



TRUE glory lies in the silent conquest of ourselves.

—Thompson.

The Worth of a Wife

By LESLIE CHILDS
(Successful Farming).

"DON'T you want to go to church this morning, Myra?" called Mort Bradley, from the side gate, to his wife as she stood in the doorway. "No, I don't think so, Mort," she replied, "I don't hardly feel able," and she returned into the kitchen. He noticed how tired and worn she looked, but it was such a beautiful morning he wondered it did not tempt her. "I'll go down to the barn and do the feeding, and maybe you'll feel like going when I get back," he called and then walked moodily in the direction of the outbuildings.

Mort Bradley was worried about his wife. As he crossed the lot between the house and barn, his eyes roamed listlessly over one of the finest farms in the county. It was well fenced, well tended, with choice stock in every pasture, in fact here was everything to gladden the heart of a true son of the soil. But as he passed on he did not see these things, for he was thinking of a certain June morning three years before, when he and his wife had stood together under a bower of roses.

He thought of the congratulations of his friends, and the seemingly sure prospect for a happy life. And it was beginning to wane. In the three years he had been successful beyond his greatest hopes. His crops had been good, he had stocked the farm, had bought everything in the market in the way of improved machinery, and had even then placed money in the bank.

But in that time a great change had come over his wife. The piano stood in the corner, untouched, except when they had company, or he requested her to play. She spent most of her time in the kitchen. Of an evening she would much company for him, she usually did some sewing, then went to bed. Mort couldn't understand it. She never felt like going anywhere, and if she did, he began to notice how unfavorable she compared with her former girl friends.

Mort went to church alone that Sunday morning, and on the way back passed George Merton's place. George was what some people called a "paper farmer," but he had made a success of farming; that no one denied. "Come over and have a chat," he called from the front porch as Mort drew rein. Mrs. Merton now came out and welcomed him. She and George had been married five years, and she looked as young and girl-like, as the day the ceremony was performed.

"Come in and have dinner with us," she gushed, "and why didn't you bring Myra along?" she continued. She and Myra had been school-girl friends, but since their marriage had not seen much of each other. Myra had little at a time dropped out of her old circle of friends, while Mrs. Merton had continued the friendships of her younger days.

Mort went in, and as he and George



A City Lawn that was Awarded First Prize

Flowers and a well-kept lawn are essentials to an attractive city home; brick and mortar of itself is uninspiring and cold in appearance. Hence the efforts made to beautify the surroundings of the humblest house of the city. On the other hand nature has done much for the country home and the tendency is often to neglect the touches that man can give to his surroundings. The first home is a combination of the two. The home here illustrated, is that of W. J. Kennedy, Peterborough, N. B.

sat talking he glanced into the kitchen where Mrs. Merton was getting dinner. She flattered around the room, with a song on her lips, as though she really enjoyed getting a meal. Mort noticed she didn't have to run out to the cistern every time she needed a little water, there was a sink and little pump in the kitchen. He also saw a fireless cooker, a separator, and dozens of other labor-saving machines. The sight of these improvements set him to thinking.

"Good gracious, George," he exclaimed, as he waved his hand in the direction of the little pump and sink, "how do you ever afford to put all such jimcracks in the kitchen? Must cost a pile of money." George laughed. "Yes," he admitted, "they cost money, but they pay for themselves a hundred times over in the course of a year. I don't see how I could get along without them. Now, that sink and pump there, I guess that saves my wife about a hundred trips to

the yard in the course of a day. So, figured on the cost of labor saved it is as good an investment as the binder." "But she has all day to do the work in," objected Mort. "Yes, that's true," agreed George, "but it makes a great difference to me in the evening. When I come home I want some one here that will be a comfort and a companion to me. My wife chased around all day dumping dish water, and carrying loads, that might just as well be dumped through a hole, and carried by machinery, she won't feel much like entertaining me in the evening."

"Then there's another way of looking at it. Wives are very expensive things to have around. It costs like the chickens to get a good one, and you run so many risks besides. So, I figure when a man has one that suits him he ought to make her last as long as possible." "George, you brute," laughed his wife from the kitchen door, as she shook the dish rag at him.

"Yes," continued George, "I think a husband should give his wife free rein in the kitchen, that is, if she is up-to-date, and can think of and suggest improvements. If not he ought to see to it himself, and insist that everything modern should be installed. For if the culinary department on a farm doesn't show a profit in pleasant evenings and social intercourse, there's something wrong. And

this morning?" "No," he replied, "I thought I'd take a little time off this morning. I'm expecting a man out here on business, and I don't want to miss him." he lied as he saw the surprised look on his wife's face. He maintained his seat in the doorway until noon, despite his wife's wonder and questions.

When he resumed his seat after dinner, she became alarmed. It was the first time Mort had ever loafed around the house since they were married. It wasn't like him. "Why, Mort, what in the world is the matter with you? Are you sick?" she inquired with much concern. Laughingly he assured her that he was perfectly well. But that evening, when she saw him take a tape and measure the distance from the kitchen to the cistern, she thought he was surely losing his mind. To her her persistent questioning he only smiled, and that that evening sat before the fire doing sums in arithmetic.

The next morning at the breakfast table he turned to her and said: "Myra, I think you'd better go over to your mother's house for a day's rest to-day." "Why, Mort," she replied in astonishment, "I can't possibly go to-day. Who would get your dinner?" And there is so much work to do. "I don't think of going at this time." "No," he answered, "you don't need to think of going. In five minutes I'll be up here with the horse and buggy, and all you need is to climb in."

He was as good as his word. He bundled her in the buggy, and almost forcibly took her visiting. When he returned he used the telephone, and before dinner had two workmen from town at the house. They brought material for putting in a sink and took measurements for a number of other improvements.

That evening when Myra returned home she almost fainted in surprise when she saw the change. "Oh, Mort," she cried, "I now know what you were doing yesterday, and why you wanted me to go away to-day. You old de! I've always wanted a sink and pump, but was afraid to ask for it, for fear that you would think they cost too much."

"Yes, dear," he returned. "I've been blind for the past three years. I've been thinking too much in dollars and cents. I've been letting you work yourself to skin and bone, all for the sake of a few pennies. I've never thought of the extra trips you made to the cistern, and it totalled up almost a mile and had walked. The little improvement that we put in to-day will save you all of that. He looked into his wife's eyes, and she was actually smiling in the old way."

"Yes, you're going to have everything you want for the kitchen from now on, so you can start thinking up things. I'm not going to take as much care of you as I do the horses." With a little cry she flew to his arms.

That evening Myra played on the piano and didn't wait for him to ask her either. And in the days that followed, as he heard her singing at her work, he felt he was reaping interest at a thousand per cent. on the investment he had made.

When snot or ink falls on a carpet or rug never mind, sweep it off at once, but cover it thickly with dry salt and let it stand for a day. Then you can brush off the salt and the stain will come with it.

The Following

"Now as Gallier, he has his brother's face; for the Jesus said 'Me.' This is from which workers, no powerful, from the pe less influen of our church, if they are sought the latter."

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