

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAH, - - - NEBRASKA.

BAREFOOTED.

The girls all like to see the bluffs in the lane
And the saucy Johnny-jump-ups in the meadow.
But we boys, we want to see the dog's od
blows again.
Thro'win' a kinder summer-lookin' shadow;
For the first mild mornin' when the woods are white
(An' we needn' even ask our ma about it)
We leave our shoes right where we pulled 'em off at night.
An' barefooted once again we run an' about it.
You may take the country over—
When the bluebird turns a rover,
An' the wind is soft an' hazy,
An' you feel a little lazy,
An' the nigger quits the possums—
It's the time for dog's od blossoms.

How light! heigh-ho! I wish there was more fences here;
We'd like to j's' keep jumpin' 'em together!
No sleds for us, no guns, nor even 'simmon beer.
No nothin' but the blossoms an' fair weather!

The meadow is a liddle sticky right at first,
But a few short days 'll wipe away that trouble.
To feel so good an' gay I wouldn' min' the worst
That kin be done by any field o' stubble.
O all the trees are lookin' sappy!
O all the folks are smilin' happy!

An' there's joy in every little bit o' room;
But the happiest of 'em all,
At the mornin' rooster's call,
Are we barefoots when the dog's odds burst abloom!

—John Charles McNeill, in Youth's Companion.

BORN TO SERVE

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

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"If I am going to stay a servant," she said, with some calling back of her former habit, "I must learn what God thinks of service. I shall need all I can get out of His word to strengthen me in days to come." She had made a collection of her passages relating to service, and to-night she added to it from one of Paul's letters, dwelling on the words as she read them aloud: "Servants, obey in all things them that are your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing the Lord; whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that from the Lord ye shall receive the recompense of the inheritance; ye serve the Lord Christ. For he that doeth wrong shall receive again for the wrong that he hath done; there is no respect of persons. Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in Heaven."

"Of course," Barbara mused, after saying the words, "all this was said to actual slaves, whose bodies were bought and sold in the market like cattle. But what wonderful words to be spoken to any class of servants either then or now! 'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily!' One thing that servants lack in their service is heartiness. It is done for wages, not for love of service. 'As unto the Lord and not unto men.' How few servants ever think of that! The Lord is the real Master. He is being served if what I do is a good thing that needs doing. 'There is no respect of persons.' How great a thing that is! In God's sight my soul is as much worth saving as any other. He thinks as much of me as He does of the rich and the famous. 'Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal.' If that were done, it might make conditions far different so far as the servant-girl question is concerned. But who will tell us what is meant by 'just and equal to-day?' Barbara shook her head doubtfully, and went on: "Knowing that ye have also a Master in Heaven." That helps me. Paul must have known my need as well as the need of the poor bond-servants to whom he wrote. 'A Master in Heaven.' May He help me to serve Him in spirit and in truth."

So Barbara the next day did not present the appearance of the modern broken-hearted heroine in the end-of-the-century novel. Anyone who knew her could plainly see marks in her face and manner of a great experience. But there was no gloom about her, no un-Christian tragic bewailing of fate or circumstance. If she were to live her life as she supposed she should, without life's greatest help to live, so far as human love can go, she would at least live it bravely as so many other souls have done. And yet, Barbara, you know well enough that Ambition does not spell Love. And, in spite of all, you know your heart would tremble if the young minister of Marble Square church should pass you and give you one earnest look out of his great dark eyes, as he did on that well-remembered day when he said that you were beautiful. Ah, Barbara! Are

you quite sure you have forever bidden farewell to the holiest dream of your womanhood?

She busied herself during the day with her work, and in the evening went over to Mrs. Vane's to see her again concerning the proposed building. She was eager to get to work. Her heart longed for busy days to keep her mind absorbed.

Mrs. Vane suggested several good ideas.

"While you are waiting to complete the details of the building itself, why not interview a large number of factory and store girls about their work? Find out something about the reasons that appeal to young women for a choice of labor. You are not certain that you can get any girls to attend your training-school. I think you can, but very many other good people will tell you your plan is senseless. It is only when people begin to try to do good in the world that they discover what fools they are. Other people who never make an effort to better the world will tell them so. There will arise a host of tormenting critics as soon as the idea of your proposed training-school is suggested. They will tear it all to pieces. Don't pay any attention to them. The world does not owe anything to that kind of criticism. But it will help your plan if before the building is put up you can answer honest questions as to its practical working. There's another thing I would like to say; and I shall say it, my dear, seeing I am old enough to be your grandmother."

"What's that?" Barbara asked, coloring. She anticipated Mrs. Vane's next remark.

"I think it would be a distinct saving of power if in some way we could make the training-school a part of Mr. Morton's social-settlement work."

"I don't think it is possible," replied Barbara in a low voice. Her manner expressed so much distress that the old lady said at once: "My dear, I will not say any more about it. But will you permit me to tell you plainly that I am firmly convinced that Mr. Morton is in love with you, and will ask you to marry him, and you will have to give him some kind of a satisfactory answer, for he is not a young man to be satisfied with unsatisfactory answers."

"Oh, I cannot believe it!" Barbara exclaimed, and then she put her face in her hands, while she trembled.

"It's true!" the old lady said, sturdily. "My old eyes are not so dim that I cannot see love talking out of other eyes. And that is what his were saying when he was here last week. My dear, there is nothing dreadful about it. I should enjoy having you for my pastor's—"

"But it is impossible—" Barbara lifted her head blushing.

"There is nothing impossible in love's kingdom," replied the old lady, gently. "If it comes to you, do not put it away. You are his equal in all that is needful for your happiness."

Then Barbara told her all about the event of the night before at the church. If she had been a Catholic, she would have gone to a priest. Being a Protestant, she confessed to this old lady, because her heart longed for companionship, and there was that quality in Mrs. Vane which encouraged confidences.

When she was through, Mrs. Vane said: "There is nothing very hopeless about all this. He has certainly never been anything but the noble-hearted Christian gentleman in his treatment of you." (Barbara did not tell of the remark Mr. Morton had made about beautiful faces. But, inasmuch as he had apologized for a seeming breach of gentlemanly conduct, she did not feel very guilty in withholding the incident from Mrs. Vane.) "And I really believe he feels worse than you do over any slights you received from the members of the church."

Barbara was silent. Now that her heart was unburdened she felt grateful to Mrs. Vane, but she naturally shrank from undue expression of her feelings. Mrs. Vane respected her reserve as she had encouraged her confidence.

"Don't be downhearted, my dear. Go right on with your plans. Count on me for the 10,000 and more if the plan develops as I think it will. And meanwhile, if in your trips among the working girls, you run across anyone who can take Hilda's place, send her around. I haven't been able to find anybody yet. I would get along without help, but Mr. Vane will not allow it, with all the company we have. No, don't shake hands like men. Kiss me, my dear."

So Barbara impulsively kissed her, and went away much comforted. She dreaded the thought that she might meet the young minister, and half hoped she might. But for the next three weeks Mr. Morton was called out of Crawford on a lecture tour which the Marble Square church granted him; and when Barbara learned that he was gone, she almost felt relieved as she planned her work with Mrs. Ward's hearty cooperation to see as many working girls as possible for information, and to learn from them the story of their choice of life labor, and its relation to her own purpose so far as helping solve the servant question was concerned.

What Barbara learned during the next three weeks would make a volume in itself. She did not know that

she had any particular talent for winning confidences, but a few days' experience taught her that she was happily possessed of a rare talent for making friends. She managed in one way and another to meet girls at work in a great variety of ways. In the big department store of Bondman & Co., in the long row of factories by the river, in the girls' refreshment rooms at the Young Women's Christian association, in the offices of business friends where the click of the typewriter was the constant note of service, in the restaurants and waiting-rooms about the big union station, in the different hotels and a few of the boarding-houses of Crawford, Barbara met representatives of the great army of young women at work in the city; and out of what seemed like meager and unsatisfactory opportunities for confidence and the sharing of real purpose in labor she succeeded in getting much true information, much of which shaped her coming plan and determined the nature of her appeal to the mistresses on one hand, and the servants on the other.

"With a few exceptions, then," she said to Mrs. Ward one evening after she had been at work on this personal investigation for three weeks, "all this army of girls at work represents a real need in the home somewhere. I found some girls working in the offices, and a very few in the stores and factories, who said they were working for other reasons than for necessary money. Here is a list of girls in Bondman's. I told them I did not want it for the purpose of printing it, and it is not necessary. But there are over 200 of these girls who cannot by any possibility save any money out of their expenses, and a few of them"—Barbara spoke with a sense of shame for her human kind and of indignation against un-Christian greed in business—"a few of them hinted at temptations to live wrong lives in order to earn enough to make them independent. And yet all of these girls vigorously refused to accept a position offered to leave the store and go to work at double the wages in a home as a servant. I offered over 50 of these girls four dollars a week and good board and room at Mrs. Vane's, and not one of them was willing to accept it, even when, as in many cases, they were not receiving over three and a half a week, out of which they had to pay for board and other necessities."

"And the reason they gave was?" Mrs. Ward, who was an interested listener, asked the question.

"They hated the drudgery and confinement of house labor. They loved the excitement and independence of their life in the store. Of course, they all gave as one main reason for not wanting to be house servants the loss of social position. Several of the girls in the factory had been



"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE—"

hired girls. They all without exception spoke of their former work with evident dislike, and with one or two exceptions refused to entertain any proposition to go back to the old work. I think one of the girls in the Art mills will go to Mrs. Vane's. She worked for her some years ago, and liked her. But what can the needs of the home of to-day present to labor in the way of inducement to come into its field? I must confess I had very little to say to the girls in the way of inducement. Not on account of my own experience." Barbara hastened to say, with a grateful look at Mrs. and Mr. Ward, "for you have been very, very kind to me and made my service sweet; but in general, I must confess, after these three weeks' contact with labor outside the home, I see somewhat more clearly the reason why all branches of woman's labor have inducements that house labor does not offer."

"And how about the prospects for pupils for the training-school?" Mr. Ward asked, keenly. He had come to have a very earnest interest in the proposed building.

"Out of all the girls I have seen," Barbara answered, with some hesitation, "only four have promised definitely that they would take such a course and enter good homes as servants. One of these was an Amer-

ican girl in an office. The others were foreign-born girls in Bondman's."

"The outlook is not very encouraging, is it?" Mrs. Ward remarked, with a faint smile.

"It looks to me, Martha," Mr. Ward suggested, "as if it might be necessary to put up a training-school for training our Christian housekeepers as well as Christian servants. If what Barbara has secured in the way of confession from these girls is accurate, it looks as if they are unwilling to work as servants because of the unjust or unequal or un-Christian conditions in the houses that employ them."

"At the same time, Richard, remember the great army of incompetent, ungrateful girls we have borne with here in our home for years until Barbara came. What can the housekeeper do with such material? If the girls were all like Barbara, it would be different, you know."

"Well, I give it up," replied Mr. Ward, with a sigh, as he opened up his evening paper. "The whole thing is beyond me. And Barbara, of course, will be leaving us as soon as this new work begins. And then farewell to peace, and welcome chaos again."

"You are not going to leave us just yet, are you, Barbara?" Mrs. Ward asked, with an affectionate glance at Barbara.

"The house is not built yet," Barbara answered, returning Mrs. Ward's look.

"Of course, Barbara will leave us when she has a home of her own," Mr. Ward said in short sentences, as he read down a part of the page. "Then our revenge for her leaving us will be the thought that her troubles have just begun when she begins to have hired girls herself."

"I don't think there's any sign of it yet," Mrs. Ward said, looking keenly at Barbara, who colored a little. "I have not noticed any beaus in the kitchen."

"More likely to come in through the parlor," Mr. Ward suggested. And again Barbara looked up with a blush, and Mrs. Ward could not help admiring the girl's pure, intelligent face.

There was silence for a moment, when Barbara went over her list of figures and memoranda.

"I see Morton is back from the west," Mr. Ward suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his paper. "The News says he had a remarkable tour, and prints a large part of his recent address on the temperance issue. I predict for him a great career. Marble Square never did a wiser thing than when it called him to its pulpit. My only fear is that he may kill himself with these lecture tours."

There was silence again, and Barbara bent her head a little lower over her work, which lay on the table.

"He is certainly a very promising young man," Mrs. Ward said, and just then the bell rang.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Morton himself," Mr. Ward exclaimed, as he arose. "I asked him to come in and see us as soon as he came back. I'll go to the door."

He went out into the hall and opened the door, and Mrs. Ward and Barbara could hear him greet Mr. Morton, speaking his name heartily.

"Come right into the sitting-room, Morton. We're there to-night. Mrs. Ward will be delighted to see you."

Barbara rose and slipped out into the kitchen as Mr. Ward and Mr. Morton reached the end of the hall.

VICTORY OF THE GRAVE.

A Minister's Joke on Some Boys Who Were Equal to Almost Any Occasion.

A certain minister of the Listeners acquaintance, who is somewhat of a wag, was at one time attending the summer school of ethics at Plymouth, and as the weather was exceedingly hot, he frequently climbed up old Burial hill for a breath of fresh air, relates the Boston Transcript. As usual at that season of the year, a good many sightseers visited the historic spot, and a half-score of boys were always present, eager to exchange their services as guides for the loose change of the summer pilgrims, and the rivalry was often as keen among these thrifty urchins as that between hackmen at Niagara. After visiting the yard several times the minister began to feel annoyed at the obtrusive attentions of these guides, and on his way there one morning, having the customary scene in mind, the thought popped into his head that a little innocent joke might be the best method of relieving the pressure of the situation.

So he did some mental figuring, and finally resolved that if the boys came at him that morning with their familiar "Want to see the old graves, sir?" he would ask them to show him the grave of some well-known person still living. He hoped the boys would not immediately catch on to the imposition, and his imagination created a pleasant picture of their discomfiture, when, after a vain search about the inclosure, he should cut the string and let the cat out of the bag, scoring a good laugh against them. But caution was necessary in the selection of the name. Whose grave should he ask for?

"Bill Nye," was then in the flesh, and the minister had read a letter from him in the morning papers, and somehow that was the first name that occurred to him. "Capital," he said to himself, "that is the very one of all others to spring a joke upon. Yes, everybody has heard of 'Bill' Nye, and no boy but will tumble to that familiar cognomen. 'Bill,' however, is simply short for William—there I have it now. I will ask to see the grave of William Nye, and then when the search proves unavailing, I will gently break the news to them that it is 'Bill' Nye whose grave I desire to see. If that don't fix them, I'm mistaken."

So, with a smile of self-complacency, the minister hastened forth to the scene of action; and, as expected, was met at the entrance to the yard by the whole force of guides, who pressed about him crying: "Want to see the old graves, sir?" "Well, yes," said the clergyman, "but there is one grave that I most particularly desire to find. The biggest boy in the lot, thrusting his companions aside, stepped forward and said: "Whose grave is it, sir?" Gently and almost tearfully the minister replied: "I would like to behold the grave of William Nye." Quick as a flash the lad wheeled about. "Step right this way, sir," he said, as he led the minister to a stone some two rods away. "Here you are, sir." And sure enough, there, right in the focus of the minister's wondering eyes, was a veritable headstone inscribed to the memory of William C. Nye. The next day the minister remarked to a friend that "joking was a very uncertain business, and that a Pilgrim graveyard was no place for such fooling, anyway."

WOMEN SHOULD LAUGH.

A Lung-Developing Exercise and Conducive to Happiness in the Home.

Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle-making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallnesses and its fun, says Woman's Home Companion.

It should be a part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden—all are made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unflinching sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusionings, its tribulations, even its tragedies.

New England Muffins.

Few forms of hot bread are more delicious than delicate muffins. The following recipe gives directions for making them quickly and can be relied upon to give satisfaction: Sift two cups of flour with one even teaspoonful of salt. Work into it two tablespoonfuls of soft butter and two of granulated sugar. Add one cup of milk, one egg well beaten and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven in muffin rings or gem pans.—Washington Star.

[To Be Continued.]

Unexpected Praise.

Dr. Guthrie, an authority on military surgery some 50 years ago, was a kindly man, although somewhat brusque in manner. Sir Joseph Fayer says: I was his house surgeon, and we got on very well together. One day, when we were going through the wards with a large following of distinguished visitors, foreign surgeons and others, we stopped by the bedside of an interesting case, when Guthrie found fault with dresser for something he had done or left undone. The student ventured to reply, and Guthrie said: "I dare say you think you're a remarkably clever fellow, don't you?" "No, sir," said the youth, earnestly. "I don't." "But you are, though," said Guthrie, and passed on.—Youth's Companion.

Unquestionable Evidence.

Miss Beacon Hill—Whom do you consider the best composer, Polorowski or Gumbolowski?
Miss Wabash—Polorowski is certainly the better of the two.
"Upon what theory do you base your opinion?"
"Oh, his hair is ever so much longer."—Harlem Life.