

Her Spinster Aunts

By M. DIBBELL

"It is either plant the peas twelve inches deep the first of April, or not at all," snapped Charlotte Graydon, with the air of one whose decision is not to be questioned.

Her sister Julia was fully prepared for the fray and answered instantly: "It is either plant them eight inches deep the last of April, or I shall leave this house forever."

The two spinsters paused at this point to glare fiercely at each other, while their niece, Adelaide, wildly racked her brain for the oil of some calming thought to cast upon the troubled waters. Speedily an apparently very simple solution of the difficulty came to her.

"Why not plant half of them on the first of the month as you wish, Aunt Charlotte, and then the other half at its end to suit Aunt Julia. In that manner you would find whose way was really best," she suggested. "Never!" said Aunt Charlotte piously. "It is just a sinful waste of Nature's supply to use it as Julia proposes. I think it is time the question was finally settled; for fifteen years we have lived in this house, and never in all these years have we had a single sweet pea of our own—simply because of Julia's wicked obstinacy."

"Plant everything to suit yourself, and I will do the same, but not within many miles of you," answered her sister. "It certainly is time that this question was settled, Charlotte, and I will do my share toward settling it by leaving you the place to do with as you choose." Aunt Julia turned and left the room, closing the door not too softly in her wake.

"Ah, Aunt Charlotte, don't let such a little thing as a few wretched sweet peas separate you and Aunt Julia. Julia is old enough to decide for herself; if she prefers to go off on a



Paused at Point to Glare Fiercely at Each Other.

lanquet instead of using a small quantity of common sense I cannot help it. Then, she, also, departed, but through the opposite door from her sister.

At first Adelaide hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. "I simply must manage in some way to keep the dear, notional aunts together. They would be utterly miserable separated," she mused.

At last a satisfactory solution seemed to occur to her. "That is just the thing," she exclaimed aloud. "If Macgregor lays down the law for them surely they will abide by his decision. I will go and find him at once!"

Had she known that this threat of a final separation was just as regular a part of the yearly squabble as the manner in which the sweet peas were to be planted, Adelaide would not have decided on her present plan of action.

Macgregor was head gardener for the great Macvane estate, which was celebrated for its fine green-houses, and also for its splendid showing of flowers throughout the summer season.

She made her way to the potting room of the main green-house, where Macgregor was generally to be found tending over some of his plant babies; but the face of the man clad in work clothes who turned from his work at her entrance, was strange to Adelaide. It was a bright, boyish face, lighted by a pair of deep gray eyes; his fair wavy hair was cut so close that the wave had little chance to show.

Macgregor's wrinkled visage and

know white mop of hair were quite different.

"I am looking for Macgregor," Adelaide said, as the strange young man advanced toward her.

"I am sorry," he answered, "but Macgregor received news yesterday of the blooming out of a very rare orchid at Wilton, and he hurried over there, leaving me in charge. You know orchids are his hobby. I do not expect him back until late tomorrow. But cannot I serve in Macgregor's place?" he asked as he saw the disappointment in her eyes.

"I am afraid you have not been long enough at the business for your word to carry such weight as Macgregor's," answered Adelaide; "but I will tell you why I want to see him so much. Perhaps you can make some suggestion."

She explained the trouble over the planting of the sweet peas, and told of Aunt Julia's threat.

"How would a booklet on the subject do, until Macgregor returns?" queried the interested young florist. "I know he wrote one especially on sweet pea culture several years ago, and has received many letters from persons who have tried his method and been delighted with the result. As it bears his name, perhaps it might carry weight."

"That is a first rate idea," assented Adelaide, gratefully. "I hope it may settle the whole question, for the next best thing to Macgregor himself would be something over his name."

The obliging young gardener at once went for one of the booklets, and quickly returned with a copy.

"And you might tell them that Macgregor's sweet peas have taken first prize at the state fair for five straight years," he remarked, as he gave it to Adelaide.

Adelaide hastened homeward with the light of victory in her eyes. Upon entering the big dining-room where she had left Aunt Charlotte she was surprised to see that Aunt Julia was also seated in the bay window, working industriously at her tatting. With all the impetuosity of youth she waved aloft the small but important booklet, and cried:

"Here is an authority neither of you can deny, for you have known Macgregor for centuries, and this is what he says about sweet peas."

Her aunt gazed at her in astonishment, but it did not take their energetic niece long to explain the purpose of her walk and the information she had acquired.

Hastily throwing off her wraps she seated herself between the two aunts and started to read them Macgregor's booklet. After several pages of general directions as to soil, situation, etc., the rule for planting was reached. To this both aunts listened with intense interest, while Adelaide slowly read:

"Plant in trench 18 inches deep early in March, as soon as ground is workable."

That was all as to planting, and Adelaide looked up saying triumphantly: "So neither of you was right, you see; and I hope that next month you will have a good long trench of sweet peas planted according to Macgregor's directions." She jumped up and gave each aunt a good hard hug. "Now will you be good, and live together in peace and harmony?"

Both Aunt Charlotte and Aunt Julia hastened to assure her that such was their intention, and that they should certainly try Macgregor's rule for sweet pea planting.

The following evening on answering a ring at the door herself, Adelaide beheld to her surprise Macgregor standing before her, while behind him she saw the face of the obliging young florist, who had presented her with the booklet. Macgregor spoke at once.

"We have come to see if any more help is needed to settle the disagreement between your two aunts. Young Loftin Macvane could not rest until he knew that the advice he gave was sufficient to smooth things over."

"Come in and see for yourselves," laughed Adelaide. "Your booklet acted like a charm. Macgregor, harmony now reigns supreme."

This first call with Macgregor was the first of many young Loftin made, and the two maiden aunts awoke before long to the realization that a very sweet little romance was being enacted before their eyes.

"And just to think, I might have gone away again, as I intended, and never seen you, if your own dear, tender heart had not led you to me—just because you could not bear to see your blessed aunts unhappy." Young Loftin was saying one summer day soon after their betrothal to Adelaide. "You are an angel of goodness."

Not Regarded as an Honor

They had been speaking of name-takes, and one of the group had mentioned with pride that not only were four nephews and two grandsons his namesakes, but that a business block lately built in his native town had taken its name from him.

"And I like it," he said, heartily. "I consider it an honor. You know how I feel," he added, turning to one of his friends. "I hadn't been in your little town more than an hour before I saw your name at the turn of a road. 'Howard's Corner.' You must admit it's gratifying."

"May be to you," said the other man, dryly; "but as it happens, the reason that's called Howard's Corner is because when I was about twenty, and knew more than I ever have since, I took the girl that I was courting out in a new top buggy with a livery-stable horse, and tried to show off how sharp a turn I could make."

"I tipped her out just as a party of summer boarders came along. The buggy was smashed up some, and the

girl rode off with the boarders, makes a hornet. There was a young man among them whom she afterward married.

"I don't begrudge her to him, for I got a finer girl later on; but when the name the boarders gave that place in the road stuck, and by and by was put up on the sign-board, while I was out west, I can't say that it ever struck me as any special cause for pride."—Youth's Companion.

An Opinion in Kind.

"What do you think of the fellow who said he liked the soft pillow of a woman's mind?"

"That was just to bolster up his own superiority."

Helps Some.

"Reno is very fortunate in one respect."

"And what is that?"

"Very few divorcees stay there after they get divorced."

KEEP BOYS ON FARM

English School Plans to Arouse Interest in Farming.

Twenty Youngsters Selected to Work on Half-Acre Plot Are Happiest and Proudest of Whole Institution.

Ripley, England.—With a view to keeping them on the land and preventing their entering the overcrowded clerking and allied professions in towns, the school children of Ripley are being taught to work on the land as part of the school course.

The happiest and proudest boys in Ripley at present are the 20 who have been chosen out from the rest of their fellows to work on the half acre of land which the Dowager Lady Loveace has let to the local village school authorities.

Twice a week these sturdy, bright faced youngsters—all of them between the ages of eleven and fourteen—take their spades and forks and measuring instruments and go out and work on their plots under the superintendence of their head master, William Blaxland.

These embryo farmers and gardeners have already fenced in their ground, dug most of it up and portioned part of it off into square rod allotments, have sowed the seeds and planted the roots which will henceforth be their special pride and care.

"This work has been made a regular and serious part of the school curriculum," Mr. Blaxland said, "and its object is to give the boys an intelligent and, we hope, useful interest in what should be their true sphere in life."

"We want to keep them on the land, to prevent them further overcrowding those already hopelessly overcrowded occupations of clerking and serving in shops."

"To a boy taught young enough and properly trained there is more money and a better life in farming and gardening than in the town work into which he would probably drift."

"I think we shall succeed in our aim, too. At any rate, all the boys are tremendously keen on their digging, and when they begin to see something coming out of that digging they should be keener still."

"But it is not so much the 'how' of farming that I hope to teach them, but rather the 'why'."

"Most of the fathers here can teach their sons the 'doxey' work, but why of them can teach is the why and wherefore of things."

"The reasons of seasons, the science of manuring, the rotation of crops—these and similar matters are what few parents can touch on to their boys. Indeed, most of my pupils already know more about the theory of farming than their fathers do."

"At first we shall devote most of our attention to vegetable growing—road beans, runners, peas, onions and so on."

"Then there will be flowers and fruit boarders to attend to and, later

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN A ROMANTIC CAREER



A SUIT has been begun in the supreme court of New York city to annul the marriage of Roy E. Pierce and his wife, who, before she became Mrs. Pierce, was Mrs. Betsy Chapman. The striking beauty and the romantic career of the fair defendant bid fair to make the case a cause celebre. Pierce is the son of Henry Clay Pierce, one of the "old kings." Mrs. Pierce was a Miss Faulkner of Boston. She married T. Irvin Chapman, a member of a prominent Massachusetts family, subsequently divorced him, and went on the stage. Later, she went abroad and caused a sensation in Europe by her beauty and power of fascination. Baron James Ormonde de Rothschild, heir of the head of the Rothschild house, was one of her most devoted admirers. It was believed that he was to marry her. In October, 1910, however, she came back to America and a month later married Pierce. When Pierce told his father of the marriage there was trouble. From the day of his confession he never saw his wife again. She is now a patient in a sanitarium at Central Valley, N. Y. The suit for annulment has been brought on the ground that Pierce was mentally incompetent when he contracted the marriage.

on, several of the boys will have hives of bees under their care.

"The twenty boys who have been picked out on account of their bent for the work are the envy of their schoolfellows."

Those of the twenty young agriculturists who intend to remain on the land were asked to hold up their hands.

Twelve unhesitatingly and enthusiastically signified their intention of doing so, while several of the remaining eight were emphatic in their intentions to "have gardens" when they grew up.

the last hours of congress, was the prelude to what must undoubtedly prove the most interesting and exciting spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in any country.

The Warren amendment means that some time next summer government troops will attempt to herd 30,000 or more wild elk from the crowded ranges of Jackson's Hole to better feeding grounds on the Big Horn range.

When the range cattle business was in its palmiest days in that section of the west it was not an uncommon sight to witness immense herds of half-wild cattle, numbering 5,000 and even 10,000 head, being driven a hundred miles to the railroad. But even the wildest conception of the most enthusiastic cattlemen of the Golden West fails to grasp the immensity of the problem of herding more than 30,000 of these wild, fleet elk a distance of almost 100 miles over a rough forest country.

The elk can outrun a horse, has greater endurance, is surer footed and will travel over precipitous trails over which the most venturesome horseman would hesitate to follow. Instinctively perfected in the art of dodging the hunter, he is only caught during the hunting season by stalking.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Through injuries sustained in stumbling in a boardwalk playhouse, Mrs. W. B. Smith, proprietress of the Hotel Waldford, may lose the power of speech. Mrs. Smith was attending a performance with several friends, and while making her way down the aisle in the balcony she tripped and fell, narrowly escaping death. Her chin struck the brass rail surrounding the balcony with such force as to affect her throat so that speech is almost impossible.

Kansas City, Mo.—Thousands of Kansas Cityans will be carrying cooking recipes with them as they go about the city. The way to boil, fry and bake properly will be told upon the backs of all transfers issued by the street railway company here. The recipes will be furnished by the girls of the manual training high school, who are studying domestic science.

New York.—Bellevue hospital here is to have the distinction of possessing the biggest heating and ventilating plant in the world. The equipment is to cost practically \$500,000.

OLD VIOLIN TEMPTS KUBELIK

Celebrated "Emperor" Stradivarius Offered to Famous Player for \$50,000—May Buy.

London.—Jan Kubelik, the violinist, expects to revisit America in the autumn of 1911. In conversation with a correspondent, Kubelik said that he had several offers from America, including one from Daniel Frohman for 120 concerts.

"There is nowhere in the world where I enjoy life so much as in America," said the famous violinist, "and I shall be glad to accept Mr. Frohman's offer, although I cannot manage 120 concerts. Sixty is my limit. A concert artist should not appear too often, especially an instrumentalist; besides, it would leave me no time to study."

"I like America very much. The audiences are so appreciative, and, while they have not the old musical traditions of Europe behind them, there is the instinct, and where there

is instinct one does not want education."

Kubelik is trying to make up his mind whether he will buy the celebrated "Emperor" Stradivarius violin, belonging to the late Mr. Haddock of Leeds, and which has been offered to him for \$50,000. He is torn between two emotions; one the intense desire to become the owner of this perfect specimen of the great violin maker's work; the other, the tremendous price asked for it.

"I have not made up my mind yet," said Kubelik, "and want neither week or two to think it over. I already have a splendid Strad. Hitherto \$15,000 is the biggest price ever paid for a violin, and I consider \$50,000 a very fancy price. Mr. Haddock wanted me to have it in preference to accepting another offer, made by a man who wants to present it to the British museum, but it is an awful price to pay."

"I have seen the violin, and played

The Privilege of Prayer

By REV. GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD

TEXT—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understandings, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.—Philippians 4, 6-7.

Let me tell you, in the very beginning of this sermon, four very personal questions. Do you realize what a privilege prayer is? Has prayer been of real blessing to you? Can you put your finger on any particular prayer and say: "I know that prayer was answered; it was a particular blessing to me?" Is your God not your mother's God, or your father's God, or somebody else's God, but is your God a prayer-answering God?

Now, if anybody had any knowledge of God except yourself and you were to bear witness to the fact that God is hearing and answering prayers, would you be able to bring illustrations out of your own individual experience? That is an intensely personal and practical question. And the fourth one: Do you feel free to go to God at any time; are you so much at home with God that you cannot hold yourself back at times from going and having a talk with Him? In prayer a privilege that you enjoy?

Now, let us clear the field for action by bringing the testimony of Christ before us. In the chapter that I have just read you will notice certain ones coming to Jesus on a very interesting occasion. They saw Him praying, and when He got through praying they immediately came to Him and said: "Teach us to pray, Lord."

It seems to me that that picture comes right before our minds. We can see Jesus kneeling there in prayer, and there is a radiance about His countenance; there is a sincerity about His voice; there is an intimacy in the whole atmosphere that surrounds Jesus, and the disciples who are looking at Him feel, "Why, I have never had an experience of that sort in my life; that man is enjoying something I wish I could."

And so they come to Him manfully and bravely and say: "Lord, teach us to pray." And Jesus teaches the great Lord's prayer. And you will notice that as He goes on down in His beautiful conversation with them He says: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; ask, and ye shall receive."

Prayer is a privilege we may all enjoy. Anybody, anywhere, any time, anything. Anybody—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Any time—men ought always to pray. Anywhere—you remember that woman of Samaria, there at the well. She had an idea that it was necessary to go on a long pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to a certain particular temple, in order to come in communion with God. Jesus said: "Woman, not Jerusalem; God is a spirit, and they that would worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Anything—in everything let your requests be made known unto God.

I will tell you three reasons that are the real enemies of prayer. It is interesting sometimes to look into your life and ask yourself the question: "Who are my enemies, after all?" They are not on the outside; the real enemies of prayer are on the inside. And what are those things in your life that make it difficult for you to realize how near God is, and how willing God is to answer your prayer? The first answer that very naturally comes is "Sin." It is the business of sin to close our eyes to the presence of God; to separate the soul from its Creator.

Who are the people who say: "I don't believe there is a God?" They are those who do not believe that there is any God, because their lives are in a condition of sin. Sin creates in our hearts a distaste for prayer.

The second enemy of prayer is "Reason." Reason would take the bread out of the hand of a starving child. Reason would go to the bedside of a sick and dying soul and would take the wise physician and drive him away from the bed. Reason would even reach its arm out into the sky and tear God out of the universe, if it only had the power to do it. Reason is one of the biggest blessings and one of the biggest curses that this world has ever had; it all depends upon whether reason is in its rightful place or not.

Then there is another enemy, and that is "Formality." Some of us are taught to pray at this hour or that hour; some are taught to pray in the morning or at night when we retire. But the very minute that you discover that formality in prayer is becoming simply a little fetich that you are putting in the place of God, that moment stop right where you are and say: "God forgive me; I have been making a little fetich out of prayer and that little fetich has blinded me to thy presence."

Let me place upon your lips two prayers. The first one: "Oh, God! help me to realize Thy presence." And when you feel God coming right through the darkness and standing right in front of you, your prayers will become a real blessing to you. Also, place on your lips this prayer: "Oh, God! help me to be very honest in my prayer." And the peace that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

Woodchuck Gets Big Odds. Lee, Miss.—A woodchuck which went into its hole near Quigley's corner, in the heart of the town, on August 26 last, and has not appeared since, is responsible for the posting of much Berkshire money. Even money is offered that the woodchuck will come out in due time, large sums have been placed at 10 to 8 that it is not in the hole, and there is a brisk business in 10 to 6 bets that the animal is dead. Interest in the woodchuck's welfare is spreading rapidly.

ISAIAH'S CALL TO SERVICE

Sunday School Lesson for May 14, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 4. Memory Verse 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."—Isa. 6, 8.

TIME—The year when King Uzziah died, which was (Hebrew) B. C. 738, or (Hastings) B. C. 740.

PLACE—The Temple in Jerusalem.

KINGS—In Israel, Manasseh; in Assyria, Asshur-dan III.

This is a home-missionary lesson. We are asked to read Isaiah 2-4. What home-missionary thoughts are to be found there? Those glowing sentences are in many particulars faithful pictures of our wealthy modern nations. There are the unexampled movement of immigration, the aping of evil customs from other lands, the vast wealth, the mammon-worship, the pride, the social wrongs and oppressions, the misgovernment, the devotion to fashion and luxury, and in it all a nucleus of nobility that will bring about the utmost triumph of godliness. There is an great need that we should work for our country as that Isaiah should work for his, and though we are so much inferior to Isaiah, yet God calls us in essentially the same way to the same great service.

The literary qualities most conspicuous in Isaiah is the wealth and brilliancy of his imagination. No other Old Testament writer has the same power of picturesque and graphic description. There is no other Hebrew author who furnishes the reader with so many quotable sentences. One can imagine the people of Jerusalem stopping one another on the street, to tell and hear the latest from the prophet. This, of course, was precisely what he desired and intended. Isaiah was a humorist and satirist in the truest sense of the word. This is evident from his vivid, quaint description of the strange manufactured idols and images of worship, from his curious and vivid picture of female luxury and fashion in his day.

The events of his time may be summed up in two momentous occurrences. The first was the advance of the Assyrians upon the small states of Syria and Palestine, paralyzing their national consciousness, and with this also their national religions. Judah was not destroyed like Samaria, but its independence was lost, and it was the prophet's chief political task to enable his country to adjust itself to the new conditions. As a politician Isaiah's maxim was "no politics." He strongly dissuaded Ahaz from entangling himself with Assyria, but when his advice was disregarded and Judah became subject to Assyria he resisted with equal strenuousness all attempts to throw off the Assyrian yoke.

The second occurrence was the fall of Samaria, by which the mission of united Israel became the heritage of Judah alone. During all these troublous times Isaiah was the leading statesman of his country.

Isaiah was filled with fear of a vision because it was a vision of God, and the Hebrews believed that no one could see God and live. Isaiah loved God, and instinctively he prepared to join his voice to the seraphic chant, but ere the harmony could pass his lips he caught his breath and was dumb. A horrible sense of uncleanness seized him.

One of the bright seraphs, "glowing as with fire, and with wings like the lightning flash," took a hot stone with tongs from the altar and touched Isaiah's lips with it in token of purification. The hot stone is a stone kept in all ancient Oriental households as a means of applying heat to household purposes.

Why does Jehovah seek a man to go on his errands, when he has the winged seraphs? Because men can reach men better than angels can. Only once did God choose a completely sinless preacher. Always, but that once, God has chosen sinful men; and, not seldom, the most sinful of men he could get to speak to their fellow-men about sin and salvation. Isaiah was quick to offer himself as the messenger, because he felt himself, with his sin removed, both fit and able for service, and wanted to show his gratitude for what had been done for him.

How does this marvelous chapter apply to our nation and to home missions? It contains a message of doom and a message of hope and promise. Which shall it be for our nation? The former, if Christians are heedless of the great work before them, to evangelize the masses of our fellow-countrymen that do not know Christ. The latter, if home missions are earnestly promoted, in the spirit and power of our Lord.

One of the chief problems of home missions is the large number of foreign immigrants. When the United States is prosperous more than a million of these come to our shores every year, and about three-fourths of them remain. The large majority of present-day immigrants come from Italy, Austria, Hungary and Russia, the European lands that are farthest removed from our civilization. In proportion to their numbers, the foreigners in the United States furnish two and one-half times as many criminals as the natives. Illiteracy among foreigners is three times as great as among the native whites, and pauperism also is three times as prevalent. Europe alone could send us 3,000,000 immigrants every year indefinitely, while its own population still increased.

Home missionaries meet the immigrant at Ellis Island and give him a Bible and a word of kindly advice. The American Bible society sends its colporteurs into the most neglected regions. The American Sunday school union organizes Sunday schools wherever a few can be brought together, and from these schools many churches spring. Our churches give to home missions more than \$10,000,000 every year, and the denominational home-mission boards are pushing aggressively into all the needy territory. There are many bright spots in the home mission field.