

With Tessa As Proxy.

By JEROME SPRAGUE

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"Tessa," said Miss Mason, with decision, "you are not making that bed properly."

Tessa, tucking in the sheet of the doll's bed, raised limpid, inquiring eyes.

"I told you I wanted hospital corners."

Tessa wavered, carried a small red lip and overhauled.

"Don't cry—oh, Tessa, don't cry!" Miss Mason expostulated as the small pink aproned atom flung herself at full length on the floor.

Tessa did not move.

"Well, I shall have to let Mary Brannigan do it," said Miss Mason.

Mary Brannigan and Tessa Votoldi being sworn rivals in the affections of the settlement teacher, the small Italian raised a calculating eye. Mary, every red curl bobbing, every freckle radiant, already had hold of one corner of the infinitesimal sheet.

Then Mary pulled and Tessa pulled.

"Perhaps you'd better let Tessa finish it, Mary," said the teacher weakly.

Mary blazed wrathfully. "Aw, she don't know how!"

"Oh, well," Miss Mason sighed, "see if you can make it, Mary. Tessa can watch you and tell you if you don't do it properly."

Tessa, sobbing a soft accompaniment to Mary's bedmaking, squealed suddenly:

"She's gotta be hem out-a-side."

"Oh, Mary," said Miss Mason reproachfully, "I thought you could do it."

"An' I can," said Mary, "but I won't," and straightway, like a small fury, she tore the bed to pieces and flung the mattress on the floor.

The twenty small girls of the little housekeepers' class looked at the teacher with expectant eyes.

"Oh, Mary," quavered Miss Mason. She felt unequal to discipline. It was



"I LOVE-A YOU," SHE MURMURED FERVENTLY.

very hot, and the room was close, and the children had been restless and fussy all the morning.

"Oh, Mary," she quavered again as a young man in a Panama hat and round clerical collar poked his head in at the window.

"Can't you and the little girls come over and have lunch with my boys in the parish office?" he asked.

A sigh of blissful anticipation issued from twenty throats.

"They have been so naughty!" Miss Mason hesitated. "I don't know whether I should let them."

Twenty pairs of eyes reproached her, and the young rector said, "No one ought to be naughty on such a day."

"Well, if you will promise to be very good," Miss Mason finally decided. And, like lion and lamb, Tessa and Mary led a decorous procession.

The young rector's class in wood-carving were having sandwiches and cakes and lemonade, provided by the ladies of the parish. There was a big pitcher of lemonade, and the tea tinkled deliciously as the biggest boy filled twenty glasses for the twenty little girls.

The young rector, beaming with enthusiasm, sat down beside the little settlement teacher. "It's lovely work, Miss Mason," he said.

Marion shook her head. "Oh, no, it isn't," she said; "it's horrid. They are so ungrateful. I wish I was out on a hotel porch in my best linen frock, with my hair unbraided and with the waves beating a soothing accompaniment to the conversation of some intelligent unsunshine."

With a twinkle in his eye, the young rector asked, "Can't I masquerade as an intelligent unsunshine?"

"Oh," Miss Mason conceded, "you might. But I'm not dressed for the part. Shirt waists and serge skirts and tan shoes, and dusty ones at that!"—she poked out a small foot in a shabby shoe—"are not the attire of attractiveness. We planted vegetables in the school garden all the morning—beans and things—until we were grubby."

"I don't believe you would be really happy on that hotel porch," asserted the young rector as he sat on the edge of his desk and looked down at her.

"I should! I want to be care free and frivolous—and to forget the problems of the suffering and the submerged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she caught her breath sharply he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his eyes.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured.

"Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dainty. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently.

"No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had

been torn and trampled, and you held in your arms a little child that you had saved—and you were beautiful!"

"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a wonder we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and I knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life."

Her startled eyes read the meaning in his. "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous—and I long for the fish-pots."

He went on steadily. "I have seen you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery—when you might be in luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him.

"How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?"

"Oh, that," he put it away lightly. "I like it, and I am a man—but not many women would do it."

"Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward her, sobbing.

"Oh, Tessa! Crying again?"

It was discovered after some questioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whispered, that she had been bad.

"Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms. "Dear heart! And the wet cheeks lay against her own."

As they sat in the alcove the stained glass window of the parish office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair shone like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes shut.

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you really think you would be happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.

"It would be cool," Miss Mason said wistfully, "but I should miss the love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly.

Tessa's eyes opened sleepily. "I love-a you," she murmured fervently. The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that!" he commanded.

"Oh, I—I can't," she breathed, all pink and white and tremulous, "but Tessa shall be—my proxy!"

CONDENSED STORIES.

Kaiser Wilhelm Outwitted by a Fat Major of the Guards.

For once the German war lord was disoiled on the maneuver field, and the soldier who dared defy him has the laugh on his majesty into the bargain. The First guards harbor in their ranks a 400 pound major, who is as bad a horseman as President Roosevelt declares certain American staff officers to be. However, when he has once climbed on his "elephant" he cannot be dislodged.

The Kaiser was informed some time ago that the major used a stop-



"I HAVE MOUNTED MY RESERVE HORSE."

ladder to mount and needed the same to dismount; hence during recent maneuvers he concocted a scheme to see him get off his horse without the auxiliary.

When the sham battle was at its worst the Kaiser sent word to the major that he must dismount "since all horses had been shot by the enemy." The major received the message with a broad smile, but continued on "his elephant." That made the Kaiser furious, and he rode up to the disobedient officer, shouting from afar:

"I sent word to you that your horse was presumed to be dead. What in thunder do you mean by continuing on the carcass?"

"Your majesty," expostulated the major, "I presume that I have mounted my reserve horse."

The Test.

"At a military dinner," said a G. A. R. man, "I once heard General F. D. Grant tell a story about recruiting."

"He said that there was a certain recruiting office in a town hall along with the various other municipal offices."

"A well dressed young man entered the place one morning with a diffident air."

"I'd like," he began.

"Strip!" interrupted the busy recruiting officer.

"The young man flushed and hesitated. Then, with a sheepish smile, he stripped."

"Jump over that chair," said the officer.

"After two or three balks the young man made the jump."

"Now," said the officer, "take this twenty pound weight and see how many times you can put it over your head."

"The young man put up the weight, with much panting and grunting, about fifty times."

"The officer made an entry in a book."

"Now run around the room as hard as you can," he said, "till I tell you to stop."

"But the youth uttered a loud, angry oath and began hurriedly to put on his clothes."

"No," he shouted, "I'll be hanged if I will! I'd rather stay single all the rest of my life!"

"He thought he was in the marriage license office."

Unselfish Tears.

President Samuel P. Colt of the United States Rubber company was discussing in New York the amicable trade agreement that has been made between his firm and the Intercontinental Rubber company.

"It is best," he said, "for competitors to agree to be fair and honest with one another, and this agreement of ours is a fair and honest one. It is not like those where, in two rivals, while pretending to be fair, yet knife one another continually in the back. Such hypocritical agreements remind me of two children, two little boys, I know."

"They were lurching, Billy and Jack, and when the butter brought on the desert it was seen that there was only one orange in the fruit basket. Instantly Billy, the larger boy, set up a loud bawling."

"Now what's the matter?" said the governess. "What are you crying about, Billy?"

"I'm cryin'," Billy answered, "because there's no orange for Jack."

The Surest Method.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, the department of agriculture's famous chemical expert, was discussing certain impure beers.

"I am reminded," said Dr. Wiley, smiling, "of an incident that happened in the western town of Tin Can."

"Tin Can had a brewery, and the beer from this brewery was unspokeably bad."

"Well, one night a melodrama was performed in the town hall, and in the second act there was a thrilling soliloquy by the villain.

"The villain, alone on the stage, gnawed his black mustache and debated with himself how he should kill the hero."

"The knife?" he muttered to his cigarette. "Poison? A pistol shot? Or shall I kill him with—"

"Just then there came a loud interruption from a cowboy in a box:

"Oh, give him some Tin Can beer!"

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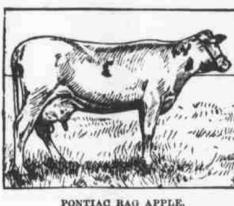
In the Dairy

I am frequently asked if it is advisable to raise the heifer's first calf. Being the first is hardly a reason for rejecting the calf, but a majority of dairymen have learned by experience that to make a good dairy cow it is desirable to breed and develop the heifer rather young, and sometimes this is carried to extremes purposely or unintentionally, and the first calf is very small and possibly not as well developed as is desirable, and under these conditions we should not raise the first calf. If the calf is of a fair size, well developed and is possessed of six or eight good incisors, there is no reason for rejecting it, so far as the calf is concerned. There is, however, another reason why the first calf is not so desirable, and that is the entirely unknown dairy qualities of the dam. It is certainly always more desirable to raise a calf from a dam that has proved her worth.—L. W. Lighty in National Stockman and Farmer.

A Grand Holstein.

The illustration shows the \$5,000 Holstein-Friesian cow Pontiac Rag Apple. With the finest of the bovine blood in her veins and with a record of production that has jumped in three years from 190 to 279 to 300 quarts of milk per week. It is believed that this cow will soon easily carry away the world's honors.

One of Rag Apple's records is forty-four quarts of milk a day for 100 days at a stretch. Another is the produc-



PONTIAC RAG APPLE.

tion of 21.62 pounds of butter per week, less than three pounds below the championship mark of 34.31 pounds.

As to her pedigree, Rag Apple stands high in the stock breeding world, her sire being Pontiac Klondyke, the son of Belle Klondyke, one of the most noted Holsteins in the country, and her dam being P. Clotilde de Kohl, the daughter of Hengervold de Kohl, who was the brother of the greatest sire of the Holstein-Friesian breed that ever lived.

Kindness to the Cow.

Kindness is an efficient aid in increasing the milk yield and costs nothing. The more the milker can make his cows admire him and feel comfortable around him the more milk they will yield to him. Investigations show that a large proportion of the milk is secreted in the cow during the operation of milking, especially the rich milk, which comes last. Any abuse or excitement reduces the secretion and not only lowers the quantity of milk given, but often lowers the percentage of butter fat. Kindness and petting make the cow contented and put her nervous system in such condition that the fullest yield of milk will be given. This is not the only cause, but probably the chief cause, of the wide variation of butter fat, which is shown by tests to be due to the hurrying of cows, allowing the dogs to bite them and speaking to them roughly, all of which will reduce the milk yield and the percentage of butter fat. A change of milkers will often lower the amount of butter fat until the cow becomes fond of the new milker.—Professor Oscar Erf.

Water For Dairy Cattle.

It is absolutely essential for the highest milk production for an animal to have good clean water and plenty of it, says Professor Erf. About 87 per cent of the milk is water, and if the cows' supply of water is limited the milk yield is proportionately reduced. It pays to furnish pure, palatable water in summer as well as in winter. Cows should not be allowed to stand in ponds of water which become so filthy that the cow frequently will not drink enough to maintain a full milk flow. Such water is liable to taint the milk, and some of the filth which collects on the cow's body while standing in the water is apt to fall in the pail during milking. Milk contaminated in this way will frequently taint the entire output of the herd or of the creamery.

Summer Comfort For Calves.

If kept in clean, airy box stalls during the summer calves will do better than if allowed to run out and fight flies in the hot sun. They should be given a drink of water at noon and should have access to salt at will. They should also have some grass or green oats cut and given them every day. They should not be given very much at a time, not more than they will eat up clean before the next time of feeding.

The Greatest Leak.

Watch for the leaks on the farm. The greatest leak is the cow that cannot make a profit. Let her go to the butcher, as she may make profitable Bologna. Indulgent feeding is another big leak. Allowing the liquid manure to leach and wash away is another, and there are a few others. Stop the leaks that waste dollars while you earn pennies.

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