

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide-blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtful sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes through you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

—Junata Stafford.

TED'S WHIPPING.

TED was not at the breakfast table when his father and mother were discussing his delinquencies. It was Saturday morning and he was upstairs in a wide, sunny room at the back of the house called the store room, though in reality it was given over to Ted as a work shop. He had taken his bread and milk breakfast early that morning, as he had an electrical device in his mind which he was developing from two tin cans and some copper wire, combined with a toy battery.

Ted was Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fuller's only child and in him rested the emphasis of their lives. He never had given them trouble before, and to speak of severe discipline in connection with Ted was a new and unpleasant sensation.

"He came home from school late again yesterday afternoon," his mother related, almost tearfully. "That was the third time it has occurred this week. The time before I told him it must never happen again. He promised me faithfully it should not and the very next afternoon he was late. I don't want to restrict him too much, but after school closes I want him to report at home and let me know what he intends to do. He promised me he would and then disobeyed me. I never knew Ted to be deliberately disobedient before," she lamented.

Ted's father listened with a frown of perplexity marking his brow. He was astonished to learn that Ted—joyous, sweet-tempered, ten years old—should be turning unruly.

"What do you think we should do?" he asked after a moment's thought.

His wife's voice was tremulous when she answered.

"I told him yesterday we should have to punish him. He would not explain what kept him and—and—"

she hesitated as if dreading to make the revelation. "Oh, Edward, he looked as though he had been fighting!"

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered at the enormity of Ted's offense.

The boy's father with difficulty restrained a smile, remembering like experiences of his own boyhood.

"Oh, well," he said cheerfully, "that is not such a terrible thing. Boys have to cool off with a fight once in a while."

"Edward!" his wife exclaimed in a voice filled with reproach, "that does not excuse his disobedience. For his own sake he must be held in control."

"No, he should not have disobeyed you," Ted's father admitted. "I suppose I shall have to whip him, but I'd rather take a beating myself. I believe that is what my father used to do to me when I kicked clear over the traces," he reflected.

His wife did not answer at once and he took her silence for consent. He got up from the table slowly and walked across the room, lingering on his steps. Mrs. Fuller, dreading the crisis she had precipitated, courted delay.

"Isn't there some other way?" she asked, pleadingly.

Ted's father shook his head. "As I remember," he said, "an interview with a switch was particularly effective. I was never hurt much, but it stung my pride so I was careful to avoid doing the things forbidden. We might as well have it over and I think, considering Ted's disposition, it is not likely to occur again."

By this time Ted's mother was in tears.

"Oh, Edward," she sobbed, "don't hurt him!"

She heard Ted come bounding down the stairs in a cheery, "All right, I'm coming," in answer to his father's summons.

She did not wait to hear more, but fled to her room, where she shut and locked the door. She flung herself on the couch and buried her head in the pillows in fear of hearing Ted's cries. Knowing her boy as she did, it was foolish of her to think he might cry out, and knowing Ted's father as she did it was foolish of her to think he would be too severe. After all it would

be only a bit of mild discipline which never should be repeated.

"Never!" she exclaimed fiercely, springing to her feet and clenching her hands. "Never!"

It seemed to her but yesterday that Ted was a tiny, soft baby whose silken head fitted so snugly into the curve of her neck. And Ted was such a "cuddly" baby; he never resisted her when she nestled him in her arms. He was such a "cuddle doon" baby. The memory wrung her heart; she could not endure to think of blows falling on that soft body and perhaps marring its satiny smoothness. She would go to Ted's rescue; he must be punished in some other way. She started to carry out her determination. Her hand was on the door and then she remembered it would not be just to interfere with the boy's father and put him wrong in Ted's eyes. She went back to the couch and sat on its edge to wait.

Ted's father, commanding his son to follow him, led the way to the barn. His silence made Ted feel there was something amiss and he obeyed him in wonder. He saw him stop and cut a slender switch from a tree, at first seeing nothing in this connected with himself. He thought his father was angry about something and he search-



"TED, TAKE OFF YOUR COAT."

ed his mind to discover wherein he was the cause. Suddenly he recalled an event of yesterday and his mother's warning that he should be punished. He had forgotten, and now the hour had come.

Ted had no idea of evading the penalty. "Always walk up and take your medicine like a man, Ted," his father told him one day, and he was going to show him he could follow instructions. Mr. Fuller's heart was much weaker than his son's. It seemed a brutal, unfair thing he was about to do. Ted's head scarcely reached his elbow. He was using his own superior size and strength to take advantage of his boy, but, according to his light, it must be done, and it were best to do it quickly.

In the barn he faced his son, feeling like a towering giant.

"Ted," he said, "take off your coat. I'm going to whip you for disobeying your mother yesterday."

"Yes, sir," Ted answered, stripping off his jacket.

Under their linen covering the boy's shoulders looked childishly thin and narrow. The man could not strike that frail body even with so harmless a weapon as a slender switch. The boy waited. The man waited. He would question first.

"Ted," he asked, "why did you disobey your mother yesterday about coming home from school? You had given her your promise, you know."

The boy looked up and met his gaze fearfully with his honest brown eyes. How clear his skin was and how clean his lips, his father thought.

"I was in a fight," Ted confessed, with flushed cheeks, "and it made me late. The other fellow was bigger'n me, father, 'siderably bigger."

His voice quavered away in a zig-zag.

"Let's sit down, Ted, and talk it over," his father suggested.

There were no chairs in the place, so they sat down side by side on the floor and leaned their backs against the wall. The boy was a miniature copy of his father in looks and action, and when the man encircled his knees with his arms and clasped his hands together Ted took the same position with the utmost gravity.

"You see, father," Ted began, "Billy Ruggels, that's the other fellow, held me up Tuesday after school and wouldn't let me come home, so I was late. Thursday he made me late again, and Friday he tried it over, but I'd given mother a cross-my-heart promise, so when he wouldn't let me go I hit him. Then he hit me, and after that we kept a-bitting each other till we had an awful fight. I guess Billy won't hold me up any more. You can ask any of the fellows if I didn't lick him. And he's bigger'n me, father, 'siderably bigger," Ted repeated in self-exultation.

His father's lips twitched with a smile.

"But why didn't you explain to your mother, Ted," he questioned.

"Well, you see, father," Ted returned, "mother's just a girl and girls get so nervous about fights. I didn't want to scare her."

"Oh, yes, I see," his father said, gravely.

"Did you get hurt, old man?" he asked.

"A piece of skin is skinned off my arm," Ted owned, turning back his sleeve to display his brand of war.

His father inspected it with interest.

"That's not so bad; no battle worth the name is without its scar," he said, speaking as man to man.

"Yes, sir," responded Ted.

There was a moment's embarrassed silence between them while Mr. Fuller surreptitiously bent and broke the switch and threw it out of the door. He got up from the floor. Ted immediately followed his example and they stood facing each other, the big man and the little man, eyes meeting eyes with love and perfect understanding.

"Shake, Ted," invited his father, holding out his hand.

"Yes, sir," agreed Ted heartily.

In her room, Ted's mother, wondering at the length of time which had elapsed, was at the window waiting and watching. Presently she saw her boy and his father coming across the lawn. They were holding amicable converse together and Ted was stretching his short legs in absurdly long strides to keep pace with his father's steps. Ted saw his mother and called to her to come down. She hastened to join them, and over their son's head the father and mother exchanged glances which asked and answered a question.

"Is it right with Ted?" the woman's eyes said.

"Everything is right with the boy," the man's eyes gave answer.—Toledo Blade.

WAKING IN THE WILDERNESS.

Hard to Get Out of Bed When the Mercury Is 40 Below Zero.

You are awakened in the bitter darkness of the early morning by the sound of the camp dogs moving among the frozen pails of refuse. You hear their padding footsteps passing this way and that outside of the tents and the brushing of their bodies against the canvas walls. Then you hear the sound of chopping wood where some one is at work in the starlight. One of the men stirs and rises in the darkness. The tent is bitter cold, with everything frozen as hard as iron. You hear the man fumbling around in the darkness for the matches, and presently he strikes one and lights a candle.

Presently he begins chopping the wood for the stove, and his big, round shadow moves unceasingly and grotesquely about the walls as the flame of the candle wavers in the draught of cold air. He makes a fire, and in a moment the flame is roaring up the stovepipe, which gradually becomes a dull red with the gushing heat. He stands with his back to the stove and presently the other man rises and joins him.

Then you yourself move reluctantly in your warm swaddling of furs, and with some effort crawl out into the bitter cold and join the others around the stove. None of you speak, but each absorbs the scanty heat in silence. But by and by, warmed to some return of life, you peep out of the tent; the sky is like black crystal, the stars shining with an incredible effulgence. From the stovepipes of the other tents rockets of flame are gushing up into the air; showers of sparks rise up into the night high overhead—hover, waver and then sink dwindling upon the tent and the surrounding snow.

You look at the thermometer hanging against a tree and see by the light of a match that it is 40 degrees below zero. By this time the smell of cooking is filling the silent frozen spaces of the darkness and you re-enter the tent to hug again the warmth of the stove, with a huge appetite for the rude breakfast of melted grease and gillettes.—Scribner's.

The average wife is more afraid of a chorus girl getting her husband than she is of death getting him.

HOW TWO GIRLS RUN A FARM



There is no pretension on the part of the Holland girls to become literary farmers, like Kate Sanborn, and to relate their experiences among the lowing kine and the stubborn soil, but there is every indication that the wonderful success which they have achieved will lead them to become business farmers and to extend their labors into other fields of agriculture.

Even Carrie L. Holland, who is 19 years of age and the oldest daughter of Estus Holland, can not remember when she first began to help at the farm work, and as for her sister, Lottie, whose age is between 17 and 18, that young lady of agricultural inclination simply knows that she is in the business, and as to when it first happened she doesn't seem to care.

The Hollands live near the city park in the Lakeview district, Worcester, Mass., and the head of the family is foreman at the park. The family is large—four girls and two boys—and it seems the most natural thing in the world that the two older girls should be willing to help at the housework and even at some of the farm work.

But two or three years ago the girls took their mother's breath away by suggesting that they keep cows and establish a milk route. At first Mrs. Holland hesitated, but when the girls suggested that it was either a milk route or a position in a Worcester department store, the mother of the family consented.

The Holland farm is about a mile from the end of the Hamilton street line of electric cars in Worcester and the city park is about a quarter of a mile farther on. There are about forty-two acres in the property, but not all of this is under cultivation.

The entire charge of the farm work has passed to the two girls, Carrie and Lottie, and the father says that "unless they insist," he isn't "going to give the girls any advice about farming."

"They get more out of it and handle everything better than any man I ever saw," he says, "and if they continue to improve each year the way they have in the past I shouldn't be surprised to see them out here some day with an architect planning a new barn."

There is an air of bustle at the Holland homestead all the time. The house is a square building, built of brick, and the barn is a substantial wooden building which is abut overcrowded lately.

"We've been doing so well with the cows that we are going to buy another one," said Lottie Holland.

"This farming business has got to be such an old story with Carrie and me that we pay no attention to the novelty of it," she went on. "I think it is ever so much better to run a farm and be independent than it would be to do stenographic work or work in a department store."

"And it is a great deal more profitable, too. We raise nearly thirty tons of hay, have several acres of corn planted each year, raise nearly 150 barrels of potatoes, and we make a very good profit from the cows and hens."

"The hay and the corn we need for our own use. Every week varies with us, but I should say that we had gross receipts from milk and eggs of about \$60 a week. Raising all our own corn and most of our hay, this is nearly all profit. We have to buy grain and bran, but this doesn't run much over \$5 a week, and less than that in the summer."

"We have a fine pasturage for the cows and a good yard for the hens. The hens live out of doors in summer and they find nearly all their own food. They have been out all morning in the fields and have had nothing to eat that we gave them since 7 o'clock. They are not at all hungry now."

The young lady called the hens, and after a few pecks at the corn they all went away, leaving the ground covered with it.

"You see," she said, "they get all they want to eat in the fields. It is a great saving. The cows are also easy to take care of in summer, as we keep them in the pasture during the day."

"We have nine cows and about 100 hens. As soon as we have added to the barn and had some new henhouses built we will get some more cows and hens. We have a dozen ducks that we bought last year and also a few geese. We have done so well with them that we will get some more as soon as there is any place to keep them."

"We have so much room for gardening that we are going to try some fancy vegetables this year. There are

several families who are milk and egg customers of ours that ask us for spinach, asparagus, lettuce and other garden truck, and we decided to try it this year.

"Two years ago we set out about 100 strawberry plants just for an experiment, and we made quite a little money out of it. Last year we had about 400 plants and we had all the strawberries we could eat and netted almost \$20 besides. I think if we had watched them more closely we would have done even better."

"Tomatoes pay pretty well and we will have about 200 plants set out this summer. We do most of the work ourselves, but we hire a man to help us in the busy season. If we get along with the fancy vegetables as well as we have with all our things we will have two or three men come in to help us out."

"Yes, it is pretty hard work, but we are right at home all the time, and what we make is so much more than we could earn in any other way that we don't mind the hard work."

"Carrie, who is 19, gave up school two years ago, and I gave up last year. I used to go over the milk route before school."

"Carrie and I get up before any of the rest. We are up about 4 o'clock in summer and at 6 o'clock during the winter. We milk the cows and do all the work around the barn before 6 o'clock in the summer time. We have breakfast then, and at 7 o'clock we start out on the milk route."

"We take turns each morning going over the route. The route takes about two hours to finish and we get back at 9. If we have grain or anything to get in Worcester we drive over after it."

"Compared with girls in a store, I think I have much more time for reading than they do. It would have to be an exceptionally busy day when I couldn't spend an afternoon at a book."

"We live near the city park, too, and we can run over there and spend an afternoon if we like. The only objection to that is, if dad should see one of us over there he would expect us to run a lawn mower for him or to help him trim a hedge."

To the pale and sickly women of the city these two young creatures of the life agrarian would be an inspiration and a joy. If the woman with an appetite like a canary could see the delightful way in which Carrie and Lottie Holland respond to the dinner bell she would be anxious to become a farmeress at once.—Chicago Chronicle.

Got a Running Mate, Anyway.

A city missionary in Lowell, Mass., has had some queer experiences as the result of his interest in young men and his efforts to induce them to follow good advice. One of the things he tries to do, says the Boston Globe, is to dissuade young people from marrying before they can maintain a home.

A young man who had not yet attained voting age called at the missionary's office one morning. He had been "keeping company" with a girl for several weeks, he said, and wanted to marry her at once.

The clergyman asked some questions, found that the young man's wages left him only three dollars a week over the cost of his board, and advised him to wait a year and try to earn more money before he resorted to matrimony. The youth was not convinced, but finally agreed to wait six months.

Several months elapsed before the missionary saw the young fellow again. He seemed to have disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Finally, however, the two men met.

"Well, John, how are you getting along in the mill?" asked the missionary.

"All right. I've got a steady job and am doing well."

"And how about the marriage?"

"Oh, I gave that up."

"What was the matter?" asked the clergyman, seeing, as he thought, the fruit of his advice.

"Well," replied the young man, seriously, "I bought a bicycle instead."

Redoubtable Rival.

First Duke—What are your chances with Miss Bullion?

Second Duke—Slim, I fear. There's a coachman in the field against me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How often do you know you are right, and yet the man you are arguing with is convinced you are not! And he half convinces you that you are wrong?