Earning Her $37.83

By JANE OSBORN

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When Stanley Ashton agreed to give thirty thousand dollars for the work of the ambulance corps by the student body of the college from which he some dozen years before had taken his degree, on the condition that the student body would raise a like amount, he little knew what a medley of unusual activities he was starting within the dormitories of that college.

"I know it's going to be hard for the students," he told the dean of the college when he made the proposal, "but the ambulance corps needs sixty thousand dollars if their work is to be worth while. I'm not a millionaire, and I guess it is as hard for me to get that thirty thousand dollars together as it will be for each of the students to do his or her share toward raising the difference."

The dean was figuring on the back of an envelope as Stanley Ashton was talking to him.

"Yes," he said, having finished his little sum in division. "There are 702 students enrolled this year—about 400 girls and the rest men. That will mean about $37.83 a student, as I reckon it. In my announcement I shall suggest that each student try to raise that sum. It will give zest to their endeavors if each student knows just what is expected of him."

So the announcement was made, and for the weeks that followed each student of the college went around more bent on extracting the sum of $37.83 from his financial endowments—and most of the students of this co-educational institution were not possessed of an overadequate allowance—than on securing passing grades in their classroom work. Dances, athletics, theatricals—all the usual side interests of the college—were subservient to this desperate struggle on the part of the students, each to earn the allotted quota. The trouble was they were all doing it at once. Little efforts to extract the money from each other by blacking shoes, pressing clothes, darning socks, etc., were rather useless, since no student had the amount to pay for such services while each was saving his funds for the quota. Fudge was a drug on the market, for who had money to buy fudge?

Margaret Benton achieved quite an honor for herself among her friends by announcing that she would give up her Christmas holiday vacation. She had received a check for $20 from home to cover the expenses of her trip and, with her parents' sanction, she renounced this pleasure so that she might thereby save the larger part of her quota. There was $17.83 to be earned. By going without fudge supplies herself for three weeks she eeked out her funds till she had but $16.75 to be earned. Then she earned 75 cents by selling one pair of old rubbers, two old textbooks, the gold tips from two outworn fountain pens and a last winter's hat. Thirty cents she saved by walking downtown and back on three occasions. There then remained $15.70 to be earned, and there her fund remained.

Her allowance was exhausted and there was nothing to save, and every means of earning money seemed to be in use already by some of the 702.

On a certain gray day, when she had indulged herself to the extent of using 5 cents carfare to go to collect the pittance that the old-clothes dealer was to allow her for her old hat and rubbers, she sat crowded in the surface car—so crowded, in fact, that she could not help but hear the conversation of two well-overcoated men beside her.

"But what are you going to do about it?" the younger of the two asked. "I've done all I could to comply with the request of the department of agriculture. I had all my fields cultivated on our summer place, and then I couldn't get men to harvest them. I have had to pay $5 a day for a man to repair the hotbed frames, and now I've had the beds planted to green vegetables in an effort to do my bit towards keeping the local market supplied with green goods. I can't get anyone to transplant the seedlings. Did get a man for 30 cents an hour, but unless some one watched him every minute he soldiered."

Margaret heard the man sitting with him suggest that it was more satisfactory to contract the work. Then it didn't matter if the men did soldier.

"But if there aren't any men to do the work, what am I to do?"

Margaret had only a vague idea of what a hotbed looked like, but somehow the task sounded easy. She sat quietly beside the young man in the warm overcoat and allowed herself to be carried beyond the street where she would have got off to return to the dormitory. For several miles more she rode, until in a dreary country lane on the outskirts of the city the man signaled for the car to stop. He alighted, and Margaret alighted, too. He turned to walk up the lane, and Margaret, with face averted, followed him at a distance. He went into the front door of a rambling, spacious and well-kept-up country house, and after standing in the dampness in the lane for ten minutes, Margaret rang the doorbell.

It wasn't very easy but it had to be done. She asked to be permitted to do the transplanting, and named as her minimum price—she insisted on contract work—$15.70. The man, who had seated her in front of a cheery wood fire and stood beside her, smiling as she made her proposition, held out against the price. He said it wasn't worth it, and that he could ill afford to pay fancy prices. But Margaret was obdurate, and finally the bargain was struck. Margaret stipulated that she should be allowed to do the work when she chose. She realized that most of it would have to be done after lecture hours, and mayhap by the light of a lantern.

By the aid of one of the men students in horticulture, Margaret gained a smattering knowledge of how the hotbed seedlings should be transplanted. She secured a lantern for her night work and, wearing under her long coat a pair of working overalls, which she borrowed from the same student, she started out for her task. It was not easy, but she persevered, even when her hands were bruised and scratched.

The second afternoon of her work Margaret determined to continue there until nine o'clock, and accordingly took with her a package of sandwiches put up by the dormitory cook, at the direction of the kind-hearted house mother. Margaret was sitting in her overalls, eating the sandwiches by the light of her lantern in the workshed for which her employer had given her the key, when the employer himself appeared at the door. At first his obvious amusement at her position and costume embarrassed her, but it was so good-humored that finally Margaret laughed herself and offered him a piece of her last sandwich. He watched her work and did not criticize. Then, obviously only to have an excuse for lingering with her, he worked with her, always under her direction, and assuming no knowledge of the work himself.

"You are a robber," he told her, as he worked by her side. "It was a hold-up game for you to get so much; but it was you or no one, so I had to give in. By the way," he said, asking a question that had been puzzling him since her first offer to do the work, "it is unusual to find a young woman so in need of funds. Pardon my rudeness," he hastened to add. "If you didn't seem to enjoy the work so much I should be sorry that I had let you do it. There must be other more congenial, more remunerative sorts of work."

Margaret did not answer his question nor satisfy his curiosity, and although they became well acquainted, in a measure, during the fortnight that followed, never again did the man inquire more into Margaret's identity. They did not even discover each other's names, for acquaintance in the usual acceptance of the word has very little to do with the acquaintance that is sometimes the precursor of a deeper attachment. On the last night of Margaret's work, when she had transplanted the last succulent head of lettuce and the last leaf of endive, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the man to tell her that he loved her, and for Margaret, standing there in her clumsy, baggy overalls, her hands loaded with the warm, brown earth, to look quite frankly into his eyes and to tell him that she loved him, too.

"And now," he said, "tell me why and wherefore. Why did you stick me for $15.70—just that and nothing more?"

"Why did you hold out?" she rejoined. "You were dreadfully stingy."

"A man has to be, when he has pledged $30,000 and he isn't a millionaire."

"Stanley Ashton!" she gasped. "Why, I somehow imagined you were baldheaded and sixty, with a beard and a diamond stud, and creaky boots. That's the sort of man I thought you were. Then we have been really working for the same thing. How little my $37.83 looks compared to your $30,000, especially when I've held you up for $15.70."

"You aren't the pinchy little girl who gave up her Christmas holidays for the fund? The dean told me about that. It was far finer than anything I've done."

And then, in spite of the muddy hands, Stanley Ashton folded the little gardener into his arms—those strong arms, that had somehow struck Margaret when she was crushed against them in the street car two weeks before, as arms it would be very nice to be folded into.

Tempting the Stork.

It is customary in China, when the number of children—daughters preponderating—begins to exceed the family income, to name the latest comer "Enough," relates World Outing. Acting upon this superstition, the Lees, a native Christian couple, presented their seventh child for baptism.

"What is her name?" inquired the missionary pastor.

"Enough!" announced both parents in fervent unison.

"That will never do!" the pastor frowned. "Think of a more fitting name!" But Mr. and Mrs. Lee were smitten with stage fright and could think of nothing.

The Bible woman sitting near whispered "Call her Dorcas!" So Dorcas she was hastily named.

But fancy the dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Lee when they discovered that Dorcas, translated into the native dialect, is identical in sound with the Chinese words, "Many More!"

"Do It Now."

The successful man or business woman arranges his or her day so that it won't be full of wasted minutes, half hours gone wrong, broken appointments, delayed efforts. There is no more important rule for success than this simple one: Do it now.

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Numerous Openings, But It Would Seem Only for Those Possessing Abundant Good Qualities.

Wanted, by men in every state, county, city and village in America, a wife.

Wanted, by millions of bachelors in the United States, a wife who can live on her husband's income and not complain; who can save a penny and not be ashamed.

Wanted, a wife whose aim in life is not dress, automobiles, card parties, dinners, society; who will not neglect her husband; who loves a home.

Wanted, a wife who knows how to cook, to sew, to direct a household; who can make a home.

Wanted, a wife who wants children.

Wanted, a wife who can teach her children to pray.

Wanted, a wife who knows a baseball score and a batting average; who is not bored when her husband talks business; who will not laugh at a husband's ambitions.

Wanted, a wife who will not be a dressed-up doll or a household drudge, who will not limit her life to the four walls of the house; who knows the need of self-improvement, self-enlargement; who can continue to grow; who loves progress, refinement, culture.

Wanted, a wife who will not look on marriage as a career.

Wanted, a wife who loves the stimulus of victory; who will not lose ambition with one defeat; who cannot be fatigued by climbing; who is willing to pay the price of success.

Wanted, a wife who can share adversity and not lose her love, who can share prosperity and not be jealous.

Wanted, a wife who does not nag, who can be a companion, an inspiration; whose love can lighten the shadows of failure; who can keep her faith even though all men fall to doubting.

Wanted, a wife who can love, love on through the years—in prosperity, in hardship, in adversity, in sorrow.

A woman who can meet these wants will find millions of men in America ready to go down on their knees and thank God for the privilege of giving her a home and making her happy.—Milwaukee Journal.

Ships' Dogs Are Sea Heroes.

Many dogs have received decorations during the war—not from the government, of course, but from soldiers and sailors, according to a London dispatch in the European edition of the New York Herald.

A naval officer just returned from the Mediterranean tells an interesting story of the pet on his ship. The dog, taken young, was rated as "puppy," which it seems, in naval estimate, is a pretty humble rating. However, the dog conducted himself like a gentleman and a scholar, the officer declares, and was in due time decorated with the insignia of A. B. dog.

He misbehaved on various occasions and failed to do his part in one or two brushes with submarines, so he was marched on the quarterdeck and solemnly remitted to "puppy." Ever since, the story goes, he has been striving to retrieve himself, but thus far he has not recovered his rank.

It is said that the dogs on the ships which fought at Jutland—and there were many of them—have all been decorated by their shipmates. The animals during the battle, it is asserted, played the part of real heroes without a cowardly hair upon one of them.

Siam Adopts New Flag.

Siam's white elephant flag is to be abandoned for the red, white and blue colors of democracy. Commenting on this, the Christian Science Monitor says:

"In spite of the fine feeling of enthusiasm for the allied cause which it shows, one can not but be sorry that Siam should have decided to discard her own splendidly original flag, showing a white elephant on a red field, for a tricolor resembling that of the great entente powers of the West. Siam sees in the red, white and blue flag the colors which throughout the world stand 'as a rallying sign against barbarism.' It is quite interesting to find that red, white and blue do as a matter of fact figure in the national flags of Britain, France the United States, Russia, Serbia, Cuba, Panama, Costa Rica, Paraguay and Liberia. And now Siam must be added, if it is really quite true that the white elephant is doomed."

Rushed Army Cantonments.

Nearly $300 a soldier, or a total of $187,000,000 was the cost of the 16 army cantonments built last summer and fall to house 650,000 men. The original estimate of the cost was $134,000,000. This huge construction job was carried forward with a speed that is considered remarkable. By the end of last May, when congress was still debating the project, the engineering corps was fully organized for work. Within three months from that time cantonments capable of housing 800,000 men were completed, while by December 5 there were accommodations for the entire 650,000 men.

Place to Sit Down.

Patience—You look tired, dear.

Patrice—I suppose so. I went out for a skate today and I couldn't find any place to sit down.

"Why, do you mean to say there wasn't any ice?"

Good in All Things.

"I've found one way to get some pleasure out of the strike," said a philosopher.

"Tell us," yelled the crowd.

"I'm spending all the car fares I save for cigars."

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NOTICE

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton on Monday the eleventh day of November next, at two of the clock in the afternoon all the right, title, interest, possession, claim and demand which SANDY P. SMITH, formerly of Wicklow in the County of Carleton had on the first day of November, A. D. 1917, or which he now has in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, that is to say,—

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises in the Parish of Wicklow and County of Carleton bounded as follows,—Beginning at a cedar stake on the Eastern side of the Summerfield Road and at the Northwest corner of land owned and occupied by Charles A. Smith; thence along said road eight rods to another stake; thence East ten rods to another stake; thence South eight rods to another stake; thence West along the side line between C. A. Smith and one Granville E. Follett ten rods to the place of beginning, containing one half acre more or less, and known as a portion of the Horace Beardsley Grant, and being the same land conveyed to said S. P. Smith by G. E. Follett and wife by deed registered in said Carleton County Records in Book 4 on pages 213-4, the 29th day of October 1908 as 50035.

The above sale will be held under and by virtue of several executions issued against the said Sandy P. Smith now in my hands.

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the undersigned.

Dated this fifth day of August, A.D. 1918

ALBION R. FOSTER
Sheriff of the County of Carleton

Chancery Sale

There will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION in front of the COURT HOUSE AT ANDOVER IN THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA on Wednesday the Sixth day of November, A.D. 1918, at TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, made and dated the Twenty-Seventh day of June, A.D. 1918, in an action therein pending wherein Clifford M. Jack is plaintiff, and Augusta Dyer, Abbie Wilson and Tom Wilson, her husband, Mary Blake and George Blake, her husband, Thomas Dyer and Debersa Dyer, his wife, James Andrew Dyer and Mary Dyer, his wife, George Dyer, Rose Mascal and John Mascal, her husband, Charlie Dyer, David Dyer, Frank Dyer, Martha Hersey and Sterling Hersey, her husband, and Olive Dyer, wife of John H. Dyer, and Sadie Dyer, wife of Charles Dyer, and Una Dyer, wife of Frank Dyer, Defendants, the lands and premises in said Decree described as follows:—

"All that lot and piece and farm of land with buildings thereon formerly the property of Thomas Dyer now deceased, situate in the Parish of Drummond in the County of Victoria, containing about 97½ acres, bounded and described as follows:—On the North by lot No. 128 now or formerly in the possession of one Hilary S. Baker; on the East by lands granted to James W. Higgins; on the South in part by Lot No. 126 and in part by lands sold by Thomas Dyer and wife to William Monteith by Deed dated December 12, 1890, and on the West by the River St. John; said lot of land known and distinguished as part of the land granted to Edward Gregory being Lot No. 127, reserving therefore two lots containing in all about 12½ acres, which two lots were conveyed by Thomas Dyer to the Trustees of School District No. 11, in the Parish of Grand Falls, and to William Monteith."

with the approbation of the undersigned Master of the Supreme Court pursuant to the provisions of "The Judicature Act 1909" and Amending Acts.

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the solicitor for the Plaintiff, or the undersigned Master.

DATED this twentieth day of August A.D. 1918.

ALEXANDER STRATON,
Master of the Supreme Court for the County of Victoria.
M. & J. TEED,
St. John, N. B.
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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