

WHICH WAS MASTER?

By MARY A. BOWERS

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It was a month after their marriage. Not a word had been spoken to interrupt that current of romance down which they had been sailing ever since they became conscious that they loved. But there is always a beginning.

"My dear," he said pettishly, "I suppose I must go through another day with a safety pin for a suspender button?"

"Another day, dear! What do you mean?"

"If I remember aright this is the third time I have asked you to replace the button that came off a week ago."

She made no reply, but went to her workbasket, got out what was needed and sewed on the button.

Romance had given place to reality. From that moment she began the duties of a wife. Her day was all for her husband. When she arose in the morning her first duty was to see that he had what pleased him for breakfast. She poured his coffee with her own hand. Then when he had gone for the day she superintended that everything might be in order against his return. In the evening she consulted his pleasure. If he wished to go out she went out with him. If he preferred to stay at home she stayed home with him. It seemed to her that there was scarcely an hour in the day that she was not working for him.

And he? He went down to business in the morning and worked hard all day—for her. When his competitors got ahead of him, when wrangling over disputed business transactions fretted him, when he failed to make money or when he met with success it was all for her. She needed expensive clothing, and he bought them for her. Every spring she must have new apparel, and the next spring, though it was not worn or faded, it was no longer in fashion. One season she must have a hat like an umbrella, and the next it must be replaced by one no larger than a dinner plate. Her winter coat must be short, and the next year it must be long. Since the hat could not be shrunken nor the coat lengthened, they must be cast off and new ones purchased. He wondered why garments never grew smaller, so that those purchased the year before might be reduced.

One day she reproached him. "The day is not long enough," she said, "for me to do all I have to do for my master. I did not know when I married you that I was bringing upon myself slavery. As a girl I could devote all my time to myself. Then I was light hearted because I was free. I had no one's clothes to mend except my own. I had no household duties. I spent my leisure time going to theaters, balls and such other amusements as I preferred. Oh, woe is me that I should have married and become a slave!"

And he replied: "From morning till night I am downtown making money for you to spend for gowns and hats that won't stay in fashion long enough to get the new off them. I must provide house rent and sustenance for you and the thousand other things that you require. I never go fishing or shooting, as I did before I was married, for now, having your necessities to supply, I have nothing left for indulging in those sports of which I used to be so fond. My fowling piece went into a fur coat for you, and you are wearing my fishing tackle on your head. Oh, woe is me, that I married and became a slave!"

One day a baby came. The duties of the wife were changed. The husband returned to the use of safety pins in lieu of buttons. She had no longer time to mend his linen. His clothing remained torn.

The baby needed all her attention, requiring more changes of clothing in a day than her husband needed in a week. She spent much time preparing the child's food, and then after she had got it down him he would throw it up. He had cholera most of the time, during which she must dandle him, walk him and give him medicines. Every day he must have the sun and air in his carriage, and his mother, unwilling to trust him to a nurse, trundled him herself. When she was not trundling him she was making or buying clothes for him, and when she was not doing these she was receiving instructions from the doctor as to what she should put into his stomach and what she should put over it.

And the husband. He was now glad to get downtown in the morning to escape the baby's squalls. He passed most of the night walking his son back and forth when the boy had colic and was tired out with loss of sleep. But in his office there was quiet. Besides, in his office he was master, which he was not at home.

One morning the husband, who had taken care of the baby during the night that his wife might get "a little sleep," began the old plaint, "I am your slave." This awakened her own former words, "It is I who am your slave."

This started the wrangle again. Words were getting high when there was a diversion.

There came a sudden yell from the crib. Both rushed to the baby.

"Here is our master," said the father. "We are both his slaves."



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A WRONG THAT NEEDS RIGHTING

The health of Americans of the future would be vastly improved if their mothers—the army of immature girls now in school between the ages of twelve and eighteen—were to devote less time and energy to Latin, French, geometry, history and "themes" for the development of their intellects and a great deal more to home duties, work on the lawn and in the garden and to other exercise and recreation out of doors for the building up of healthy and strong physiques, upon which factor chiefly their mission as mothers and homemakers is to depend. We'll admit that this view will be considered a bit on the old fogy order by some, but it is nevertheless correct and one that will be given increased attention in the years that are just ahead. There are several things to be righted in the school system at present in vogue over the country. One of the chief of these is the turning of the usually pale faced, anemic invalids at graduation time into girls physically robust and able to take up the serious and responsible duties of life. The credit for the situation which exists is largely due to a system which makes the curricula of public schools conform to college requirements when probably less than 10 per cent of the pupils enrolled will ever go to college; partly due to the blindness of teachers wed to the system and stupidly ignorant of the fact that children at thirteen do not have the endurance of grown folks at thirty, and even more it is due to shortsighted parents who through foolish pride allow and sometimes encourage their daughters to overwork that they may stand at the head of their classes. Those collectively and individually responsible should get their heads together and evolve a more rational system that will make it possible for the girl—the finest and sweetest of God's creatures—to develop as he intended she should develop.

THE DAUGHTER IN THE HOME.

All too many mothers make the mistake of saving their daughters in every way and allowing them to do little or none of the work about the house, when this not only means increased labors for the mother, but is a shortsighted policy for the daughter and particularly for those who will in all probability later have the responsibility of a household on their hands. When daughters in the home reach the age of thirteen or fourteen they ought to take the job of washing the dishes, much of the sweeping and all of the dusting off their mothers' hands, besides being taught to do the plain sewing and mending caused by their own presence in the home. Many mothers would rather do all this work than show their daughters how, but when analyzed this attitude of the mothers is usually traceable to a lack of pains, patience and true regard for the daughters' welfare. The average girl is willing to help if taught how to do so and made to feel that the assistance that she does render is worth while.

IT PAYS.

The point is now and then raised whether it pays to sow clover with small grain, particularly oats, if one plans to plow stubble and clover under in the fall. The best opinion along this line is that it does pay, the benefit derivable from the clover turned under being quite largely proportionate to the thriftiness of the clover plants and the stand secured. Even if such a course is followed the benefit of the clover to the land rarely falls to pay for the seed. Where it is possible to allow the clover to possess the ground the following year, taking off a crop of hay in the early summer and plowing under the second growth in the fall, the benefits derived from the legume are greatly increased. This is due to the fact that the older and larger the root systems of the clover are the more extensive is the development of the nodules, which are the depositories of the nitrogen which is taken from the air. It pays to grow clover—pays for one year, but a good deal more for two.

THE SEED BED.

Next to securing good seed that will grow there is no other respect in which the tiller of the soil should exercise greater care than in the preparation of the seed bed. More farmers fall down here and lessen the capacity of their land to produce large crops to a larger extent than in any other single way. Valuable land should receive something better than this thirty cent care, which is likely practiced as generally as it is because the sinners along this line don't realize that for small grain to grow properly the bed in which it is planted must be loose enough to make possible a ready circulation of air and moisture from the surface down and from the subsoil to the surface.

A Trip to Curry County.

I have just returned from a trip down in Curry county, and I feel called upon to give your readers a part of my experience. The weather favored me and being much sheltered from the cool north and south winds which we Bandonians so much enjoy, it seemed to me that I had been transferred to a section which was right agreeable to an old fellow like me.

Langlois is building considerably since last year, quite a number of new houses have been erected, and the new school building is quite an imposing structure. The next morning after arriving in Langlois, I made a call at my friend Upton's, who, as we know, is an invalid, but who accepts his condition as a wise man and makes the best of it.

Mr. Upton enjoyed the great pleasure of a visit from his brother, whom he had not seen for many years. We had a pleasant chat until Mrs. Upton called for dinner, and nothing would but that I accept the kind invitation and eat with them. I then drove to Pacific City or Lakeport; Yes, it is a beautiful and ideal location for a city or town, right in among the trees undergrown with innumerable rhododendron in full bloom and flowers everywhere. The lake, with its five arms, lay peacefully before us, only a gasoline launch causing a ripple on the smooth surface of its mirror.

The first accident that befell me as to fall into the ban's of the three printer devils, and a more agreeable set of devils I could not wish to meet. I was introduced to the citizens and shown the improvements, and the people were so hospitable that it made me feel as if I would like to live among them.

One wing of the new hotel is nearing completion, and from appearance it would seem that there will be plenty of visitors to fill it up. There is one store, and I was told that \$20,000 worth of goods had to be put in a warehouse as the store building is not large enough to contain all the goods on hand.

We next visited the coming sawmill of which the foundation is already constructed; the bed for the boilers is laid, and in a short time the work will be finished and the mill ready for operation, to partly fill the great demand for lumber to erect many buildings of various kinds which are now under contemplation. There is also a well filled butcher shop to supply the wants of the people in the meat line.

Bungalows of various descriptions are finished and many people are living in tents.

For sport, there are lots of rabbits to shoot and the lake is full of trout of large size.

Lakeport cannot fail to prosper as there are so many natural resources.

The second evening of my stay I accepted the hospitality of Mr. Bossen, near Langlois. After a good supper, I was agreeably entertained with some very fine music, by Miss Bossen, who has an elegant Kroeger piano. The hours passed only too rapidly, and for my own pleasure I shall soon take another trip and enjoy the society of jovial and energetic people who are building up a great city now in its infancy.

POHL.

Noah's Anchors.

A story of a pair of anchors is told in the book entitled "To Kairwan the Holy." Kairwan is the Mecca of the west. It is a city so sacred that women are allowed to move about in it but very little. One of the interesting sights is the Mosque of Emir Ben Said Ben Muphtah. This mosque, with its six melon shaped domes, is the tomb of a most amusing old Moslem who died about the middle of the last century. He had great power over the bey and managed affairs according to his own pleasure. This Moslem got possession in Tunis of four large anchors which probably belonged to some old men-of-war abandoned on account of stress of weather. The gentleman with the long name was not content with any such prosaic explanation of their origin. By means of the labor of 500 Arabs he had the anchors dragged from Tunis and deposited in front of his house. The transportation took five months. He then declared them to be the anchors by which Noah fastened the ark to Mount Ararat. The relics are now in the mosque of their former owner and are regarded as holy.

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