

The Wind at the Door. As daylight darkened on the dewless grass There still, with no one come by me, To stay awhile at home by me. Within the house, now dumb by me, I sat me still, as evening-tide did pass.

And there a wind-blast shook the rattling door, And seem'd, as wind did moan wakened, As if my love alone without, And standing on the stone without, Had there come back, with happiness once more.

I went to door, and out from trees, above My head, upon the blast by me Sweet blossoms there were cast by me, As if my love had pass'd by me, And flung them down, a token of her love.

Sweet blossoms of the tree where now I mourn, I thought, if you did blow for her, For apples that should grow for her, And fall red-ripe below for her, O, then how happily I should see you kern.

But no, too soon my fond illusion broke, No comely soul in white like her, No fair one tripping light like her, No wife of comely height like her, Went by, but all my grief again awoke.

—William Barnes in New York Tribune.

Mothering the Seagraves.

To mother a family of five seemed a large undertaking for an undersized person of twenty-two; but when Mrs. Seagrave died suddenly there was no one who could conveniently step into the sadly vacant place except Gertrude, John Seagrave's very much younger sister.

"But Gertrude," said John, "has always been old for her years and grown-up for her size. If Claudine were like her we shouldn't need anybody. But Claudine—"

The family knew Claudine. It was impossible to imagine that irresponsible damsel mothering anything. Even her dolls had always depended on their own youthful aunts for clothing.

"It's a great responsibility," warned the married cousin with whom Gertrude lived, "and I'm not at all sure that you're big enough for it, you're such a little mite."

"I'm twenty-two," said Gertrude, "and I weigh ninety-six pounds, which is a lot for me. I've been graduated from a high school and a normal, I've been a substitute teacher in the training-school ever so many times, and I'm going to make such a fine substitute mother that nobody will ever dream that I'm not a real one. Poor Louise! Nobody could help being good to her children."

The young Seagraves welcomed their diminutive aunt effusively. Matilda Beanson had been temporarily managing the household for the past fortnight. When Matilda managed anything she did it thoroughly.

"Goodness!" cried Claudine. "What a joke to have an aunt of your size and age! Are you sure you're a real aunt and not a just-make-believe one? Your letters always sounded a lot more grown-up. How are you ever going to manage us? Even little Bettina is almost as big as you are."

"Corporal punishment has gone out of fashion," said Gertrude, with a twinkle in her nice brown eyes. "I think we'll get along all right. Is this Bailey? My! What a nice, big fifteen-year-old!"

"Matilda Beanson washed his ears this morning," confided Claudine, wickedly. "I guess she's had everything in the house scrubbed with lye. It's hideous to be so clean and tidy and proper. Nora would have left forty times this week if we hadn't taken turns staying in the kitchen, begging her not to."

her glove. "That's the secret! Gertrude talks like a man, with father, she's just a girl with me, and when she's with Bettina she's just a dear little tot of five! And which ever one of us she is, she's a complete dear."

But if things went smoothly for the rest of the Seagraves, it is not certain that there were no rough places for Gertrude. She seemed to do things easily—so easily, indeed, that no one realized that she was obliged to be ever alert and watchful in order to meet the various needs of the different members of her family.

Besides, it was no light task, even with enthusiastic helpers and a comfortable income, to keep a large house in order, to keep five growing young persons properly clad, to plan three wholesome meals a day at regular hours. Yet Gertrude did all this, and added in many ingenious ways besides to the pleasures of her little flock.

"I don't want them to miss anything," she wrote to her cousin, "that their own mother would have given them."

Of course, with so much else on her hands, Gertrude had little time for outside interests, yet she had half-laughingly, half-earnestly joined the Mothers' Club when Mrs. Newcomb had suggested it.

"If anybody needs to go to such meetings," said Gertrude, modestly, "I do, because it is certainly harder to begin with a family of five than it is with just one solitary infant. I suppose I had escaped all teaching troubles, but dear me! Here is Bettina losing her first teeth, Donald getting twelfth-year molars, Kittle having to be reminded every night to brush her teeth, Bailey roaring three nights out of five with toothache, Claudine with a lump on her gum that she thinks is a wisdom-tooth—and John breaking out occasionally with ulcerated grind-ers."

"The human race," returned Mrs. Newcomb, "never gets over teaching. Then you'll join the club?"

"Yes, indeed! I'm troubled this minute about the length of Claudine's skirts and whether or not Bettina should eat pickles."

The meetings were decidedly pleasant. The mothers and Gertrude carried their work, drank tea, and talked about their children. That is, the real mothers talked, while the listless one, as she called herself, listened. Some of them did fancy-work. Gertrude either made garments for Bettina or darned stockings for Donald.

At first she enjoyed meeting the real mothers very much indeed, and they seemed to enjoy seeing her, and when the substitute had mothered her brother's flock for a little more than a year, she became conscious that things were not as they had been. The change was almost imperceptible at first. Then it grew more and more noticeable.

The week after Washington's birthday there was no longer any doubt about it. The Mothers' Club had turned cold. Mrs. Darwin no longer greeted Gertrude effusively. Mrs. Bacon no longer called her "You dear little mouse!" Mrs. Boswell, always a moderately chilly person, was now positively frosty. Gertrude racked her conscience for possible misdeeds.

"I can't think of a thing," she said to herself, "that I've left undone; yet I suppose I've failed somewhere in something that a real mother would have known about. But what? Donald is too fat, Kittle's hair is just at the unmanageable length, and I can't let out tucks fast enough to keep up with Claudine's inches; but surely they must see that I'm doing the best I can."

And now Mrs. Gaskell, whose wit was ever razorlike, was speaking sarcastically, yet with evident feeling. She was laying great stress on the trials of real mothers, with the "real" very much emphasized. The other women seemed to understand and approve; but the unreal mother was all at sea. There was a vacant chair on each side of her—the coldness had turned to acute disapproval. Each resentful mother had some personal grievance. Not one of those women meant to be unkind, yet the combined sum of those separate resentments made a much bigger total than any one person in the room—except Gertrude—realized.

Altogether, it was a big, tangible, unconsciously cruel thing. Gertrude saw it, felt it, and suffered because of it.

She looked about the circle. No, she could not ask Mrs. Darwin—Mrs. Darwin always evaded direct questions. Nor Mrs. Bacon, for that lady would shift all responsibility to other shoulders. Nor icy Mrs. Boswell, whom no one was ever brave enough to question. Nor cynical Mrs. Gaskell, whose kindest speeches left one binding up wounds.

Then, as Gertrude's wistful eyes went gravely from face to face round the circle, little Mrs. Spencer, the mother of one phenomenally comfortable infant, rose from her place, crossed the room, and slipped into the chair next Gertrude's.

"What good buttonholes!" said she, leaning closer to examine the substitute mother's work.

"What is it?" pleaded Gertrude. "What have I done?"

"Nothing to worry about. Hush! I'll tell you about it afterward. It's really absurd."

Mrs. Spencer, "and let the club bot over." The club "boiled over." Then the mothers went by ones and twos to congratulate Gertrude.

"It isn't fair," complained Mrs. Bacon, "for you to do more for those children than we can possibly do for ours. It makes ours discontented."

"No," declared Mrs. Gaskell, "it is precisely like paying more wages to a cook than the rest of a community can possibly pay—people hate you if you do it."

"My daughter tells me," said Mrs. Bacon, bitterly, "that you never let any sort of a holiday, however unimportant, go uncelebrated. It's all I can do to feed my family week-days without observing every trifling occasion that comes along. A valentine party for Claudine and a George Washington party for Donald, all in one month! Yes, of course, the calendar—but you might have skipped one."

"Harold," stated Mrs. Boswell, frigidly, "almost invariably stood at the head of all his classes until you took to cramming Bailey. Harold now reproaches me for not being competent—the books have all changed since my time—to cram him. You're a great deal too good to those children. You've outmothered motherhood!"

Gertrude forewarned and forearmed, met the mothers graciously, and, veiling the twinkle in her eye, promised moderation.

"You see," she pleaded, apologetically, "my family is only one year old, and five infants of that age are a good many for a twenty-three-year-old mother to get used to at once. Perhaps I am overdoing the motherhood business. You'll have to teach me your way."

After that the club was again serene. Gertrude still mothered her flock conscientiously, but now enthusiasm was tempered with moderation.

"Claudine," said she, on the next red-letter day, "I wanted to give you six birthday presents, but I've cut it down to three—and I'll take those back if you brag about them outside. You see, we must give the other mothers a chance to catch up."

"They're a long way behind," said Claudine, with an arm about her small aunt. "You haven't forgotten your own infancy—that's why you have them all handicapped."

"Nothing but natural ability!" sighed Gertrude. "Dear me! I supposed it the result of deep thought. But it will take deep thought to give you good times that are just good enough and not too good."—Youth's Companion.

THE BABY WEAKLING. Doctor Has Plan to Strengthen Race By Killing It.

The theory of the survival of the fittest has a new champion in Dr. Andrew Christian, a successful Back Bay physician, big, athletic and thirty years of age.

"If mothers would be willing to have their children quietly put to sleep forever when they are very young and show signs of deformity or degeneracy, the world would be better," he said today. "Of course that could not be unless the woman could be educated up to the fact that it would be the kindest way to end a life which will be of no use to itself or any one else."

"If I myself had a little child born, and it was deformed or showed that it would be mentally weak, then I would be willing that it should be put to death with no suffering, and it would be the prudent thing to do, because it would save it from untold suffering later. This may seem harsh, but it really isn't."

"A board of overseers of marriages is what we want," he continued. "The race is degenerating and some radical change must be made soon or we will in time have only idiots and imbeciles. Just take for example what Luther Burbank has accomplished with the flowers. Even more can be done with human beings and greater results obtained."

"Only the fit should marry, only those who are mentally and physically normal and sane, those whose ancestors were clean of life and well balanced mentally."

"To be born under right conditions with as nearly perfect mother and father, mentally and physically, as possible is the heritage of every child, and the man or the woman who cheats a child of that heritage is committing a double crime, one against the child and one against society."

"The board of overseers I suggest would understand thoroughly physiology, psychology and sociology. I should think doctors, appointed by the State, would be best. These could have lists of people in that State and so far as possible of their ancestry. They could then decide a certain period of time to look the individuals up before deciding whether a couple were fit to marry."—Boston special to the New York World.

Return to Farm.....

Some Indications That Rush to City May Cease.

Had there been no change in proportional employment since 1870 we would have three and a half million more farmers than we have to-day. On the other hand, we would have 890,000 less manufacturers, 2,000,000 less persons in trade and transportation and 500,000 fewer in professional work.

Much has been written about the deserted farms of New England, and the flocking of farm lads from everywhere to the cities, to engage in other occupations that that of their fathers.

Reliable history says that shortly before the Revolutionary War ninety-seven per cent. of our people were farmers. One hundred years later (census of 1870) less than forty-eight per cent. (47.4 per cent.) were engaged in agriculture. At that rate, another seventy years would close out the industry altogether, but it is not going on at that rate now, and, what is more, it is not going forward nearly as fast as twenty years ago.

It looks very much as though the next census may show a comparative halt in the change from farm to city occupations, for the last ten years shows very little loss. Does it indicate a reversed swing of the pendulum?

To rightly understand the situation, we must look at the actual number of farmers, as well as the percentages, for, in spite of the decreased percentages, the farm workers have increased in numbers from nearly six million (5,922,471) in 1870, to over ten million (10,381,765) in 1900. Nor does that tell the whole of that side of the story, for those thirty years represent a period of the most remarkable advance in the use and efficiency of farm machinery ever known. Therefore it is probably safe to say that a million farmers to-day are quite the equivalent of two million thirty years ago in the planting and harvesting of food crops, and those are important items in agriculture. At any rate, our farmers are supplying the nation (that is now almost twice as large as thirty years ago) more generously than ever before, and in addition they are sending away more than twice as much to supply other nations as they were sending thirty years ago.

While the supply of food and of clothing fibres is important, that of brain and brawn is more so. The reduced proportion of farmers has not reduced the relative supply of material products, but, rather, that relative supply has been increased. Has it reduced the rural supply of brain and brawn that is the real fundamental of national endurance?

It is now, and ever has been, from the farms that have come, by large odds, the major supply of our captains of government, captains of manufacture, captains of trade, captains of transportation and captains of intellect in all our great activities. From colonial farms and cabins sprang such leaders as Adams, Otis and Patrick Henry. From farmer stock all our earlier and many of our later Presidents were drawn.

The training and influence of nature incident to farm life are of vast importance in the development of American boyhood. The early rising, the steady training of muscle, heart and lungs that comes of axe and plow and harvest time, of breaking colts and driving flocks and gathering fruits, of hunting days and fishing days and wrestling bouts, together with the plain yet savory foods such as abound in most American farm homes, build a physical foundation fit to stand the furious strains that come to the captains of the nation in winning their marvelous, successive victories.

The sweep of the winds, the songs of the birds, the beauty and fragrance of the wild flowers, the glory of sunrise and of sunset, the very silence of the open limitless country, build into the life of expanding childhood and of opening manhood a touch of reverence and of generosity to which the artificial environment of town life is a compulsory stranger.

The broad view of field and of forest, of plain and of mountain, the great stretches of cultivated areas, the long country roads, going on and on forever, the ceaseless flow of springs and streams, the quiet constant growth of crops, the direct and unconventional argument of plain-speaking neighbors, build into men's lives a breadth of view, a sense of correlation and a steady power that can come from no other source.

Add to this fact that the rural schools are better now than ever before, the rural homes have more books and newspapers, and at many a farmer's fireside the multi-educating telephone is adding its insistent

training power to mental development, and we are justified in judging that the intellectual potentialities of the rural forces are quite as much increased as those of the material side. Therefore we are further justified in concluding that the sources of efficient leadership are not decreased by the relative shrinkage in agricultural employment.

So much for the change in agricultural occupation—a loss of nearly twelve per cent. in thirty years in relative numbers, a gain of seventy-five per cent. in absolute numbers, and a probable gain of 150 per cent. in absolute efficiency, both material and intellectual.

What about that twelve per cent. relative loss of numbers? Where have those three and a half million farm lads found their industrial homes in the great families of national occupations? There are four other chief groups of "persons employed in gainful occupations." Of these, manufacture leads by a relative net gain of nearly three per cent. in the thirty years (21.6 per cent. in 1870 and 24.4 per cent. in 1900). More than three per cent. from 1880 to 1890. Since that date a small relative loss. So small a gain in the thirty years will doubtless be a disappointment to many readers who, during the past twenty years, have read of the wonderful strides made by manufacture in the United States. We must therefore look at the absolute as well as the relative side of the subject, as we did of agriculture. This shows a little over seven million persons (7,085,992) in 1900, as against about three millions (2,707,421) engaged in manufacture and mechanical employments, in 1870, and a product increased from a little over \$4,000,000,000 to \$13,000,000,000. Again, there is no escaping the fact that improvements in machinery have more than made up for the relatively small gain in proportion of total wage earners. However, this surprisingly small net gain of persons accounts for about one-fourth of the boys that have left the farm since 1870.

The next smaller group of wage winners ("Domestic and Personal Service") shows so little change in the thirty years as to make it evident that very few of the farmer boys have chosen employment in that group. It may, therefore, be he have left the farm since 1870.

The next smaller group of wage ("Trade and Transportation") shows the greatest gain of all. Much over half, nearly two-thirds, of the missing farm lads have chosen employment in the enormously developing mercantile and transportation industries centering in the chief cities and branching out into smaller towns and hamlets of every part of our great domain.

The professional workers, although comprising the smallest group, have attracted practically all of the rest of the missing farm boys. About one-sixth of them have entered "Professional Service"; that group that includes literary workers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen, legislators and others who contribute directly to the potentiality of the civilizing forces of the nation.

If we note the absolute increase of workers in each group of industries and compare those advances, two striking facts appear: 1. Agriculture drops below the position of total population, thus again indicating its relative loss. 2. The two groups having the lesser number of workers have each gained almost 300 per cent. in the thirty years.

Now to recapitulate: From 1870 to 1900 agriculture has made a net proportional loss of nearly twelve per cent. as among all "persons engaged in gainful occupations." That is, if the same proportion of all income winners were now (1900) farmers, as in 1870, there would be nearly three and a half million (3,401,000) more farmers than there are. Of these abstruding farm lads, over three fourths of a million (841,000) are in manufacture. Almost exactly two million (2,006,000) are in trade and transportation and a little over half a million (523,000) in professional service.

In spite of the relative loss of numbers, the potentiality of the agricultural element has rather gained than lost in both physical and mental force. Quite as evident is the potential gain over gain in numbers, in manufacture, in trade and transportation and in the professions: for the gain in the number of workers, large as it is, cannot account for the remarkable output of results that have contributed so mightily to the eminent position now held by this nation among the world powers.—Harper's Weekly.

Although the use of spices for the purpose of heightening the flavor of food is almost universal, it is generally recognized that their influence on digestion is detrimental. Some experiments recently carried out tend to prove that while spices stimulate the motor functions of the stomach, they progressively impair the secretory functions, and in the long run inhibit the production of hydrochloric acid. On the whole, therefore, the ingestion of spices hinders, rather than accelerates digestion, though an exception may be made in respect of persons in whom slowness of digestion is due to a deficiency of muscular activity on the part of the stomach, and also possibly of the victims of hyperacidity.

A witness was examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates of the asylum. "You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked. "I do," was the firm reply. "Why are you so sure?" "The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus." "And," said the lawyer, "you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?" "I do." "Why?" "Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself."—San Francisco Argonaut.

William street, to New York City, was known as "Horse and Cart street" back in the eighteenth century.

Spices and Indigestion.

A Useful Witness.

Slip of the Tongue.

The German workman who has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for sticking out his tongue at the Emperor has reason to complain of so severe a sentence for a mere lapsus linguae.—New York Evening Post.

Dead is Apache Kid, Of him the world's well wiled; The Kid has had his day, Has played his play— Gun play mostly he did, Did Apache Kid.

A coward, lying hid The chapparal amid, He shot, and shot to kill, Those whom he owed no ill, And sometimes those he did, Did Apache Kid.

Now, the sneaking horse thief and bum To a grewsome end has come— His head not deemed worth the sum Set on it. It was not able To fetch its price; but bears a label As it decks a doctor's table.

The last of the Bad Men of yore, Bad, rotten to the core, The picturesque name he wore— Not needlessly to flout him— Was the one picturesque thing about him, We're better off without him— And it took six men to rout him. —H. G. P., in the New York Tribune.

The feller that's allus tellin' what a wonderful woman his wife is generally hax t' smoke in th' kitchen.—Abe Martin.

City Man—"Has your wife a good cook now?" Suburbanite—"I don't know; I have not been home since morning."—Pioneer Press.

"Yes, I'm going abroad at once. I gotta go." "Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you." "I got this from a lawyer."—Washington Herald.

Maudie—"When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees?" Pater—"Well, I didn't notice just where he fell."—New York Evening Mail.

This is the faith that is in it; Joy ain't a runnin' away; World wasn't made in a minute, An' 'Tribble ain't comin' to stay! —Atlanta Constitution.

Sillicus—"When would you say that a man reaches the age of discretion?" Cynicus—"When he realizes that he is too old to marry."—Philadelphia Record.

Those who are constantly seeking to kill time make the poorest companions. Their whole life is an acknowledgment that they themselves are not interesting.—Life.

Daughter—"But he is so full of absurd ideals." Mother—"Never mind that, dear. Your father was just the same before I married him."—Town and Country.

"I suppose," she said, with fine sarcasm, "you were sitting up with a friend?" "No, m'dear," replied he, truthfully, "I was settin' 'em up with a friend."—Houston Post.

Blinks—"The first principle of anarchism is to divide with your fellow-man, is it not?" Winks—"No. The first principle is to make your fellow-man divide with you."—Chicago Daily News.

For rheumatism take a bee, Then get it; The sting is recommended, and Will either cure the pain, or you'll Forget it. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes," said the sentimental youth, "there is no doubt of her devotion. She treasures all my letters." "That," said Miss Cayenne, "may be devotion. And then again it may be foresight."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Randall—"That woman in brown is Mrs. Smith. She says she has had appendicitis six times." Mrs. Rogers—"Impossible. She told me she's had it three times." Mrs. Randall—"I know; but since then some one has registered who has had it four times."—Judge.

Agent—"Excuse me, but have you a piano?" Shortleigh—"Yes." Agent—"Well, I have an automatic attachment for pianos that I'd like to show you." Shortleigh—"Nothing doing. Our piano has a sheriff's attachment on it, and I guess that will hold it for a while."—Chicago Daily News.

Not Above Buttons. The late Henrik Ibsen upheld the superiority of women in his dramas, but in real life he considered them inferior to men in many lines of usefulness generally, classed as feminine. For example, his friend, John Paulsen, says in the London Times that one of Ibsen's maxims was:

"No woman could write a cookbook and no woman can sew a button on fast."

He lived up to the latter part of his dictum. When he detected a loose button on any of his garments, he retreated to his own den, locked himself in, and with elaborate preparation sewed the button on.

He took as much pains with the job as he would with the final, fair copy of one of his plays. Then he used to brag about the performance, saying that he would not put trust in a button sewn on by any woman—not even by his wife.

His wife used to laugh with a quaintly ironical expression on these occasions. She confided to Paulsen that she secretly resewed all the buttons that the poet had sewn, sewed them as only a woman can, she said. He always forgot to fasten the thread, and the buttons would come off in a few days if she did not look after them.

"But don't deceive him," the faithful wife added, appealingly; "it makes him so happy to think that he does it."

The Duke of Orleans, who has already explored hitherto unknown territory at the extreme north of Greenland, has just left Christiania for a fresh voyage to the polar seas on his stout little yacht, the Belgica.