

"I can't pronounce it," smiled Jennie, "to say nothing of understanding it. What would your tralalooral rural school do?"

"It would be correlated with rural life," said Jim.

"How?"

"It would get education out of the things the farmers and farmers' wives are interested in as a part of their lives."

"What, for instance?"

"Dairying, for instance, in this district; and soil management; and corn-growing; and farm manual training for boys; and sewing, cooking and housekeeping for the girls—and caring for babies!"

Jennie looked serious, after smothering a laugh.

"Jim," said she, "you're going to have a hard enough time to succeed in the Woodruff school, if you confine yourself to methods that have been tested, and found good."

"But the old methods," urged Jim, "have been tested and found bad. Shall I keep to them?"

"They have made the American people what they are," said Jennie. "Don't be unpatriotic Jim."

"They have educated our farm children for the cities," said Jim. "This county is losing population—and it's the best county in the world."

"Pessimism never wins," said Jennie. "Neither does blindness," answered Jim.

"It is losing the farms their dwellers, and swelling the cities with a proletariat."

For some time, now, Jim had ceased to hold Jennie's hand; and their sweetheart days had never seemed farther away.

"Jim," said Jennie, "I may be elected to a position in which I shall be obliged to pass on your acts as teacher—in an official way, I mean. I hope they will be justifiable."

Jim smiled his slowest and saddest smile.

"If they're not, I'll not ask you to condone them," said he. "But first, they must be justifiable to me, Jennie."

"Good night," said Jennie curtly, and left him.

Jennie, I am obliged to admit, gave scant attention to the new career upon which her old sweetheart seemed to be entering. She was in politics, and was playing the game as became the daughter of a local politician. The reader must not by this term get the impression that Colonel Woodruff was a man of the grafting tricky sort of which we are prone to think when the term is used. The West has been ruled by just such men as he, and the West has done rather well, all things considered. Colonel Albert Woodruff went south with the army as a corporal in 1861, and came back a lieutenant. His title of colonel was conferred by appointment as a member of the staff of the governor, long years ago, when he was county auditor. He was not a rich man, as I may have suggested, but a well-to-do farmer, whose wife did her own work much of the time, not because the colonel could not afford to hire "help," but for the reason that "hired girls" were hard to get.

The colonel, having seen the glory of his side in the great war, was inclined to think that all reform had ceased, and was a political stand-patter—a very honest and sincere one. Moreover, he was influential enough so that when Mr. Cummins or Mr. Dolliver came into the county on political errands, Colonel Woodruff had always been called into conference. He was of the old New England type, believed very much in heredity, very much in the theory that whatever is right, in so far as it has secured money or power.

He had hated General Weaver and his forces; and had sometimes wondered how a man of Horace Boies' opinions had succeeded in being so good a governor. He broke with Governor Larrabee when that excellent man had turned against the great men who had developed Iowa by building the railroads. He was always in the county convention, and preferred to serve on the committee on credentials, and leave to others the more showy work of membership in the committee on resolutions. He believed in education, provided it did not unsettle things. He had a good deal of Latin and some Greek, and lived on a farm rather than in a fine house

in the county seat because of his lack of financial ability. As a matter of fact, he had been too strictly scrupulous to do the things—such as dealing in lands belonging to eastern speculators who were not advised as to their values, speculating in county warrants, buying up tax titles with county money, and the like—by which his fellow-politicians who held office in the early years of the county had founded their fortunes. A very respectable, honest, American Tory was the colonel, fond of his political sway, and rather soured by the fact that it was passing from him. He had now broken with Cummins and Dolliver as he had done years ago with Weaver and later with Larrabee—and this breach was very important to him, whether they were greatly concerned about it or not.

Such being her family history, Jennie was something of a politician herself. She was in no way surprised when approached by party managers on the subject of accepting the nomination for county superintendent of schools. Colonel Woodruff could deliver some delegates to his daughter, though he rather shied at the proposal at first, but on thinking it over, warmed somewhat to the notion of having a Woodruff on the county pay-roll once more.

To be continued.

The Windrow

"The Poetry Review of London," says *Literary Digest*, "is melancholy reading nowadays. After nearly every poem there is an editorial note telling us that the poet died in battle. The number of young men whose genius has suddenly flowered in the war is astonishingly large, and that so many of them have died soon after proving that they were poets brings clearly before us war's ravages in the world of letters." Among those who have perished since Rupert Brooke was Captain Julian Grenfell, D. S. O., whose poems are remarkably vivid and rich in imagery and language.

There is a renewed demand that the German motto "Ich Dien" (I serve), borne by the Prince of Wales and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, shall be changed. "Patriotic Welshman" writes to "Today": "It seems to me little less than a scandal, in view of all the crimes of the German nation, that our Prince, and one of the noble regiments of our gallant Army, should continue to sport a badge with the inscription in German. Cannot we have an order in Council substituting the Welsh words 'Eich Dyn' (Your Man)?" Other suggestions are that the words shall be translated into English, or that the motto should be "Gwasanaethaf." Welsh for "I serve."

One of the wonders of the war is the development of new methods of treating sickness and wounds! Science, which which has been pressed into the service of destruction, has also been the willing handmaid of healing and prevention. We expect that the story of the sanitation of our armies will one day be written and prove of enthralling interest. We of the Red Cross are more directly interested in the healing of the sick and wounded, but we must not forget that those who labor to prevent disease are also "under the Red Cross."

A recent article by an American writer, reprinted in *World Wide* from the American *Outlook*, gives a description of the revolution in nursing caused by the application of a casing of wax, paraffin and resin, called "ambrine," to wounds caused by burning, frost-bite and gangrene. This wonderful process not only immediately eases pain, but also encourages a new growth of skin by which the disfigurement, which is to a sensitive man worse than death itself, may be avoided. The limb, when painted or sprayed with this solution, is left to dry and is then swathed in gauze and cotton to keep the wax unbroken. The face is covered with a gauze veil. The name of the French surgeon who has made this wonderful, yet simple discovery, is not given. Again, in *The Lancet*, the official organ of the British medical profession, we read of wounds treated entirely by saline irrigation, or in other words, by a continual stream of salt and water always dropping on



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