are not rich are virtually throwing money away because they neglect opportunities to make it. Not all men can see great opportunities for profit in business; such men are comparatively rare. But all men can and should see such opportunities as are open to all. Improvement of live stock is one of these free-for-all opportunities. There is not a man in this country who does not have an opportunity to improve his stock, and who does not have the incentive before him every time he sells an animal. Yet thousands will continue to throw money away by breeding \$50 horses, three-cent steers or something equally as bad. Pure-bred stock is not a rare thing, that requires a vast amount of money. Good blood can be had by any man who really wants it. He can secure the service of a good sire, he can club with others and buy one, or he can sell a part of what he has and get an improver if he only wants to do it. There are sales where stock is to be had at reasonable prices, there are breeders in almost every country, and there are opportunities for all men who need better stock. Let them open their eyes and see how much they are throwing away!—National Stockman.

Winter plowing and hauling is a good sized mortgage on the spring work.

THE IDEAL FARM HOME.

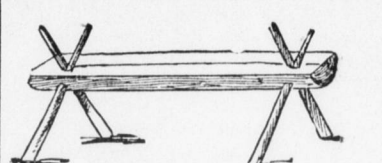
It Must Have Scores of Conveniences Unthought Of a Score of Years Ago.

Forty years ago this subject would have meant something quite different from what it does at present. Then a plain frame building with plastered walls and a brick chimney would have seemed a great advance on the double log cabin with its stick and mud chimney at either end, the well sweep in the yard, chickens roosting in the trees or on the rail fences. A pile of logs in the front yard was not deemed out of place in early days, and shade trees, shrubbery and flower beds were exceptional, if not unknown. The ideal farm home as we now regard it must have many ornamental features, and numerous conveniences that in pioneer days were unthought of. As to externals our first thought is regarding walks and drives. They should be dry and clean. Mud should not be tracked into the house, and to prevent this gravel should be used freely, not only to make walks to barnyards and outhouses, but to build drives from the road in front to the wagon shed in the rear. A shed or covered way ought to extend from a side porch of the house to the drive so the ladies can enter or depart from the carriage dry shod. Cows as well as horses must be shucked at the model farm and the milkers need bring no dirt with them indoors. The stables and sheds will be cleaned two or three times each week and the refuse drawn out to the fields. A row of hothouses, sheds and covered ways will extend from kitchen to barn, so there will be no need to tramp through mud and rain at any time. The ideal home is possible only when built upon a good well-graveled road, because the people who dwell in it are sociable and must visit and attend meetings, lectures and concerts. It must have a telephone connecting with all the neighborhood and the towns and villages near. It must have a daily mail, which it easily can have if the roads are what they ought to be. It must have shade trees, vines, shrubbery and flowers in the blue-grass lawn, and a small fruit as well as a vegetable garden, well stocked with the best varieties and well tended, and it should be convenient to the kitchen so as to be most available and useful.—Indiana Farmer.

HOMEMADE SAWBUCK.

One That Will Remain Firm and Strong Even When Put to the Roughest Usage.

A homemade sawbuck is a common sight on any farm, but there is a vast difference as to their make, whether substantial, firm and solid. I have a fine sawbuck, made as follows: Hard wood, such as birch, is used for the main piece, being a log of cord-



DURABLE SAWBUCK.

wood split in half. Two holes are then bored four to six inches from each end, close beside each other, but not connecting, from upper right hand to lower left hand corner, and vice versa. After four holes are made, select four sticks cut in equal lengths and height the sawbuck is desired. Shave down the upper half of each until it fits holes and ram each halfway through, as far as shown, until tight. As the main log cannot slide down lower on the legs, it will remain firm and stronger.—E. G. Gerlach, in Farm and Home.

AUTUMN FARM NOTES.

Remember that the hens as well as the horses want water and want it pure. Fence posts and fixings cut now will come handy for repairs in the spring.

Have a dry shelter for the reaper and mower and all other farm implements.

See that all animals on the farm are protected from cold rains and chilling frosts.

Ship only the solid heads of cabbages. Take off some of the outside leaves and stems. Pack tightly. Shoes may be made nearly waterproof by rubbing into them a mixture of rosin, beeswax and lard.

Take rides in the country in these sunny days, to inspect neighboring farms, and have the wife go too.

Attend now to the opening of drains in the wheat field and for turning of the washings of the highway over the low land when the fall rains and spring floods come.—Farm and Home.

Wire Grass for Twine.

Wire grass is being now manufactured into binding twine by a Minneapolis company. Large areas of growing wire grass have been brought under the company in question. This land is marshy and at the present time is not suited to the production of anything but wire grass. Most of the land in question lies in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The twine manufactured from wire grass is light green in color and somewhat bulky and it can be used only by machines with fixtures adapted to it. It sells at a price somewhat lower than other twine, most of which is now controlled by the twine trust. It will not, however, be an easy task to demonstrate the utility of this kind of twine to farmers who have been accustomed to the other kind.