

OLD LADY NUMBER 51 BY LOUISE FORSSLUND

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC. COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTURY CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through the unwise purchase of Texas gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all they have left, will place them in the Old Ladies' home, or Anny in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing but Angelina decides: "My dear this is the first time I've had a chance to take the dust of it."

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"It plagues" the others, however, to see that none of them could get ahead of Blossy in their noble endeavors to make Abraham feel himself a light and welcome burden. She it was who discovered that Abe's contentment could not be absolute without griddlecakes for breakfast three hundred and sixty-five times a year; she it was who first baked him little saucer cakes and pies because he was partial to edges; and Blossy it was who made out a list of "Don'ts" for the sisters to follow in their treatment of this grown-up young-old boy.

"Don't scold him when he leaves the doors open. Don't tell him to wipe his feet. Don't ever mention gold mines or shiftless husbands," etc., etc.

All these triumphs of Blossy's intuition served naturally to spur the others on to do even more for Brother Abe than they had already done, until the old man began to worry for fear that he should "git spilt." When he lay down for his afternoon nap and the house was dull and quiet without his waking presence, the ladies would gather in groups outside his door as if in a king's antechamber, waiting for him to awaken, saying to one another ever and again, "Sh, sh!" He professed to scold at the attentions he received, would grunt and growl "Humbly!" yet nevertheless he thrived in this latter-day sunlight. His old bones took on flesh. His aged kindly face, all seamed with care as it had been, filled out, the wrinkles turning into twinkles. Abraham had grown young again. With the return of his youth came the spirit of youth to the Old Ladies' home. Verily, verily, as Blossy had avowed from the first, they had been in sore need of the masculine presence. The ancient coat and hat, which had hung in the hall so long, had perhaps served its purpose in keeping the burglars away, but this lifeless substitute had not prevented the crabbed gnomes of loneliness and discontent from stealing in. Spinster, wife and widow, they had every one been warped by the testy just-so-ness of the old maid.

Now, instead of fretful discussions of health and food, recriminations and wrangling, there came to be laughter and good-humored chatter all the day long, each sister striving with all her strength to preserve the new-found harmony of the home. There were musical evenings, when Miss Abigail opened the melodeon and played "Old Hundred," and Abraham was encouraged to pick out with one stiff forefinger "My Grandfather's Clock." "Hymn tunes" were sung in chorus; and then, in answer to Abe's appeal for something livelier, there came time-tried ditties and old, old love songs. And at last, one night, after leaving the instrument silent, mute in the corner or the parlor for many years, Aunt Nancy Smith dragged out her harp, and, seating herself, reached out her knotted, trembling hands and brought forth what seemed the very echo, so faint and faltering it was, of "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True."

There was a long silence after she had finished, her head bowed on her chest, her hands dropped to her sides. Abraham spoke first, clearing his throat before he could make the words come. "I wish I could git a husband for every one of yer," said he. "And no one was angry, and no one laughed; for they all knew that he was only seeking to express the message conveyed by Nancy's playing—the message of love, love triumphant, which cannot age, which over the years and over death itself always hath the victory."

CHAPTER VII.

Old Letters and New. Blossy left the room without a word, and went stealing up the stairs to the little cupboard where she now slept, and where was hung on the wall, in a frame of yellow hollyhocks, painted by her own hand, a photograph of Capt. Samuel Darby, the man who had remained obstinately devoted to her since her days of pinafores. The picture betrayed that Captain Darby wore a wig designed for a larger man, and that the visage beneath was gnarled and weather-beaten, marked with the signs of a stubborn and unreasonable will.

Even now the aged belle could hear him saying: "Huz I be, come around ter pop agin. Wady ter hitch?" Samuel's inelegant English had always been a source of distress to Blossy; yet still she stared long at the picture. Six months had passed since his last visit; tomorrow would be the date of his winter advent. Should she give the old unvarying answer to his tireless formula? She glanced around the tiny room. Ashamed though she was to admit it even to herself, she missed that ample and cozy chamber which she had so freely surrendered to Abraham and his wife. She missed it, as she felt



Kneeling Before a Time-Worn Trunk.

for every ribbon and every cord had faded into that musty, yellow brown which is dyed by the passing of many years. Abraham discovered her there, too engrossed in the perusal of one of the old letters to have heeded his creaking steps upon the stairs. "Didn't see yer, till I most stumbled on yer," he began apologetically. "I come for the apple-picker. That's a handful of russets in the orchard yit, that's calc'latin' ter spend Christmas up close ter heaven; but— Say, Blossy," he added more loudly, since she did not raise her head, "yew seen anythin' o' that air picker?" Blossy glanced up from her ragged-edged, crinkly billet-doux with a start, and dropped the envelope to the floor. For the moment, so deep in reminiscence was she, she thought Captain Darby himself had surprised her; then, recognizing Abe and recalling that Samuel's winter visits were invariably paid in the afternoon, she broke into a shamefaced laugh. "Oh, is that you, Brother Abe? Don't tell the others what you found me doing. These," with a wave of her delicate, blue-veined hands over the trunk and its contents, "are all old love letters of mine. Do you think I'm a silly old goose to keep them cluttering around so long?"

"Waal"—Abe with an equally deprecatory gesture indicated Angy's horsehair trunk in the far corner of the loft—"yew ain't no more foolisher, I guess, over yer old trash 'n me an' Angy be a-keepin' that air minn' stock of mine. One lot is wuth 'bout as much as 'o'her."

Recovering the envelope that she had dropped, he squinted at the superscription. "Not meanin' ter be inquisitive or personal, Sister Blossy," a teasing twinkle appearing in his eye, "but this looks dretful familiarly, this here handwritin' does. When I run the beach—yew've heard me tell of the

bridge over it, cut a path down to t' bottom, where Harkbir stepped on an ax which had M. Z. Zurbiggen's initials on the handle. There could be no mistake as to the identity of the ax, as Harkbir had seen it and used it before. "My husband is a most inveterate reader," exclaimed Mrs. Knox with a slight tone of ennui. "He reads untill dawn every morning. Why, last night I found him asleep with his nose in 'V. V.'s Eyes!" "Perhaps," commented her husband's bookish friend, "you should be thankful you did not find him with his nose in 'The Inside of the Cup!'" —Kansas City Star.

time I was on the life-savin' crew over ter Bleak Hill fer a spell—my cap'n he had a fist jest like that. Useter make out the spickest, spannest reports. Lemme see," the twinkle deepening, "didn't the gals say yew was a 'spectin' somebody terday? Law, I ain't saw Cap'n Sam'l fer ten year or more. I guess on these here poppin' trips o' his'n he hain't wastin' time on no men-folks. But, Blossy, yew better give me a chance ter talk to him this afternoon, an' mebbe I'll speak a good word fer yer."

Blossy, not always keen to see a joke, and with her vanity now in the ascendant, felt the color rise into her withered cheek. "Oh, yow needn't take the trouble to speak a good word for me. Any man who could ever write a letter like this doesn't need to be coaxed. Just listen:

The man you take for a mate is the luckiest dog in the whole world. I'd rather be him than king of all the countries on earth. I'd rather be him than strike a gold mine reaching from here to China. I'd rather be him than master of the finest vessel that ever sailed blue water. That's what I would. Why, the man who couldn't be happy with you would spill tears all over heaven."

Blossy's cheek was still flushed, but no longer with pique. Her voice quavered and broke; and finally there fell upon the faded page of the letter two sparkling tears. Abraham shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other; then, muttering something about the "peaky apple hook," went scuffling across the floor in the direction of the chimney. Blossy, however, called him back. "I was crying, Brother Abe, because the man I did take for a mate once was not happy, and—and neither was I. I was utterly wretched; so that I've always felt I never cared to marry again. And—Samuel's wig is always slipping down over one eye, and I simply cannot endure that trick he has of carrying his head to one side, as if he had a left-handed spell of the mumps. It nearly drives me frantic."

"Brother Abe, now tell me honestly: do you think he would make a good husband?"

Abe cleared his throat. Blossy was in earnest. Blossy could not be laughed at. She was his friend, and Angy's friend; and she had come to him as to a brother-for advice. He, too, had known Samuel as man to man, which was more than any of the sisters could say.

Stroking his beard thoughtfully, therefore, he seated himself upon a convenient wooden chest, while Blossy slipped her old love letter in and out of the envelope, with that essentially feminine manner of weighing and considering.

"Naow," began Abe at length, "this is some'n that requires keener debatin'. Fust off, hoawsoever, yew must remember that wigs an' wools never made a man yit. Es I riccollec' Sam'l, he was pooty good ez men go. I should say he wouldn't be any more of a risk tew yew than I was tew Angy; mebbe less. He's got quite a leetle loid-y, I understand, an' a tidy story-an'-a-half house, an' front stoop, an', by golly, can't he cook! He's a splendid housekeeper."

"Housewifery," remarked Blossy sagely, as she began to gather her misadventures together, "is an accomplishment to be scorned in a young husband, but not in an old one. They say there hasn't been a woman inside Samuel's house since he built it, but it's as clean as soap and sand can make it."

"I bet yer," agreed Abe. "Hain't never been no fly inside it, neither, I warrant yer. Fly can't light ar Sam'l's cleanin' up nohaow; he's got ter skate."

"He says he built that little house for me," said the old lady, as she closed down the lid of the trunk. There was a wistful note in Blossy's voice, which made Abraham declare with a burst of sympathy: "Tain't no disgrace ter git married at no time of life. Sam'l's a good provider; why don't yew snap him up terday? We'll miss yew a lot; but—"

"Here's the apple picker right over your head," interrupted Blossy tartly, and Abe felt himself peremptorily dismissed. Scarcely had he left the attic, however than she, too, hastened down the steep, narrow stairs. She spent the remaining hours before train time in donning her beautiful lace gown, and in making the woman within it as young and ravishing as possible. And lovelily, indeed, Blossy looked this day, with a natural flush of excitement on her cheek, a new sparkle in her bright, dark eyes, and with her white hair arranged in a fashion which might have excited a young girl's envy.

The hour for the train came and went, and, lo! for the first time in the history of twenty years Captain Darby did not appear.

Blossy pretended to be relieved, protesting that she was delighted to find that she would now have an extra hour in which to ponder the question. But the second train came and went, and still no Captain Darby. All the afternoon long Blossy wore her lace gown, thinking although there were no more trains from the eastward that day, that Samuel would still find his way to her. He might drive, as he usually did in June, or he might even walk from his home at Twin Coves, she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Points on Advertising By HERBERT KAUFMAN

(Copyright.)

How Alexander Untied the Knot.

Alexander the Great was being shown the Gordian Knot. "It can't be untied," they told him; "every man who tried to do so failed."

But Alexander was not discouraged because the rest had flunked. He simply realized that he would have to go at it in a different way. And instead of wasting time with his fingers, he drew his sword and slashed it apart. Every day a great business general is shown some knot which has proved too much for his competitors, and he succeeds because he finds a way to cut it. The fumbler has no show so long as there is a brother merchant who doesn't waste time trying to accomplish the impossible—who takes lessons from the failures about him and avoids the methods which were their downfall.

The knottiest problems in trade are:

- 1.—The problem of location. 2.—The problem of getting the crowds. 3.—The problem of keeping the crowds. 4.—The problem of minimizing fixed expenses. 5.—The problem of creating a valuable good will.

None of these knots is going to be untied by fumbling fingers. They are too complicated. They're all inextricably involved—so twisted and entangled that they can't be solved singly—like the Gordian knot, they must be cut through at one stroke. And you can't cut the knot with anything but advertising—because:

- 1.—A store that is constantly before the people makes its own neighborhood. 2.—Crowds can be brought from anywhere by persistent advertising. 3.—Customers can always be held by inducements. 4.—Fixed expenses can only be reduced by increasing the volume of sales. 5.—Good will can only be created through publicity.

Advertising is breeding new giants every year and making them more powerful every hour. Publicity is the sustaining food of a powerful store and the only strengthening nourishment for a weak one. The retailer who delays his entry into advertising must pay the penalty of his procrastination by facing more giant competitors as each month of opportunity slips by.

Personal ability as a close purchaser and as a clever seller doesn't count for a hang, so long as other men are equally well posted and wear the sword of publicity to boot. They are able to tie your business into constantly closer knots, while you cannot retaliate because there is no knot which their advertising cannot cut for them.

Yesterday you lost a customer—today they took one—tomorrow they'll get another. You cannot cope with their competition because you haven't the weapon with which to oppose it. You cannot untie your Gordian knot because it can't be untied—you've got to cut it.

You Must Irrigate Your Neighborhood.

Half a century ago there were ten million acres of land, within half a thousand miles of Omaha, upon which not even a blade of grass would grow. Today upon these very deserts are wonderful orchards and tremendous wheatfields. The soil itself was full of possibilities. What the land needed was water. In time there came farmers who knew that they could not expect the streams to come to them, and so they dug ditches and led the water to their properties from the surrounding rivers and lakes; they tilled the earth with their brains as well as their plows—they became rich through irrigation.

Advertising has made thousands of men rich, because they recognized the possibilities of utilizing the newspapers to bring streams of buyers into neighborhoods that could be made busy locations by irrigation—by drawing people from other sections.

The successful retailer is the man who keeps the stream of purchasers coming his way. It isn't the spot itself that makes the store pay—it's the man who makes the spot pay. Centers of trade are not selected by the public—they are created by the force which controls the public—the newspapers.

New neighborhoods for business are being constantly built up by men who have located themselves in streets which they have changed from deserted byways into teeming, jostling thoroughfares, through advertising irrigation.

The storekeeper who whines that his neighborhood holds him back is squinting at the truth—he is hurting the neighborhood. If it lacks streams of buyers, he can easily enough secure them by reaching out through the columns of the paper and inducing people from other sections to come to him. Every time he influences a customer of a competitor he is not only irrigating his own field but is diverting the streams upon which a non-advertising merchant depends for existence. Men and women who live next door to a shop

thole to stir out o' the house his lane. Ye wadna believe how fast he is on, where w'oot me. Ye see, father taak's sic braid Scotch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's 'bout, an' I hae taek gang w' him, taek dae the conversin'."

James Ross and his daughter, Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Chicago recently, remarks Everybody's Magazine in beginning this story. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together. Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go downtown alone occasionally, and added, jokingly: "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Ay, ahntie, but he wadna ma," explained Janet, earnestly. "He canna

that does not plead for their custom will eventually be drawn to an establishment miles away because they have been made to believe in some advantage to be gained thereby.

The circulation of every newspaper is nothing less than a reservoir of buyers, from which shoppers stream in the direction that promises the most value for the least money.

The magic development of the desert lands has its parallel in merchandising of the men who consider the newspaper an irrigating power which can make two customers grow where one grew before.

If It Fits You, Wear This Cap.

Advertising isn't a crucible with which lazy, bigoted and incapable merchants can turn incompetency into success—but one into which brains and tenacity and courage can be poured and changed into dollars. It is only a short cut across the fields—not a moving platform. You can't "get there" without "going some."

It's a game in which the worker—not the shirker—gets rich. By its measurement every man stands for what he is and for what he does, not for what he was and what he did.

Every day in the advertising world is another day and has to be taken care of with the same energy as its yesterday.

The quitter can't survive where the plunger has the ghost of a chance. Advertising doesn't take the place of business talent or business management. It simply tells what a business is and how it is managed. The snob whose father created and who is content to live on what was handed to him, can't stand up against the man who knows he must build for himself.

What makes you think that you are entitled to prosper as well as a competitor who works twice as hard for his prosperity?

Why should as many people deal at your store as patronize a shop that makes an endeavor to get their trade and shows them that it is worth while to come to its doors?

Why should a newspaper send as many customers to you in half the time it took to fill an establishment which advertised twice as much for its publicity?

This is the day when the best man wins—after he proves that he is the best man—when the best store wins, when it has shown that it is the best store—when the best goods win, after they've been demonstrated to be the best goods.

If you want the plum you can't get it by lying under the tree with your mouth open waiting for it to drop—too many other men are willing to climb out on the limb and risk their necks in their eagerness to get it away from you.

COMMENT THAT MEANT MUCH

Few Words Made Business Woman Realize She Must Have Long Been Out of Style.

The business woman found herself at the beginning of winter with two suits of excellent quality and tailoring on her hands, and decided that it would be extravagant to buy a new one. After a patient dressmaker had remodeled the skirts and sleeves and spent weary hours in pressing the result seemed everything that could be desired.

The next fall the suits were still so good that with a very slight strain on her courage she wore them the second winter. She knew that she was not garbed in exact accordance with the last cry of fashion, but she felt that she looked well and a long way from being conspicuously out of date.

With the first warm spring days, however, came a yearning for something fresh and dainty that would not be denied, and after many days of search and endeavor to make taste and pocketbook jibe she became the possessor of a suit of irreproachable cut, material and workmanship. When she called forth in it, with the necessary accessories, one beautiful morning she had, like the lady of whom Emerson tells, that feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow.

At noon, with a heart full of the exuberance of spring and a mind free from sartorial worries, she repaired to the modest little boarding house where she had lunched all winter. The kind hearted, garrulous landlady, who often came to her table for a word of appreciation, for her really excellent cooking, observing the outward and visible sign of inward complacency, walked over to her and remarked:

"You've got a new suit, haven't you? It's really pretty." Then, with a distinct note of surprise in her voice, "Quite a good deal of style about it, too."

Largest Dairy Farm.

The largest dairy farm in the world is nearing completion at Head Lake, Heading, a suburb of Winnipeg. When completely stocked the farm will contain 2,500 head of cattle within its fences. With 1,500 of these giving milk, the total yearly output of milk and cream is expected to be about 3,000,000 gallons.

Hardly Possible.

"How do you like grand opera?" "Fairly well. If I could understand what the performers are singing about as well as I understand what the people near me are talking about, I would enjoy it more."

The Interpreter.

James Ross and his daughter, Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Chicago recently, remarks Everybody's Magazine in beginning this story. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together. Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go downtown alone occasionally, and added, jokingly: "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

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FOR KILLING POTATO BLIGHT AND BEETLE



A Potato Yield That Did Not Suffer From Blight.

(By E. STANDSTEN.) The rapid development of spraying among orchardists and gardeners has created a demand for specialized spraying machines and there are several machines adapted to potato spraying now on the market.

The best machines have tank or air chambers with safety valves for regulating the pressure by which the mixture is returned automatically to the tank when an excess of pressure is reached.

The power of the pump should be sufficient to force the mixture through at least 12 single nozzles and maintained at a constant pressure.

Facilities for regulating pressure should always be demanded by the buyer, as he may wish to use the machine early in the season for paris green at low pressure and later for bordeaux under high pressure.

Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the precaution of carefully spraying with spray mixture. All machines should be provided with facilities for spraying, including a gauze strainer over the large opening to the tank.

Gauze strainers, which can be replaced when desired, should be fastened over all suction pipes leading to the pump. In machines where the pump is mounted outside the tank a gauze strainer should be placed over the pipe, feeding the pump.

The mixture should never feed to a large opening of the pump without passing through a strainer. This is especially true of a machine which has check valves, as paris green and other grit will lodge under the seat of the valves, consequently releasing the pressure.

When potatoes are grown on a large scale it is a waste of time to spray bordeaux mixture with a tank of less than 100 gallons. Where machines are bought, however, merely for applying the poison, 50 gallon tanks are more available as they can be drawn with one horse.

The nozzles of the pump should be made of brass or other material which cannot be corroded. The spray nozzle should be so constructed that the interior is accessible in case of clogging. They should also have two sets of caps so that the mixture applied to

poison until the beetles have done a good start upon the vines. The time to kill them is immediately soon after they hatch.

HOW TO AVOID HOG CHOLERA

Safe Method is to Give Pigs Serum Alone at About Three Weeks to Get by Weaning Time.

Pigs from immune sows are always immune to cholera. Some may be farrowed in infected pastures past weaning time without being infected, while others get cholera within two or three weeks after weaning. A safe method is to give pigs serum alone at about three weeks which will usually carry them past weaning time, when they are given the simultaneous treatment.

There are some herds where the seem to be very susceptible to cholera. In this it will be necessary to give serum alone more than once in order to carry them several weeks past weaning. Pigs given the simultaneous method soon after weaning times lose this protection within a few months. To acquire a permanent immunity, pigs should weigh at 50 or 60 pounds at the time of receiving simultaneous treatment.

This weight the immunity usually through the ordinary lifetime of a hog, although in some instances that have been proved positively immune at 175 pounds have developed cholera.

Rich in Protein. Cottonseed meal is rich in protein. All feeds rich in protein have a tendency to stimulate milk production.

ever child takes much time. Do ever try stitching in a tank of wrong size of the hem? It is fortunate enough to own a lock-stitch machine, a minute's stitching machine, a minute's stitching machine, says Modern Frisell. It takes a lock-stitch machine it takes more time than picking out a hem.

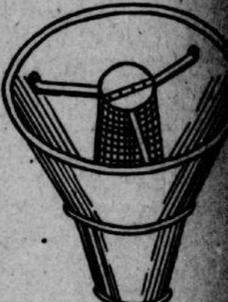
One way to make a woman a man is to put him in charge of bargain counter.

Striped linen is a favorite summer fabric. It is used in combination with plain linen—sometimes as a tunic, sometimes as a foundation, sometimes as the whole skirt to be worn with a plain linen jacket. It is used, too, for trimming frocks and suits of other fabrics—striped linen collar and cuff facings, for instance, are used on a plain suit of blue ratine.

For Child's Dresses. Letting down hems for a fast-growing



A Modern and Desirable Type of Potato-Spraying Machine in Operation—Will Spray 20 or 30 Acres Per Day.



A Well-Designed Strainer Arrangement to Avoid Clogging.



A Spraying Outfit for Small Areas—The Piping Can Be Bought Complete With Nozzles and Attached to Farm Wagons—The Pump May Also Be Used in Spraying Orchards.