The Little Brown House

By JEROME SPRAGUE

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Jacquelin used to look out of her window at the house next door and envy the four girls who seemed to have such good times.

"And they have the nicest brother," she would say to the motherly woman who was half maid and half housekeeper.

"I think he is pretty selfish," Mary would answer grimly; "they're always fussing over him."

"Oh, but he is always bringing them things. He comes home with little parcels, and they run out to meet him, and when the shade is up in the living room I can see them open them."

"It seems to me you must be watching them pretty closely," Mary said.

"Well, what else have I to do," Jacquelin demanded, "in this big house, with my throat bad all the time, and nobody to come to see me?"

"It is a pity your uncle ever moved here," said Mary. "If you had stayed in the house where you'd always lived you'd have had friends enough."

Jacquelin's lips quivered. "I was glad to come away," she told the old woman. "Everything in the old home seemed to speak of mother, and now that I haven't her any more I'd rather be away from the familiar surroundings."

Then she broke down and cried, and Mary comforted her. "What you need is company," was the old woman's comment. "You just sit here and mope and mope, and it is bad for you to do so."

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" Jacquelin said. "I'd like to give a party and invite those girls next door and the boy, too."

Mary looked at her severely. "That might do if you were eight years old instead of eighteen, but young ladies don't give parties and invite people they've never met."

"I don't care," Jacquelin said. "Those girls next door are as poor as they can be, and except for their brother, they never have any fun. They work all day."

"Well, you might ask one of them over to sit with you," Mary capitulated. "I don't suppose it would hurt, though I don't know what your uncle would say about it."

"I don't care what he would say," Jacquelin declared. "I'm young, and I can't be shut up like a prisoner in a castle."

"Of course not," was Mary's soothing reply. "You just write a little note, and I'll take it over to one of those girls."

But Jacquelin was not easily swayed from her plans. "I'm going to have all of them over," she said, "to lunch tomorrow."

It was hopeless for Mary to argue, so the note went forth and created a great sensation in the little brown house next door.

"Will you listen to this?" said Ruth, the eldest girl, who had opened it. She read aloud the following:

"I have so often watched you from my window. I am very lonely and not very well, and I wish you could come to lunch with me tomorrow. Can't you? Please say 'yes' and make the girl next door very happy."

"There, I told you she wasn't proud."

"Do you think we ought to go?" Ruth asked anxiously.

"Of course," said Betty promptly.

But Grace and Eveline were not sure. "It would be lovely," they said. "But what would brother think."

"Brother," Betty groaned. "Oh, Bob is such a stickler for proprieties."

"Bob is a dear," Betty agreed; "but he'd like to keep us in cotton wool. He is so afraid we might make unpleasant intimacies that he keeps us shut up like a lot of children, and I want a good time."

"Why Betty," they exclaimed. "He is a man and he doesn't understand that we want to get out and see something of the world, and I'm going over to the big house for lunch tomorrow whether the rest of you go or not."

"Let us wait," they pleaded, "until Bob comes home. We can send our answer at five o'clock."

"Well, of all things," said Bob when he had read the note. "The colossal condescension of it. She has lived next door to you for six months and hasn't noticed you, and now she wants you to come when she beckons. I guess not."

Betty's face flamed. "I don't see why," she said. "It is our one chance for a good time, Bob Carson."

But Bob was obdurate. "I should think you'd have some pride in the matter, Betty," he said.

Betty went away to weep by herself, but the three other girls accepted the verdict meekly.

The next morning Bob started forth for the office in a glow of self-satisfaction. Betty had returned to her attitude of adoration, and he felt a little glow of triumph in his influence over his feminine brood. As he passed the gate of the big house, he looked up at the window and saw between the curtains a little white face banded with dark hair. It was a pathetic little face, and it haunted him all the way to the office. Suddenly it came to him that he had been selfish.

Perhaps she wasn't as purseproud and haughty as his imagination had painted her. He took up the telephone and called up his sisters.

"Look here," he asked, "do you suppose that it's too late for you to accept that lunch invitation? I've had reason to change my mind about our neighbor."

Betty, on the other end of the wire, responded joyfully "Maybe if we called her up we could fix things."

So artfully did Betty make her apologies for the refusal of the night before that Jacquelin forgave her at once. "Please come over now," she begged. "Of course I want you."

Arrayed in their best the four sisters sallied forth to be struck with awe at the magnificence of the big house. There were American Beauties on the table and Jacquelin, in dull red crepe, was like a rose herself, for excitement brought the color to her cheeks.

"It was lovely of you to come," she said.

"It was lovely of you to have us," Betty enthused.

After lunch Jacquelin entertained them in her music room, where a harp and a piano were the slaves of her skilled hands.

"How beautifully you play," the girls exclaimed. "How Bob would love to hear you; he loves music."

"Is Bob your brother?" Jacquelin asked, timidly.

"Yes," they chorused.

"Perhaps," Jacquelin suggested timidly, "he would come over with you some evening."

"Perhaps," said Betty doubtfully.

When at last it was time for them to go, Jacquelin begged them to come again. "Come and bring your brother some evening, and we'll have music."

They repeated the invitation to Bob that night.

"She's very sweet," Betty said.

"But she's rich," was Bob's ultimatum, "and I'm poor. It is all right for you girls, but she doesn't want me hanging around."

So they made his excuses, and after that the girls went back and forth bringing into Jacquelin's life much that was joyous and helpful; and one night they invited her over to the little brown house.

"I've always wanted to come," she said as she sat in front of the big stove in the living room and helped them pop corn and pull taffy. "You seemed to have such good times, and I was so lonely."

From a corner of the room Bob watched her. He had left almost resentful at the intrusion of this wealthy woman into their poverty-stricken circle. Yet now his heart was melted in him as he saw her wistful face and appealing manner.

Gradually he began to talk to her, and then it seemed as there was no one else in the room. He monopolized her until Betty grew jealous.

"Gracious," she said that night, after their guest had left, "I thought you didn't like her, Bob!"

"I think she is lovely," said Bob, with a queer catch in his voice.

Bob had fallen in love with her hopelessly, but violently.

And Jacquelin? No one knew what went on in her little wise head. But one day, after a month in which Bob had dogged her footsteps and watched her with hopeless eyes, she said to him abruptly:

"You know I'm not rich."

He had been listening to her playing, and as he leaned on the piano he looked at her through the rose-red light of the candles.

"What?" he stammered.

Her fingers played a rippling accompaniment. "I'm not rich," she repeated.

The four girls were not there. Bob had stolen away from them to have one evening alone with the lady of his heart. He had told himself it must be his last evening. He, a poor man, had no right to linger near her.

And now she had made this astounding statement.

"I know," she went on, "that you have thought me a rich woman. But the money is all my uncle's and he cannot leave it to me, for it comes from another side of the family. I am here simply to be taken care of while he lives, and he is an old man; when he dies I shall be alone."

"And you have told me this," Bob said in a trembling voice. "Why have you told me this?"

Her fingers dropped from the keys, and she looked up at him. "You know why," she said.

The next morning Bob made a wonderful announcement to his sisters. "I am going to marry Jacquelin," he said.

They stared at him.

"But she is rich," Betty exclaimed. "How did you dare ask her, Bob?"

Bob evaded the question. He was not sure that he had asked her. It had all come upon him so suddenly, but he knew he was supremely happy.

He told them something of what she had said to him.

"She isn't rich, and she's lonely, and as soon as she is better and can get the things made that women seem to think they must have, she is going to marry me, girls, and we'll live happy ever after in the "Little Brown House."

Hence the Commotion.

"What's the cause of all the excitemnt?"

"The police have just pulled the 'morality play' at the Opera house."

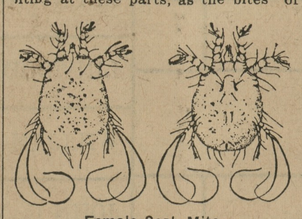
HISTORY AND SYMPTOMS OF DESTRUCTIVE SHEEP SCAB

One of Oldest Diseases of Animal, But Cause Not Discovered Until Middle of Nineteenth Century—Proper Treatment Will Destroy Mite and Renew Growth of Wool—Dipping Is Highly Recommended.

(By EDWIN S. GOOD.)

Historically, sheep scab is one of the oldest diseases of sheep, but its cause was not discovered until about the middle of the nineteenth century (1835), when the agent producing the disease was found to be a very small mite. This mite is light gray in color and the female is one-fortieth and the male one-sixtieth of an inch in length. In general appearance the mite resembles a tiny spider. It has four pairs of legs, the last being very small, and the third pair having long thread-like appendages which are longer in the female than in the male. The mite crawls very slowly, showing that its power of locomotion is weak. A female will lay from ten to twenty eggs during her lifetime. These eggs are so small that they cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. The period of incubation is from four to ten days, depending mainly upon temperature. Gerlach, a noted authority, estimates the descendants of a single female to be 1,000,000 females and 500,000 males at the end of 90 days. He estimates the average number of eggs from a single female to be 15, ten of which hatch females and five males, and allows 15 days for each generation.

The first symptom that attracts one's attention to the affected animal is its rubbing certain parts of its back, sides or tail against some object, or biting at these parts, as the bites of



Female Scab Mite.

the mite cause intense itching. The irritation is much more noticeable when the sheep are warmed up by driving than when they remain quiet. Infection generally begins on some portion of the side or back, and is usually confined to these parts of the body.

The infected spot first consists of a moist, yellowish, dandruff-like substance, often no larger than a pinhead, and unless careful examination be made, may easily escape detection. If this place is scratched, the sheep will respond by a nibbling-like motion of the mouth. Large patches are formed either by small infected spots located on different parts of the back growing and uniting, or by the gradual enlargement of a single spot. In obtaining their food, the parasites in these patches irritate the skin of the sheep to such an extent as to cause the secretion of a large amount of serum which, in drying, first takes on the form of dandruff, and upon extended irritation the dandruff is replaced by thick scabs. Where the scabs first form, the wool seems to be more firmly attached to the skin than before infection, and stands out in tufts, giving the fleece an uneven appearance. In time, however, being deprived of nutrition, the wool loosens and drops from the skin; the sheep loses flesh and presents, on the whole, a very uncanny appearance; and eventually, if untreated, dies. Proper treatment will, however, destroy the scab mite and renew the growth of the wool.

Dipping in a reliable dip is the proper treatment for sheep afflicted with the scab.

The federal government has done a great work in reducing the number of scabby sheep in this country, but in spite of its efforts there are plenty of them in the United States today, a condition of affairs not to be wondered at when we consider the gigantic task of stamping out such a communicable disease in as large a country as ours. There are states, however, where no scab exists, the farmers and the state authorities having aided the federal to eradicate it.

EXCELLENCE OF CLOVER FEEDS

While Most Farmers Recognize That Red Clover Is Admirable for Swine Few Understand How to Utilize.

(By WALTER B. LEUTZ.)

Clover is the greatest pasture for hogs—provided it is not allowed to make pigs thrive at top notch.

The clover blossom is a very pretty flower but it is about as much out of place in the hog pasture as a rose bush in the corn field.

While most farmers recognize that red clover is an admirable food for swine, few of them, comparatively, understand how to utilize a clover pasture for hogs. We make this assertion in view of the fact that clover is, in many instances, allowed to blossom in the field devoted to hog-grazing.

If the reader will bear in mind for a moment that the purpose of every plant is to flower and "go to seed" he will understand that when the flower and the seed have formed in succession, the season's work of the plant is practically over and plant growth gives place to plant ripening, and decay.

"Soon ripe soon rotten" is an old saying and it indicates what we have in mind in this discussion.

What we are after in pasturing hogs on clover is feed not posies. If the clover plants are allowed to ripen the food-producing capacity of the plant is reduced.

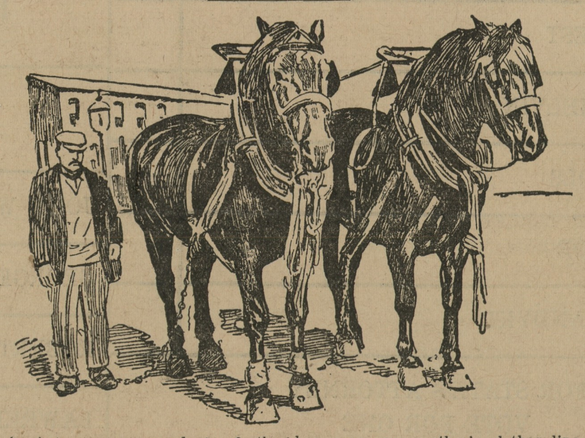
If, on the other hand, the plants can be prevented from blossoming to any great degree, they keep trying to blossom right along, provided sufficient rains descend and in doing so the hogs are fed.

In districts where clover luxuriates, and we find such places in many parts of the country, swine of the right age may be pastured upon this green food from about June right up to early fall, should timely rains maintain a steady growth of the clover plant.

Culture of Currants.

For varieties the President Wilder is probably the best liked as it clings to the bushes the longest. The Cherry, Fay's Prolific and Perfection are also very good varieties. The soil for currants should be very well prepared and enriched. Practice deep plowing before planting the currants and then put them 6x4 feet. Practice shallow cultivation and mulch if need be. Put in a cover crop the first of July such as buckwheat. This can be cultivated into the soil in the spring, thus keeping up the amount of humus in the soil. As one and two year old wood produces the best crops, care should be taken to see that no wood is over two years old. Prune out old wood as soon as berries are picked out.

BELGIAN HORSE IS POWERFUL



An Antwerp correspondent of the Kansas City Star sends a photograph of a pair of the great Belgian horses that do the work on the docks of the rapidly growing Flemish port. An extract from the letter follows:

"These Belgian horses are in blood the same as some that are often exported from the lowlands to the prairies of Kansas. The pair shown in the illustration is typical of thousands in use every day on the great wharves here. Each of these can easily draw two and one-half tons and they are as gentle as kittens. The driver—he's more of a companion than a master—controls them by means of one little cord, hardly as heavy as your mother's clothes line. The trucks look like small flat cars. He treats them like the good children they are to him. At noon the wife comes down to the docks with lunch, and she and the husband sit on the truck and eat, while the horses are having their own food. And, strangest, each horse is given, in addition to grain and hay, a great long loaf of bread. The driver holds it as the horse bites it off in hunks. They seem to enjoy it just as we enjoy our dessert.

"They don't need a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here—at least, not so far as horses are concerned."

UNIQUE TIME PIECE

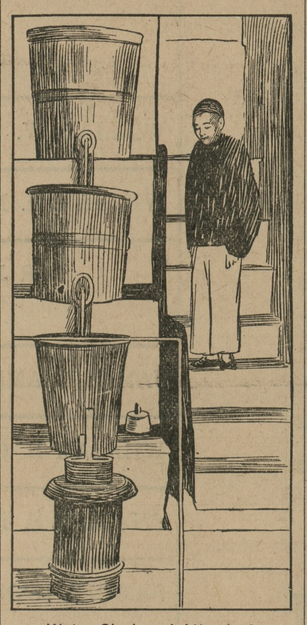
Cantonese Still Content With Archaic Water Clock.

Among the Quaint Survivors of Another Age Is This Primitive Form of Time Register and Hour Glass.

Canton, China.—Threading the narrow, dark, winding streets of Canton it is easy for the traveler to imagine that he has been suddenly transported into some forgotten century. There is no large city visited by the tourist that is so entirely native in its aspect—that is so entirely immersed in its own peculiar civilization. Canton looks practically the same today as it must have looked nearly six centuries ago when the celebrated Venetian adventurer, Marco Polo, visited it and wrote his vivid descriptions of its many curiosities. Among the quaint survivals of another age the famous water clock must take a prominent place. This is a primitive form of time register and hour glass worked by water.

To visit it the stranger makes his way along the picturesque and crowded street of the double gateway in the old city. Here are the largest and most fashionable book stores, and it is this street that is the most favorable haunt of the literati. The double gateway itself pierces a section of a very fine old wall dating from the seventh or eighth century and above it is seen the curious erection in which the Slepsydra, or water clock, is housed.

This consists of four large copper jars mounted on steps one above the other in such fashion that when the top one is filled the water flows very slowly, drop by drop, into the next one and then on into the lowest. In this last one is a float to which is attached an indicator or measure. It



Water Clock and Attendant.

takes exactly a day of 12 hours for the contents of the top jar to be emptied completely into the lowest. As the water steadily rises in this last receptacle the float points to the hour marked on the indicator.

The archaic time guage was first erected about 1324 A. D. It has a history full of incidents; it has been destroyed many times during invasions from without and riots within the city. But it has always been restored, so that today, in spite of the advances made in mechanical methods of measuring time, we find the old water clock in practical use as it was 500 years ago. For at intervals during the day (more or less) correct time is exhibited on a board outside the building and the native Chinese are quite content to pin their faith to this unique servant of old Father time.

More Dogs in France.

Paris.—There are more dogs in France than most countries. Thus it appears that to one thousand inhabitants there are 75 dogs in France and only 38 in England, 31 in Germany and 11 in Sweden. Still hydrophobia is extremely rare in the Department of the Seine, the last case observed dating back to the year 1905. Dr. Martel says this good state of things has been brought about by the law for killing not only every mad dog, but also for killing every dog any mad dog may have bitten or played with. But since this law cannot work out to perfection the French also exterminate all stray dogs.

No Longer Have Small Feet.

Boston, Mass.—Women's feet are growing larger. A Massachusetts shoe manufacturer is authority for the assertion. He says a few years ago the average feminine American buyer of footgear asked for a No. 4. Nowadays most women take a No. 5 or a No. 6, and in some cases, it is whispered, even larger sizes. The width is greater, too. The man of lasts and pegs thinks the increasing activity of women in the last few years and their taller stature, vouched for by investigators, responsible for the passing of small feet.

RARE RELIC OF CIVIL WAR

Picture of Sack of Flour Which Was Used to Raise the Sum of $1,000,000.

Sycamore, Ill.—Of all the war-time pictures, probably there are few rarer pictures than the accompanying print which has been preserved by S. T. Armstrong of this place. The sack of flour shown on the shoulder of the man in the picture was used to raise more than a million dollars for the famous sanitary commission, organized by Dr. Henry W. Bellows, Boston, during the last years of the Civil war. The object of the commission was to relieve suffering among Union soldiers of the northern army.

The scheme to raise funds for the commission by selling and reselling a



Million Dollar Sack of Flour.

sack of flour originally worth $15 was the outcome of an election bet in Austin, Nev. This town was holding an election to decide the matter as to whether it would incorporate. On one side of the question was a man named Gridley, shown in the picture, and on the other was one Herrick. Gridley agreed that if the election went against him, he would carry on his shoulder a sack of flour and keep step to the tune of "Old John Brown," played by a fife and drum band trailing after him, the line of march being from one side of the town to the other. Herrick agreed to do the same thing if the question was decided contrary to his hopes, only the band was to play "Dixie." There was a deal of war time feeling mixed up in the matter.

Gridley's side lost out and so there was a time set for him to pay his electoin bet.

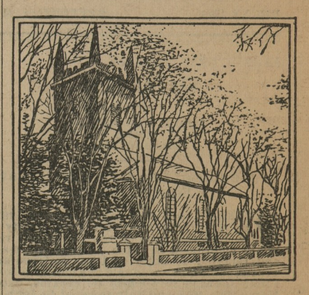
After he had delivered the goods, Gridley at once offered to buy the flour back for $25 and Herrick at once took him up. At this point Mr. Armstrong, who at that time was a citizen of the place, offered to give $30 for the trophy, falling in with Herrick's proposition to turn the money over to the fund of the United States Sanitary commission. This was the start of the movement that ultimately ended in swelling the charitable fund to $1,000,000 throughout the country.

WHERE INDIANS MADE PEACE

Unitarian Church at Taunton, Mass., Marks Scene of an Early Treaty With Redskins.

Taunton, Mass.—Among the religious edifices of Taunton, none is more important in its historical associations than the Unitarian church, whose site marks the scene of the settlers' council with King Philip, immediately after that great warrior had been proclaimed sachem of the Indian tribes of Massachusetts in 1662.

His promise, however, to continue the friendship then existing with the



Unitarian Church at Taunton.

colonists, was broken 12 years later, when, provoked by the encroachments of the whites, he devastated the New England settlements, finally meeting his own death at the hands of a faithless Indian in 1676. It is a significant fact, however, that Taunton, which was originally known by the Indian name of Cohannet, was spared the harrowing details of the war, but whether it was because of the treaty or because of the fact that the town with its surroundings had been the special hunting ground of King Philip, was never known.

Rules for Longevity.

Brockton, Mass.—A set of "rules for long life," compiled by Mrs. Mary Scriggens, famed as the oldest woman in Massachusetts, includes the following:

"Do lots of hard work—fifteen hours a day is not too much; abstain from idle gossip; never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy; do not read novels; banish the vanity of dress; keep away from dances and shows."

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