

# DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

By E. E. Lewis, Stour City, Ia.

## —FOREWORD—

In our daily life we are like a man who carries a long ladder through a crowded street. The slightest swaying of his shoulder registers itself in unexpected wide oscillations at either end of the ladder. Of the largest effects of our lives, either for good or for evil, we are ourselves least conscious. Our social nature expresses itself in remote places and out of sight. Each obscure human spirit is the center of a vast system of wireless telegraphy. The whole universe is like a spider's web of thinnest gossamer. The movement of the tiniest wing is felt at the remotest circumference. Patient toil, unreminded of results, yields a long and subtle lever of influence. The best work we accomplish we know nothing about; just as the great bumble bee flies from one gorgeous blossom to another, plunging his proboscis among the fragrant petals in eager quest of nectar, and in all unconsciousness sometimes that he is dislodging and distributing the pollen requisite to cross fertilization, and so promoting the production of new flowers, and making the wilderness blossom like a rose garden. Greatness is achieved in the unobtrusive chase, but while we are looking for something else. It is the little things that we get by our endeavor. The great things come to us, as it were, around a corner. We never become beautiful or eloquent, or popular, or happy, or intellectual, or even good, by hard effort. Whatever we get of such things will come to us when we are most self-forgetful, and most absorbed in the service of our kind, and not when we are trying to live like Byron as described by William Watson:

"Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those  
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.  
Only the odour of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces hungering for her face."

The value of life is determined not by measure but by weight. The Master regards not the bulk of the work done, but the quality of the influence is rendered. Noble living consists in doing our level best each day. We are employed by our great Taskmaster to work by the day, not by the piece. Let each day have its system and ritual. The events of 1777 in organizing and equipping an army of 10,000 in Canada, intending to descend upon Albany, from a junction at New York with Howe and so isolate the New England states from the rest of the country. Benedict Arnold, a traitor, and Fort Mifflin were captured, but Benedict was his Waterloo.

General Stark, with his hastily raised brigade, met the British forces at Bennington, having left orders for Col. Seth Warner to bring up his little force from the mountains as rapidly as possible. During the early part of the action, August 16, 1777, the British reinforcements arriving, the contest was renewed. Stark pulled out his line, and the British, who were not to be outdone, followed him. The British drums were heard, and his men, though few in number, had an extra supply of arms, and firing right and left they checked the Germans and carried the day.

## DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

Standing at the grave of General Stark this morning a little incident related I believe by Dr. Hale, came to my mind which may still be useful to some young man in shaping an earnest, purposeful life. General Burgoyne had spent June and July of 1777 in organizing and equipping an army of 10,000 in Canada, intending to descend upon Albany, from a junction at New York with Howe and so isolate the New England states from the rest of the country. Benedict Arnold, a traitor, and Fort Mifflin were captured, but Benedict was his Waterloo.

General Stark, with his hastily raised brigade, met the British forces at Bennington, having left orders for Col. Seth Warner to bring up his little force from the mountains as rapidly as possible. During the early part of the action, August 16, 1777, the British reinforcements arriving, the contest was renewed. Stark pulled out his line, and the British, who were not to be outdone, followed him. The British drums were heard, and his men, though few in number, had an extra supply of arms, and firing right and left they checked the Germans and carried the day.

On his way over the hills, Colonel Warner's horse, a high-spirited animal, had lost a shoe and it was absolutely necessary in that rocky country to have it replaced. Hastening down to a little hamlet of two or three houses, a store and a blacksmith shop, they found the smith's shop closed and no one in the village but some women and a lame 16-year-old boy. "All the men have gone to the army," said he, "but I could do nothing."

The boy saw the situation. "I've blown the bellows for Peter and sometimes helped him a little, may be I can help you." "Try," said the horseman. "Do your level best, my boy, but don't hurt the horse."

Lighting the fire, the boy hunted up three nails, made the other five, fitted a shoe to the delicate footed beast—a soldier blowing the bellows meanwhile—called it on and dropped it with sheer exhaustion and excitement as he drove the last nail. "That's splendid," said the officer, as he slipped some money into the boy's hand, and mounted.

the darkness grows darker, while the same process makes the light become lighter.

The persistent determination to express the best there is in you, whether by word or deed, upon every occasion becomes familiar, and you will find yourself continually containing good thoughts, stirring generous sentiments, doing kind acts and using choice language. This is finely exemplified in the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. From 1749 to 1752 he issued a little semi-weekly pamphlet entitled "The Rambler." The numbers were afterwards gathered together and published in book form, making six volumes, which ran through many editions. It is a rare work now, but any young man who can lay hands upon it and read it carefully will get a liberal education from it alone. The uniformly elevated strain, the high moral and religious character, the deep knowledge of human nature, the magnificent sweep of language marching with a gravity and grandeur like the procession of the equinoxes ennobles the mind and fills the reader with an earnest desire to do his "level best."

His biographer—Boswell—tells us that these papers raised the whole level of English literature and writers having neither the mentality nor morality of Johnson used to imitate his majestic style. But during the whole of the time that he was publishing these papers he was strenuously engaged in other literary work, especially in the preparation of his great dictionary, having six amanuenses to be constantly supplied with "copy," and the "Rambler" were frequently written off in odd moments and sent to the printer without being even read over by their author. How did he do this?

Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. Johnson replied that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company—to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could use, and that by constant practice—never allowing any careless expression to escape him nor permitting himself to deliver his thoughts until he had clearly arranged them, it became habitual to him.

**JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.**  
John Sebastian Bach was born in Thuringia. His father was a musician of some eminence but died, as also did his mother, before he was 10 years old, and he was left to the tender mercies of an elderly and somewhat capricious stepmother. This brother was an organist at Ohrdruf and was jealous of Sebastian's musical talent and rapid development. When was 14 years old his brother died and his mother was thrown through the window. He had no other resources. At Hamburg—a hundred miles away—was a great organ and a great organist. The boy determined to go there. Begging his way he reached Hamburg upon a dusty Sunday afternoon and at the church performance in the cathedral, hiding his low-head behind one of the great pillars. Only a few persons were present and they seemed mostly asleep.

According to time-honored custom, the whole service upon a warm, sleepy, Sunday afternoon, should partake largely of the character of the scattered audience and be equally dull and insipid. But this was not the idea of the grand old German organist. He sent his music rolling and blowing through the cathedral aisles as magnificently as if Frederick the Great and all his royal court had been present. The boy, weary, homeless, hungry, foot-sore, forgot all his troubles, was inspired, fed, filled and comforted with the heavenly strains—his musical aspirations confirmed and his course fixed by and from that service forever—and the old organist had the satisfaction afterwards of knowing that the performance of his service at a time when he might reasonably have supposed that there was no one to appreciate and no listening audience to applaud, had been largely the means of giving mankind one of the greatest musicians that the world has ever known—John Sebastian Bach.

"Give to the world the best you have and the best shall come back to you."

**In Passing.**  
"Oh, well, I don't care. I didn't make any fool bet. That's where we women are ahead of the men. We're too cautious to bet unless it's a sure thing."

"Mind what I say: You wanta keep away from me, fella. He don't mean no harm, but he's the sort that would unconsciously hang his mother-in-law or kill his wife, under the impression that he was doing them a favor."

"No one believes he was deliberately dishonest, but sometimes a self-meaning fool can do more mischief than a thief."

"No, you don't understand in the least; but then, I'd probably resent it if you did."

"Sometimes a man needs a friend more than he needs a wife, and if a woman can only understand that being a man's wife and being his friend are one and the same job, he at least stands a fair chance of happiness."

"I think a man often wonders in his most secret heart why he is such an utter brute to his wife; but he keeps right on being a brute."

"He looked like a dreamy-eyed poet, but I found out afterwards that he was a shipping clerk."

"It's getting so nowadays that a novel, let can't get along without a giggling stenographer tucked into the scenery somewhere."

**Weather Signs.**  
From the New York Sun.  
There are a great many signs which are well known to the so-called weather prophets, and if you live in the country you may amuse yourself by verifying some of them. Here are a few of the old reliables for signs of rain:

Ants become very lively and seem to be in a hurry about something.  
Roosters are always flapping their wings, and the hens seem restless.  
Dogs and cats do not look as lively as usual, and prefer to lie around the house, keeping near the fire.  
Flies come indoors and seem to be unusually sticky and troublesome.  
The cattle like to get into corners and usually stand with their tails toward the wind.  
The Welsbach mantles on the gas jets are not as bright as usual.  
Swallows and other birds that feed on the wing fly very low.

"Thank-ye-ma'ams," otherwise known as waterbreaks, consisting of ridges of earth built across roads on steep grades, are to be abolished in Pennsylvania as a part of its road improvement measure. These waterbreaks were once a familiar institution throughout New England and other parts of the country, and are still surviving in many places.

**COUNT UP.**  
+ If you count up the sunny and +  
+ if you count up a complete year, +  
+ you will find that the fine day +  
+ has come more often—Ovid. +

# HEART and HOME PROBLEMS

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1)—I am a girl of 19 and engaged to a man 12 years my senior, whom I love. Is there too much difference in our ages? (2) He respects me in every way and seems to love me and wants to have a home ready for me when we are married, so we set the day about a year from now. Is our engagement too long? (3) I am staying at home. Papa's father is there too. He insists on kissing me and that lags a year from now. But don't wait any longer.

(3) Keep out of his way. He is probably just a childish old man. But if he is too troublesome or becomes dangerous, tell your father it will be best for you to comply with a man's wishes once in a while, if they do not conflict with what she knows is right.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man of 21 and deeply in love with a girl of the same age whom I met three months ago. She said she likes me very much, and lets me see her whenever I want to, but I do not know whether she is joking or not. She is going home shortly and asked me to come and see her. I regret to see her go and do not know what to do to prevent her going. Would she marry me on such short acquaintance if I proposed to her and would it be a good step to take for me to go to her home and break my heart if I would lose her. Is it proper for a girl to kiss a fellow?

Ask her permission for you to write to her, and make it a point to accept her invitation to visit her. Let her see that you like her a great deal, but don't propose until you are sure there is no harm in it. I don't think it proper for a girl to kiss a fellow unless she is engaged to marry him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) I am a girl of 16 and have just returned from a visit to a large town, where I met several nice boys. Would it be right for me to write to any of them? (2) Is half past two late for me to be out with a perfectly good boy, at night? (3) If a boy wants you to write to him, he will write to you first and ask you to answer his letter. There is no harm in friendly correspondence if you discuss the letters with your mother. (3) My dear! I am surprised that you ask such a question. A little girl of your age should be at home and in bed by 10 p. m. at the latest. You will be a homely old woman at 20 if you keep such late hours now.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman and I love another man. He used to be my schoolmate. My husband is a very busy man and doesn't stay home much, while my old schoolmate stays at home and I can't continue his attention. I cannot live without him. I dread the thought of going into court for a divorce. Would it be proper to elope with him and live abroad the rest of my life?

You cannot get a divorce from your husband and if you elope you will end just like several thousand other married women who think they can't live without some certain man, who isn't worth anything. You'll find you will have to keep on living after he has decided he can get along very well without you, and it will be a living death for you.

Do your duty to your husband. Ask him to go to the doctor. He don't mean no harm, but he's the sort that would unconsciously hang his mother-in-law or kill his wife, under the impression that he was doing them a favor.

"No one believes he was deliberately dishonest, but sometimes a self-meaning fool can do more mischief than a thief."

"Mind what I say: You wanta keep away from me, fella. He don't mean no harm, but he's the sort that would unconsciously hang his mother-in-law or kill his wife, under the impression that he was doing them a favor."

"No, you don't understand in the least; but then, I'd probably resent it if you did."

"Sometimes a man needs a friend more than he needs a wife, and if a woman can only understand that being a man's wife and being his friend are one and the same job, he at least stands a fair chance of happiness."

"I think a man often wonders in his most secret heart why he is such an utter brute to his wife; but he keeps right on being a brute."

"He looked like a dreamy-eyed poet, but I found out afterwards that he was a shipping clerk."

"It's getting so nowadays that a novel, let can't get along without a giggling stenographer tucked into the scenery somewhere."

**Weather Signs.**  
From the New York Sun.  
There are a great many signs which are well known to the so-called weather prophets, and if you live in the country you may amuse yourself by verifying some of them. Here are a few of the old reliables for signs of rain:

Ants become very lively and seem to be in a hurry about something.  
Roosters are always flapping their wings, and the hens seem restless.  
Dogs and cats do not look as lively as usual, and prefer to lie around the house, keeping near the fire.  
Flies come indoors and seem to be unusually sticky and troublesome.  
The cattle like to get into corners and usually stand with their tails toward the wind.  
The Welsbach mantles on the gas jets are not as bright as usual.  
Swallows and other birds that feed on the wing fly very low.



# SHE WILL ENTERTAIN ESTHER CLEVELAND



**MISS LUCY HOKE SMITH.**  
Miss Lucy Hoke Smith, elder daughter of the senator from Georgia, will be one of the most prominent girls in Washington during the winter season. She will be a leader in the younger set and will entertain Miss Esther Cleveland when the latter visits Washington early in January.

## ACROBATS POPULAR IN INDIA.

**Rajahs Always Hire These Performers to Amuse Their Guests.**  
From the Wide World Magazine.  
The wandering acrobats of India are recruited from a low caste of people called "Dombars," who live by their professions alone. The children are trained from their earliest childhood, and do not receive any education in schools. They travel from village to town, and give their performances, which are really wonderful, in the open air, before crowds of onlookers. Their tricks are quaint and sometimes astonishingly clever. Supported by one another, these men will balance themselves in a crazy kind of pyramid rising 15 or 20 feet from the ground, and one of their number will then climb this living pyramid with a heavy weight in his teeth. Babies not yet able to walk are often seen being made use of in the most dangerous manner in these performances. Rajahs and rich Indians are very fond of the acrobatic displays, and engage the best of the men to perform before their guests at entertainments.

## Keeping Eyes Ahead.

There's a virtue in downright discontent; a noble quality in the protest against things as they are; the salt of continuity for the worth of human endeavor in the mere spirit of unorthodoxy. That day when a man is fired from the garden hat of progress was thrown into the ring and over it men will fight against blind circumstances until the sun diminishes to a red ball of dying fire and the last, lone heir of all the ages has raised his glass on a lonely planet to the memory of the mighty dead.

## JUMPING A THOUSAND HURDLES.

The craze for strange records began a great many years ago. There was an elderly London omnibus driver named Priestly who, at Hull, in 1863, pumped 1,000 hurdles each three feet six inches high, in 61 1/2 minutes. It is said that this record has never since been equalled. Priestly began omnibus driving in the same year, 1863, and during his 46 years in the service of the London General Omnibus company, he drove buses a distance of about 850,000 miles.

Pure saccharin is 550 times as sweet as sugar. A sweet taste may be imparted to 70,000 parts of water.

## PRACTICAL FROCK GOOD FOR SATIN



Practical frock good for satin or light woolen trimmed with narrow folds of velvet or satin. Yoke of plaited tulle in over. Bands of lace. Flat rosettes trim draped girde and the skirt. Plaistings of net trim the short sleeves. L. a. a. collar.

# Care of Milk In the Home

Bulletin of the Iowa State Dairy and Food Commission.

The medical milk commission of the city of New York recently visited 4,300 homes in that city and found 4,100 homes where the milk was improperly cared for. This statement, though startling is not an exaggeration of conditions the country over and with the hope of lessening the enormous infant mortality, this circular of information is issued. When you consider that 41 babies out of every 100 die that are fed other than by the breast, it is criminal not to heed a warning in regard to the selection and care of the food of our children.

Do not purchase milk that is sold in bulk. Insist upon having your milk bottled at the farm (not in the wagon) and delivered to you sealed from all dust and flies. The unsanitary method of carrying milk cans and measures through the dusty streets with flies alighting on the milk receptacles after alighting on garbage wagons, sputum, manure, etc., should not be tolerated. Have the milk man place the bottled milk out of reach of dogs and cats and in a cool, shady place. When the milk is delivered, note whether or not it is cold. If temperature is above 60 degrees, F., the milk man has been careless in his transportation methods. The bottle of milk should be held under the cold water faucet and washed thoroughly with as much water as possible. Then note whether there is any dirty sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

The caps used on milk bottles are of two varieties, the waxed paper cap which is fitted into the recessed metal cap which fits over the top of the bottle. The waxed paper cap is impervious to moisture and dirt yet can not compare with the paper lined metal cap in regard to cleanliness as there is always some dirt which will surround the edges of the cap that is difficult to remove while the milk is in the bottle.

Unless you are familiar with the conditions at the dairy, such as the health of the cows and the manner of milking and caring for the product, the milk should be pasteurized in the home. Do not depend upon commercial pasteurization. The pasteurization as it is carried on today in a commercial way kills the acid bacteria and very few, if any, of the tubercular and typhoid germs. Pasteurization in the home may be performed without any apparatus other than is found in the common cooking utensils. Select a pasteurizer of milk and then the bottles of milk and then place an inverted, perforated pie tin in the bottom to prevent bumping. Set the bottles of milk on the pie tin and fill the pail with water to the level of the milk in the bottles. Punch a hole through the cap, or in case nursing bottles are used, plug the necks with absorbent cotton. Heat on the stove or over a gas burner until the water just begins to boil, then remove from the fire and allow to stand for five minutes. Repeat the process in the pail. Gradually with colder water until the bottles have been cooled to the temperature of the tap water, then place on ice until ready for use. By the process of pasteurization, the milk should be heated to a temperature of not less than 145 degrees F. and not more than 150 degrees F. The milk should be allowed to stand at this temperature for from 20 to 30 minutes, then quickly cooled and kept on ice until used. After pasteurization, it is always well to remove the caps from the ordinary milk bottles and invert a glass tumbler over the bottle as a protection against dust. During the process of pasteurization, it is preferable to have a thermometer in the bottle of milk so that the temperature may be accurately controlled.

Another source of contamination is the condition of the refrigerator which should always be sweet and clean. Milk absorbs odors and tastes from the refrigerator. Care must be taken not to place the milk in foul smelling refrigerators or near odorous food products. As stated above, milk should be placed in direct contact with the ice.

## A Word Regarding Evaporated Milk.

Upon the market are two products, one known as evaporated milk which is cream milk evaporated in a vacuum pan so that 100 pounds of whole milk yields about 45 pounds of evaporated milk. This product is sterilized in the can with heat. The other product is known as sweetened condensed milk. This is very similar to the evaporated whole milk, but contains about 40 per cent of cane sugar. This product is preserved by the added sugar. Some people are diluting the unsweetened evaporated milk and feeding the same to babies. The directions which appear upon the can for the dilution of the milk in many cases are such that the diluted product would starve a child if this were his only food. If, to the sample of evaporated milk about 1-4 times its volume of water is added and the product thoroughly mixed, you will secure a milk very closely approximating its original composition.

## IN PASSING.

"Don't preach. Hand 'im a line of fovy. He's just a regular husband."

"He married a city girl and now they have nappkins at every meal."

"Sometimes I think I'm tired when all I need is to wash my face."

"Before marriage a girl is always talking about 'his' opinions. After marriage she mentions only his appetite."

"A whole lot of 'friendly interest' ought to be spelled c-u-r-i-o-u-s-l-y."

"The way some husbands complain about money is to think it was an infliction instead of a responsibility."

"When girls get throo they cry; when men get tired they drink; but they both have headaches next day and take it out on the others in the office."

"A man's ideal of a wife is a combination saint, valet, siren and cook."

"The neighbors are gossiping because she runs a sewing machine according to the printed directions. And she cooks out of a book, too. But her husband seems to be a real nice man."

**\$14,000 Verdict for Tears.**  
From the New York World.  
Mrs. Dora Lattay, of 235 Pacific street, Brooklyn, who fell down stairs in the Bijou theater, that borough, on October 30, 1911, and so injured her eyes, that she is now perpetually in tears, recovered a verdict of \$14,000 against Corsey Payton Stock company Saturday. The case was tried before Supreme Court Justice Van Slicen.

Mrs. Lattay said she caught her foot in a rent in the rubber covering of the stairs and fell to the bottom. She struck her head in such a way that the tear ducts of both eyes were affected.

Los Angeles expects to capture in 1913 about 30 conventions of national importance.