

HARDSHIPS OF LITTLE WALDO.

I wish 'at I could go to work  
Away in town somewhere,  
Like my pa does, and have a chance  
To stay all day down there,  
And have some fun like other folks,  
Instead of bein' here,  
And lissenin' to ma yell out,  
"I want you, Waldo, dear!"

I never go across the street  
Or round the block to play  
Without I hear her hollerin':  
"Come in here, right away."  
And when the Hudson boys come up,  
As soon as I begin  
To have a chance to bat she says:  
"Now, Waldo, dear, come in!"

I can't pile up things in the yard  
Because she comes and takes  
One look and then holds up her hands  
And hollers: "Mercy sakes!  
Clean all that rubbish out of here,  
My gracious, goodness me!"  
I wish I'd be an orphan boy,  
And then I guess she'd see.

She just goes round all day and tries  
To think up every way  
There ever was to never let  
A boy get out to play;  
Whatever I would rather do  
She always tells me: "No!"—  
I wish I'd die, and then I guess  
That she'd be sorry, though.

I wish 'at I was big enough  
To work down at the store  
'Cause then, you know, a person's ma  
Can't make him mind no more;  
I'd like to go downtown with pa  
Almost before daylight  
And get a chance, sometimes, to stay  
Till ten o'clock at night.

I wonder why a person's ma  
Won't ever let you do  
Or see or hear or say the things  
You're always wantin' to?  
She's always hollerin': "Come in  
As quicky as you can!"  
I wish as soon as I was borned  
That I'd 'a' been a man!  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,

Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

(Copyright, 1900, by Charles M. Sheldon.)

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Vane has a convert. Did you see Mrs. Ward's girl in the pew with her?" Mrs. Wilson asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Rather a neat, pretty girl, and seemed to know her place. Mrs. Ward told me the other day that she is well educated and—"

"It is no sort of use trying to do that sort of thing!" Mrs. Rice interrupted, with energy. "I tried that plan once in Whiteville, and it did no good at all. Servants as a class cannot be treated that way. They always take advantage of it."

"That's what I have always said," added Mrs. Burns. "Look at Mrs. Vane's girls. She changes as often as any of us, and has as much trouble. The girls don't want to be treated like that."

"And, if they do, it makes no difference with their real position. No one will really ask them into society; and, if they did, they would not know how to behave," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed.

"It does seem a pity, though," Mrs. Rice went on, "that girls like this one shouldn't be allowed to have a chance like other people. What is she with Mrs. Ward for if she is educated and all that?"

"O, she has some idea of helping solve the servant-girl problem," Mrs. Burns replied. "At least, Mrs. Ward told me something of that sort. She does not know all about the girl herself."

"It's a queer way to solve the question—to go out as a servant herself," said Mrs. Wilson, and the other two women said: "That's so!" Yet all three of these women had been brought up on the theology of the orthodox teaching of the atonement.

"Did you see Mr. Morton speaking to the Wards? He was just as polite to the girl as he was to anyone in the church."

"Of course; why not?" Mrs. Rice asked with a superior air. "But now imagine Mr. Morton or any other gentleman in Crawford really considering a servant as they consider her people, even the factory girls or the clerks at Bondman's."

"O well, of course, there is a difference."

"Of course," the other two women assented. But, after all, what constitutes the exact difference between honest labor of the hands in a factory or a store and in a home? If they are both service that humanity needs for its comfort or its progress, ought they not both to be judged by the standard of place where the service is rendered?

"I think Mrs. Ward will find out her mistake, and be ready to say so in a little while. If she is going to bring her girl to church with her, I don't see where she can stop short of taking her with her everywhere else; and of course society will not tolerate that," Mrs. Rice said after a pause.

"Of course not. The whole thing is

absurd. The girls must keep their places. All such eccentric women like Mrs. Vane do more harm than good," Mrs. Burns declared with decision.

"I had given Mrs. Ward credit for more sense," Mrs. Wilson said, gravely. "But I must turn down here. Good-by."

"Good-by. Don't forget the committee meeting at my house to-morrow," cried Mrs. Rice, and very soon she parted from Mrs. Wilson, reminding her, as they separated, of the church-committee meeting later in the week.

The next morning after Mr. Ward had gone down to his business Mrs. Ward said to Barbara: "You remember Mr. Morton is coming to lunch with us to-day. Would you like to sit at the table with us?"

The color rushed into Barbara's face, and she did not answer at once. Then she said slowly: "No, Mrs. Ward. I told you when I came, if you remember, that I never expected to sit with the family at meal-time. My place as a servant is to wait on the family then."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Ward, quietly. "I simply asked because I want you to understand that I am ready to help you. Of course, you are not like the other girls who have worked for us. I have no doubt you could be perfectly at your ease with Mr. Morton or anyone else in society." Mrs. Ward spoke with some womanly curiosity, for Barbara had not yet taken her into full confidence, and there was much in the girl's purpose and character that Mrs. Ward did not know.

"I suppose I could, probably," Barbara answered, demurely.

"Of course, you shut yourself out of the society of people in your own rank of life by choosing to be a servant," Mrs. Ward went on abruptly. "You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," replied Barbara, gravely. "You know well enough that if I had introduced you yesterday to all the people in Marble Square church, probably not one of them would ever have invited you to come and see them or even enter into any part of the church life."

"I suppose so," Barbara replied, flushing deeply. And then she said: "But I understand well enough that such conditions exist because in the majority of cases the girls who go out to service in Crawford would not care to be invited to the homes of the people in Marble Square church, and would feel very miserable and ill at ease if they should be invited into any such homes."

"That is what I have often said. The servant girls are in a distinct class by themselves. They are the least educated, the most indifferent to refining influences, of all the laboring classes."

"At the same time," Barbara began; but Mrs. Ward was called out of the room by some demand of Lewis, who was still posing more or less as an invalid although he was able to be about; and Barbara went on with her work, conscious that the dragon was, if anything, bigger and fiercer in some directions every day.

About noon the bell rang, and Barbara with a little heightening color in her face went to the door.

Mr. Morton greeted her as she opened the door saying: "Happy to meet you again, Miss Clark. A little pleasanter and not so hot as last week."

Barbara returned his greeting by saying: "Yes, sir," and took his hat, while he walked immediately into the sitting-room like a familiar guest. Mrs. Ward heard him from upstairs, and came down at once, while Barbara went into the kitchen.

During the meal Barbara could not avoid hearing part of the conversation. She had always remembered what her mother had often said about servants telling everything heard in the family talk and she had tried since coming to the Wards to train herself not to listen to what was being said, especially at the table when she was called in to stand and wait at the beginning or during the different courses.

But to-day in spite of herself she could not avoid hearing and knowing a part of the general conversation. She heard Mr. Ward good-naturedly asking Mr. Morton how long he expected to live in a hotel at Carlton.

"I'll warrant all the young ladies in Carlton have given him at least a barrel of slippers already," Mr. Ward said, looking at his wife.

"Will you give me the highest market price for all the slippers I possess so far?" Mr. Morton asked, with a smile. Mr. Ward was in the wholesale boot and shoe business.

"I don't know. I don't think I want to load up so heavily on slippers."

"I assure you it would not ruin you," Mr. Morton answered lightly.

"I think with Mrs. Ward, though, that you ought to be getting a home of your own," Mr. Ward was saying when Barbara came in with the dessert.

"My sister is coming up to Carlton to keep house for me if I stay there next year; I don't mind saying that the hotel is getting rather tiresome."

"If you stay? Why, are you thinking of leaving?"

"No, but I was hired for a year only."

"Listen to the modest young preacher!" began Mr. Ward, with a smile.

"Of course, Carlton will want you an-

other year. If they don't, come down to the Marble Square church. There is a possibility of Dr. Law's leaving before Christmas. He is growing old and his health has failed rapidly of late."

Mr. Morton said nothing in answer to this, and when Barbara came in next time they were all talking of the college days when Alfred and Morton were together.

Barbara had eaten her own dinner and was at work again, clearing off the dinner dishes, so that, when Mr. Morton rose in the other room to go, she heard him exchanging farewells with the Wards and promising to come down again before long. He went out into the hall, and after a pause Barbara heard him say: "I don't find my hat. Possibly Miss Clark hung it up somewhere."

There appeared to be a search going on for the missing hat, and Barbara's face turned very red as she took some dishes out into the kitchen and on turning to come back saw the missing hat on a chair at the end of the table, where she had absent-mindedly carried it on Mr. Morton's arrival.

She recovered herself in a moment, and, taking up the hat, brought it into the hall, saying as she confronted the minister: "I plead guilty to absent-mindedness, Mr. Morton. I carried your hat out into the kitchen."

They all had a good laugh at Barbara's expense, in which she joined, and Mr. Morton removed the last of Barbara's confusion by speaking of his own absent-minded moments.

"The last time I had a lesson that ought to cure me," he said, smiling at Barbara frankly. "I left my sermon all neatly written on my desk in my room at the hotel, and brought with me into the pulpit several pages of blank foolscap paper that had been lying on the desk close by my sermon. I hadn't time to go or send back for the sermon, and was obliged to preach without notes except the few I could make at the time."

"O, well, absent-mindedness is one of the marks of genius," Mr. Ward remarked, laughing.

"We will comfort ourselves with that hope, then, won't we, Miss Clark? Good-by. Have enjoyed my visit very much."

Barbara went back to her work, blushing again over the little incident as she entered the kitchen, but grateful to the young man for the kindly, off-hand, but thoroughly gentlemanly manner in which he had treated it. It was a very little event, so little that it hardly seems worthy of mention, yet Barbara found her mind recurring to it several times during the day. During some baking in the afternoon, Carl was an interested spectator and finally prevailed on Barbara to make him a gingerbread man. When she had cut it out and put some white dough on it for eyes, nose and mouth, and coat buttons, she suddenly remarked aloud, after Carl and she had both been silent some time: "He is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than can be said of some college-bred men."

"Is this a college-bred man, Barbara?" asked Carl, the terrible. "I



MR. MORTON GREETED HER.

thought it was a gingerbread man. You said you would make me a gingerbread man. I don't want a college-bred man."

"This is a gingerbread man," replied Barbara, hastily, as she turned to the oven and opened the door.

"Then who is the other man?" persisted Carl.

"O, never mind; I was thinking out loud."

"It isn't nice to do," remarked Carl, reflectively.

"I don't think it is, either," Barbara admitted.

"Then what makes you do it?" insisted Carl.

"I won't any more when you are around," promised Barbara with much positiveness. The child seemed satisfied with this statement; but when Barbara at last took the gingerbread man out of the oven, Carl suddenly said: "Let's name him, Barbara."

"All right," said Barbara, pleasantly.

"You give a name," Carl suggested.

"Well, how about Carl?"

"No, I don't like that. Let's call him—let's call him Mr. Morton."

"Very well," replied Barbara, hurriedly. "Run right along with it. Your mamma is calling you, and I must finish my baking."

"Don't you think he looks like him?" Carl insisted as he grasped the figure by the feet, which in the process of baking had become ridiculously short and stubby, merging into the coat tails.

"No, I don't think it's a striking resemblance," said Barbara, laughing.

"Well, I do. I think he looks just like him. I like Mr. Morton, don't you?" But at that moment Mrs. Ward called Carl in the tone he always obeyed, and Barbara did not have to answer him.

She finished her work in a serious mood, and in the evening in the little room over the kitchen she at first sat down to meditate as her custom sometimes was. But, suddenly changing her mind, she opened her Bible to seek out another of the passages that referred to the servant or to service, and after several unsuccessful attempts to locate a verse that she thought was in Thessalonians, she found the passage in Ephesians, sixth chapter, fifth verse.

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service as men please; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto men; knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And ye, masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that both their Master and yours is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

"I wonder just what those words mean," Barbara thought. "And ye, masters, do the same things unto them?" Of course, they could not change places as master and slave. It must mean a mutual honesty and justice and Christlikeness in their relations to one another. And then she gained great comfort from the last verse. "And there is no respect of persons with Him."

"My Father in Heaven," she prayed, "I have chosen my work, or Thou hast chosen it for me. Just what its crosses may be, I do not yet know. Whatever I shall be called upon to lose, Thou knowest. But in and through all, sustain me with this loving thought: 'There is no respect of persons' with Thee, Thou who dost respect the service of men, and not their outward station. Sustain me by Thy grace, in Christ's name. Amen."

When Thursday afternoon of that week came, Barbara remembered her promise to Mrs. Vane; and, when she went out, as it was her regular afternoon off, she told Mrs. Ward that she was going to call on Mrs. Vane.

"You will find her a very interesting woman. I don't know how much she can do to help your ideas. She is eccentric. But in any case you will find her interesting," Mrs. Ward ventured to say.

"I am sure she is," said Barbara.

"If she asks you to stay to supper you needn't come back to get ours. I'll manage somehow." Mrs. Ward spoke kindly, and Barbara was on the point of thanking her and accepting the permission, when she noted Mrs. Ward's pale face and nervous manner. She had been suffering all the morning from one of her wretched headaches.

"Thank you," replied Barbara, quietly; "but I prefer not to. I'll be back in time to get supper."

"Do just as you please," Mrs. Ward replied, but Barbara detected a look of relief on her tired face as she went out.

[To Be Continued.]

His Aim in Life.

People bother little boys so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" and the boy impatiently replied at every interruption of his important undertakings: "I'm going to be a sailor and climb the masts."

Last summer he took an ocean voyage and was very seasick, and the third day his father asked: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?"

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts," he replied. "I am going to be a soldier and shoot cannon."

A big uncle took the boy to see a famous cyclorama, where the smoke and carnage and realistic dead bodies in the foreground shattered another of his ambitions. To the teasing question: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" came the answer, in a burst of confidence:

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts. I am not going to be a soldier and shoot cannon. I am going to be a bachelor and marry mamma!"—Youth's Companion.

Told Mamma Fairy Tales.

Father—Young man, when I tell you a thing I want you to understand that I mean it.

George—Fergiv me, paw; I wuz thinkin' about sum things you tell ma sumtimes.—Ohio State Journal.

HOW MILK IS TAINTED.

Disagreeable Flavor Is Due to Neglected Pasture Fields and Carelessness of Milkers.

The most unpleasant taste of tainted milk which appears in a good deal that is shipped to market in the fall and winter is due to a large extent to the condition of the pasture fields and the carelessness of the milkers. Nothing probably prejudices city people more against drinking milk than to taste this disagreeable flavor. Dairy-men who are careless in their methods do a great deal to condemn milk as a daily diet. More and more people are coming to the conclusion that milk forms the best diet provided by nature, but people will not drink it so long as they have their sense of cleanliness and healthfulness offended by this disagreeable odor which comes from careless milking and feeding. If the trouble could not be remedied there would be some excuse for its existence, writes C. S. Walthers in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Most of the odor and tainted flavor comes from weeds allowed to grow up in the pasture field. These weeds are ignored by the cows when the pasture is good, but when fall comes, and there is little else to eat in the fields, they will eat weeds. Now these weeds absolutely produce no good at all. They do not nourish the cows nor make milk. They simply taint the milk, cream and butter, and spoil its chances of sale. Therefore, the dairyman who permits the weeds to grow in the pasture fields in the autumn is practically injuring his own interests at both ends. The weeds which are systematically rooted out and cut down every summer and fall cannot long persist in growing, and the combat will become easier and easier every year. But one season's crop that is allowed to produce seeds will counteract the good work of several years on the part of the dairyman.

The matter of cleanliness in milking is one that should not need emphasizing, and yet the dirty, filthy methods followed on so many farms is sufficient evidence that careless methods are still followed. The milk that has a cowy flavor is tainted by the dirt and filth that drops in the milk pail. Careless milkers are responsible for it, and they should receive their lessons in cleanliness by those who handle the milk. If we would but remember that all such tainted milk hurts the whole business, and in most cases ruins the dairyman who practices the methods, there might be less poor milk shipped to market, and less poor butter made on the farm or creamery.

ANTI-KICKING DEVICE.

Although Exceedingly Simple in Construction It Has Always Been Found Effective.

Take a strip of hard wood one-quarter inch thick, 1½ inch broad and 20 inches long. Dress it smooth with a plane and bore a hole in each end the narrow way of the board. Pass through the hole a small rope or stout cord and tie a hard knot in the end. Put the other end through the other hole and draw up the rope until it is just long enough to go over the hook joint

CURE FOR KICKING COWS.

when in position, and then put a knot in that end also, as shown by the cut. Sew or rivet on a strap on the middle of the board, on the flat outside put a common wood screw and have a hole in the leather strap large enough to slip over the head of the screw. This completes the device, which is placed in position by wrapping about the hook joint and buttoning strap over screw head.—D. L. Young, in Farm and Home.

The Conquering Dairy Cow.

Ever the dairy industry spreads. Mexico is now to be invaded. A company is being organized in Kansas and adjoining states to start a chain of creameries in the country mentioned. One of the managers of the company has already had experience running a creamery in Mexico and he has learned that cows will thrive there as well as anywhere. It has been claimed that the dairy cow, such as we find in the United States, will not thrive there. That, too, has been found to be false. The fact is that wherever the dairy cow has not gone it is supposed that she has been kept out by some unknown condition of climate. Such suppositions are myths. The dairy cow is invading the south and she may yet reach the equator.—Farmers' Review.

In the Sheep's Favor.

It is in favor of the sheep that they will yield a profit under conditions so unfavorable that other farm animals, under the same conditions, will be unprofitable.