TAKING A FAMILY BACK TO THE SOIL

Being the Experiences of a Government Clerk Who Sets Out to Lower the High Cost of Living.

When the alarm clock broke loose with its soul-harrowing racket at 6 o'clock this morning, I must have groaned, for Jane inquired if I was ill.

It's been years since I had to get up as early as 6 o'clock, except several mornings a few summers ago when I went fishing with some friends on the upper Potomac and slept at the house of a lockkeeper on the canal. I didn't mind it at all then, but every male person knows that such circumstances make a lot of difference.

Six o'clock seemed an unearthly hour, but I soon found that I wasn't the only early riser. As I dressed I could see through the window that smoke was already pouring from the windows of the Brown house, and when I opened the kitchen door I found about a hundred birds having breakfast in the yard. Jim and Ned established a bird restaurant yesterday by clearing off snow and scattering bread crumbs. This morning there were snowbirds and cardinals and blue jays and, of course, the irrepressible English sparrows. Last evening a flock of quail flew into the yard, looking for food. When Jim went out to feed them they whirred away, but we're hoping they will learn that our place is "posted" and that they can come without fear of harm.

But to get back to this early-rising question, it wasn't so bad after I got steam up; and I think when the weather gets warmer I'll really enjoy it. I want to say a word right here in behalf of wood stoves. I had everything ready and lit a fire in our bedroom as soon as I got up. The room was comfortably warm by the time I was dressed, as comfortable for Jane and the children to dress as ever our flat was. I remember that at our home on R street before I was married if the furnace fire went out it took half the forenoon to get the house warmed up.

Soon Had House Comfortable.

The sitting room stove and kitchen range worked equally as well. I had plenty of dry kindling, from knocking up packing boxes, and there was no trouble at all getting things comfortable for the family. I am not claiming, mind you, that I actually enjoyed crawling out at that hour to build fires but I haven't expected to find country life all a bed of roses, and it wasn't as bad as my forebodings had pictured it. Of course, it wasn't really cold this morning, but by next winter I will be better equipped and will have had more experience.

I'll confess I got cold feet when I contemplated the two-mile walk to the station—and my feet got cold literally while I was taking it. There are four or five inches of snow on the ground in the country, and in the roads this has been churned into slush and mixed with mud. This makes the meanest sort of walking, but I wore my rubber boots and kept to the fields part of the way. I was pretty well winded when I got to the station, but I was in time to catch my car.

It wasn't as bad as my forebodings had pictured it.

Yesterday's work got the house into fairly habitable condition, but the snow made it almost impossible to do anything out of doors. Jane was so anxious to get some hens that I decided not to wait to repair the old chicken house. I cleaned it out and put fresh straw in the nest boxes, and last evening the boys and I went over to Mr. Brown's and brought back the two dozen biddies I had engaged from him. I liked the looks of the little brown leghorns, but we want as many of them to sit as possible, and the leghorns are a non-sitting breed. So we got a few Rhode Island reds and barred rocks, and the rest are just hens. But so they lay eggs and hatch chickens for us it doesn't matter. I am going to telephone today from the office to a poultry plant over in Alexandria county and engage eggs for hatching, thoroughbred white rocks and white leghorns. Also I have got to buy an incubator and have it sent out. We've decided to get one with a capacity of 140 eggs to begin with.

No Feed for Chickens.

Our hens would have gone breakfastless this morning had it not been for broken bread and table scraps. I had not expected to get them until next week, so had neglected to buy any feed. I placed an order for feed at Lovitt's store this morning, and he promised to send it up by noon. The choice of a ration was a problem to which we gave considerable thought. We finally decided on equal parts of wheat, oats and cracked corn, to be fed in a deep litter of straw, and a dry mash to consist of two parts wheat bran and one part each of middlings, cornmeal, ground oats and meat meal. I am going to make a hopper from which to feed this and it will be kept in front of the hens all the time. I decided not to add either alfalfa meal or cut clover, because as soon as the snow is off the ground there'll be plenty of grass and other green food for them. Jane and the boys have undertaken to feed and care for the chickens, so my only part will be an advisory one.

It's going to be a big job to clean out that hog pen and yard and get them ready for the two pigs I have engaged from Mr. Brown. It doesn't look as if it ever had been cleaned, but several tons of manure for my garden will pay for the work. I'll get a wheelbarrow and shovel and go at it, and as Mr. Brown says it will be a month before the pigs are old enough to take from their mother I ought to have no trouble getting the place ready.

The fruit trees are another thing that I know ought to have attention, but I haven't the slightest idea in the world how to go about it. It doesn't look as if they ever had been pruned, and they need spraying, of course. There isn't enough of the fruit to justify me in going to any considerable expense, but the improved quality undoubtedly would pay for my work, if I only knew what work to do. It's apparent here is a place I need expert advice, so I think I'll pay a visit to the fruit men of the Department of Agriculture.

Jim and Ned are going to start to school Monday morning. Mr. Brown, I find, is one of the school trustees, and "Bud" Brown has offered to act as their chaperon. There are four rooms in the school building, with two classes in each room. This makes the course about to correspond with the first eight grades of the Washington schools. Jim is in the fifth grade, so it probably will be three years before it will be necessary to send him to the city to high school.

Confronted by Boy Problem.

Our first day in the country jumped me square into a boy problem such as I had never been asked to solve in town. "Bud" Brown came over yesterday afternoon and asked if Jim and Ned could go hunting with him this morning. I gave a ready consent, but in the talk that followed it developed that "Bud" would hunt with a single-barrel shotgun. I hadn't thought of anything more formidable than air rifles, with which Jim and Ned would have to arm themselves. Jane entered a protest at once. She couldn't see anything but that her sons would be brought home mangled and bleeding. I'll confess that I didn't like the idea much myself, knowing how reckless boys can be, once they get off by themselves.

On the other hand, I didn't want to put my sons in the mollycoddle class. "Bud" is only a year older than Jim, and if his father—for whom I have acquired very large respect—is willing to trust him out alone with a shotgun, I didn't like to take the stand that my boys couldn't be trusted to go along. "Bud" was so certain that he knew how to handle a gun, and Jim and Ned were so earnest in their promises that they would stay well to the rear with their "thousand shooters," that finally I consented.

What else could I do? We're going to live out here, and the boys must keep up with their fellows or be despised. "Bud" seems to be the friendliest sort of a little chap, but I think I know something of boy nature. If I had refused to let Jim and Ned go with him he would be bound to tell other boys that they were "'fraid cats" and "mamma's boys." Then what kind of a time would they have of it when they start to school?

Jane and I had a long and at times animated discussion last night on the subject of a horse and buggy. We agreed that to have one would be highly desirable, but the question of money obtrudes itself. The cost of an outfit would make a serious inroad on our working capital and would cripple our program, but it certainly would have compensating advantages. Laying aside the question of the convenience it would be to me to be driven to and from the station, I think Jane and Margery ought to get all possible out of country life. They can't do that if they are limited to walking areas.

I can stand the two-mile walk to the station, but I can't see how Jane would ever get there and back in order to come to town, except in dry weather. Besides, she always has been a churchgoer, and the churches are at the station. Even if we are not to consider our own comfort we expect to invite friends from the city to come out and visit us. What would we do should a party arrive during a rainstorm or when the roads were muddy? It looks to me as if a horse and buggy were going to be about as necessary as a cook stove. E. S. M.

THE EVENING STORY.

Castle Makebelieve.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. Werner.)

Monica Talbot sat looking out of the car window as it wove its way up town. The car was crowded, for the 6 o'clock rush was on. Fine, pelting snow was dimming the lights everywhere.

At a certain cross street came the inevitable tangle of traffic. The car stopped and Monica saw that there were other cars ahead of it. A limousine drew up alongside her window and halted. Within sat an elderly woman, a man and a girl of Monica's own age. The elderly woman was looking straight ahead. She was visibly annoyed. The man was looking at the girl, but the girl was looking at Monica. She was a dark, vivid, carmine tinted girl in furs, orchids and jewels. At a word from her the man turned and saw Monica and Monica saw him. They looked into each other's eyes. For one fascinated instant they seemed to draw near together; then the car and the limousine moved on and they were separated.

Other cars flashed by, but Monica did not see them. She saw nothing more. The man's face apparently was before her still—clean cut, grave, keen eyed. She still seemed to see that arrested expression of his as he recognized her.

It was a strange thing that had happened. He was there in the magnificent limousine and she on a street car. She thought of the girl with the orchids and of herself and realized the great difference between them. Perhaps the girl was his fiancee. And that stern faced elderly woman was certainly the girl's mother. They were wealthy, of course. How odd it all seemed! But then fate is kinder to man than it is to a woman. A man like Roger Lennon could be anything he wished. But for her—there could be no swift ascension of the heights. Yet they had been born in the same country village; they had gone to school and grown up together. Then Roger had gone to the city to practice law. After her father's sudden death Monica had also gone to the city to earn her own living, but never in all the two years had she seen Roger until tonight.

The car stopped at a familiar corner and Monica got off. So great was the storm she was quite breathless when she unlocked the door and entered the frosty cheerless hall, whither the wind made one last mad attempt to follow her. Up two flights of stairs she climbed to her room and went in and shut the door.

It was the kind of room that may be had for a few dollars a week in a respectable locality in a large city. Yet Monica had made it express her own individuality and something more—she had made it look like home.

She took off her hat and coat and gloves and put them away carefully. She had a string of hooks on the back of the headboard of her bed, and that was her closet. Then she sat down on her luxurious couch—a trunk concealed under a padded cover of rose strewn chintz. She was tired and needed to rest a moment before getting her own supper.

Her glance surveyed the room slowly, which she never entered without a feeling of thankfulness. She called it Castle Makebelieve. In one corner behind a screen was her kitchen outfit—a tiny gas stove and a packing box cupboard. In another corner near a window was her dining room. Here she had a small table with a paper table cloth and serviette and a tiny fern growing in a glass dish. The fern, dish and all, had cost a dime. In the opposite corner, between the window that looked out on the street and the window that looked out on a blank wall, four feet away, was her library.

Here she had her coziest chair and her bamboo bookcase and the reading lamp she had brought from home. In the fourth corner was her bedroom, screened off like the kitchen. In the center of the room was her parlor, her playground and her music room, for her violin case lay upon the marble-topped table. Beside the violin case stood a little framed picture of Roger Lennon.

SHE SEEMED TO BE PLAYING AGAIN FOR HER FATHER AND ROGER.

Thus she had placed together her two dearest treasures—the violin by which she had once hoped to win fame and fortune, and the picture of the man for whose sake she had longed to win fame and fortune.

Fame and fortune are somewhat farther than arm's length away, and when her father died leaving debts and only just

enough property to meet them, Monica had bravely put all thoughts of a musical future away and gone into the business world to fight her battle of life. Roger had gone out of her path and with her dream of Roger's love passed also her dreams of a real home. In the very trunk she was sitting upon were some of the things she had made and saved toward the furnishing of that home.

It came to her that home for her henceforth would never be any more than this same Castle Makebelieve or some other Castle Makebelieve not too far from her work. For a moment tears came. Then blinking bravely, she got up and went to the glass and looked into it. In her imagination the girl of the orchids was reflected beside her and Roger was appraising them both.

"Even if I had ever had any chance," she said aloud, "it would amount to nothing now that he has seen her."

After that Monica proceeded to cook her own supper. She got her can of milk and her chops from her refrigerator—the window ledge—and opened a can of peas and made a small pot of strong coffee and cooked the chops and peas. Then she laid her little table and sat down to dine.

Having eaten, Monica cleared her table, washed her dishes and hung up her apron. Then she took up her violin. Softly, very softly, she began to play Elgar's "Salut d'Amour." She had raised the window a very little to let in the fresh air, and if her music went anywhere it must have gone out into the street. Over and over she played the lovely melody, and as she played it she seemed to be back again in the parlor of her old home playing for her father and Roger. The vision and the music comforted her as it had perhaps not comforted her before in all the times she had turned to it in her loneliness and sorrow. The memory was there sweet and strong, and something else—a voice which whispered and whispered soothingly.

A knock sounded at the door and she let her bow fall. When she opened the door and saw her landlady she thought that perhaps the woman had come with some objection to her playing. But instead she had come merely to say that there was some one downstairs to see Miss Talbot.

Monica laid her violin gently in its case, placed the bow beside it, turned the key of the door and went out. Her heart did not quicken at the thought of a visitor, for the infrequent callers she had were not of the kind to quicken one's heart with anticipation. Some middle aged church-worker, doing her duty by her religion in calling upon a girl she scarcely knew by sight, the rector of the church which Monica attended, an occasional agent or her working companions at the office who wished to get her to subscribe to something—these were the people who had sought her out during her two years in the city.

But when she entered the parlor she found Roger Lennon. At first they tried to be very conventional. They shook hands and said one or two of the customary things. Monica sat down on the davenport and Roger sat down beside her.

"When I saw you tonight," he said, "I knew that I had wanted to see you for a long time. Of course, I knew where you were. They wrote me from home that you were here and where. But I never seemed to have any time to look you up. There were other things——" He looked away from her, then back again honestly. "Those women you saw me with tonight were my partner's mother and sister."

"I MADE UP MY MIND IT HAD BEEN YOU ALL THE TIME."

"Such a beautiful girl," Monica murmured.

"Miss Danforth is beautiful and I have fancied—I intended——" he paused. "I'm very ambitious, Monica, but when I saw your little white face at that window tonight and looked into your eyes and remembered how we used to skate together and slide downhill and later how you used to play for me and your father—well, everything else went. I made up my mind it had been you all the time."

After a while he said: "I heard you playing as I came down the street that sweet air of Elgar's, and I could see just how you looked with the brown wood under your chin and the bow in your fingers. I want to make a home for you, Monica, and I want you to play for me—me only—the rest of your life."

So it was that Castle Makebelieve lost its tenant and Monica was happy after all.

(THE END.)

"WORD BLINDNESS."

Discovery of a Sixth Sense and of Its Occasional Failure.

From the London Chronicle.

Among the ills to which we are heirs it is not generally known that we may suffer from "word blindness" and "word deafness." Dr. Hulbert had some interesting things to say about these human weaknesses in a recent lecture at the University of London on "The Science and Practice of Eurythmics and the Art of Self-Expression."

Dr. Hulbert declared that we have a sixth sense, or movement-feeling sense. Besides the special centers in the brain which gave meaning to the impressions received by the sense organs from the outside world, other very special centers had been discovered existing on one side of the brain only, which had to do with understanding and expressing words. It might be possible to see a word quite well with one's double-sight center, but not to be able to understand it if anything were wrong with the one sided visual word-understanding center, and in that case one would be classed with the mentally deficient as suffering from "word blindness." If one were able to hear a word distinctly with the double-hearing center, but unable to understand it with the one-sided auditory word-understanding center, one was said to be suffering from "word deafness." There was also a special one-sided center for writing words, and the well known one-sided center for speaking words.

To take the understanding of the familiar word "home" as an illustration, some would argue that they got the fullest appreciation of its meaning when they saw it in print, others when they heard it feelingly spoken, but few realized the added appreciation that came from speaking it correctly. No sooner was the word musically pronounced than a much fuller appreciation of the old ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," became possible. The conveyance of its meaning was much more dependent upon the movement-feeling sense than many were apt to think.

Sir Herbert Tree, who presided, said he particularly appreciated the remarks of the lecturer about pronunciation, as one who had suffered much for many years from the slings and arrows of outrageous gentility, which was usually known as "refanement." The imitation of "our betters," which seemed to be taught in our elementary schools today, was very much to be deprecated, as nothing was so terrible as this "refanement."

Sir Herbert, however, could not agree with the lecturer's views about the artistic temperament, which was the one thing necessary on the stage. One found, for instance, an actress treating an artificial rose which was handed her on the stage as an artificial rose, rather than as a real rose, which it was meant to be. For his own part, he would be ready to judge everybody by the way in which he or she treated a rose on the stage.

HEARD AND SEEN HERE AND THERE.

By Earl Godwin.

Sometimes a fellow comes along who says that newspaper men are lazy, but whoever this slanderer might be, he would have changed his tune had he been in the House press gallery a few days ago when there was a rumor of the murder of a congressman.

It was ten minutes of 4 o'clock in the afternoon, just about the hour when the afternoon work is done and the morning paper work is about to be collated into one blazing sheaf to be held aloft like a beacon of truth to the myriads of the cities of our fair land, and just at the breathing spell moment when the men in the gallery take to seats and couches in the middle compartment of the gallery's suite to talk over the day's events. E. Richmond Sartwell, tired from a good day's work for the Associated Press, lay down on a couch for two seconds; Fred Emory, also tired from a similar day's work for the same organization, dropped into an armchair. Two or three others wandered in to discuss the latest developments on the Mexican situation and the Panama canal tolls matter, and Bill Donaldson, superintendent of the gallery, rushed in with this:

"A telephone operator just told me some one had been assassinated in the House office building."

It was like an exploding bomb.

Sartwell jumped for a telephone. Emory did the same thing. Yours Truly rushed to The Star's special phone. Bond Geddes grabbed another instrument. Everybody put in wild calls for five minutes, talking to the police stations in the Capitol building and the House office building. Then they began pestering the Senate side—but the reports were ignorant wails of "nothing like that over here."

It was like an exploding bomb.

Just at that moment Fred Steckman came into the gallery and his editor at the same time called him:

"Understand that some one has been killed. Afternoon paper has an extra out. What's the trouble?"

Fred didn't know, but started to rustle. The rest of the gallery was rushing about like so many wild things. Telephone calls went flashing to police headquarters and to the various police precincts. No one had heard of any assassination.

Then Donaldson called up the telephone operator who had spread the rumor and came back to the inner circle a few seconds later with this explanation:

"She says some one has been killed in the Senate."

Well—that made it about nine thousand times worse, and that galleryful of newspaper men just about collapsed.

But it all straightened itself out in a minute. The telephone operator shamedly called up and said she was mistaken. Something had been killed, and she saw it in the paper, but it wasn't exactly an assassination. You see, she had read that the Senate committee on the District of Columbia had killed one of the items in the District bill as it had passed the House. It was an item of importance and the newspaper she had glanced at used the words "Senate" and "House" and "kill" in display form.

So the assassination rumor was assassinated on the spot.

* * * *

Upon the issuance a short time ago of the pronunciamento of the death of the republican party, by Representative Hinebaugh, chairman of the progressive congressional committee, the secretary of one of his republican colleagues from Illinois broke forth in the following rhapsody:

When the lion eats grass like an ox
  And the fishworm swallows the whale;
When terrapins knit woollen socks
  And the hare is outrun by the snail;

When serpents walk upright like men
  And the doodle-bugs travel like frogs;
When grasshoppers feed on the hen
  And feathers are found on the hog;

When Thomas cats swim in the air
  And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare
  And snuff never makes people sneeze;

When fish creep over dry land
  And mules on bicycles ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand
  And women in dress take no pride;

When Dutchmen no longer drink beer
  And girls get to preaching on time;
When billy goats butt from the rear
  And treason is no longer a crime;

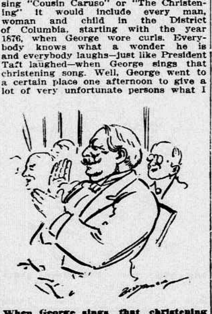
When humming birds bray like an ass
  And limberger smells like cologne;
When plowshares are made of glass
  And the hearts of the people are stone;

When ideas grow in dummies' heads
  And wool on the hydraulic ram—
Then the republican party will be dead
  And the country won't be worth a d—m.

(At least, that's what came in with the mail last Saturday. There will be a lot of people to agree with the sentiments, but I trust no one will ask me to indorse the meter of the next to the last line.)

* * * *

Probably if a census were taken of those wha have heard George O'Connor sing "Cousin Caruso" or "The Christening" it would include every man, woman and child in the District of Columbia, starting with the year 1876, when George wore curls. Everybody knows what a wonder he is and everybody laughs—just like President Taft laughed—when George sings that christening song. Well, George went to a certain place one afternoon to give a lot of very unfortunate persons what I would consider a rare treat. If I could hear George sing those songs of his for one hour, I would count that hour a bejeweled diadem in the day. He worked especially hard, too, in order to give them a chance.



When George sings that christening song.

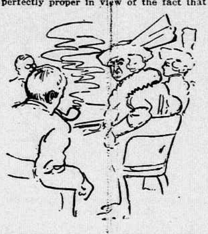
When he sat down, tired out, hot and dripping, one of them doddered up to George and said condescendingly:

"Mr. O'Connor, I don't object to those songs of yours."

* * * *

Introducing Mr. Kirby. He is the sulphide of the press gallery, the enemy of convention, the Beau Brummel of his craft. His first name is John, and beneath an exterior of crusted cynicism he wears a heart as tender as that of a cooing dove or a darling little lamb.

Possessing the ability to counter and cross-counter and touch and go at repartee, Mr. Kirby makes life sparkle wherever he appears. For instance, in one of the big committee rooms of the House of Representatives an important hearing was in progress and Mr. Kirby was commissioned by the great metropolitan daily for which he is a sturdy oak lance to see that the real inside stuff was brought to light in his dispatch. Kirby began to smoke an English pipe, perfectly proper in view of the fact that members of that committee generally smoke, but evidently it offended a very well known militant woman who happened to be in the room.



Offended a very well known militant woman.

She glared at John Kirby endeavoring to pierce that shell of hardened cynicism with her steely eye. John knew full well what was the trouble:

"Is smoking permitted here?" she demanded in the tones of an executioner.

"Oh, yes," responded John, cooing, "you can if you want to."

And the militant anti-nicotine suffragist nearly curled up and died.

* * * *

Commissioner Siddons carefully incased himself in evening clothes and went down town. He was to be a guest at The Star Club dinner at the Raleigh. He reached the hotel safely, rode ten floors upward in an elevator and appeared in the midst of the ballroom, changed for the evening to a banquet room. Several people greeted him affably and he was extremely affable in return.

The trouble was, however, he had not arrived at The Star Club banquet at all. He had ambled in to a Department of Labor dinner and didn't know it for a long time. The Star dinner was on the next night.

* * * *

A recent incident has reminded me, if a personal reminiscence may be allowed, of a quick trip from New York to Washington to attend a wedding. A friend of mine was being dragged to the altar that day and I had just time to make the ceremony by rushing via taxicab from train to church. Dressing for the affray was accomplished in the smoking room of the Pullman car.

To the taxi pilot I yelled the name of a church and away we went. He pulled up in front of a church where evidently a thousand other vehicles were banked and I rushed inside. The place was crowded. There was that deep, thick, well dressed, heavy atmosphere so hard to describe and so common at big church gatherings. I said to myself that this was the biggest, quietest crowd in the world.

I stood blinking upon the steps.

And then things began to happen which made me feel that it was a queer wedding.

Suddenly a great light dawned upon me and I pattered quickly from that church. I stood blinking upon the steps, trying to find my taxi man. When I found him I called him names. He wanted to know what was the matter.

"This isn't a wedding," I told him. "It's a funeral."

He had stopped there just because he saw the crowd.

* * * *

The most honestest man has been found. He is Seaton W. Trunell, and he owed Charlie Long a penny. So he went out and bought a postal money order for a cent and dispatched it in a stamped envelope to Charlie. Trunell paid 1 cent plus 3 cents for the money order, 2 cents for the stamp and 1 cent for the envelope. Six cents to liquidate a one-cent debt, which, proportionately taken, is being about as honest as one can possibly be.

The Filipino Aristocracy.

From the New York Times.

If the complete independence of the Philippines were granted by the United States within any time short enough to be worth considering, the result would be to turn the mass of the 7,000,000 Christian natives over to the uncovenanted mercies of a small class of mestizos whose Malay blood has been enriched and energized by a strain of Chinese, who would rule unless or until they set to fighting among themselves. This is, in substance, the view presented by Capt. George Henry Shelton, U. S. A., in a very temperate and informing article in the current number of the North American Review. Capt. Shelton served for three years in the islands and made there and since a careful study of the history and the condition of the people. He has many friends among the class referred to. He recognizes that it has produced many able and honorable men who have largely aided the Americans in the administration of the country. But he points out that it has practically a monopoly of the force and capacity of the population, that, left in complete control, it would be dominant and domineering, and that it will require several generations to develop in the body of the natives the qualities absolutely necessary for the maintenance of equitable and orderly self-government.

Holding Trade.

From Judge.

"You look disgruntled," said the shoe man.

"Yes," snapped the hatter. "Had a little rush just now, and a couple of prospective customers walked out without being waited on."

"They seldom get away from me," declared the shoe man. "I take off their shoes as soon as they come in."

APPRECIATION.

Boy—Ain't you coming on the mister? We wants a hole to d out of.

SUMMER RESORTS.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SUMMER RESORTS.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TO RENT FOR SEASON
SITUATED AT
Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H.

House, built by owner, contains 6 master's chambers and 2 servants' rooms; 2 beds in each room; 3 bathrooms and 4 toilets; open fireplaces in each room. Living room 20x30, with two open fireplaces. Large kitchen and a maids' dining room. House furnished absolutely complete. House has a frontage of 150 feet on lake, with a fine white sandy beach; bathing, boating, fishing; beautiful pine grove. Ten acres of land; large vegetable and flower garden. Garage for 3 autos; stable for 3 horses; cow barn, with 2 Jersey cows. Two boathouses; thirty-foot open launch. Icehouse, with 50 tons of ice. Everything goes with house. Three and a half hours from Boston, 7 miles from Wolfboro, N. H. House situated on one of the most beautiful lakes in the United States. Address

ROLIN JONES, P. O. Box 3536, Boston, Mass.

Additional Church News

Tomorrow is the last day of worship at the H Street Christian Church in the southwest.

The property has been sold and the congregation will move at once to Faith Chapel, on M street, where it will hold regular services temporarily until the completion of their new building at the corner of 6th and H streets.

Pastor Lutz will speak on "Paul's Message to Titus" in the morning, and at the evening service he will answer the question, "Should a Christian Dance?"

The women will serve a farewell Dutch supper in the old church March 17 and 18.

* * * *

The Northern Baptist convention has recommended that churches of the denomination observe tomorrow as "Denominational day."

Various Baptist pastors will preach special sermons at the morning service dealing with denominational belief, history and progress.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Muir, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, is one of the local pastors who will observe the day.

* * *

Gamma and Delta Chapters of the Phi Mu Sigma Church Fraternity will have installation services this evening in Metropolitan M. E. Church.

Dr. Clifton P. Clark, supreme master of the fraternity, which has been formed to bring men of the Sunday schools and churches into closer affiliation, will be in charge of the service.

Messrs. B. J. Laws, L. P. Riddle, J. B. Eggleston, former presidents of Alpha Chapter of the fraternity; President C. E. Keene of Beta Chapter and Historian Alfred England of Alpha Chapter will assist Dr. Clark.

The members of Gamma and Delta Chapters are as follows:

Gamma Chapter—Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery, J. Finney Engle, F. A. Hornaday, Harry L. Bosley, C. Willard Camalier, Milton A. Bosley, Renah F. Camalier, J. L. Cook, jr.; H. B. Cuthbertson, H. Dewhirst, John Edwards, jr.; Claude C. Hamel, Walter Hold, E. Theodore Layton, A. M. Lewers, P. V. Roundy, H. Elsworth Warner and Don Wynkoop.

Delta Chapter—Paul H. Brattain, Bayne Brown, Robert E. Burg, Raymond Bussius, Frank B. Crown, jr.; Benjamin F. Elliott, Andrew Gross, Charles A. Kinsella, William C. La Clair, Melvin E. Lederer, Leslie H. McDaniel, G. Lorin Oliver, Mark Patterson and Leslie F. Seaton.

The sustaining members of the fraternity are Mr. F. E. Edgington, Mr. Lovick Pierce, Mr. J. E. Baird, Rev. F. J. Prettyman, Mr. S. M. Warren, Rev. E. K. Hardin and Mr. G. A. Clark.

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The Washington Foreign Mission Seminary officials have just sent out three more recruits. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Moon and Miss J. C. Butler have left Washington for San Juan, Porto Rico, the head of the Adventist mission work in that island. All three have training as medical evangelists.

With these three the seminary has sent out eight missionaries so far this term. Four have gone to south and central Africa and one to Singapore, Malay Peninsula. Seven of the missionaries came from the state of California to take the preparatory training in the seminary here.

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Rev. Henry F. Lutz, pastor of the H Street Christian Church, has been selected as the speaker for the assembly meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

A colored chart will be used to illustrate his subject, "The Spectrum of Faith," graphically portraying the component parts of that great attribute of human nature—faith.

A special feature of the meeting will be the music by the Lutz family quintet of brass instruments, consisting of the pastor and his four sons, the youngest being only five years of age.

The meeting is open to all men.

* * * *

The Men's Club of St. Mark's Church will attend divine service in a body Sunday evening, March 29, at the church.

This was decided upon at a meeting of the organization held Thursday eve at the church, when the president, Mr. D. W. Gall, presided.

The committee arranging for the service is made up of Rev. C. R. Stetson and Messrs George A. Emmons, C. M. Potter, T. F. Dorning and E. S. Arnold.

Ladies' night will be observed by the club at the church April 16, the committee arranging being made up of Messrs. John Camden Gall, G. Good Cressey, H. A. Stutts, Edwin Tyler and A. B. Whitman.

* * * *

Rev. H. W. Kearns, new spiritual director of the Holy Name Society of St. Dominic's Church, was welcomed to the church last evening, when 800 men attended a meeting there.

The priest comes from St. Vincent Ferrer's Church of New York.

Addresses were made during the evening by Rev. Father Cowan, President Gallagher and Representatives Eagan and Kinkead.

* * * *

Miss Elizabeth Merle Carhart will lecture on "The Ethical Tendency of Modern Literature" tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in the lecture room of All Souls' Church, 14th and L streets. The public is invited.

* * * *

Rev. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour has been made senior secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., in succession to Mr. Fred B. Smith, resigned. Dr. Barbour entered the work of the international committee about five years ago, resigning a pastorate in Rochester, N. Y., to take up the work.

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"The New Age in Education: New Values; New Methods and New Ideals," is to be the subject Rev. Dr. Charles W. Harvey of Philadelphia will take at the meeting in the New Church tomorrow evening.

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The Mexican situation and the desirability of intervention will be dealt with by Rev. C. Everest Granger in a sermon in the Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church tomorrow evening.

* * *

The special evangelistic meetings that have been in progress in the Fifteenth Street Christian Church for the past three weeks have resulted in over twenty-five professing conversion.

It has been one of the most successful series of meetings the church has ever known. Rev. Howard Peters, pastor, is one of the newer Washington pastors, having left the Eckolls Memorial Church at Fort Smith, Ark., to come to the Fifteenth Street Church recently.

Since taking up the work in Washington, the church has seen unprecedented growth in interest and numbers. A large mixed chorus, in addition to a sunbeam chorus of children, is assisting in the meetings.

* * * *

"A Social Survey and Its Results" is the regular topic for Epworth League devotional meetings tomorrow evening.

Mrs. C. C. Mullady and Mr. Dee Howell will lead the service at Douglas Chapter. Several new members were elected into the league at Douglas at the business meeting held last week. They will be formally received into membership at the service. The "question box" service last Sunday evening proved enjoyable. The attendance was 162.

The young men of the Tri-Omicron Sunday school class gave very helpful talks at the League service last Sunday evening at Hamline Church.

An interesting membership contest is now under way at Calvary Chapter. President Linger addressed the chapter at a business meeting recently. Miss Mabel L. Scott gave an interesting illustrated lecture February 17, covering her extensive trip through Europe last summer.

Mr. J. P. Ault will speak at the devotional meeting of Foundry Chapter tomorrow evening.

The District League is now arranging for the publication of a monthly paper for free distribution in all chapters in the interest of Epworth League work.

* * * *

"Christian Democracy" is to be the subject of Representative J. W. Bryan of Washington at the service in Westminster Presbyterian Church tomorrow evening at 7:45 o'clock.

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The Centennial Baptist congregation has just completed its twelfth year, and its membership is growing rapidly. "Washington Lovers and the Last Snow" is Pastor E. Hez Swem's story for Sunday night.

* * * *

Union services are to be held by the pastors of six of the leading Protestant churches of the northwest section of the city beginning Palm Sunday, when the services will be held in the Luther Place Memorial Church, with Rev. J. J. Dimon, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, as the preacher of the occasion.

Monday evening, April 6, Rev. Henry Anstadt, pastor of the Luther Place Church, will preach in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church.

The other dates and preachers and place of worship are as follows: Tuesday, Rev. S. A. Bower, pastor of Northminster Presbyterian Church, Temple Baptist Church; Wednesday, Rev. Dr. J. J. Muir, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church; Thursday, Rev. C. E. Granger, pastor of Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church, Northminster Presbyterian Church; Friday, Rev. Earle Wilfley, pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church.

The appearance of Rev. Dr. J. J. Muir in the pulpit of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church will mark the first time, it is said, that a pastor other than an Episcopalian has preached there. The Bishop of Washington gave his official sanction for Dr. Muir's appearance in the pulpit, he desiring in every way to lend his aid to the special services in view.

Little Stories for Bedtime

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
(Copyright, 1914, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Peter Rabbit Watches for Signs.

Some people never see things because they never look for them. Peter Rabbit isn't that kind. My goodness, no! Peter is all the time looking and listening. You see, he is dreadfully afraid that he will miss something. So every minute that he is awake he is looking and listening. It was this way more than ever now. Sister South Wind had arrived and said that Mistress Spring was not far behind, and that she had come to waken all the sleepers so that they would be ready to greet Mistress Spring when she did arrive.

What puzzled Peter was how gentle Sister South Wind, whose voice was hardly more than a whisper, waked all the sleepers. Rough Brother North Wind had roared and whistled and howled through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows all the long winter without waking one. In fact, the louder he roared the farther into dreamland the sleepers seemed to go. But when gentle Sister South Wind wandered through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows calling in just the lowest, softest voice:

> Wake up, wake up, you sleepers!
> Come open wide your peepers!

why, one after another they did wake up. Peter couldn't understand it, and finally he gave up trying to.

But it was great fun to go about watching for signs that the sleepers had heard gentle Sister South Wind. Peter would listen with one long ear against a maple tree. He would hear just the softest little sound under the bark, so soft that you and I couldn't hear it if we tried. Then Peter would kick up his heels for joy. It was the sap running up to all the branches and out to the tiniest twigs of the maple tree that Peter heard, and he knew that the maple tree was awake.

Then, he would go over to a swampy place where the ice had melted away and hold his nose while he peeped into the brown hood of the skunk cabbage to see if there were any signs of flowers there. It had a dreadful smell, and yet it made Peter feel good all over, because it meant that the queer little plant was awake. Then he would go up in the Green Forest to a warm, sunny place he knew of and there he would pull away the dead leaves of last summer until he found a tiny, furry cap peeping up above the ground. Then he knew that dainty little Hepatica was awake. He would carefully cover her up again with the dead leaves that she might not catch cold, after which he would kick up his heels in the funniest way, just because it made him feel so good.

HE WOULD CAREFULLY COVER HER OVER AGAIN WITH THE DEAD BARK.

Everywhere there were signs, if you had eyes to see and ears to hear them, and Peter had both. The Laughing Brook, which had been silent all winter because Jack Frost had bound it with ice, was laughing a great roar of a laugh, for its banks were very full, and that was a sign. The brown buds on the willows, which all winter long Jack Frost had pinched his hardest and failed to open, had split their little brown jackets at the first touch of the soft fingers of gentle Sister South Wind, and out of them had popped little gray pussies, and that was a sign. Farmer Brown had begun to clean up his cornfield, and that was a sign. There were signs everywhere, and every one of them made Peter feel happier.

But most of all Peter listened for something that he longed to hear. Every little while he would sit up and listen and listen, with his long ears standing straight up. Sometimes he would think he heard it, but he couldn't be sure. Then he would hold his breath and listen and listen and listen. What was he listening for? Why, for the loveliest sound he knows of—the voice of Winsome Bluebird.

"If I could only hear that," sighed Peter, "then I would know for sure that Mistress Spring is almost here, for Winsome Bluebird is her herald, and she is never far behind." And this is how Peter Rabbit happened to forget all about those strange tracks he had found deep in the Green Forest.

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