

The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight.

The practical thing for this would-be farmer to do would be to rent his new-bought farm and become an earnest student at the nearest agricultural college. Will he be like most other teachers and persuade himself that he knows it all before he has really learned anything?

CHAPTER II.

My Farmer Comes.

Three days later I closed the deal and hastened back to college. Professor Grey of the college botanical department assigned his chief assistant at the gardens to my case. He took me to Boston, and in one day spent exactly \$641 of my precious savings, while I gaped, helpless in my ignorance. He bought, it appeared to me, barrels of seeds, tons of fertilizers, thousands of wheel hoes for horse and man, millions of pruning saws and spraying machines, hotbed frames and sashes, tomato trellises, and I knew not what other nameless implements and impedimenta.

This was rather disconcerting. But the die was cast, and I came to a sudden realization that seven years of teaching the young idea how to punctuate isn't the best possible training for running a farm, and if I were to get out of my experiment with a whole skin I had got to turn to and be my own chief laborer, and hereafter my own purchaser, as well.

All that night I packed and planned, and the next morning I left college forever. I slipped away quietly, before the chapel bell had begun to ring, avoiding all tender good-bys. I had a stack of experiment-station bulletins in my grip, and during the four hours I spent on the train my eyes never left their pages. Four hours is not enough to make a man a qualified agriculturist, but it is sufficient to make him humble. I landed at Benford station, hired a hack, and drove at once to my farm, and my first thought on alighting was this: "Good, Lord, I never realized the frightful condition of that orchard! It will take me a solid week to save any of it, and I suppose I'll have to set out a lot of new trees besides. More expense!"

"It's a dollar up here," said the driver of the hack, in a mildly insidious voice.

I paid him brusquely and he drove away. I stood in the middle of the road, my suitcase beside me, the long afternoon shadows coming down through my dilapidated orchard, and surveyed the scene. Milt Noble had gone. So had his enthusiasm. The house was bare and desolate. It hadn't been painted for twenty years, at least, I decided. My trunks, which I had sent ahead by express, were standing disconsolately on the kitchen porch. Behind me I heard my horse stamping in the stable, and saw my two cows feeding in the pasture. A postcard from one Bert Temple, my nearest neighbor up the Slab City road, had informed me that he was milking them for me—and, I gathered, for the milk. Well, if he didn't, goodness knew who would! I never felt so lonely, so helpless, so hopeless, in my life.

Then an odd fancy struck me. George Meredith made his living, too, by reading manuscripts for a publisher! The picture of George Meredith trying to reclaim a New England farm as an avocation restored my spirits, though just why perhaps it would be difficult to make anyone but a fellow English instructor understand. I suddenly tossed my suitcase into the barn, and began a tour of inspection over my thirty acres.

There was tonic in that turn! That brook ran south close to the road which formed my eastern boundary, along the entire extent of the farm—some three hundred yards. As I followed the brook into the maples and then into the sudden hushed quiet of my little stand of pines, I thought how all this was mine—my own, to play with, to develop as a sculptor molds his clay, to walk in, to read in, to dream in. Think of owning even a half-acre of pine woods, still and coolest of spots! A single great pine, with wide-spreading, storm-tossed branches, like a cedar of Lebanon, stood at the stone wall, just inside my land.

"Somebody ought to get amusement out of this!" I said aloud, as I set off for the barn, gathered up my suitcase, and climbed the road toward Bert Temple's.

If I live to be a hundred, I can never repay Bert Temple, artist in callflowers and best of friends in my hour of need. Bert and his wife took me in, treated me as a human, if helpless, fellow being, not as a "city man" to be fleeced, and gave me the best advice, and the best supper a man ever had, meantime assuring me that my cows had been tested, and both were sound.

The supper came first. I hadn't eaten such a supper since grandmother died. There were brown bread Joes—only rival of Rhode Island Johnnycake for the title of the lost ambrosia of Olympus. They were so hot that the butter melted over them instantly, and crisp outside, with delicious, runny insides.

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "I haven't eaten brown bread Joes since I was a boy. I didn't know the secret existed any more."

Mrs. Temple beamed over her ample and calico-covered bosom. "You must hev come from Essex or Middlesex counties," she said, "if you've et brown bread Joes before."

After supper Bert took me in hand. "First thing fer you to do's to git a farmer and carpenter," he said. "I kin git yer both, if yer want I should, an' not sting yer. Most noo folks that come here gits stung. Seems like Bertford thinks that's why they come!"

"I'm clay in your hands," said I.

"Wall, yer don't exactly know me intimately," said Bert with a laugh, "so yer'd better git a bit o' granite



"All That Night I Packed and Planned."

into yer system. Neow, ez to a farmer—there's Mike Finn. He lives 'bout a quarter of a mile from your corner. He'll come an' his son'll help out with the heavy work. We'll walk down an' see him neow, ef yer like."

I liked, and in the soft, spring evening we set off down the road.

"Wal, then, ez to carpenters," Bert went on, "thar's good carpenters, an' bad carpenters, an' Hard Cider Howard. Hard Cider's fergotten more about carpent'rin' than most o' the rest ever knoo, and he ain't fergot much, neither. But he ain't handsome, and he looks upon the apple juice when it's yaller. Maybe yer don't mind looks, an' I kin keep Hard Cider sober while he's on your job. He'll treat yer fair, an' see that the plumbers do."

We walked on, turned the corner at my brook, and followed the other road along past my pines till we came to a small settlement of white cottages. At one of these Bert knocked. We were admitted by a pretty, blue-eyed Irish girl, who had a copy of Caesar's "Commentaries" in her hand, into a tiny parlor, where an "airtight" stove stood below a colored chromo of the Virgin and Child, and a middle-aged Irishman sat in his shirtsleeves, smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Mike," said Bert, "this is Mr. John Upton, who's bought Milt Noble's place, an' wants a farmer and gardener. I told him you wuz the man."

"Sit down, sor, sit down," said Mike, offering a chair with an expansive and hospitable gesture. "Sure, let's talk it over."

The pretty daughter had gone back to her Caesar by the nickel oil lamp, but she had one ear toward us, and I caught a corner of her eye, too—an extremely attractive, not to say provocative eye.

"Well, now," Mike was saying, "sure I can run a farm, but what do I be gettin' fer it?"

"Fifty a month," said I, "which includes milking the cows and tending furnace in winter."

"Sure, I got more than that on me last place and no cows at all."

"Ye're a liar, Mike," said Bert.

"That's a fightin' word in the ould country," said Mike.

"This ain't the ould country, and yer got forty-five dollars," Bert grinned. "Besides, ye'll be close to yer work. You wuz a mile an' a half from the Sulloways. That makes up fer the milkin'."

"True, true," Mike replied, meditatively. "But what be yer runnin' the place for, Mr. Upton? Is it a real farmer ye'd be?"

"A real farmer," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I didn't know. I've heard say yer wuz a literary feller, too, Mr. Upton, and I have no doubts."

"Well, I'm a sort of a literary feller," I confessed. "But it's you I want to be the real literary feller, Mike. You must write me a poem in potatoes."

Mike put back his head and roared. "It's a poem yer want, is it?" he cried. "Sure, it's an oration I'll give ye. I'll grow ye the real home rule potatoes."

"Well," said I, rising, "do you begin tomorrow morning, and will your son help for a few weeks?"

"The mornin' it is," said Mike, "and Joe along."

I paused by the side of the girl. "All Gaul is divided into three parts," I laughed.

She looked up with a pretty smile, but Mike spoke: "Sure, but they give all three parts to Nora," he said, "so what was the use o' dividin' it? She thinks she's me mither instead o' me daughter!"

"I'll put you to bed in a minute," said Nora, while Mike grinned proudly at her.

"I'm going to like Mike," said I to Bert, as we walked back up the road.

"I knoo yer would soon ez I seen yer," Bert replied. "The only folks that don't like Mike is the folks that can't see a joke. Mike has a tolerable number o' dislikers."

"Well, I've got my farmer," said I, "and now I suppose I've got to find a housekeeper, as soon as the house is ready to live in. Nora would suit me."

"I reckon she would," but she wouldn't suit Bertford.

"In other words, I want an oldish woman, very plain, and preferably a widow."

"With a young son old enough ter help on the farm," Bert added with a grin.

"I don't suppose you know of just such a combination?"

"Reckon I dew. You leave it to my old lady."

"Mr. Temple," said I, "seems to me I'm leaving everything to you."

"Wal, neow, yer might do a heap sight worse!" said Bert.

I went up to my chamber where we got back, and sat down beside my little glass lamp and did some figuring. Added to my alleged salary as a manuscript reader, along with what I hoped I could pick up writing, I recklessly calculated my annual income as a possible \$3,000. Out of this I subtracted \$600 for Mike's wages, \$300 for a housekeeper, \$400 for additional labor, \$75 for taxes, and \$500 for additions to my "plant," as I began to call my farm.

Then it occurred to me that I ought, of course, to sell my farm produce for a handsome profit. Bert had gone to bed, so I couldn't ask him how much I would be likely to realize. But with all due conservatism I decided that I could safely join the golf club. So I did, then and there. Whereupon I felt better, and, picking out the manuscript of a novel from my bag, I went bravely at the task of earning my living.

CHAPTER III.

Joy in an Old Orchard.

The following morning was a balmy and exquisite first of May and Bert hustled me off immediately after breakfast to meet Hard Cider Howard, whom, by some rural wireless, he had already summoned.

As we walked down the road, I glanced toward my lone pine, and saw my horse and Mike's hitched to the plow, with Joe driving and Mike holding the handles. Across the green pasture, between the road and the hayfield, already four rich brown furrows were shining up to the sun.

At the house we found awaiting a strange-looking man, small, wrinkled, unkempt, with a discouraged mustache and a nose of a decidedly brighter hue than the rest of his countenance. He was tapping at the sills of the house.

"How about it, Hard? Cement?"

said Bert.

Hard Cider nodded to me, with a keen glance from his little, bloodshot eyes.

"Yep," he said. "Stucco over it. Brick underplumbin's be ez good ez noo. Go inside."

We stepped upon the side porch, Bert handing me the key and I opening the door of my new dwelling with a secret thrill. Hard Cider at once began on the kitchen floor, ripping up a plank to examine the timbers beneath.

We crossed the hall to the south side, where there were two corresponding rooms. Here, as on the other side, the chimney and fireplaces were on the inside walls, and the mantels were of a simple yet very good colonial pattern, though they had been browned by smoke and time to a dirt color.

"Now I want these two rooms made into one," said I. "I want one of the doors into the hall closed up, and a glass door cut out of the south side to a pergola veranda. Can you do it?"

Hard examined the partition. He climbed on a box which we dragged in, and ripped away plaster and woodwork ruthlessly, both at the top and at places on the sides, all without speaking a word.

"Yep," he said finally, "ef yer don't mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's solid oak. Yer door, though, 'll have to be double, with a beam in the middle."

"Fine!" I cried. "One to go in by, one to go out. Guests please keep to the right!"

"Hev ter alter yer chimney," he added, "or yer'll hev two fireplaces."

There! After a whirl of expense and figuring the professor calls his farm a "plant." And he expects to "earn his livin'!" He may earn it, but will he get it? His first day's work at his "plant" may tell us something about that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Speechless Wooer Not Popular

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Oh, when he comes again,
In the old glad way,
I will smile and take his hand,
What were there to say?
I will droop my eyes and smile,
For my soul would be
Like the peace of summer noons
Beside the sea.

It would make the world laugh were it to hear or read all that I do about courtships

—good, fair and indifferent—from anxious women who whisper their heart secrets to me. I often wonder how it is that some lovers are able to win the objects of their hearts' desire, they stumble through courtship so clumsily.

I find that not one young woman out of a hundred really admires the bold wooer. Love-making, above everything else, should be done with the greatest delicacy, adroitness and reverence.

The young man who calls a score or more of times without the slightest kind of a hint to the girl who is spending her evenings entertaining him, that he is interested in her—a notch farther than friendship—should not expect that the flame of hope which he has probably lighted in her breast is to burn continuously without fuel.

There is another kind of man who is a puzzle to the cleverest of women—he who delights to have the dearest of his choice all to himself after blurted out a few words in which he has popped the question, but never afterward referring to the subject, content

Some Mysteries of Turkish Censorship Are Explained

In all letters from America the Turkish censor seemed to take the most personal interest, writes Arthur Ruhl in Collier's. At the end of one letter of mine from New York he wrote in pencil: "Please not so long—Censor."

One day I had the pleasure of meeting him, or at least that part of him which handled English correspondence—an Oxford Turk who could speak English as well as anybody.

"Fancy," said he, "a woman takes a donkey ride over in Anatolia somewhere, and writes her husband sixteen pages about it. Well, now, no one could read that!" So his young men read the first page and the last, and the rest they simply lifted out and—into the waste basket!

This explained it—those curious letters people had been getting with a start and a finish and the rest all gone. Imagine yourself, for instance, separated by five thousand miles and a continent covered with war from those you care about most and then getting a letter: "I feel it my duty to tell you the real truth. . . ."

then a gap and the conclusion: "If you act at once, there may still be time. Yours sincerely. . . ." It wasn't that the censor objected to the middle of the letter, but there wasn't time to wade through all, and he merely sent what he could read.

Things That Are New.

A Massachusetts inventor's automatic fire alarm can be attached to the electric lighting circuit in a building to utilize it to ring a bell.

To water trees on city streets a German forester has invented a perforated metal ring to be buried in the ground above their roots, and opening extending above the ground to receive water.

A German patent has been granted an American inventor of a talking machine connection for dairy machinery, the noises of which, he claims, is so monotonous it impairs the efficiency of butter makers.

In a new desk calendar the dates are carried on a reel in such a manner that 13 weeks are visible at a time and the background causes the figures for any week desired to appear more prominent than the others.

A method for freezing fish, patented in Denmark, by immersing them in a cold liquid, is claimed to preserve them in more perfect condition than air freezing as the fish is not dried nor broken by ice crystals.

A Butterfly Negligee.

Among the simple, easily washed, yet dressy negligees is one of white dotted voile, made with a huge butterfly-wing effect over the shoulders, forming the sleeves. This is made of two oblong pieces of the voile, one laid over each shoulder, forming a V at the throat and long pointed ends back and front. A long, slender bow marks the joining of the pieces at the back, and a similar bow with ends fastens the negligee in front. The deep points are finished with dull blue silk tassels. When the arms are lifted, the butterfly effect is very pronounced, and when the arms are down the wings fall in softly folded lines.

to be in her presence, holding her hands, but speaking never a word to break the awkward silence.

The world would scarcely believe that fully a third of all lovers carry on their courtship in this manner. Someone has somewhere said that "lovers have no need of words," but from all I learn from letters, or hear about, the speechless courtship is not popular with womankind. They want to hear something about the wedding day—when they may expect it to roll around, what the plans are for the future, where they are to live, if his folks are reconciled to the thought of losing a son, even though they thereby gain a daughter, and so on.

She silent, speechless lover keeps his sweetheart continually wondering if he is still as much in love with her as he thought he was or if he can be regretting their betrothal and is taking this means of causing her to weary of the bonds and suggest severing them, ready to jump at the proposition, or if anything has transpired to have changed his plans or prospects. He is an enigma, a riddle she would give much to solve. Sitting by the hour in utter silence, holding hands, will in time get upon the nerves of the most phlegmatic of women.

Such lovers are the kind who do not think it amiss to carry on this manner of so-called courtship year in and year out until the girl's relatives or friends consider it high time to cause him to speak out and tell what he intends to do.

Spirited women are more apt than not to weary of such a companion. It becomes a hard proposition to them to wonder if it would be best to stand that sort of companionship for life or whether or not some other man might prove more congenial. Speechless lovers mean well, no doubt, but they should not be surprised if a more agreeable man cuts them out.

Smiling Away Appendicitis.

Specialists at Johns Hopkins university have joined the "Keep on Smiling" cult. "Worry, and you will get a pain in the side," they say. Appendicitis is the medical term for one kind of pain in the side. These thoughtful and inquiring doctors, indeed, have reached the conclusion that mental depression is one of the most frequent causes of appendicitis, since worry and faulty mastication usually blend, and bolting one's food leads directly to disorder in the appendix. So they recommend smiling and similar light-minded diversions.

The public in general welcomes such admonitions. For the public does not particularly enjoy going to a hospital to permit a surgeon to explore and readjust its interior appurtenances or fixtures. Almost everyone would prefer smiling away appendicitis to being tinkered with and whittled by a busy surgeon.

One suspects that there is a great deal of good sense in the Johns Hopkins doctors' free and wholesome advice, which ought to be well-digested by everyone.

Mother's Cook Book.

"The mother who uses her intelligence to keep up with the world, is the mother who will retain her influence."

Rice in Various Forms.

Rice is such a wholesome food, especially good for children, that it should be served oftener and in greater variety.

Peas and Rice.

Boil a cupful of rice and a pint of green peas separately or they may be equally good as left overs. Chop two onions fine and fry in butter until light brown. Add the cooked peas and rice, season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Boiled Rice Pudding.

Wash a handful of rice, add a cupful of stoned raisins, cut in halves, add a little salt, tie in a cloth, leaving room for the rice to swell, and drop into boiling water, to cook two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Savory Rice.

Fry a tablespoonful of chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is light brown, add a cupful of rice and cook until it is slightly colored, then add a pint of chicken stock and cook in a double boiler until the rice is tender.

Rice With Fruit.

Rice is especially good with peaches, pears, or in fact any not too acid fruit. A small mold of plain cooked rice, garnished with sliced fruit or berries with cream and sugar makes a most satisfying dessert.

Meat and Rice Loaf.

Line a buttered baking dish with rice, fill with seasoned chopped meat and cover with rice, then cook by steam or in the oven for 30 minutes, unmold and serve with any desired sauce, such as tomato or an onion seasoned brown sauce.

Rice a La Riston.

Finely chop two thin slices of bacon, add to a half of a medium sized cabbage, finely chopped, cover and cook slowly 30 minutes. Add a fourth of a

HERE'S ONE OF REASONS WHY EVERS HATES UMPS

Captain of Braves Tells About Run-in He Had With Official in Game at St. Louis Several Years Ago.

Johnny Evers tells about a run-in he had with Umpire Rigler at St. Louis some years ago. "The fans in St. Louis always rode me there," said Evers, laughing. "They never seemed to let up on me. They'd call me a crab and all that. It was a bit annoying, but I paid no attention to them."

"Finally, one series, we were playing our last game with the Cards. It came to the ninth inning and we Cubs were ahead something like seven to one. It was easy going for us, but still those fans continued to ride me."

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Johnny Evers.

"Two were out and none on base in that ninth when I came to bat. O'Connor was catching for St. Louis and Rigler was behind him, umpiring."

"I turned toward those fans and, in an undertone said: 'You big stiff, you.'"

"Like a flash Rigler was on me. 'Get out of the game,' he ordered. I was amazed."

"O'Connor took off his mask. 'I say, nobody heard that but you and me, Rigler,' he said."

"Can't help it," said Rigler, 'he can't get away with that stuff when I'm around.'"

"Out I went to the clubhouse, although two were out and we had the game clinched a mile. As I strolled away I heard those fans yell joyously: 'Aha. So you got it at last, eh? Aha!'"

Although Evers closed his story here, it was evident that this was merely one of the many reasons why he has little use for umpires.

cupful of cooked rice, one-half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and salt and red pepper to taste. Moisten with half a cupful of stock and cook 15 minutes.

Rice Jack.

Boil together a cupful of sugar, a cupful of molasses, and two tablespoonfuls of water. When nearly done add a tablespoonful of butter and a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. When a soft ball is formed as it is dropped in cold water, pour it over three cupfuls of puffed rice, spread in a buttered dripping pan to cool.

Nellie Maxwell

Hosiery Hints.

Frequently when the feet seem cramped, the blame is placed on the defective shoe size; but it will be found that in many instances the trouble lies in the wearing of too small a stocking.

The marking of sizes varies quite a little on both stockings and shoes. A safe rule to follow is to patronize one shop when the latter has been found reliable and the size called for is neither too large nor too small, but is comfortable in every particular.

It is a mistake to wear footwear that is too large, although the criticism is usually against the adoption of small sizes. So much of the good appearance and the comfort and happiness of women depends on the nice care of the feet, that too much attention cannot be bestowed on the pedal extremities.

The Flag of Denmark.

The flag of Denmark is a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, and is the oldest national flag now in existence. For over 800 years Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag. In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw—or thought he saw—a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of Divine aid, and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—the "strength of Denmark."