

Nurse Mary's Patient

By Susanne Glenn

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Frederick Woodard sat as if stunned.

"Surely you do not mean it?" he said to Evelyn Baird, appealingly.

"But surely I do, Frederick. We are entirely unsuited to each other."

"That is such a threadbare story, Evelyn."

"Yet it is true. I love you; still, I know we should never be happy together after the first. I have seen it tried too many times to deliberately walk with you into disillusionment."

"I must confess I do not understand your theory, Evelyn. If we had not been suited to each other, why should we have learned to care so entirely? Remember this is no impassioned, love-at-the-instant affair. We have been growing into it all our lives. We enjoy the same amusements, the same studies, the same interests."

"But life, dear boy, does not consist entirely of reading poetry and studying nature at close range. If it did—"

She spread out her pretty hands with an expressive sigh.

"You do not understand yet. Listen, Freddie. You know that lovely little white house that your mother kept so exquisitely? Perhaps you do not know that the whole countryside wondered how she managed to do it, and educate her children and keep so beautifully sweet and wonderful herself?"

"That is what you were brought up to, and I should fall you, that is all. No matter how much I might wish to be a good wife to you, I could never do it, not in that way. I do not know how. We were not brought up alike. We are as far apart as—"

"Money can make us," supplanted the young man bitterly.

"Not that," she cried sharply. "Do you think I do not suffer? Do you



"Money Can Make Us."

think I fear poverty in itself? I only—"

She paused as if powerless to proceed.

"However you express it, Evelyn," he said more kindly, "you cannot deny that it is money—or rather my lack of it—that is separating us. But perhaps, as you say, it is better now than later. I suppose men do not always understand such things. I know I never dreamed of my mother as being unhappy or overburdened."

That evening Frederick Woodard sat in the silent little white house. Everything was as his mother had left it. Perhaps only those who are blessed with such a mother as his can realize what a home means. How many hours he had spent here since the house was tenanted! And now Evelyn had said she could not come! He did not moan or bewail his fate. He jammed his hands deep into his pockets, and looked straight ahead with hard, unseeing eyes.

Were all the finer things of life subservient to money after all? Must a man buy his wife and their subsequent happiness with the sordid currency of the country? Was his mother a disappointed woman crushed by a relentless poverty?

The early December twilight gathered in the room where Evelyn Baird was seated. She felt very curious about this room, the abode of a busy, self-sacrificing nurse.

Upon her return home from a pilgrimage in which she had endeavored to forget Frederick Woodard and their unfortunate affair, she was surprised and delighted to find her old friend Mary Dawson so near her.

Yet their first visit had been broken in upon by a hurry call from the local physician.

"You stay here," the capable nurse had said as she hastily donned her warm wraps. "If it is anything that will detain me, I will call you up. Otherwise, I'll be back in half an hour. You will find things to read if you care for them. Good-bye, dear."

So Evelyn sat in the room so differ-

ent in its simplicity from her own lovely apartments, and wondered what it must seem like to be always ready for a call.

Presently the telephone rang. "Hello, Evelyn," called Mary's cheerful voice. "I'm sorry, but you may as well go home. I will not be back to-night. Come in and see me tomorrow at two, that is my hour off, and I will be at my rooms. Good night."

Evelyn went next day, eager most unaccountably, to hear about the case.

"Why, it is an old neighbor of yours," declared Mary Dawson. "You surely remember Fred Woodard? He is just back from some place in the southwest where he has been building a bridge. Was taken at the hotel yesterday with an ugly fever. It is a pity, for it is such a dreadful place for him."

"Is he dangerously ill?" Evelyn's voice sounded strange and uninterested.

"He is delirious, and the doctor says there isn't much to build on—seems to have gone to pieces generally. He talks continually about a key. He begs me to get it and unlock the door so he can get in. He seems to have an impression that he is locked out of his own house."

"He is!" sobbed Evelyn, rushing suddenly from the room, leaving her astonished friend alone.

A few minutes later a white faced girl was talking earnestly with the kind old doctor.

"Why, the very thing," he said, patting her shoulder soothingly. "It will be hard to move him, but that will be less harmful than for him to stay where he is. Get the key this afternoon and we'll get him over there in the morning."

It seemed like sacrilege when the girl tremblingly began her search among his possessions for the key, in a small box it lay, with a picture of his mother and—one of herself! She kissed them all in infinite relief. Then she hastened to the little white house. With her own hands, unaccustomed to labor as they were, she swept and dusted, aired the rooms and built fires.

"It is of no use to interfere," she told her astonished mother, "if he lives and wants me, I am going to marry him!"

But Frederick Woodard did not know when he was placed in his own bed in the pleasant, sunny chamber. He continued to beg to be taken home. It was not until Evelyn with her own hands placed the key in his weak fingers that he sank to a refreshing slumber.

One day the sick man's eyes opened with a rational light. He gazed about him in slow bewilderment. The sunlight glinted through the windows. Evelyn sat near him in her white gown over which the fire cast rosy shadows.

"Is it a dream?" he whispered at last.

"It is no dream; you are really at home, Freddie," she smiled quietly.

"But how did I get here?"

"You were ill at the hotel. We knew you would be more comfortable here at home, so I opened the house and Dr. Way and Nurse Mary brought you here."

"And you?"

"Oh, I have come over through the day to look after the house, and to sit with you during the nurse's hour at home."

"Whom do you have to help, Evelyn?"

"Why, no one, dear boy. I do it myself. Will you believe that I actually enjoy it? It is the first time I ever did anything useful for anyone, Frederick. I—did not understand how it could be a joy instead of a hardship!"

At the look in the sick man's face the girl slipped to her knees beside his bed. "I want to come—to stay, Frederick, if you still want me."

"Dear," he said, "wait. You are pitying me now because I am ill."

"It isn't that. I am not afraid any more; experience has made me wiser. I understand now what made your mother so lovely. I'll never be like her, dear, for I did not begin right. But I'll try so hard to be a good wife. Will you take me back, Frederick?"

Woodard put his arms about her with quite remarkable strength.

The Lamp of Life.

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the term *sempiternum*. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus: The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord—that is, by the last crackle. Hence a lamp just about to expire was said decrepit, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepit men.

Genuine Belgian Charity.

Around a hut where, according to tradition, a young Irish princess was murdered, grew up the present town of Ghel, in Belgium, which became known as "the colony of the crazed." At first a temple in memory of the princess was erected and later it became a refuge for the "sick in mind." The remarkable thing about this Belgian town is that the residents accept patients in their own homes so that they may enjoy the beneficial effects of domestic and social intercourse.

Cautious.

A lady making a social call was told by the maid that her mistress was not at home.

The caller smiled sarcastically and said:

"Ah, indeed! Will you please tell your mistress that when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up the drive I felt very much afraid she was."—Harper's Magazine.

CONFORMATION IS ESSENTIAL IN BREEDING DRAFT HORSES

Of the 100,000 Animals Marketed at Chicago Not More Than 5,000 Would be Termed A-1—Economy of Heavy Mare on Farm for Work and Producing Colts is Summed Up by Expert.



An Excellent Farm Team.

There are a number of considerations for the farmer to keep in mind in breeding horses for the draft horse trade. Among these are that size, weight, condition and character each bear an important influence in determining the prices paid on the markets and therefore that this influence is reflected upon the prices which they receive from the country shippers and buyers, says the Wisconsin Agriculturalist. Nothing that influences the large central markets for the products of the farm falls to affect the sale of a single article directly on the farm.

Probably the one thing which the general run of horses that reach the markets lack more often than any other is size and incidentally therefore weight. It is stated from good authority that there are more good horses marketed in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago than any other place in the United States, and yet of the 100,000 horses marketed there not more than 25,000 would weigh over 1,550 pounds, and not more than 5,000 were what would be termed A-1 horses. First class draft horses for the city trade should not weigh less than 1,600 pounds when in working condition, and if they weigh 1,750 pounds they will satisfy all the better. To carry such weights horses should stand about 16 hands high or over and should have conformations in proportion.

The condition of a horse is all important, both as to soundness and thrift. Horses that have poor feet, bad hocks, weak wind, or poor shoulders are sticklers on the market. They sell very slowly and at very low prices. So also do horses that are in a poor condition of thrift. Fat always helps to sell horses quickly and at good prices, for it makes them look good and the horses, moreover, do not need to be conditioned before they can be put to work. A horse which looks thin when it leaves the farm is liable to look considerably thinner after it has been shipped and arrives at the sales stables. Fat horses ship far better than thin, thriftless ones. Then, too, the suspicion of being a poor doer on the best of care is liable to attach itself to the thin horse in the mind of the buyer, whereas when he looks upon a well conditioned horse no such suspicion occurs to him.

Character is a valuable asset to any horse that is placed on the market, and like size and weight is generally lacking in the usual stock of horses to be selected from in the country. A horse that shows intelligence, good breeding and those qualities that come through careful handling and good training will out-sell the common, plain looking horses by a considerable margin; size, weight and condition being otherwise alike.

The man on the farm engaging in horse production from the viewpoint of dollars and cents and anxious to make his acres earn the highest net returns should breed his mares to the best sires that are available combining size, weight, soundness and character, and should breed to them consistently. They should endeavor also as soon as possible, either by purchase or by breeding up, to possess themselves of big drafty mares combining those qualities. The only regrettable thing about the sale of the dapple gray mares on the January 11, 1912 Chicago horse market for \$1,000, is that the mares were not purchased by some good farmer to be used for breeding and farm work purposes instead of by a Chicago teaming firm to draw a big wagon. It is regrettable that they should ever have gotten away from the farm, for if they were worth \$1,000 for drawing a big wagon and heavy loads, certainly they were worth that on the farm where they could do work to earn their cost of maintenance and raise colts worth \$1,000.

The economy of the heavy mare on the farm, both from the standpoint of doing farm work and producing colts compared with light and medium weight mares is nicely summed up as follows by Secretary Dinmore of the Percheron Society of America: "The cost of maintenance under farm conditions is about the same, the heavier mares are more efficient in the work of the farm, the colts are ready for work a year younger, and if carried to the same age, will bring about twice as much as the colts from the

light weight mares and about one-third or one-quarter more than the colts from the medium weight mares."

This summary was drawn up after some careful thinking upon the question being put to the secretary by an extensive land owner looking forward to the purchase and breeding of horses. "What kind of mares should I use? I want to know all things considered, whether I should buy a 1,200 pound, a 1,400 pound or a 1,700 pound mare?" In other words, the land owner as a business man wanted to know what would be the relative cost of maintenance, what the relative efficiency on the farm and what the relative market value of the colts produced, of these three classes of mares. Here is how he thinks out the matter, and his thinking was based on extended observation and experience:

All three classes can, of course, be managed, as far as maintenance cost is concerned, at about the same general figures. But in respect to working efficiency, if we rate the 1,700 pound horse at 100 per cent, liberal allowance is made if the 1,450 pound horse is credited at 90 per cent, and the 1,200 pound horse at 80 per cent. The colts bred to a good draft sire will average somewhere about 1,500 pounds; colts from 1,450 pound mares 1,600 to 1,700 pounds, and colts from 1,700 pound mares, 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. Then, too, the lighter weight colts necessarily make their full weight only at maturity and they will not be fit to sell until they are four and one-half or five years of age. The same is true of the medium weight colts, but buyers are scouring the country for heavy colts. Every good gelding is gathered up at three years of age. The heavier colts sell earlier, or if carried until they are older and then put on the market, the prices advance accordingly. Colts weighing around 1,500 pounds will not bring more than \$140 to \$175 on the average, because they come in competition with the great glut of common light drafters on the market. Those weighing around 1,650 pounds to 1,700 pounds will bring \$200 to \$240, and heavy weight geldings will bring \$300 to \$350. The heavy mares therefore produce colts that bring from one-third to twice as much money as the lower weight mares.

USING GROUND FEED FOR HOGS

Fed in Conjunction With Corn Will Bring Animals Up to Large Weight in Short Time.

In finishing hogs I make a slop of ground oats and shelled corn (ground) and a small handful of oilmeal to each hog, says a writer in Swine Breeders' Journal. This feed, in conjunction with ear corn, or shock corn if possible, will bring hogs up to large weights in a surprisingly short time.

I believe that most up-to-date stock raisers will agree that with such kinds of grain as wheat, rye and barley, grinding and mixing with other feeds is absolutely essential. For example, no one would think of feeding wheat to hogs without first thoroughly soaking it or running it through a feed mill. It may not be necessary to grind it very fine, but it should at least be crushed pretty completely, or ground fine enough so that the hard, compact portions of the grain will not go through the animal undigested. This is true for old as well as young animals.

Another point upon which most people will agree is that for the young growing stock, especially animals which do not have a full set of teeth, grinding is necessary. It not only enables young animals to get more of their feed, but they eat greater quantities and grow much more rapidly. On unground feed of the type noted, a young animal would do very little good; but if wheat, barley, rye, etc., be ground and mixed with a little corn, they will thrive.

Leveling Board.

A leveling board attached to the cultivator helps to reduce the loss of soil moisture by evaporation. When the ground is kept fine and level, less surface is exposed to the air and the capillarity at the surface is less active.

Health & Beauty Hints

By Katherine Morton

The beauty of the skin depends to a great extent upon the health of the sebaceous glands. These are little underlying ducts supplying the skin with the grease needed, and if their secretions are suppressed, the pores are stopped up and some complexion defect or other will result.

One must keep the pores of the skin unhampered of old oil and dead cuticle to have a good complexion, and when they seem inactive there is nothing to do but to resort to massage and very thorough bathing with hot water and a good soap. Cold water is useless against the deep seated dust and grease of the skin, even with the aid of soap. Moreover, it tends to contract the pores, making it still harder for them to yield their contents. So as a preparation for helpful massage, which is meant further to clear the stopped-up pores, the face bath must not only be hot but very complete.

There is much contention that soap is injurious to the skin, but this is by no means true. The influences of soap are tonic, antiseptic and cleansing, so that a soap must really be very bad to hurt the skin—contain, in fact, the strong alkali which scorches and irritates. A good face bath with very hot water and a bland soap leaves a smooth skin like marble, and with repeated and systematic bathing the rough one is much improved. Work thick soap suds or a soap jelly well into the pores, and rinse with repeated waters. Dab it partly dry with a soft old towel, and then sit down with a pot of good cold cream, or a little almond oil, and proceed with the massage.

Begin by massaging the muscles of the cheek just in front of the upper half of the ear, using the three first fingers of both hands. Rub outward and upward in a circular manner, with a firm yet gentle touch, covering a spot about the size of a silver dollar. If the muscles are correctly located, the upward motion will pull the skin taut about the corners of the mouth, rubbing out the drooping line at the side of the nose. If the face is heavily lined here, massage will in time so strengthen the muscles that the furrows will be much softer, or disappear entirely.

Next massage the temple muscles in the same way. These are still more easily detected by the even greater influence they exert on the lines each side of the nose. The regular and systematic massage of them will prevent the formation of crow's feet, those fine lines at the corners of the eyes which laughing faces with thin skin take on so often at an early age.

Some unguent or other is undoubtedly required with massage, for otherwise the cuticle would be much irritated, and the benefits of any face cream are increased tenfold if it is used with massage. For the face constantly made-up with cosmetics, rouge and a fancy powder or liquid white, it is also necessary to cleanse the skin first with the grease before using water upon it, for otherwise the bath will only force the makeup down into the pores.

If the face skin is very delicate, do not dash cold water upon it after the hot bath, as this interferes with the circulation and is considered harmful by all the beauty people. Where the skin is very inactive two face steams could be taken a week, the massage immediately following these.

An astringent of a harmless and invigorating sort is often needed after massage, especially if the pores are inclined to be big, and all authorities agree that a first-class cologne is the best for this. A formula for farina cologne, which is much used in this way, follows below:

Oil of bergamot 3 ounces
Oil of neroli 5 drams
Oil of rosemary 5 drams
Oil of lemon 3 drams
Oil of cloves 1 dram
Oil of lavender 1 dram
Rectified spirit 1 gallon

The drugist would put up this formula more perfectly than it could be done at home, or else supply a bottle of German cologne, which would be very nearly as good.

Arranging the Veranda.

Do not crowd the veranda to overflowing with odds and ends, or all its comforts and charm will be dispelled. Arrangements should always be perfected to make it desirable as an outdoor living-room, well lighted at night and suitable for breakfast, luncheon, tea and even dinner. And if in a vicinity where mosquitoes and flies swarm, screens must completely inclose the porch space.

Dark Slippers.

At the present moment slippers of the paler tints are not considered good styles in Paris and footwear in richer shades of dark red, blue and violet combined with gold and silver are worn with gowns introducing these tones. These metal brocades can trace their popularity to the rich Oriental effects introduced by the evening gown.

Social Forms and Entertainments



From Brown Eyes.

Is it proper for me to go with a young man who is engaged to another? Am going with a young man whom I like very much; how am I to find out whether he cares for me? He has told me that he loved me, but I don't know whether to believe it or not. Haven't been going with him very long. Is it all right to go driving at night? Suggest something for a "gypsy tea;" also something odd to entertain about six girls and boys. How should the invitations be written? Am going to have a visitor for a week. What must I do to entertain her all the time. I live in a small place where there are very few amusements. BROWN EYES.

I should not think you would want to accept attention from a man who was engaged; it does not look right and I would not do it. I would not be in haste to believe all a man told me if I had known him but a short time; better go slow and let time settle the question of how much he thinks of you. I do not believe in girls going driving alone at night without a chaperon. I do not know what you mean by "gypsy" tea, suppose you write and tell me about one for the benefit of the other readers of the column. For six girls and boys it is not necessary to write the invitations unless for a formal dinner party. Just ask them over the telephone or when you see them. Summer entertaining is always very informal. Do you think your visitor will wish to be amused "all the time?" I should have my friends meet her at a porch party in the afternoon or an evening card party or something like that.

A Variety of Questions.

Have read and enjoyed your answers in the paper so much, have decided to ask you to please answer a few questions for me.

Which color eyes and hair are counted the stronger, and which are most generally liked by the majority of people?

How often should a young man call upon a young lady during the week, and how late should he remain?

Would it look well for a girl to tell her friend of all her former love affairs when he seems very anxious to hear about them and insists that he should know?

Do you think a girl who is seventeen too young to have young men callers?

If you have not been introduced to a young man is it proper to speak to him when he always speaks?

Hope you will not mind helping me out in this. I thank you very much. "DIXIE GIRLIE."

Scientifically I do not know whether it has ever been proven which are the stronger, light or dark haired people. I think dark hair and eyes are greatly admired and I have heard much in favor of the golden blond, although that type is said to lose its youth sooner than the darker haired, but I have seen it work both ways. It all depends upon how deeply interested a young man is. I should say that two or three times a week is often enough and ten-thirty late as he should stay on ordinary occasions. A girl must do as she thinks wise about her former love affairs. I do not think many affairs are to a girl's credit; I mean serious ones. Seventeen is plenty young enough for a girl to be in society. It all depends upon who the young man is whether you should speak to him. There is generally a way for a man to meet a girl by being properly introduced. I do not mind helping you out in the least.

Questions From Gladys.

I read your department every Sunday and would like to ask some questions. First, do you think it is all right for a girl fourteen to have boys at her party? Second, please give two or three games or contests to have when the boys and girls first come to keep it from being "stiff." Third, does the hair grow quicker plaited or hanging loose (at night)? Thank you for the help I have gotten from your department. I like it so much. GLADYS S. B.

It is perfectly right to ask boys to your party, and they like to be asked. I put all the contests I can lay my hands on right into the department; perhaps the "Nautical" one in today's paper will help you. It is best to braid the hair very loosely at night after a thorough brushing to remove the dust of the day. Thank you for your kind words regarding the department.

Reply to "G. H." and "R. L."

I am very sorry I cannot answer your questions because I do not know; the best way to find out is to write direct in care of the stock company. MME. MERRI.