



By HELEN A. SAXON

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I had the honor of a call from Mrs. Lougheed last week. Socially she is one of our representative ladies, and her claims to distinction are varied and unimpeachable. Her uncle is a bishop, and her calling list most exclusive. She has an accent that can never forsake her, and a manner that can convey the finest gradations of feeling, from a chilly so-far-and-no-fartherness to a restrained warmth calculated to put the flattered recipient into excellent humor with himself. She has the highest art of dressing, too—so unconsciously that you know at once she must be somebody. Her husband pursues the narrow way of the art critic, and, feeling the sacredness of his calling, keeps himself for the most part unspotted from the throng. His English is faultless and he rarely permits himself to smile. You feel the seriousness of life in his presence more than in your clergyman's, particularly of cultured life, and you go home with fresh resolve. It is really quite an aesthetic treat to see him on the platform, his voice and gestures and bearing are so full of conscious grace. He is the product of an older, more homogeneous society, accidentally lodged in our heterogeneous one—at least I fancy that is the way he feels about it; certainly it is the way he looks about it. His mother, when she came to this country, failing to transplant the many-generations traditions she brought with her, to a soil ready for quicker growths, made him her involuntary protest. She grounded him thoroughly in esthetics and art; in the sacred character of family inheritance, and the duties and responsibilities it involves, chief of which is to come out and be separate. I often think what a comfort he must be to her now—so polished, so poised, so refined! But indeed, how could a man be less than perfect under the inspiration of an adoring mother and wife?—For Mrs. Lougheed, the younger, is eminently fitted in her own right for the high position it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon her—besides the bishop.

So when she came to see me I naturally felt it to be considerable of an occasion, and one of much educational value. Unfortunately, I hadn't been expecting anyone (although it was my "day") because a good-sized blizzard was in course of progression outside, and finding secure in its protection, I hadn't given those intangible finishing touches to the appointments of the drawing-room and my own toilet which are necessary to make our social calling and election sure. Moreover, the bones of Sunday's turkey were "on" in the course of transition into soup, and Nora had naturally left the kitchen door open so that the odors—in which onion predominated

"Oh, I suppose there are exceptions," she said dubiously. "When a thing is suitable it is different. There are the refined arts—music and literature—that women can pursue if they have leisure."

"But even then?" I exclaimed with a secret joy. "How often even in these arts must we deplore the loss of that delicacy which is woman's chief charm—Careno, for example, and Nordica, who has just been divorced, you know, and what a disastrous effect the pursuit of literature had upon the character of poor George Eliot."

Mrs. Lougheed looked vaguer still, and began feeling around in her mind for the thread of the argument which had somehow slipped out of her grasp.

Failing to recover it, she ignored the point at issue, and—true to type—brought forth another, detached, but which had evidently done much faithful service afloat.

"Besides it is such a mistake from an economic standpoint for women to compete with men as wage-earners. It is only taking the bread out of the mouths of other women and little children."

"But I suppose those who don't see it as we do, dear Mrs. Lougheed," I said, with a delicious little emphasis on the "we," "and especially those who fail to look at it in a large, impersonal way, might say that the first duty of these women was to fill their own mouths. Many of them may not only have no one to earn for them, but have others depending on what they can earn."

"The men would have higher wages then, and there would be no need of women going out," continued Mrs. Lougheed, who liked to feel the whole weight of the argument under her feet.

"Yes, if only it would be equally distributed," I said. "If we could only persuade the men who earn to share with those who don't, how it would simplify things; and if only we could persuade the manufacturers not to employ women at all! They are really to blame, you know, too, and they keep advertising for more all the time. Don't you think we could get the National council to take it up?"

Mrs. Lougheed began fastening up her furs. I rose with her, still preserving my deferential attitude.

"The home is woman's natural and divinely-appointed sphere," she said, conclusively, and with a shade of injury in her tone, which I thought unjustifiable, considering that we were on the same side of the argument. "There are women who work just because they like to and want to. They don't know how unattractive they make themselves or they would not do it. Men do not like the kind of women who ignore the home."

"They may not have been so happy in it as you and I, and we can well afford to spare a little pity for them," I said again, in my winningest way.

"Ah, yes, poor things!" replied Mrs. Lougheed, giving me the parting hand.

I washed the palms after she had gone, and reflected. I felt in very good spirits. Of course, I knew it was really Mr. Lougheed I had been arguing with, and I felt avenged for more than one bad quarter of an hour he had given me, when he had called for, and I had unwillingly responded with, my utmost variety of mind. I used to wonder why was so preternaturally heedless with him, but I saw now that what was expected of me. Casting about for some way of deliverance, my eye fell upon my palms, and I suddenly realized to my further confusion, that I hadn't washed them since last sweeping day—a thing I never forgot to do! Still further humbled, I selected my dullest weapon, since weapon of some kind I saw to be inevitable, and said as sweetly as I could:

"But there are so many women, unfortunately, whose lines haven't fallen to them in the pleasant places yours and mine have—who never knew the happiness of being in their own homes."

"Ah, yes, poor things!" said Mrs. Lougheed quite affably. "But it is a pity when a woman thinks herself called upon to take up anything to do—any sort of work, you know—outside the home—she always loses some-

THE VALUE OF GOOD ROADS TO AGRICULTURE

Observations of Practical Results in New York State—By W. H. Jenkins.

One fact people are slow to learn is that the soil is not made for growing plants in, does not make a good road. Soil is decomposed, or pulverized rock with some humus or vegetable matter. When this is wet it is mud, when very dry, it is dust.

When soil is used for a road, the most of the time it is in either one of these two conditions, but there are short periods when there is just the amount of moisture in the soil that makes it so compact, as to be a firm road. For many years rural road-making has been some process of getting more soil into the road, and the stones out. I can remember how, under the supervision of the path master we used to work out the road tax by drawing soil in the road with a team and scraper, and afterward throwing the stones from the road-bed into the ditch. The next year after the soil had been flattened out

ruralist have not known how to get rid of the stones on their fields, or what use to make of outcropping ledges of rock, that could be quarried. Now the modern machinery for making macadamized roads, and the need of them, and learning the uses of concrete will make these among his most valuable assets on the farm.

The local interest and effort is needed, then they will get better roads at less cost. In many sections farmers are complaining about poor state roads. In one road district in New York two miles of macadamized road was built at a cost of \$1,300 per mile. One-half of this amount was subscribed by people living in the road district, and the state paid the other half. This, I understand, is a state law, and all money raised by private subscription, will be duplicated by the state. This road was built under the supervision of the town road commissioner,



The Old Way of Road Making Results in Either a Mud or Dust Road Bed.

by travel, the same soil was scraped into the center of the road again, and the same stones thrown out. The last few years this work has been more cheaply or easily done with the road worker. This plan of road making may give a fairly good country road, where heavy loads are seldom drawn, for two or three months in summer, but for the greater part of the year there is no fine smooth road bed, but mud, ruts and dust. For the same reason that we need better school houses and rural schools, we need better country roads. Instituting stone or macadamized roads in agricultural localities is a most wise and far-sighted policy, for it hastens the time of better agriculture and civilization, and adds to the value of every one's real estate.

Good roads make it possible to market produce, and draw feed stuffs any time of year at a smaller cost, as they

and the steam road crusher and other machinery owned by the town was used. No large profit was paid to a contractor; nothing was paid for material, the only cost of the road was the cost of labor. I would call attention to the fact that the process of scientific road building, as it was done in this instance, is the reverse of that so long practiced by farmers. The soil they try to keep in the road, is first all removed down to the bed rock or gravel, and when the grading is done the under strata of the road bed is made of the common field stones one or two feet thick, next quarry stone or refuse from the quarry was broken to make a layer of several inches thick, then finished with a layer of hard crushed stone from the stone crusher, and rolled with the steam roller.

I drove over this two years from the time it was built, and can say it was

a good macadamized country road.

reduce the draft on teams and wear on vehicles to a minimum; facilitate rural mail delivery, as this could be done by autos; adds to the pleasure of carriage driving, and brings the isolated farmer in closer contact with the centers of culture and civilization. They make possible better attendance at the meetings of farmers' organizations and the children at schools, for in a few years the farmer's family will use the auto as commonly as they do the horse and carriage. Let us work for better rural roads and roads in

in better condition than some state roads I have seen built at the same time. I have taken pains to talk with people living on this road, and find them entirely satisfied with their investment, and planning to build more of this road. I think on one mile of this road four farmers live on the average. The road cost them \$650 per mile, or about \$163 each. The interest on the investment is less than \$10, and I think all can see that no farmer can make a better investment. Here they have a road-bed that will last for many years, and the yearly road tax will keep it in repair. Farms have been cleaned of stone in providing material. Work was provided for home labor, a road has been made in the right of way, according to the principles of good road building, and the benefits that follow are beyond estimation.—Hoards' Dairymen.

trees are killed by weeds than by anything else.

Don't plant a windbreak on the north and east sides. It will only reflect the hot sun and burn out a row or two of the fruit trees. Place the windbreak on the south and west sides to break the summer winds that make the trees grow to the northeast.

Don't cut large branches from the trees after they come into full bearing. Remove only the watersprouts, which may be done in May and June without a knife.

Don't plant trees on alkali or hardpan patches. The trees will be short-lived and the fruit small, tough and worthless. Plant only on soil that will produce a good crop of corn under ordinary weather conditions.

Don't set trees too close together.

Leave room to drive in between with a mower or wagon after the trees have attained their full growth. Thirty feet one way by 40 the other is about right.

Don't sow grass or small grain in the orchard. Plant it to corn or some other cultivated crop. Keep the weeds down near the trees. More young

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ORCHARD DON'TS FOR BEGINNERS

By A. H. Stewart, Kansas.

Don't depend on the advice of the tree agent in making a selection of trees. Select only varieties that have been tested in your locality and proven hardy and productive.

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World's Temperance Sunday

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 29, 1908
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 28:1-13. Memory verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." 1 Cor. 9:27.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

In order to understand this great prophecy of Isaiah, our lesson for today, we must first have a vivid realization of—

The Historical Situation.—Read 2 Kings 17:1-23; 18:1-40; Chron. 29, 30. It is about 725 B. C. Isaiah, the royal prophet, was in Jerusalem, the capital of Judah. The good King Hezekiah, the rulers and leaders of the state were his audience. The nations were going astray, they were worldly, drunken, selfish, cruel, luxurious, oppressing the poor, neglecting religion, forgetting God.

From the northwest were coming great hordes of Assyrian soldiers devastating everything on their way. They had reached the northern kingdom of which Samaria was the capital. Like an overwhelming scourge these semi-savage armies were overrunning the country with all wanton crimes and cruelties, destroying everything good.

They were sweeping away cities and villages, farms, cattle, orchards—everything. The prophet sees them drifting, as in the rapids of Niagara, swiftly toward destruction. He sees the storm-clouds on the horizon threatening tempests and lightning blasts and destruction.

Within three or four years Samaria, the capital, was captured, and the northern kingdom swept out of existence by the Assyrians.

But the people of Jerusalem felt comparatively safe, for their city was a mighty fortress, a very Gibraltar, rarely captured, and probably it never could be captured if the people within were brave, united and true.

The prophet, pointing to the northern kingdom, warns his own people that nothing could save them if they continued to sin. "Repent, or that overwhelming scourge will sweep over Judea and Jerusalem in its devastating course."

V. 1. "Woe." Not a wish or a prayer for woe, but a warning that woe was coming. "To the crown of pride."

The capital, so called, because it crowned the hill, or because its battlemented walls resembled a crown.

To (better "of") the drunkards of Ephraim," put for the whole kingdom, because Ephraim was the leading tribe. "Whose glorious beauty."

The "glorious beauty" of Samaria was beauty of magnificent luxury. "Summer" and "winter houses," distinct each from the other (Amos 3:15); "ivory palaces" (1 Kings 22:39; Amos 3:15); a wealth of "gardens, vineyards, fig-orchards and olive yards" (Amos 4:9); residences of "hewn stone" (Amos 5:11); feasts enlivened with "the melody of viols" (Amos 5:23); "beds of ivory" (Amos 6:4); "wine in bowls" (Amos 6:6); "chief ointments" (Amos 6:6) constituted a total of luxurious refinement beyond which few nations had proceeded at the time.—Rawlinson. "It is a fading flower."

It was a kind of beauty that was liable to fade. It had nothing of the riches that endure.

V. 2. "The Lord hath a mighty and strong one." The Lord would use the Assyrian power, "as a tempest of hail, and a destroying storm" to punish the wickedness which was injuring the people far more than the Assyrian hordes could their outward prosperity.

V. 4. "As the hasty fruit." R. V. "the first ripe fig," swiftly decaying or destroyed by the birds.

V. 5. Turning from this "crown of pride" and "fading flower" and "decaying fruit" of sin, the prophet points to the only true "crown of glory and . . . diadem of beauty, the Lord of hosts."

V. 6. For he would bring to them the "spirit of judgment," justice, righteousness, and turn back "the battle at the gate," defeating and scattering their enemies.

V. 7. Then he shows one source of their woes, "erred through wine . . . out of the way . . . through strong drink," therefore "they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

The Jerusalem drinkers indignantly ask:

V. 9. "Whom shall he teach knowledge?" What right has Isaiah to talk to us thus? Are we babies just weaned from the milk? Are we mere school children to be chid and warned in this way?

V. 10. "For precept must be upon precept." The R. V. gives the true meaning: "For it is precept upon precept." The prophet is telling the same story all the time, continually repeating, everywhere, all the time, in season, out of season, the same old warning.

The prophet answers: "This seems monotonous to you, but you will have another kind of monotony if you do not give heed to my words." "For with stammering lips." Better as R. V. "For by men of strange lips, and with another tongue," (viz., that of the Assyrian hordes) "will he speak to this people (11) to whom he said, This is the rest . . . this is the refreshing." God had pointed out to them how they might have rest and prosperity, "yet they would not hear (12)."

13. Therefore by the Assyrian invasion, they should find "precept upon precept," etc., a monotonous teaching by afflictions and sorrows, till "they . . . fall backward, and be broken," as came to pass in after years.

"The bad effect of alcohol on persons performing muscular work is well known. The evidence is overwhelming that alcohol in small amounts has a most harmful effect on voluntary muscular work"—Victor Horsley, M. D., F. R. S.

"Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength. All that man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion. The well-known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the workman spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose"—Adolf Fick, M. D., Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg.

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