THE LIGHT OF OTHER YEARS

By DAVID C. ANDERSON

It had been by far their most serious—and, therefore, their most unreasonable—quarrel, and they parted after their early lunch at the entrance of the Hyde Park Hotel.

"I shall not expect you to call for me after the matinee," she said, as though he had been her chauffeur.

"Righto," he replied as carelessly.

So Rupert Culpepper, who had lately succeeded to a thousand-acre estate in Yorkshire, took a taxicab to the city, and Rose Albany, with her snuffling Pekinese under her arm, walked resolutely into the Park. She was almost due at her dressing-room at the theatre, where she was doubtless already awaited by the most helpful, because the least garrulous, "dresser" in London—a middle-aged woman, whom she called "Ma"—but she was in no hurry to add the physical exertion of dressing to the mental fatigue of a quarrel.

Presently she spied a bench occupied only by an elderly man in rough tweeds of countrified cut, obviously not the sort of person likely to thrust acquaintance upon the unchaperoned possessor of the most-photographed snub-nose in London.

Rose Albany set her little dog on the ground, dusted a few inches of the seat with her glove, and sat down. Spring and the songs of birds were in the air, but these delightful things failed to find any response in her youthful heart. She was angry with Rupert, very angry indeed. It was all very well for him to love her—he couldn't avoid that any more than other men—but why should he keep asking her to marry him, and live in a deadly dull countryside for ever and ever? She knew what country folks were like. The brightest of them would bore her at the end of the first week. It wasn't fair of Rupert to expect her to become one of them. Probably—she glanced at her neighbor—probably he, though himself a bumpkin, had found country-life intolerable and was come to town for relief.

It would seem that he sensed her look, for he turned upon her a kindly grey eye and a respectful smile.

"That's a gey strange-lookin' wee dog, ye've got, miss," he remarked. "What micht his name be?"

Rose Albany gave a little gasp of indignant astonishment, and made to rise. In the same moment, however, she realized that the old man had meant no offence. Then suddenly she felt sorry for him. His air was one of humility and dejection.

"The doggie's name is Bo-peep," she answered sweetly. "Pretty name, isn't it?"

The melancholy stranger eyed the dog thoughtfully.

"Aye," he said at length, "it's a verra suitable name, for he's shairly the kind o' dug that wud lose his sheep. . . . But, guid kens, dugs arena the only creatures that lose the things they should protect an' value," he added, half to himself. "There's dearer things to lose than sheep. An' I should ken, bein' a sheep-farmer."

"And I know, too," said Rose Albany, "being an actress."

He gave her a keen look, at first suspicious, then becoming friendly.

"Indeed! Ye're a verra decent-like lass to be an actress," he remarked. "But maybe they're no' all so bad as what I've been led to believe."

"Oh, you get the good and the bad in any profession."

"Aye! I daursay ye're richt there, an' it's a great comfort to think it—a great comfort to me."

A tear on the man's weather-beaten cheek surprised the girl. Her embarrassment was not less than his.

"It . . . it's a fine day," he stammered, the tan on his countenance deepening painfully.

"Yes, London is ideal in April," she replied looking away.

He recovered himself, and, clearing his throat, said:

"Aye! but it's no' as bonnie as the braes o' Yarrow. It just gars a man like me think on his guid fortune in no' bein' tied to the roon. Some toon-folk speak o' the country-places as if all the wisdom belanged to the cities; but they speak in their haste. I wudna spend ma days in London if ye offered me all the money in it. Na, na, gi'e me the land, where a man puts his man's strength, and his brains, forbye, to a great, guid, clean purpose."

Rose was listening now. She was hearing the other side of the question which she had refused to discuss with Rupert. But, though kindly disposed towards the old chap, she still felt he was talking sentimental nonsense. Animals and vegetables were all very well in their way, but what had they to do with life, as she understood the word? It seemed to her that this sheep-farmer bore the town a fierce grudge, which showed the unreasoning trend of this bucolic brain. And as he went on talking, she became a little annoyed with him. He was a man—and not so old, after all; yet he had not once been caught, even for an instant, by those wonderful blue eyes of hers.

"Don't you think we Londoners might see things as interesting in town as you in the country?" she asked, a trifle impatiently.

"Maybe," he slowly admitted. "The interestin' things is here richt enough, for them as has the eyes to see them, meanin' masel'."

"For instance?"

The sheep-farmer's gaze was reflective.

"Weel, for instance," he said, "if I'm in a toon, I dinna need to buy a newspaper to learn if the trade o' the country is guid or bad. I just ha'e a look at the sparrows. They're fine and plump the noo. Lean sparrows in a city means hunger among the workin'-folks, an' few crusts throwa awa'."

Rose looked amused. So much for rural intelligence!

"But the sparrows are plump," she said, "because we've had lots of rain lately, and they've had plenty of worms."

"I dinna doot your word about the rain, missie—the gress here is fine an' green—only, ye see, sparrows never eats worms. They're no' like mavises; they're vegetarians."

She felt as if he were laughing at her secretly.

"I think your country-life is perfectly horrible," she exclaimed, unreasonably.

"Ye're no' the only lass that has thocht that," he said seriously, and sighed. "There was ane wi' eyes the color o' young bluebells, the bonniest color in the world—just like your ain, if there's no' hairm in me sayin' it." He paused, and went on:

"'Deed, I micht as weel tell ye it's because o' her that I'm here. I've come to see the place that drew Maggie Broon awa' frae Yarrow. But I shouldna be troublin' ye. Ye're ower young to share ither folks' sorrows."

"Please tell me. I'd like to help you, if I could," said Rose, again sorry.

It was a common-place story—with differences. Andra Muirhead had been shepherd at one of the big farms, where Maggie Brown fed the chickens. He had fallen in love with her, but she, with her unusual prettiness, had fallen in love with a stage career, seeing herself—as in the fairy-tale—like the goose-girl who, because of her beauty, became a princess. Vainly Andra had tried to dissuade her from leaving her home. Had he been the farmer of Burnfoot or Galabraes, she as good as told him, she would maybe have stayed at home, for she liked him "rale weel," but she could not face the poverty that would, sooner or later, make her a burden to him and herself. So one day, twenty years ago, she had slipped away to try her fortune in London town.

She had never written, perhaps, he, thought her success had turned her head, and she had forgotten home and friends. For long he had searched the theatre advertisements in the papers for Maggie's name. He had even arranged, against his conscience, with an Edinburgh newsagent to post him, in a plain wrapper, every Wednesday, a certain journal noted for its abundant theatrical gossip. But the years passed, and now he was inclined to believe that the commercial traveller in patent cattle-foods, with whom he had once discussed his tragedy as though it were another's, was right, and that Maggie had been tempted of the devil into changing her name to something less respectable. Or, perhaps, she had married some play-actor, which was nearly as bad.

"But what does it matter noo?" he concluded. "I never really gied up hopes o' meetin' Maggie again until the day. Comin' oot o' King's Cross Station this mornin', an' seein' wi' ma ain eyes hoo big London was, I was dumbfoondered. So noo I doot I maun gi'e up hopes."

Abruptly he fell silent.

In spite of herself, Rose had become interested and sympathetic. But a glance at her watch brought her to her heet.

"I must fly," she said. "Won't you come part of the way with me?"

She picked up the sleeping Bo-peep, and they hurried towards the gates.

"Have you any friends in London?" she asked gently.

"Nane! But for two-three polismen, ye're the only leevin' soul I've spoke to the day. I'll get the nicht train hame. I've naethin' to do in a dreary place like this."

"What about the theatrical?" she suggested. "Come and see our afternoon performance. I—I might perhaps have tea with you afterwards."

"I dinna care for the theaytres, miss," he said uncomfortably, "but it wud be rale kind o' ye to drink a dish o' tea wi' me, when your play-actin' is finished. I wud never forget it."

An empty taxi drew up at the kerbside in response to Rose Albany's signal. She stepped into it. Andra remained on the pavement. He raised his flat-topped felt hat.

"Where'll I find ye?" he inquired.

"Come to the stage-door of the Avenue Theatre at five," she replied, quickly. "Ask for Miss Albany—that's me! You understand?—Please hurry, driver—I'm going there now."

The gear crunched in, and the taxi was swept into the endless stream of traffic making for the Strang. Andra turned back wearily into Hyde Park.

At the appointed hour, he was asking the stage door-keeper to send up his name to Miss Albany. That experienced functionary eyed "Maister Muirhead" dubiously, but managed to "place" him at last. This grey-headed man in those rough-made clothes could only be the leading lady's father. His guess seemed to be confirmed when he found threepence in copper nervously pushed into his hand. Fortunately for the sheep-farmer, Rose Albany was a power in the theatre.

"Wait a moment, sir, and I'll send up. She's just come off this minute. Enjoy the show, sir?"

"I wasna at it," said Andra, withdrawing into the least prominent corner of the vestibule.

While he was waiting there, Young Rupert Culpepper arrived. The door-keeper saluted.

"'Afternoon, George," exclaimed the newcomer. "I'm not too late, am I?"

"No, sir, Miss Albany ain't away yet, but—"He whispered the remainder of the sentence into the young mans ear.

"Oh, I say!" mutered Rupert, glancing furtively at Muirhead, who began to feel uncomfortable.

Meanwhile the doorkeeper had scribbled the two names on a slip of paper, whistled for a call-boy, and dispatched him upstairs.

A minute passed. Then down the stairs came the leading lady's dresser, a tired-looking woman, with remnants of beauty, in a shabby black dress. She smiled wanly to the young man.

"You are to wait, Mr. Culpepper," she whispered. "She's awfully relieved that you've turned up. I think everything will be all right now."

"Ma" turned to the doorkeeper.

"You are to tell the other gentleman," she added, "that Miss Albany is sorry, but a most important engagement interferes with her seeing him this afternoon Ask him kindly to forgive her, and not to wait."

She turned to go—then halted, staring. A little cry escaped her.

Andra, his face pale under the tan, stepped quickly from his corner. His hands went out.

"But I wil wait!" he cried. "I've been waitin' twinty years! Oh, Maggie Broon, I've found ye at last—and ye canna refuse me this time, for I'm the fairmer o' baith Burnfoot an' Galabraes!"

Into the pale face of "Ma," into her faded bluebell eyes, leapt a light—the light of other years.—People's Friend.

British Settlers for Canada

Washington Post: The Canadian Government, anxious to build up the population of the Dominion and, at the same time, to attract the right and desired kind of immigrant, is offering, through its official press bureau in London, a number of facilities to intending British settlers. . . . The inducements held out to the British to settle in Canada are certainly very great. To what extent they will avail themselves of the offers made remains to be seen. At any rate it is an infinitely better way of carrying for the surplus population of the motherland than the system of birth control and restriction recently advocated publicly by the British Minister of Health.

OUT-OF-DATE

Wooden Soldier (to Jack-in-the-Box): We're back numbers old fellow. Kids want toy airplanes and things like that now!

Feasting the Birds

One of the most commendable Christmas customs is that observed by Norwegians and Swedes, who make their dumb animals share in the festival. They give an extra allowance of food to their horses and cattle, and young and old, rich and poor, throughout the land, join in providing a feast for the birds.

Two or three days before Christmas, wagons laden with sheaves of oats are taken into the towns. Every family buys one bunch or more, which they hang from trees, roofs and fences.

Farm Notes

Feeding Fall Farrowed Pigs.

Approved rations for pigs farrowed in Septmber and October are given in an Experimental Farms pamphlet entitld "Fall Litters," which deals with the breeding, feeding and management of pigs for winter pork production. From weaning until four months, an excellent meal ration is recommended composed of middlings 300 pounds, oats 200, shorts 100, barley and corn 100, and bran 50 pounds. Where middlings cannot be secured a good ration is 300 pounds of oats, 200 shorts, 50 of bran and 100 of corn or barley. During this period the pigs should be fed sparingly three or four times daily, the meal being preferably soaked and fed as a warm slop with milk. From four to five months a good ration consists of shorts 200 pounds, oats 200, bran 50, and barley or corn 150 pounds. Good use may be made of boiled potatoes during this period. It is pointed out that bran is a very necessary ingredient in the ration of a winter-fed pig. From five months to finish active, thrifty pigs will stand heavier feeding with a ration consisting of, say, shorts 100 pounds, oats 200, and barley 200, or barley 100 and corn 100. With the rations mentioned skim-milk or buttermilk should be fed up to the time the pigs are four or five months old, after that age half water and half milk should be used. In addition 3 pounds of oil meal or tankage, or both, and one or two pounds of edible bone meal per 100 pounds of meal mixtures is recommended. Winter pigs also have access to some alfalfa or clover hay.

According to the pamphlet, which is distributed by the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, changes in the rations of pigs should be made gradually. During the cold winter weather better results wil be obtained if the young pigs are given just sufficient feed to keep them in healthy condition, this amount being a little less than they can eat at each feeding. The object to keep in mind in the winter feeding of young pigs is to keep them healthy and growing.

The Cost of Producing Flax Fibre.

Where suitable land can be obtained flax production may be made a very remunerative undertaking at the present price of flax fibre. This was shown in an investigation conducted in Nova Scotia by the Division of Economic Fibre Production of the Dominion Experimental Farms, an account of which is given in the latest report of the Division. To carry out th experiment, twelve farmers were chosen, and supplied with seed. The total area sown was 18½ acres. Of the twelve farmers who took part, eight made a profit over all costs of production, including a fair rental for the land and prevailing wages for all work done on the crop. One farmer had a profit of $56 per acre, his costs of production amounting to $63.25 and his returns from fibre and seed to $119.31.

Cleaning Seed Grain.

Investigations conducted by the Experimntal Farms have shown the need for greater attention on the part of th average farmer to the propr cleaning and grading of the grain he uses for sed purposes, states the Dominion Cerealist in his latest report. If fanning is done in a perfunctory manner it will be of very little use. The average fanning mill, except in the hands of a particularly careful man, will not clean and grade grain as carefully as this should be done.

The seed for next season's grain crop should be prepared in the late fall or early winter. If this work is left to the spring it is apt to be done hurriedly and inadequately. The very best of the grain produced on the farm should be saved and used for seed. The fanning mill should be overhauled and put in good running order and the instructions sent out by the manufacturer with the mill carefully followed. It is not enough to run the grain through the mill once, but it should be passed through three or more times if necessary. The first fanning will remove chaff dirt and light kernels, and the subsequent ones will grade up the seed and secure the most uniform, the plumpest and heaviest kernels. If seed grain is purchased it is well to examine it closely and give it another fanning if necessary. By exercising this care a substantial increase in yield per acre may be secured which will more than pay for the trouble taken. The report of the Dominion Cerealist may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Rape and Kale as Pasture Crops.

Although rape and kale make excellent pastures, they are not used in Canada to the extent that their value warrants. With the object of bringing the attention of farmers to thes crops the Dominion Deparment of Agriculture has published a pamphlet entitled "Fleshy Annual Pastures" containing general information on the growing of the two crops and of certain field varieties of cabbage. These crops flourish under a great variety of climatic and soil conditions and they yield surprisingly well even when the summer rainfall is very light. New land may be used for growing them and on muck soils they are frequently more profitable than any other forage crop.

In this country rape and kale are used principally as pastures and in this capacity they have proved to be quite satisfactory for sheep, swine and cattle, especially young cattle and fattening steers. However, instead of being used as a pasture, they may be cut green and fed directly to the animals. Both crops are greatly relished by poultry and should be much more widely utilized in poultry plants.

Rape or kale are valuable as aids for eradicating weeds as they can be profitably planted quite late in the spring. The land to be cleaned may be ploughed early and cultivated until the latter part of June. Then rape or kale may be sown, and as they soon cover the ground, further growth of weeds will be largely prevented by shading. (Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

Grisly War Relics

Latvian Divers Find German Submarines Sunk in World War

Riga, Latvia—Two German submarines, which had disappeared mysteriously during the world war, have been discovered by Latvian divers at the bottom of the Baltic, off the Latvian coast in a place called "The Death Chamber."

Experts believe that the two U boats foundered as the result of a collision under the water because their turrets were shut tight.

Near the German craft the divers discovered also the wreck of the Russian destroyer "Kasantes" which was lost during the war through striking a floating mine.

The diver's search at the "Death Chamber" was prompted by the fact that Latvian fishermen working at this spot found human skulls and parts of skeletons in their drag nets.

Tonopah and Chicago

Reno Gazette: Down at Tonopah a few days ago a desert character, one "Two Gun" Smith, paraded the camp with the announcement he had $3,000,000 in money and that he meant to give half of it to King George so he could come to this country and live. He was committed to the insane asylum by his fellow citizens. Over in Chicago William Hale Thompson paraded the city with banners declaring he was going to drive King George out of the school books and public libraries, and they elected him mayor. The complex is the same. The difference between the two cities is that Tonopah knows a lunatic when she sees one.

The workman had come to see to the drains, and lingered for days over the job. The old lady of the house, impatient at their slowness, told the foreman just what she thought of him. Indignant, he replied: "Be careful what you say, madam, or I shall sue you for damages." "Very well, then," came the answer, "I shall damn you for sewages."

A Scene at Wainwright Park, Alta.

COMING UP FOR HER OATS

"Maud" is the popular favorite of the 400 elk at Wainwright National Park, Alta. She will overcome her shyness almost any time a good measure of oats is offered her.—Photo by National Parks Department.

Coffee Flavored Dainties

Molasses Cake

To make soft molasses cake use three-fourths cup of butter, one cup brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold strong coffee, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the molasses, two eggs, one teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg and three cups of sifted flour. Mix in the order given and bake in layers in a moderate over (325 degrees F.) for twenty-five or thirty minutes. Cover with chocolate icing.

Rich Spice Cake

Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of chopped raisins, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of nutmeg. Mix in the usual way and pour in a greased loaf tin. Bake at 340 degrees for about fifty minutes. Mocha icing.

Coffee Washington Pie

Two cups of flour, sifted, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt. Sift all together. Break an egg into a measuring cup, fill up the cup with milk and stir well into the dry ingredients, then add three tablespoons of butter, melted, stir and bake in two layers. For the coffee filling use two cups of cold strained cocoa, two-thirds cup of sugar, two teaspoons of butter and two tablespoons each of corn starch and cocoa, mixed with cold cocoa. Cook in a double boiler until it has thickened, add one teaspoon of vanilla, cool and spread between the layers of cake. Dust the top of the cake with powdered sugar.

Coffee Butter Cake

The yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of molasses and one-half cup of very strong black coffee, to which add one-half pound of butter beaten to a cream with one cup of light brown sugar. Next add one-half each teaspoon of cinnamon, cloves and salt. Beat the mixture until light and creamy. Stir in two and one-half cups of flour and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-half cup of sour milk. Just before pouring into layer cake tins add the stiffly beaten whites of the two eggs.

Filling:—Two beaten eggs mixed with one cup of granulated sugar three teaspoons of flour, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of strong coffee, two squares of melted chocolate and one cup of sweet milk. Cook this mixture in a double boiler for ten minutes. Remove from the stove and beat in one-half cup of butter creamed with one-fourth cup of confectioner's sugar. When cool flavor with vanilla and stir in one cup of chopped seeded raisins.

Mocha Tort

Combine in the order given one tablespoon of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, three-fourths cup of strong cocoa, two teaspoons of baking powder and two cups of flour.

Bake in a loaf and serve with one-half pint of cream, one-fourth cup of cocoa and a little sugar beaten together.

French Cocha Cake

Cream one-third cup of butter and add gradually three-fourths cup of brown sugar. Then beat in a few drops at a time, three-fourths cup of strong coffee. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of vanilla extract. Place a layer of lady fingers dipped in coffee in the bottom of a narrow dish or mold, put a layer of the mocha cream on top and continue the layers until ingredients are all used, maving lady fingers on top. (About two dozen lady fingers will be required.) Put a weight on top of dish and leave over night in the refrigerator. To serve slice thinly and serve with ice cream or fruit.

"Stealing a kiss must be larceny, because it's petty and grand."

That's Different

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer from near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter, there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Help! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Glo stuck in da mud."

"How far?"

"Up to da knees."

"Let him walk out."

"No! No! He wronga end up!"

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.