

## CITY LIFE HARDER

### FARMER'S WIFE NEED NOT ENVY HER URBAN SISTER.

Prevalent Belief That the Farmer is a Household Drudge Disproved by Facts—Proper Comparison of Conditions.

BY CLINTON M. SHULTZ.  
Does the farmer's wife work too hard? Is she a greater drudge than the city housewife? Is her health broken by toll more quickly than that of the woman of the city?

It is a prevalent belief that as compared with a city housewife the farmer's wife has a harder lot in life. We do not believe it. It is true that a farmer's wife, particularly in her early days of married life, works hard, but so must the wife of a city mechanic. The farmer's wife works to secure a home and a competence for herself and her family and in order that she may spend her declining years in comfort and peace, while the life of a mechanic's wife from her wedding day to her death is, as a rule, a never-ending bitter struggle to make the inadequate income of her husband meet the demands of the family.

Very few mechanics working for day wages ever secure a competency to care for them in their old age. It is hard work down to the bitter end, and the city housewife is confined to the narrowest social limitations and comforts of every day life.

The farmer's wife must rise early and cook three meals a day for her hungry husband and boys, but she has an abundance for her table growing at her kitchen door and is rarely obliged to economize in food. The mechanic's wife must rise even earlier in order to prepare her husband's breakfast in time for him to make a journey of four or five miles or even greater distances in time to be at his place when work begins, and often she is obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to provide food for her table.

The farmer's wife lives in a clean atmosphere, in a riot of sunshine and sweet air, while the mechanic's wife, often during her whole life is confined to three or four small rooms to which she must climb up long flights of stairs, and is only able to snatch an occasional breath of air or feel the sun's warmth for an hour in a crowded city park.

Modern conveniences can now be found in thousands of farmhouses all over the land. Equipped with bathtubs, hot and cold water, acetylene gas, telephones and every modern aid to good living, the farmer's home is far more comfortable, on the average, than the home of the city mechanic.

Life in a city flat is depressing and has a narrowing influence upon the lives of women. The telephone and the trolley have banished the isolation under which formerly farmers' wives suffered and have brought them into as close relation with their relatives, friends and neighbors as that enjoyed by the wife of the city worker.

City life has many attractions for women and possesses many advantages to people who have the money to pay for them. But, taking the life of the wife of the average farmer and the wife of the average city mechanic, there is a breadth and hopefulness and sweetness and comfort for the farm woman which can never be attained by the dweller in a city flat.

### Afternoon Tea Scores.

Sift a quart of flour three times with two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one of salt. Chop into this a tablespoonful of butter and one of lard for shortening. Mix in a bowl with a wooden spoon into a dough by adding three cupsful of sweet milk, or enough to make a soft dough. Do not touch with your hands. Lay the dough upon your kneading board, and roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Cut into round cakes with your biscuit cutter, and bake upon soapstone griddle to a light brown. Split and butter while hot.

### Seafoam Candy.

Put three cups of light brown sugar, a cup of water and a tablespoon of vinegar into a saucepan. Heat gradually to the boiling point, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until the mixture forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire when it stops bubbling, pour the mixture into the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating constantly. Beat until it becomes quite stiff, then add a cup of chopped nut meats. Drop from a spoon on buttered tins.

### Casserole of Beef.

Line a casserole or baking dish with boiled rice about one-half inch thick. Fill this cup with well-seasoned boiled beef or any leftover meat, ground. Place a rice covering over all and heat them in the oven. Serve with sauce of one cupful of strained tomatoes, eight teaspoonfuls of flour and butter, salt, pepper, and sugar to taste; place one onion in mixture, removing when done.

### Walnut Wafers.

Beat two eggs until light, then add one-half pound light brown sugar that has been rolled fine, one-half pound of chopped nuts, three even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop small spoonfuls on buttered pans and bake until light brown.

### English Pudding.

One cup molasses, half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, one teaspoonful soda, half teaspoonful all kinds of spices. Steam three hours.

the biggest fish began life on a nail scale.

It's always the last word that brings on the first blow.

All men are brave until they are called upon to make good.

The flower of the family isn't necessarily a blooming idiot.

Playing the races and playing the fool are usually synonymous.

A man is rich in power if he is able to do without the things wealth will buy.

The youth who can afford a motor boat doesn't have to paddle his own canoe.

Many a summer girl would like to forget how many summers she has been in the game.

Sometimes a man is loved for the enemies he has made, but more often for the money he has inherited.

Some would-be flatterers, after smearing on a lot of salve, spoil the effect by rubbing it in with a wire brush.

Many a young man in search of a wife has passed right through a peach orchard and pitched his tent in a lemon grove.

A town man never gets rid of the idea that he will make a fortune in the poultry business when he has saved up enough to buy a ten-acre farm.

### DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

It is better to point the glad hand than to point the finger of scorn.

The fellow who thinks marriage is a lottery is lucky if he only thinks so.

All the world's a stage, with about a thousand understudies for every star.

Lots of married people might study harmony without taking music lessons.

Many a fellow is so slow that he wouldn't even make a successful pall bearer.

Even when a woman loses her head over a millinery display she still wants a new hat.

You can't beat learning into a boy. In spite of the fact that a switch will make him smart.

Marrying for money proves about as successful as most of the other get-rich-quick games.

If a cubic inch of air contain a million microbes, there is no excuse for any man being lonely.

A girl can easily twist a fellow around her finger, but the trouble is he gets broke so easily.

Lots of people who are too wise to buy green goods or gold bricks will sign a contract with a book agent.

### WAYSIDE OBSERVATIONS.

Never judge a man's past by what he tells you about it.

Here's hoping the early frosts will not spoil the canned-fruit crop.

The signs of love show up as plainly as the symptoms of measles.

Many a man is willing to lose a friend in order to acquire a dollar.

It's better to follow one good example than it is to set a dozen bad ones.

Some men live in advance of their age by reading only next month's magazines.

A girl doesn't enjoy an outing unless the right young man shows up somewhere in the scenery.

Perhaps the water wagon would be a more popular conveyance if it were equipped with pneumatic tires.

Even if you are reasonably sure of going to Heaven, you should take out insurance against going elsewhere.

What a grand old world this would be to live in if opportunity knocked at a man's door as often as the bill collector!

### WISDOM.

A good many men know too much and think too little.

Nothing keeps a man so careful and prudent as to have an enemy or two in the brush.

We wouldn't mind money talking if it didn't insist on talking politics so much of the time.

One of the chief characteristics of the very self-satisfied, self-made man is that he sends his children to the best college in the country whether they want to go or not.

Economy has been described by a cynic as the habit of getting along without the things you want so that some day you may have them if you are not too dead to use them.

### WITH THE SAGES.

Everyone can do his best thing easiest.—Emerson.

Forgive thyself little and others much.—Leighton.

Earth's greatest blessings come to us in disguise.—Davies.

Love, give love, ask only love and leave the rest.—Browning.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.—Cobden.

'Tis better to love to hear than to love to speak.—Washington.

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.—George Eliot.

The best education in the end is that gained from experience.—Hartley.

Each man has his special duty to perform, his special work to do.—Smiles.

Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage with others.—Stevenson.

Commit a sin twice and it soon will seem not to be an evil act.—Marcus Aurelius.

A judicious and reasonable estimation of one's own character has nothing to do with pride.—Fuller.

The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees—gentle and yet irrepresible—which no force can stay, no violence restrain, is like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power.—Longfellow.

### GLOBE SIGHTS.

Horses have quit scaring at automobiles, but dogs still chase them.

All the old-fashioned boys have been located, except the one who used to split on new shoes.

When a woman confesses to a poor memory, she says it isn't long enough to reach from the dining room to the kitchen.

The women are always telling of brutal husbands, and the men talk a good deal about men who are cruelly imposed upon by their wives.

Very few religious women believe that their husbands will be saved, but believe that all knowledge of the frying process will be mercifully blotted out of their memory.

Men don't like to be found fault with before other men, and women can't get over the humiliation of being found fault with in the presence of other women; people don't like fault-finding any way you can fix it.

There are lots of women who know how Cook and Peary feel. Many a time they have had to cut for the head prize, but they always looked pleasant and said nothing mean for publication while doing it. Surely the politeness that attended the critical moment when a painted plate was in question is possible when it is only a pole.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

### SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

When the end of your work is out of sight, look aloft.—De Lesseps.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.—Bunyan.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose.—Thomas Carlyle.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man; Great souls are portions of eternity.—Lowell.

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy god?—Micah.

Straight is the line of duty; Curved is the line of beauty; Follow the straight and thou shalt see The curved line ever follow thee!—Anon.

Christianity is a religion that will not keep; the only thing to do with it is to use it, spend it, give it away.—Henry Van Dyke.

### CURT CONCLUSIONS.

If wishes were automobiles a whole lot of beggars would be walking.

A man who can use all the slang of the day as fast as he hears it, is as smart as a parrot or a phonograph.

The eyes may be the windows of the soul, but it isn't the good people who have the stained glass windows.

The only difference between chasing rainbows and political jobs, is the fact that there is no pot of gold at the end of the latter.

One of the sorrows we all endure is the fact that the most interesting people we know are generally too busy to put their feet up and talk with us for an hour at a time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### RAM'S HORN BROWN.

A poor man's dog is seldom lean.

No college has ever yet been found that could make a saint.

The way to get a better place is to do better in your present one.

The little hills of childhood are bigger than the mountains of manhood.

When you know a man's definition of life, you know how much he lives.

No man can be either saved or lost without himself giving the casting vote.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet where it is most needed.

It is doubtful whether the man who makes a long prayer ever expects it to be answered.

The world pays a good deal more attention to what a man does than to what he says.

A man cannot enter the straight gate without leaving behind him everything that is crooked.

Find a cause anywhere that woman is not the heart of, and you find one the devil is at the head of.

We are as responsible for what we permit others to do in our name as for what we do ourselves.

The kind of giving upon which God promises a blessing is the kind that is willing to give some of its own blood.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Selfishness is habit; generosity, accident.

A woman's deception is more natural than a man's sincerity.

Once in a while a man is good because he doesn't know any better.

A man is so busy using his friends he has no time to study them.

You can tell when a girl isn't in earnest with a man by the way she acts as if she were.

There's something about red hair that affects a woman's temper even when it isn't natural.

The more sweet you put into love at the start the more it has a chance to sour before the finish.

The thing that makes a dose of medicine easy to take is when it is instead of a moral lecture.

What a man likes about celebrating something is he could be just as enthusiastic if it was something else.

A woman will never tire of love even if it is counterfeit; a man can hardly keep from being bored with it, even if it is genuine.—New York Press.

### FACT AND FANCY.

Little children never like red.

We all mean to be honest, but some of us live beyond our means.

People who live in glass houses should never leave the blinds up.

What is the good of holding the key to the situation if you can't find the keyhole?

A good golfer can drive his ball off the face of a watch without breaking the crystal.

A man with one wife too many is not necessarily either a bigamist or a polygamist.

Of seaweed men make soap, glue, imitation leather, oilcloth, linoleum, size and pipe covering.

What some men know about motor-ing would fill a book. What they don't know fills cemeteries.

Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor were each allowed three rump steaks and two quarts of beer for breakfast.

### BRIEF FACTS.

The average cost of locomotives is 8.2 cents a pound.

France produces more than twice as much wine as any other country.

Boston's city chemist and bacteriologist is a woman, Miss E. Marion Wade.

An envelope or package sealed with the white of an egg cannot be steamed open.

About one gallon of fuel alcohol can be distilled from three gallons of molasses.

Illiteracy among the negroes of the United States is seven times as common as among the whites.

Yakutsk, the commercial emporium of eastern Siberia, is the coldest city in the world.

The damming of the river Nile has conferred such benefits upon Egypt that the capacity of the Assouan dam will be doubled, to bring 1,000,000 more acres of land under cultivation.

# Cupid's Assistant

By FRANCIS A. COREY

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A guffaw went round the dinner table as a waiter deposited an oblong pasteboard box at Ralph Harding's elbow.

"Flowers!" sniffed Tom Carrol. "Fifth box this week—by actual count. All for the same lucky dog, that fascinating Mr. Harding."

Ralph's first angry impulse was to toss the unwelcome offering into the fire. Why did his lady admirers persist in sending such truck to his club? Rising deliberately, he got into his overcoat and took the box ostentatiously under his arm.

"Oh!h! Somebody particular?" Carrol chafed.

"The queen of Sheba," Harding growled.

As he let himself out, a gust of icy wind, freighted with snow and sleet, struck his face smartingly. Turning up the fur collar of his coat, he was about to plunge into the storm when something bumped against his feet. Ten sharp claws were thrust into his trousers leg, and there was a piteous mew.

The clinging atom was a kitten, its fur coat crusted over with sleet.

"Poor little beggar!" Harding said, stooping to stroke the shivering creature. "Hard lines—to be lost or turned adrift on a night like this."

The vagrant rubbed cooingly against the friendly hand with a feeble purr. Harding glanced about him. The storm was increasing. The kitten, left to its fate, would be dead before morning; and he had a soft spot in his heart.

"The club cook hates cats—I can't turn the beggar over to him," he muttered. "I've got to take him home with me."

His bachelor apartment was at the other end of the city—it would be necessary to take a car. And of course he couldn't carry the bedraggled wail openly in his arms.

He stood deliberating for a moment, then suddenly remembered the pasteboard box. The very thing! As he tore off the wrappings hastily, a familiar fragrance arose. Violets—Edith Loring's favorite flower! The discovery made him hesitate. But Edith was the last person to send flowers to his

"Why, old chap, you had that box under your arm, I remember—"

"Yes, the box is mine," Harding said sturdily, lifting the kitten against his hot cheek. "And I'll have to own up to this little beggar, too. I—picked him up—in the street. He was wet and cold and miserable. I couldn't let him freeze, you know. I'm—taking him—home with me."

Morton stared, gasped, then, as the situation dawned upon him, broke into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! So you go about adopting alley cats? This little beast is to be quartered comfortably in your bachelor abode? Oh, shades of the society with the long name! Tom Carrol and the boys shall hear of this."

The flush on Harding's cheek deepened. He turned blindly, holding the kitten close to him. He wanted to get away. The one thing he could not do was to meet Miss Loring's scornful eyes.

But there was a rustle, a quick step. She had slipped between him and the door.

"It's a nasty night—of course you couldn't leave the poor creature to perish, Ralph," she said, in a voice singularly gentle and sweet. "It would have been cruel." Then she smiled a queer smile, and added with sudden irrelevancy: "But there were flowers in that box! What has become of them?"

"I threw them away—"

"Oh, you did? You sacrificed my flowers for a vagrant cat?"

Harding felt the room go round. "Yours, Edith?" he echoed feebly. "They were sent to the club. I didn't know—I never dreamed—that they came from you."

"Of course not. They should have gone to your apartment—as usual. The messenger blundered."

"I'm sorry," he began, and stopped; for two bejeweled hands fell suddenly on his deep shoulders.

"Didn't you see that the flowers were violets, Ralph?" she whispered. "I thought you'd understand, when you opened the box, that I—was sorry—for last night—and wanted to be friends again!"

**Bird Songs.**  
Bird-song is discussed by Dr. B. Hoffmann in a new work with the formidable German title of "Kunst und Vogelgesang in ihren wechselseitigen Beziehungen von naturwissenschaftlich-musikalischen Standpunkte beleuchtet." While the author shows that the great majority of singing birds do not use the intervals of our musical scale, he claims that a few occasionally do so. Dr. Hoffmann finds rhythm in the song of the quail, great tit, wood-pigeon and song-thrush.

**Precocity.**  
He was telling the young woman about his fine cows and called her attention to a calf grazing not far away. "That calf is only six weeks old," he said. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Only six weeks old!" questioned the young lady in amazement, "and walking so soon?"—Life.

He deposited the Kitten on the Improvised Cushion.

club address. And had they not quarreled and broken their engagement the evening before? So, ruthlessly tossing the violets into the street, he laid his folded handkerchief in the bottom of the box and deposited the kitten on the improvised cushion, after having brushed the frozen particles from its furry coat.

The car he took was pretty well filled. At the next crossing it stopped for a passenger—a young lady muffled in furs. Harding straightened with a gasp, Edith herself!

Miss Loring was half way down the aisle before she saw him. She stopped involuntarily, and her head, too, went back. But when she saw the box gingerly balanced on his knees a smile broke about her lips and her cheeks grew pink.

"Good evening, Mr. Harding," she said with surprising cordiality, considering the manner of their parting.

He began to beam—then grew suddenly frigid. What if, through untoward accident, she discovered the contents of the box? A grown man lug-ging home a disreputable stray kitten! She was a woman of the world—she would see only the ridiculous side of the situation. He turned hot, then cold, at the thought of her scorn.

She had taken the seat opposite. At first she had an expectant air; but he sat like a post, and the smile left her lips. Slowly the color ebbed from her cheeks and her eyes flashed.

Presently as the car stopped to leave a passenger, a sound arose in the sudden silence that brought Harding's heart into his throat—a prolonged, piteous wail!

"Good gracious! What's that?" cried a nervous-looking woman beside him.

His face was scarlet. A slight stirring in the box showed that the kitten, warmed and rested, was waxing rebellious in its cramped quarters. The cover lifted the fraction of an inch, affording a fleeting glimpse of two black and white paws. Then again came that plaintive cry.

"Me-ow!"



He Deposited the Kitten on the Improvised Cushion.