

AWAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

Away out in the country
Where there is no clang and roar,
Where it's eight miles to the railroad
And it's three miles to the store,
There is peace and there is quiet;
Men are not contending there
For the powers that seem precious
To the greedy billionaire.

Away out in the country
Surly teamsters do not try
To run men down, unless they
Pass the crossing on the fly;
A schemer isn't waiting
Everywhere a man may look
To rush in and get his earnings
All away by hook or crook.

Away out in the country
Where the woods are full of joy,
And the hens are cackling loudly
At the sunburned farmer boy,
There is never any crowding,
There is room out there to spare,
And the people aren't breathing
Flyin' rubbish with their air.

Away out in the country
Where the lilacs sweetly blow
People don't pay out a dollar
To behold a ten-cent show;
Men are not looked on with pity
Just because their clothes don't fit,
And the women don't go mourning
When the servants up and quit.

Away out in the country
Where the water's cool and sweet,
And the knife's a useful weapon
When the hungry people eat,
There is not the constant jangle,
Nor mad clanging that subdues
And distracts the city poet
When he seeks to court the muse.

Away out in the country
Where the funerals are few,
And the people keep apprised of
All the things their neighbors do,
Here and there some queer old fellow
May not hanker to put down
The tools the farmer has to use
And move away to town.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

PA AND POLLY MOBERLY
Susan Hubbard Martin

THE girls were having a good time in the sitting room. It was well warmed and lighted, and there was a sound of laughter and the hum of merry voices. Some one was tuning a mandolin to the piano, and there was a fluttering of music leaves. Company had come in, as usual, to spend the evening. The Moberly girls, that is, the three older ones, all had light hair, blue eyes, and lively, vivacious manners that proved very attractive to the young people in the quiet village.

"Pa" Moberly nobody knew much about. He sat out in the kitchen most of the time. It was a dingy little room and often in the evening he had no light; only the dull glow of the stove and the red sparks of his old-fashioned pipe.

Pa Moberly was a little, timid, shrinking man. He had faded blue eyes, bent shoulders and toil worn hands. He had worked hard for his girls. He had ungrudgingly given them his best. It seemed too bad that now he was old and they were grown to womanhood they did not care.

When Mrs. Moberly was alive, things were different. He had his comfortable chair then in the sitting room; his slippers, too, and there was the lounge for him to rest on when he was tired.

But as his girls grew up, pretty, strong-willed and altogether selfish, Pa Moberly found himself banished from his comfortable quarters. A number of cushions too fine for use adorned the old sofa, and his armchair had three tidies on it. He was soon made to understand that he was not wanted.

It was not long before he began to stay in the kitchen, and by and by he

seemed so unfeignedly glad to see him. He felt the pressure of her young arms yet about his neck, and her kisses still lay warm upon his furrowed cheek.

In the darkness of the old kitchen he brushed a tear from his eye. He was thinking of Ma Moberly, too, and of her gentle, tender, womanly ways. He wished the girls were more like their mother.

Just then Polly came in. She went quickly to his side.

"Why, pa," she cried, "what are you sitting in the kitchen for, and in the dark, too? Is anything the matter?"

In the friendly darkness Pa Moberly took the little hand and stroked it. "Nothing, Polly," he said. "I—I always sit here."

Polly seated herself on his knee. "Always sit here?" she cried, in surprise. "Don't you go into the sitting room evenings as you used to?"

Pa Moberly shook his head. "No," he faltered.

"But why?" insisted Polly. "You don't mean to tell me you don't sit in your old chair any more?"

Pa Moberly's chin quivered. Polly did not know, and it was hard to tell her. Polly was like her mother.

"Alice likes to keep that chair for company," he said, slowly. "Oh, I don't mind the kitchen so much, now," he added, as cheerfully as he could. "At least I won't now, since you've come home. I do miss the old chair some, but it's all right."

"The girls don't want me in there, Polly," he went on, huskily. "They're young, and there's always company, you know. I don't know as I blame 'em much. I'm old and worn out and behind the times. No, I can't say as I blame 'em."



"DO YOU MIND TAKING ANOTHER CHAIR, MR. BRYANT?"

sat nowhere else. He knew every figure on the dingy papered walls, and the only chair he had to sit in was a straight-backed wooden one, in which he could not rest.

He used to long sometimes for his old corner in the sitting room, with its lights, its laughter and its music, but to his gentle hints the girls gave scant encouragement. "They didn't want pa around," they told themselves.

The lonely, tired old man had many thoughts as he sat in the kitchen night after night in solitude, and he sometimes used to ponder the question in his gentle heart as to whether, after all, it paid to bring up girls who were ashamed of you after you were old.

Polly did not know about the changed condition of affairs. Polly was the youngest, and more like her mother than any of the others, being small, quiet and brown-eyed.

She had been staying for three years out in Pennsylvania with an invalid aunt for whom she had been named. Poor Aunt Bassett was dead now, and to-day Polly had come home again. She was upstairs now, busy in the small back room that the girls had forgotten to make ready for her.

As Pa Moberly sat alone in the kitchen to-night he was thinking of Polly. In his yearning, fatherly heart there was a faint stirring of hope.

There was a chance that he might take some comfort with this, his youngest daughter. He had felt that from the time she was born. She wasn't like the other girls, and she had

Polly laid her soft cheek suddenly against the wrinkled one.

"You're not old or worn out or behind the times, either!" she said. "It's a shame for you to stay out here!" Her sweet, girlish voice was full of indignation.

"But never mind, pa," she went on. "I tell you there are better days ahead. I've come now, and I'm going to look after you, see if I don't. What would ma think if she were here, to see you sitting here all alone in this dark old kitchen? Why, it would break her heart! Come with me, pa!"

"Where?" said Pa Moberly, hesitatingly, in his surprise.

"Into the sitting room."

"Oh, I can't go in there, Polly; they don't want me."

"Yes, you can. I want you. You wouldn't refuse me anything on this, my first night home?"

Pa Moberly got up. The old wooden chair was uncomfortable, and he rose stiffly, even with the aid of Polly's arm.

"No, I couldn't, Polly," he said. "You—you're too like your mother."

As they left the dark kitchen together Pa Moberly grasped Polly's hand tightly. "I'm afraid, Polly," he whispered. "We'd better not."

But Polly only squeezed his hand in a reassuring clasp, and somehow Pa Moberly felt stronger.

Polly opened the sitting room door, and a stream of light flashed out into the little dark entry. The girls were

having a good time indeed.

A young lady in a blue dress occupied the piano stool. A young man, with his hair plastered down over his forehead, occupied Pa Moberly's armchair. He had a mandolin in his hand, and was strumming it to the young lady's accompaniment. Alice and Belle and Harriet were sitting about with the liveliest air of enjoyment.

As Polly and Pa Moberly entered, their complacency suddenly faded into astonishment and dismay. What did Polly mean, and what did pa mean, by intruding on their company in this fashion?

Polly advanced steadily into the centre of the room, still holding her father's hand.

How little and shy and bent pa looked, the girls thought, and how determined was the air Polly wore—like a young captain going into battle. It was as if Ma Moberly had come to life.

Alice rose. The young lady at the piano turned, the young man stopped his mandolin. In all the months he had come to the Moberly house, this was the first time he had ever seen the little, white-haired man who lived there. And who was that pretty, brown-haired girl with flashing eyes?

Alice broke the silence. "My sister Polly, Mr. Bryant," she said, a little nervously, "and—my father. And this is our old friend, Eva Brent. Pa, you know Eva?"

Pa nodded cordially; so did Polly. But something unusual was in the air, and every one felt it.

Polly led Pa Moberly up to the young man reclining in the chair. "Do you mind taking another chair, Mr. Bryant?" she said, pleasantly. "You see, this one is pa's favorite. Ma gave it to him."

Alice and Belle and Harriet flushed, but Polly was quite undisturbed. The young man was astonished, but he rose quickly, with a stammered apology, but Polly calmly wheeled the chair nearer the pleasant fire.

"Sit here, pa," she said, affectionately, "and let me turn the light so it won't hurt your eyes."

She adjusted the light to her liking, then pushed Pa Moberly gently into his old place. His white hair shone in the lamplight, and his lips trembled.

"There!" said Polly in a pleased tone. "Isn't that better?"

Regardless of all onlookers, she stooped and kissed the withered cheek; then she turned to the others.

"Go on with your playing, won't you, Eva?" she said gently.

Nobody spoke; then the young lady turned to the piano and the restraint was quickly over.

Pa Moberly's eyes grew moist. How soft the chair was, and how pleasant the fire, and how comfortable was the touch of the little, firm hand upon his shoulder!

And there was something else. He knew and every one else knew, that his lonely hours in the old kitchen were over.

To-morrow the straight-backed wooden chair would be pushed back, to be occupied no more. The firelight could play on the dingy walls, the mice could scamper at will over the old floor. Pa Moberly would not be there to see. Polly had come home to take care of him, and Polly was brave. It was as if Ma Moberly had come to life again.—Youth's Companion.

Guests Pass With Glaciers.

Hotel keepers in the Alps have a new trouble and are complaining at the loss of patrons, who are moving away from the glaciers. Yes, the glaciers are actually passing from the landscape, and as they recede the hotels along their borders find that their registers are shortening.

These glaciers are not running away, by any means, but they are deteriorating slowly with a persistency that means their final annihilation. Hotels that a few years ago stood very near to a great river of slowly moving ice, now find themselves a considerable distance away, and the attractiveness of the site is lessened.

The famous glaciers of the Rhone have shrunk 3000 feet in the last twenty years, or about 110 feet a year. A number of the well known glaciers approximate this diminution, and the scientific fact is established that these reminders of the great glacial period are surely disappearing.—New York Herald.

A Thirsty Congressman's Error.

An interesting story is in circulation at the Capitol, relative to an act perpetrated by a certain member of Congress from Wisconsin. The Congressman, upon arriving in the city, rented an apartment at the New Willard. It had been a habit with him to partake of a drink of water before retiring for the night. On this particular night, after searching vainly for drinking water, he discovered that the waiter had neglected to supply him with that necessary fluid. However, further search revealed two small buttons in the wall, under one of which was inscribed "Push twice for water."

He pushed the button. When the waiter appeared in the doorway with the water he was very much amused to see the Congressman holding a pitcher under the button.—Washington Times.



Maintenance.

THE object of maintenance is to keep the roads in such a state that vehicles of all descriptions always find them in the best possible condition for travel. It is necessary, then, that it be directed in a way to remove at every turn every obstacle or source of resistance to traffic, and to prevent or correct, at the beginning, all the impairments to which roads are liable. This result can be obtained only by means of a constant watchfulness, and by the organization of resources constantly at hand in material and workmanship.

The secret of the excellent roads of Europe is, first, good construction; second, the constant, systematic, and skilful method employed in the maintenance of roads. On these roads a force of skilled men is continually employed, making repairs, and any defect, however slight, is immediately repaired. It is not considered that the necessity for continual repairs is an evidence of poor workmanship in the original construction, but rather that an earnest effort is being made to keep the roadways in perfect condition. This prompt and constant repairing explains the superior condition of the roadways of Europe.

The men who have these repairs in charge are skilled in this line of work, and hold their positions because they are thus qualified. Politics has nothing to do with them, as it has in this country. These men are removed for cause only. It takes years to educate men in the art of road building and the proper method to be employed in making repairs. Generally in this country cities and towns pay for educating the men in charge of their roads, and their politics removes them, but time will make this matter right. It will certainly be made right when people find that it is the only way to have good roads. The trained road builder is just as necessary as the trained doctor, manufacturer or educator.

Take, for instance, the method employed in making repairs on dirt and gravel roads with a road machine. In a great many towns you will find the road officials, once a year at least, at work with this machine, taking the worn out material which the water has washed from the road into the gutters and putting it back in the centre of the road. This is wrong, because this material is worn out. It is soft and it is disagreeable. It is dusty, and when wet makes mud, which holds the water, thus injuring the road. It is as necessary to keep a road clean as anything else. It lengthens the life of a road, and it should not be covered with this worn, loose, worthless dirt, whatever the road may be.

The proper maintenance of roads is everything. In nine cases out of ten, in traveling through the different towns deep ruts may be found both where the horses and wheels travel, and quite often in good natural road material. There is no need for this if a proper system of maintenance is employed, and these roads can be maintained for a small sum of money, if promptly and properly attended to and with some diligence. For instance, if depressions are filled and not allowed to develop into deep ruts, it will not only be more comfortable to the traveler, but the water would not be held, but would run off the surface of the road. Standing water is a detriment to any road. The very best constructed road will soon go to pieces unless it is kept constantly in repair, just the same as a building.

How Progress is Blocked.

Probably the greatest obstacle to the improvement of the country roads in the State of Ohio at the present time is the antiquated law now in force requiring all road work to be done under the supervision of some person who must be elected from among the voters of the road district, without any regard to his fitness, experience or qualifications for the work. No matter how good a road builder a non-resident may be, or how useful his knowledge may be to the roads, the law does not permit him to touch them or to allow the public to avail itself of his skill. If perchance he be a resident and voter and be elected to the position of road supervisor, he cannot use his skill in the construction of roads unless he consents to do it without compensation, as the State prevents him from receiving one cent more than the common laborer.

Under the present law there is no possible chance for a skilled road builder to get any road building to do, and there is no inducement for a man to prepare himself for the vocation.

A bill originating with the Portage County Good Roads Association has just been introduced into the Legislature by C. F. Suse, of Hudson, repealing the law, and putting the selection of road supervisors into the hands of

the township trustees. It gives the trustees practically the same power in respect to road supervisors and boards of education have in the employment of teachers for the schools. They can employ the best skill they can find, and pay such wages as they feel justified in. They can remove them whenever they think the good of the service demands it.

This bill, if it becomes a law, will open up the needed opportunity for road builders. A man can prepare himself for this work with some prospect of getting road building to do. Trustees would soon find themselves supplied with applicants qualified to do this work. The principles of good road building are well established, and neglected without disaster to the road.

H. M. DEMING, Secretary, Portage County Good Roads Association.

MUNICIPAL BATHS.

Thirty-six American Cities Have Helped to Health.

Within the past few years a number of municipalities in this country have established all-the-year-round municipal bath houses, while others have added to the number of open bath or swimming places, which, for years past, have been maintained during the summer months. Information collected shows that thirty-six cities and towns with 3000 population or upward, by the United States census of 1900, now have either all-the-year or summer public baths. These places are as follows: Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, Dedham, Holyoke, Woburn, Quincy, Springfield, Westchester, Worcester, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Hartford, Conn.; Albany, Buffalo, New York, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy, Utica, N. Y.; Hoboken, Newark, N. J.; Homestead, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Del.; Baltimore, Md.; Greenwood, S. C.; Newman, Savannah, Ga.; Cleveland, Ohio; Muskegon, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Des Moines, Iowa; Crookston, St. Paul, Minn.; San Jose, Cal.

The thirty-six places in question are distributed over sixteen States. Massachusetts has ten and New York seven of these cities and towns. Most of the other States are represented by one municipality only. Outside of the States of Massachusetts and New York most of the public baths are open only in the summer, and that is true of some of the places in Massachusetts. It is known that Newark, Chicago and St. Paul have all-the-year bath houses.

In 1895 the Legislature of New York passed an act which permits any municipalities of that State to establish all-the-year baths, and makes it compulsory for cities of 50,000 inhabitants and over to do so.

Municipal baths, often combined with public wash houses or laundries are becoming more and more common in England, and the signs of the time are that they will rapidly gain popular favor in this country. The laundry feature will, naturally, gain ground much more slowly than the baths. Thus far it has not been introduced in the United States further than to make a provision for washing the personal clothing of the bathers. Drying closets are also provided, so an unfortunate man with no change of clothing may be insured of clean underclothes to put on after his bath.—Engineering News.

Killing People by Brutal Truths.

Many people are killed by brutal truths. Some physicians are so conscientious—and so tactless—that they think they must tell patients the whole truth when they believe they cannot recover, instead of giving them the benefit of the doubt, for every physician knows that, nearly always there is a doubt which way the case will turn. Cheerful encouragement has saved many a life by helping a patient to pass a crisis favorably, when the actual truth might have killed the patient or reduced his rallying powers to the danger-point. In all the affairs of life, cruel bluntness in stating brutal facts has caused untold misery and broken many friendships. Truth itself changes from a jewel to a dangerous weapon in the hands of a tactless person. Because a thing is true is no reason it should be told, or told in a way to offend. He who would have many and strong friends must exercise tact in order not to offend even by the truth because it is very difficult for many people to forget even a fancied injury entirely. This is especially true of offenses against taste, or speeches which reflect upon one's pride, ability, or capacity.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Fussy's Queer Family.

In the barn of W. H. Bunch a male cat is raising a family of three of her own kittens, two black kittens, two fox squirrels and a wild rabbit. The mother of the family is impartial in her devotion to the young ones. The two squirrels are the "black sheep" of the family, and they give the old cat considerable trouble by their friskiness.—Indianapolis News.

Some men are kept so busy talking about what they are going to do that they never find time to do anything.