

## THE COOKY MOON.

The cooky moon hangs in the evening  
And when it is gone, why the Moon man  
sings,  
"All sugary, round and sweet;  
I suppose it was hung way up so high  
So no one would get it to eat;  
But still there's a way to get a bite  
For good little girls and boys  
If only they go to sleep at night  
Without any fuss or noise.  
So close one peeper and shut one eye  
So that we'll reach it soon,  
All the babies from By-to-by,  
All the darlings of Drowsy-eye,  
From Nap-on-a-Lap and Sleepy-sigh,  
On pillows of clouds piled high, so high,  
To come to the cooky moon."  
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Woman's Home Companion.



## RUNAWAY SLAVE: A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME

By ROBERT EUGENE McALPINE.

The full moon shone brightly upon the streets of Rome; the cool breeze invited many to leave their close apartments and come out for a breath of fresh air. The streets and broad plazas were gay with the multitudes, whose varied costumes, speech and complexion showed that they came from every land.

Presently a youth in Syrian costume turned the corner of an alley and began to drift aimlessly with the crowds. Though strong of limb and supple in body, yet the dejected look on his handsome face showed that health of body does not always give quiet of mind. The elation of youth was lacking; he seemed to feel himself on the losing side in the battle of life.

Among the babble of sounds, just then his ear caught words in his own tongue. A middle-aged man and woman passed him, the man telling her something most earnestly; a moment more and he began to sing gently. To the surprise of the now eagerly listening youth, the song proved to be a Christian hymn which he remembered having heard. Instantly the scenes of his past life flashed over his mind and he seemed to gain fresh strength and hope from the recall. Following these new friends till convinced that they were Christians, he ventured to address them in their own tongue:

"Pardon me, friends, but would you be kind enough to help a fellow-countryman? I have but lately come to Rome, and though I have sought earnestly for work, there seems to be no place for me. My money is nearly all gone, and if I do not soon find some honest way to live, my case will be desperate."

"Ah, who are you and where do you come from?"

"That is a long story, but I am from the Taurus Mountains in Cappadocia, the same region from which you evidently come, and I am an honest man in search of work."

"Poor boy," said the woman. "You are very young to be so far from home and so adrift in the world. Where is your mother?"

"Dead, madam, and my father also. They were murdered by a band of mountain robbers," and the boy had a struggle to repress a sob.

"Ah, well, we must not keep you standing here. We are on our way to a Christian service; would you mind going with us?"

"I should be most happy to go with you."

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, I know very little about the sect, but I threw away a good opportunity to learn it, which I now regret, for what I then saw makes me believe it more than mere superstition, and in my present friendless state, I think it might tend to give me strength and courage."

Such frank questioning and reply drew them together and by the time the place of meeting was reached, they seemed like old friends. Sitting down among the waiting people, the quiet calm of the place seemed to bring peace to his spirit. And when the aged preacher stood up, the tones of his voice thrilled the youth like noble music. Though his stature was small and his silvery locks and bronzed face revealed much hardship, yet the clear light in his eye and the warm glow of his message, made the hearers forget all thought of weakness of his body. The Syrian youth seemed to drink in the words of the Gospel with eager ears; so deeply was he impressed that he asked for more instruction at the end of the service. His new friends introduced him to several, and presently to the great preacher himself; they told of his desire for the truth, and also of his life-story as far as they knew it.

The aged man listened kindly, asked a few questions, and then laying a gentle hand on the youth, said, "I think it is the wish of our Master that you come and abide with me for the present. My friend, Luke, the beloved physician, has been taking care of me, but of late he is so occupied with the Gospel message that I should not take his time for my bodily wants. If you will make your home with me, you can assist my waning strength much, and I will gladly tell you of our blessed Lord and the salvation through Him." So it came about that young Onesimus—for that was his name—was taken into the home of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and was specially charged with caring for his bodily needs. Willingly did he perform even the most menial service; for he loved and revered his master. And that master in turn took the handsome, gentle youth to his very heart, giving him a love next to that toward Timothy, the more than son.

This very love between them tended to melt away all barriers of re-

serve. One day after a long conversation concerning the things of the Kingdom of Heaven, the master, looking earnestly at the youth, said:

"Tell me more fully your life-story, Onesimus; your up-bringing was not plebeian; that is quite clear."

"No, master it was not. The most of my life has been spent in comfort. My father was the wealthiest man in the village where we lived; our home was luxurious for that region, and my education was the best that could be obtained."

"Yes, your speech shows that, and your hands are not yet hardened by toil. But how did you drift so far from that happy home?"

"Assuredly it was not of my own choosing, but as you perhaps have learned, that home was broken up and destroyed by a roving band of robbers. When they attacked the town, my father led the villagers, who tried to resist them, but he and most of his company were slain. The invaders swept down upon us and came straight to our home. My mother was ruthlessly cut down as she sought to protect my only sister; the home was robbed of everything valuable, then burned; my sister and I were bound and carried off to be sold as slaves, and since that awful day I have never seen her. The robbers carried me blindfolded to their mountain stronghold where I suffered great bodily hardship and intense anguish of spirit. After many months, one day I was hastily summoned, blindfolded and presently handed over to a passing caravan of merchants to whom I had been

sold as a slave. These men took me to the city of Colossae and exposed me there for sale in the slave market. Very soon I was purchased and taken to the home of a wealthy man named Philemon."

"Ah! Where was he from? Was he a Christian?"

"He had not lived long in Colossae, and I think he came from Ephesus, but am not certain. Yes, he was a good man, and his kind treatment of me was the first thing that impressed me with the idea that his religion was good."

"The very same! Did he have a grown son? And was his wife named Apphia?"

"You seem to know his family. He has a grown son named Archippus, who is also like the parents, an active Christian worker."

"Most assuredly I know that family, seeing I baptized both the parents and the infant son, but I have not seen them for years. The pastor of that church, Epaphras, is my fellow-prisoner here at Rome and he has told me many things about the church there which Philemon helped him to found. The young man, Archippus, is now acting-pastor during the absence of Epaphras. And so you were in the home of my friend, Philemon? But tell me, how did you come here if you were his servant? I fear you took matters into your own hands and fled?"

"Yes, that is exactly the case, but surely you do not think I did wrong in escaping from slavery, do you? True, my master was a kind man, and now as I look back upon it all, it may be that he was planning to instruct me in the Gospel; for he always tried to have me in to the services with the other servants. But my heart was bitter over the terrible fate which had befallen our entire family. I saw no reason why I should tamely submit to slavery who had the rather been accustomed to have slaves of my own. So fierce was my spirit that all the kindness of my master was lost on me, and I determined to escape. This was the easier to accomplish because of the gentle control in that household. There is only one thing that I regret, and that is that I stole some gold from my master to help me in making my way to other lands. By this means I was enabled to come to

this city. And was not the hand of God in it so that I was led to you?"

"Yes, truly it was the goodness of God which led you to us; but, my son, your own heart tells you that the taking of that gold was wrong—it was, in fact, a theft. And as to the question of your bondage; true, God is our Father, and He would have all men to be brethren; if the Spirit of Jesus ruled in the hearts of men, all slavery and oppression would disappear. This is our hope and prayer, but to accomplish it, we must employ peaceful means; in meekness and humility, we must instruct men, and until they become willing of themselves to act out the mind of the Master, we His servants must carefully obey the laws. By no means must we use violence in order to cause violence to cease among others, for thereby we ourselves should become breakers of the law. We must be subject to rulers, and servants must obey their masters in the flesh, working heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men. He that doeth wrong, whether servant or master, shall receive again for the wrong he hath done, for there is no respect of persons with God. My son, I know it is hard, but you must return."

"What! Leave you! Leave my newly obtained freedom of body and spirit, and return to slavery? And what about the gold?"

"It is hard for me also, for as you know, I have learned to love you as my own child; and, too, I need your help. But your duty is clear; you must return to your master and serve him till the Lord gives you honorable permission to have your liberty."

"As for the gold, I will assume that debt myself. Just at this time I am engaged in writing a letter to the church at Colossae which Tychicus is to bear to them. You shall go with him, and by you I will send a special letter to my old friend, your master, and I am well assured he will gladly receive you in my stead and do for you more than I shall ask of him. Yes, my dear son, I grieve to part with you, but it must be done."

And so it came to pass that not many days thereafter the messengers received the precious letters, said a touching farewell to the reverend teacher with whom another meeting in the flesh was most doubtful, and set their faces to the rising sun. Of their reception by the church at Colossae and of the subsequent treatment which Onesimus received at the hands of his former master, the record does not speak; but we may

## GARDEN, FARM and CROPS

### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

#### Kindness to Cows.

The old cow will get up without being kicked. You wouldn't think of arousing the children from warm beds with the vigorous blow from the boot. Kindness is always as effective, or more so, with the cows than with children. If a farmer has a kind heart in him the cow will find it out in numerous ways.—Farmers' Home Journal.

#### Start of Alfalfa.

Alfalfa was first brought to Kansas by the late Harrison Parkman, of Emporia. Mr. Parkman first saw alfalfa growing in Chile. He brought the seed to America and in the late seventies he went to Emporia to live. He sowed alfalfa in a farm which he bought and the plant prospered. It was slow in gaining popularity in Kansas, but is now one of the state's most important forage crops.

#### The Leaf Hoppers.

The small insects known as leaf hoppers may do greater damage than supposed. They are very abundant on low growing herbage and have been shown by Professor Osborn to bring about a very extensive although probably unnoticed injury to forage plants in large grazing ranges in the west as well as in pasture lands in the east. He shows that on an acre of pasture land there frequently exist a million leaf hoppers and that they eat as much if not more grass than a cow. One of the species is responsible for the stories of "weeping trees," which are seen in the newspapers. These insects in all stages of growth eject a fluid spray, when disturbed and when occurring abundantly on trees, if the trees are shaken, what seems almost like a shower of rain will fall. One of these weeping tree mysteries so called, in Texas, some years ago, caused much newspaper speculation with various ridiculous explanations. It took a brave newspaper reporter to solve the mystery, by climbing the tree to investigate.—Indiana Farmer.

#### Trees for Posts and Lumber.

On every farm there should be from three to five acres of trees planted and cultivated for posts and lumber. On western farms the planting should be done in the draws where the soil is rich and water nearest the surface. It will be well enough if the grove is planted in the pasture. The trees of course while young should be fenced and protected from the stock. When the trees are beyond damage from the stock the grove can be thrown open and used for shade in summer and wind break in winter.

#### Where the Farmer Wins.

The cheapest eggs, like the cheapest butter and cheese, are made by the man with plenty of land. The farmer who will pay due attention to care of his poultry and to marketing the product need not fear the competition of the village lot and the city backyard. The farmer lays out no money for fancy buildings or fences. His birds forage part of their own living and improve in vigor. They find for themselves what the town poultry keeper has to buy at much expense, only to find his flock surely losing vitality after a year or two in close quarters. Yet some farmers continue to throw away their advantage by treating their pens as if farm land sold at about \$1 a foot. Thus on one farm the seventy-five pure bred hens brought in over \$300, or just about the same as the seven cows on the farm, yet the farmer grudged the hens the small half acre they received out of the sixty. With two acres set with fruit trees the hens would have done still better and the cows scarcely have known the difference.—American Cultivator.

#### Controlling Nature.

Everybody knows that of late years natural forces have been wonderfully subjected to man's need. We are dazzled by the spectacular achievements in steam and electricity, but are likely to forget the less noisy but no less marvelous conquest of animal and plant life.

#### The Citizen and the Press.

"The papers are afraid to say anything," sneered the first citizen. "Some people don't feel that way about it," replied the other. "Ever run for office?"

#### Alligator Pear Here.

One of the novelties with which the dealers in fruits are tempting palates these days is the alligator pear, or avocado, an import from South America. The first thing that occurs to a person seeing this fruit for the first time is to wonder why it is called an "alligator pear," or a "pear" at all, for that matter. In general appearance it resembles far more closely a giant green fig. Its skin sprinkled thickly with tiny black spots, to which the qualifying half of its name may, perhaps, be due.

#### His Yearning.

"I hope," said the young orator, "that my speeches make people yearn for better things." "They do," answered the relentless critic. "They make us yearn to be at home asleep."

## "Gluten" Bread and Cracker Frauds

By CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

When starch must be eliminated from a sick man's diet, white bread is the first thing tabooed, and then follow potatoes and other over-charged starchy cereals. It is a serious matter for the patient to be denied bread, and so the pathway is smoothed out and the doctor prescribes "gluten" bread, because gluten is not a carbohydrate, and "gluten" bread is supposed to be free from starch.

What is gluten? Well, spend ten minutes and find out—not all about it, but something about it. Obtain a heaping tablespoonful of white flour. Add a little water to it, in a saucer, and dough it into a compact ball. Turn on the tap in the sink, and let the water drip upon your hands as you roll the ball between your palms. The ball will grow less and less, and the water will be white with starch cells held in suspension. In ten minutes, more or less, the water will run clean and clear, and you appear to have a nodule of yellow, firm, vegetable gum, which you are tempted to call "pure" gluten. Become a gum chewer for once, and keep a-chewing for a couple of hours. At the end of this time the quantity of gluten is less than when you took it from the hydrant. What has happened? You have simply mechanically crushed and broken the gummy mass, exposing the infinitesimally fine starch cells to the moisture of the mouth, and the washings out of the raw insoluble starch has continued, just an extension of the sink-washing process, with greater mechanical elaboration to expose the entangled starch cell. Now take the piece of gluten to an analytic chemist. When his report comes in, you read starch fifteen or eighteen, or maybe twenty per cent.; gluten, eighty-five, eighty-two or eighty per cent., and begin to appreciate for the first time what real gluten is.

Where a case is a desperate one, and starch or no starch will turn the balance of life, it is very easy to procure and analyze a sample of the flour or cracker of "gluten" the patient is to use. Such a course would save a physician many a perplexing hour, and maybe an esteemed patient now and then.

Gluten is a word to conjure with. There is for sale in London and Paris a gluten bread that is much like baked horn or glue, but it is a step toward gluten, although it may contain twenty to twenty-five per cent. of starch.

The fact is, nothing short of an intricate installation will produce pure gluten, and that at a price which is quite prohibitive. Some of the gluten breads on the market may have a portion of their starch eliminated, while others have little claim to any use of the name.—Scientific American.

#### Buck Fever.

The saying, "A fool for luck," was never more clearly illustrated than in a little anecdote told by Colonel Evans in his book on California. The author speaks of "buck fever" as being one of the most violent diseases which ever attacked the human system. It has been the undoing of many an experienced hunter, but in the case cited by Colonel Evans it proved to be the making of a reputation. A farmer in Illinois named Wheeler had never fired a gun. One winter, however, he heard so much talk about the sport of hunting that his ambition became excited, and borrowing a gun he started out. When he came back he brought a magnificent buck, shot by himself square in the middle of the forehead. He said little about his achievement, but got the credit of being a crack shot, a reputation which, although he went hunting no more, he held for several years. Then one day he told his story and lost his name as a sportsman. He had seen a doe drinking out of a creek at the foot of a bluff about twenty feet high. With wild excitement he got his gun to his shoulder, shut his eyes, set his teeth and pulled the trigger. To his astonishment he saw the doe bound away unhurt, while at the same time a glorious buck pitched headlong from the bluff into the creek, stone dead.

The buck had been looking down at the doe, and Wheeler had not seen him at all, but his shaking gun sent his shot on a fatal although unintended errand.—Youth's Companion.

#### Gulls and Clams.

The discussion continues between those who think that all the acts of the lower animals are satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis of inherited instinct, and those who hold that there is an element of intelligence, if not of reasoning in these things. Mr. W. L. Finley, in a recent work on American birds, mentions an observation of his which may, perhaps, be explained either way, but which in any case is interesting. A gull seized upon a clam, and rising to a height of about fifteen feet, allowed it to fall upon hard ground. The clam kept its mouth shut. Again the gull rose with it to the same height and dropped it once more, with the same result. This operation was repeated fifteen times, when at last the shock had the desired effect, the shell was opened, and the gull enjoyed its dainty.—Youth's Companion.

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