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ONE LESSON ENOUGH

BY HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

PART II.

She was right. As she urged Toby across the field behind the Puttses' barn, she saw an automobile standing at the door of the farmhouse. Ellen slipped from the horse's back, and approached the house on foot.

Although the day was chilly, the door was ajar. Within was a babel of voices. Mrs. Putts was expostulating hysterically, and several children were crying. Ellen caught a glimpse of a stalwart man with a cigar between his teeth and his hat tilted rakishly over his ear.

"That's all right, ma'am." The deep voice sounded compellingly above the shrill tumult. "I'm sent by the government to take the surplus that ain't allowed a family the size of yours. And I've got orders to place under arrest anybody that offers resistance."

The rumble of that deep voice had a peculiar effect on Ellen. She had planned to confront the man and to inform him that she had seen through his little scheme. She had not counted on his being quite so broad across the shoulders. The idea of walking up to him and telling him that he was an impostor did not appeal to her, and, moreover, it would do no good. That big, brutal man, looming so large in Mrs. Putts's little kitchen, would take whatever he wanted, in spite of Mrs. Putts's tears and her own accusations.

Ellen turned and looked at the machine. It was a touring car, of the same make as Arnold's, she thought. The rear was filled with the results of the day's collection. Ellen approached near enough to see a basket filled with jars that had come from her own house. She read in her own handwriting the words, "Plum marmalade."

Her anger dispelled her misgivings and stiffened her courage. Plum marmalade! They had been saving it for very special occasions, like Thanksgiving and Christmas!

Walking to the front of the machine she began to crank it. She was thankful for the turmoil in the kitchen. Mrs. Putts was holding out gallantly. Toby, cropping the scant grass, paused to look inquiringly at his young mistress. The engine began to throb like a big heart, but it did not beat so fast as Ellen's.

As she went by Toby she gave him a cut with the whip. The animal jumped aside, snorted, suddenly realized that he was free, and started for home. Shaking from head to foot, Ellen climbed into the automobile. Fortunately, it was facing the road, for she could not possibly have turned it; but she knew how to start it, and she did. All of the controls and pedals were identically the same as in Arnold's car.

When she had almost reached the highway she heard a stentorian shout behind her. To the start it gave her Ellen attributed her collision with the wooden post of Mr. Putts's fence. She left the post wrecked as she sped on her way. There was a terrible uproar back in the Puttses' yard; children were screaming, dogs barking, and a man's voice was roaring hoarsely, "Stop, or I'll fire!"

There was nothing about the voice that made Ellen desire an interview with its owner. Instead she said to herself, "Now, what was it Arnold said I must do if I wanted to go faster?" After a minute she remembered, and the little car skimmed along the highway at a very creditable rate of speed.

The noise behind her grew faint. She did not look back, for Arnold had told her that that was an inexcusable offense in a motorist, but she knew that the hurrying figures about the farmhouse must be dwindling rapidly. If the man with the button had kept his word and fired, his aim had not been true.

Ellen's destination was the town ten miles away. As she approached it she began to meet vehicles, but she was relieved as well as surprised to find that, instead of insisting that she should observe the traffic regulations, they showed the utmost willingness to take to the gutter and give her the entire road. Absorbed as she was in her task, she vaguely realized that the drivers of those vehicles seemed immensely interested in her performance.

Once inside the limits of the town, she slowed down. Progress of any sort was becoming difficult, for there were many carriages and automobiles going apparently in all directions. The presence of pedestrians, too, was terribly confusing. In trying to avoid a couple who undertook to cross the street in the wrong place, Ellen narrowly avoided a collision with a grocer's wagon, the driver of which yelled at her angrily.

But at last she reached the goal she had set for herself—the low brick building adorned with a gilt sign that informed the public that it was the police station.

The chief of police was sitting back comfortably in his swivel chair, when an automobile stopped in front of the building. But it did not stop quite so soon as it should have done; it bumped a telephone pole, and the driver went out sprawling.

The chief of police jumped from his chair and hurried to the scene as Ellen was picking herself up. "Are you hurt?" he inquired.

"No. Not a bit."

"I guess I'll have to arrest you for careless driving." His tone was less genial.

"I was as careful as I knew how to be."

"Where's your operator's license?"

"I—I haven't any."

"H'm! Looks like I should have to arrest you for that, too. Hello!"

The chief of police looked at Ellen as if he were expecting her to explain something.

"Well?" she asked resignedly.

"You haven't got any numbers on this car. I suppose you know that's an offense in the eyes of the law."

"This isn't my car. I just took it."

Evidently the chief of police was unaccustomed to such frankness in criminals. He relieved his mind by a long whistle.

"I took it because I thought the man was an impostor," Ellen explained. "And I came right here as quickly as I could because I was sure you'd know the best thing to do."

"Well, well, come inside and let's hear about it." The chief of police was only human. His manner showed a marked unbending.

After Ellen had told her story there was no more talk of arresting her. The chief of police agreed entirely with her point of view.

"He may have done it just to discourage folks, so there wouldn't be so much preserving and canning next year," he said. "Nothing's too much trouble for that kind, and nothing's so small that they overlook it, either. Then again it may be that he's only a sharper who saw a chance to stock up for the winter without any expense. We'll find out when we've found the owner of the machine."

A farmer drove Ellen home, and all the way she kept an eye open for the man she had seen in Mrs. Putts's house. But the self-styled representative of the government never appeared to prefer charges against the girl who had stolen his machine. The various edibles that he had commandeered, after forming an unusually interesting exhibit at the police station, were finally returned to their owners. The Dodges made a little celebration in honor of the occasion. Mrs. Dodge cooked one of the hams and opened a jar of plum marmalade.

When Ellen took her second lesson with Arnold a few days after the first, she showed so many lacks in her knowledge of driving a car that he was amazed.

"And you drove that car from the Puttses' place to town without knowing that!" he cried. "Ten miles and didn't know that! If you ever get your wish, Ellen, and go across as an ambulance driver, you won't be in much more danger working under fire than you were that day. It's the biggest wonder you got through without an accident."

"Oh, danger," Ellen said indifferently. "You forget about that, you know, when you are doing something that really helps."

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The Farmer and Good Roads

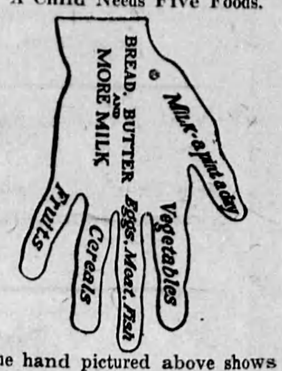
Who in the world is more interested in good roads than the farmer? He is the one who uses the roads in his business year in and year out. Roads are to the farmer what street cars are to the worker in the city—it makes his business possible. Good roads improve his chances of success, while poor roads hold him back. Paved streets are no more valuable to the city than paved roads to the country, but the city has recognized their value while the farmers have just begun to comprehend it. I know that there is not a single community that cannot quickly discover some considerable expense that bad roads have caused.

I know many roads that compel all the farmers who travel over them with loads to use fully double the motive power that would be needed if they should be hard surfaced and brought to a correct grade. I know when one farmer hired men to haul wheat from a thresher to a town over such a road and he paid enough more for that hauling alone to pay heavy taxes on his share of the road building necessary to give the best kind of a roadbed. The good roads when rightly built will not need rebuilding for years, while every year of poor roads costs the farmers that haul over them a big expense. If the farmers would just keep an accurate account of all the actual cost to them from bad roads, counting the extra horse and man power, extra time consumed, and loss from reduced prices, delayed work, depreciation of products because of delays, and every other cost that the roads cause directly they would soon realize that bad roads are most awfully expensive. Surely they are not pleasant!

The time was when farmers declared the road campaigns were all in favor of the automobilists, but since the most of the farmers own automobiles they are not talking so much, and they are talking roads more. We can readily see that country roads will be travelled mostly by country automobiles, and since the farm truck has become such a power as a labor-saver good roads have become all the more important. With the advent of the heavy truck that will haul two to five tons to town at one load farmers must not skimp the material in their roads, for only the best will stand this kind of traffic, and these trucks have come to stay and increase in numbers. They are much too profitable on the farm to be checked now, so the roads must be made to suit them.

Woman's Sphere

A Child Needs Five Foods.



The hand pictured above shows the foods which a child needs for proper growth. The hand calls for "bread, butter and more milk," and the thumb, "milk—at least a pint a day." The other fingers call for vegetables, such as potatoes, spinach, peas, string beans, celery, beets, carrots, cabbage and turnips; such fruit as oranges, apples, raisins and prunes; cereals including oatmeal, rice, wheat and cornmeal; eggs, fish and meat. Menus founded upon this "food hand" will not go far wrong when it comes to fulfilling the requirements of a child for proper growth and maintenance.

"An egg a day" should be the slogan for all young people. The egg-yolk contains about thirty-five per cent fat, which in turn contains growth-producing substances, called "vitamines." Foods containing these vitamines are absolutely essential for growing children.

Eggs, milk and leafy vegetables are sometimes known as protective foods, because they correct and make up for the inadequate composition of seeds and tubers. Young animals fed on wheat, oats, barley, or other seeds exclusively fail to grow, because these foods do not contain growth-producing elements.

The price of eggs should not prevent their frequent use in many forms. If the child does not care for poached or boiled eggs and refuses to eat them, they may be served in omelets, custards, souffles, puddings and drinks. The taste of the egg will be disguised without losing its nourishing and beneficial properties.

Care of the Sick Room.

It is only in exceptionally large and modern homes that it is possible to set aside a room for the use of the sick.

The first thing to do in the preparation of the ailing one's room is to eliminate. Make less work for yourself and less annoyance for the patient by removing all rugs, curtains and draperies. The less you have of these the cleaner you can keep the room. Take away all unneeded furniture. Then clean the room. Scrub the floor, use lots of soap and water. Don't believe that old gossip's tale that washing the floor may give a patient a "cold." The patient is not lying on the floor. And as every one knows, a good scrubber always dries her floor as she goes.

Do not overlook the gift of good fresh air. Let in all the sunlight and fresh air you can through the door and the windows. If possible, lower your windows from the top.

The room should be ventilated night and day. In cold weather, to avoid draughts, lower the window from the top, or move the bed, carefully, so the patient will not be exposed to a wave of freezing air. It is a very necessary thing to renew the air in the room at least once a day, by airing it thoroughly.

To do this, first cover the patient warmly, leaving only the face exposed. Open wide all doors and windows in and near the sick room. Tell the patient to fill his lungs full of fresh air by breathing long and deeply.

Sunlight is healing. Let it pour into the room. If necessary, protect the patient's eyes with shades or a screen.

Do not sweep. Wipe the floors over every day with a brush or broom, covered with damp, clean cloth or a dustless mop. Unless your floor is polished or covered with oilcloth, scrub it often with hot, soapy water and a brush.

The main things in the line of furniture in a sick-room should be the bed, a screen, a table and a chair.

The rocking chair must not creak. Doors must not squeak nor windows rattle. Use soap on doors that stick. Peg loose window frames. If there is a loose board in the floor, do not walk on it or rock on it. Do not whisper. Speak in natural tones.

Do not keep articles of food in the room. If there are medicines to give, keep the bottle and glasses on a tray, beyond the patient's reach, and preferably where he cannot see these evidences of his illness, and possibly be worried by them. Do not rattle newspapers. Do not forget that when a person is ill he unconsciously exaggerates small grievances that in normal health would not at all annoy. Do not entertain a sick person by relating all the troubles of the neighborhood. Be cheerful and optimistic. Radiate good health.

Keeping Mother Young.

"Well, then just look at Carrie Marvin—" Pen Morgan thrust her fingers into her ears.

"Don't say Carrie Marvin to me!" she cried. "I simply can't abide Carrie Marvins. Don't misunderstand me; it isn't Carrie herself that I object to. If I could conceive of her dirty or mussy or ripped for once in her immaculate and agonizingly neat life, I'd have no objection to her at all. It's Carrie-Marvinism that I protest against. She fairly reeks of gasoline. I'm perfectly sure that she couldn't go to sleep at night if she hadn't cleaned her gloves and skirt and shoes. If she were wrecked on a desert island, she'd be cast up on the shore with her hair properly tucked up under a bathing cap, and needles, thread and mending tissue in a bag on her arm! Talk of preparedness and thrift! Carrie Marvin is thrift itself. If you could take her to pieces, you'd find she was made up of remnants bought at a bargain for their wearing qualities, beautifully pieced together and cleaned and pressed every night."

The girls enjoyed it as they always enjoyed Pen. But it puzzled Mayda Kline, who was a new comer.

"But you look exactly as neat as Carrie," she declared.

"Oh, I!" Pen tossed it off lightly. "It's none of my fault. I could have a beautiful time even if I had a rip in each glove and a hole in my heel. With me it's environment, not congenital traits."

"Well, there's one thing you'll have to admit," Del Conner remarked. "Carrie has kept her mother young. She looks as young as Carrie herself."

"She is probably a hundred or two years younger," Pen retorted, picking up her racket. 'Bye, girls! See you to-morrow."

It was a warm afternoon. Pen had not thought of it on the tennis court, but the kitchen where she found her mother was really hot. Mother was pressing Pen's blue skirt. She looked warm and tired and even a little old, but she smiled bravely at Pen. Somehow the sight fretted Pen.

"O mother! I wish you wouldn't fuss over my things on a day like this!" she cried impatiently.

"But there was a grease spot—you couldn't go like that. What is it, dear?"

For Pen was staring at her with startled eyes.

"Nothing," Pen answered.

But in her heart certain words were echoing over and over: "There's one thing you'll have to admit: Carrie has kept her mother young—she has kept her mother young!"

My Prayer.

I pray for time to do my work and do it well,
A chance to show to others how the subtle spell
Of tasks well done before the set of sun
Has power to comfort past the gift to tell;
For cold despair it rings a parting knell.
I pray for strength to master self before my race is run.

I pray for opportunity to lift and cheer
Those whom I meet whose lonely lives are barren, drear,
And void of all that palpitates with joy;
To banish from their minds all thought of fear;
To wipe from wistful eyes old sorrow's tear.
I pray for wisdom to cast far away what might annoy.

A bridge in Peru, more than 200 feet long is supported by ropes made of cactus-fibre.

Suspicious Natures.

A suspicious habit of mind is usually the attribute of a weak character. The man who is strong, well balanced, well equipped for life, does not often concern himself with suspicions of the motives or designs of other persons. His own methods are direct, his purposes are clear; he relies on his ability to defeat hostile attack should it come, but he does not lie awake at night imagining that hostile attacks are being prepared. Because of his unsuspecting habit of mind he is sometimes temporarily at a disadvantage. On the other hand, the suspicious man is sure to be making enemies for himself while the unsuspicious man is making friends.

What must be forever the classic example of the suspicious attitude of mind and its consequences has been afforded by Germany. The German people appear sincerely to have suspected that France and England and Russia were hatching a plot to compass their downfall. They were the more ready to suspect it because they were themselves, through their leaders, intriguing to circumvent France and England and Russia. The suspicious person always has a tendency to do the things that he suspects others of doing.

What the world needs more than anything else to-day is confidence. It needs the confidence of the individual man in his own powers, but even more it needs his confidence in the decency, the sincerity, the honesty of his neighbor. Suspicion is to-day the chief foe of civilization.

Fooling the Bomb Droppers.

The 20th Forestry Regiment, "the biggest regiment in the world," was made up of lumbermen and foresters, and a pretty sharp crew they were. An amusing story is told of the way in which the 20th fooled the German bombers and saved their big sawmills and ammunition dumps from destruction.

The biggest mills operated by the regiment were at Eclaron, in the forest of Argonne. They were situated near big ammunition dumps, and as the plant was run all day and all night, and electrically lighted, it made a very good target. The mills were bombed several times, though fortunately not much damage was done, and finally a clever trick so misled the German bombers that the danger was entirely overcome. That trick was contrived by Maj. Spencer. Realizing that the electrically lighted mill was an excellent target for the German bombers, he ran electric wires into the heavy woods for a distance of one third of a mile from the mill and installed a number of electric lights on the trees. Whenever an alarm of an air raid came, the lights of the mill were extinguished and the lights among the trees one third of a mile from the mill were switched on and kept blazing while the Germans wasted bombs on them and inflicted damage only on the trees.

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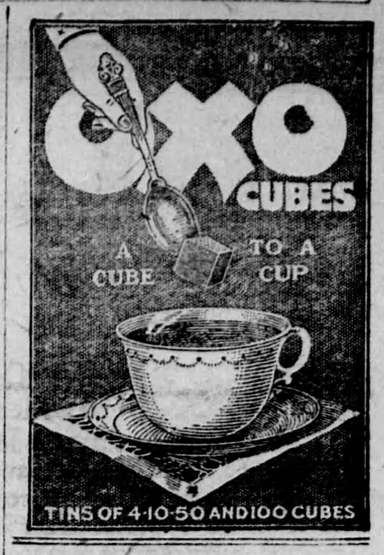

Taking No Risks.

After being in the family for a number of years, Mary Jane announced her approaching marriage.

"I hope," said her mistress, "that you have given the matter serious consideration."

"Indeed I have, ma'am!" said the girl. "I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of these asterologers, and they all says, 'Go ahead.' I ain't one to marry recklessly like, ma'am."

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