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## LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE

OR

### A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Continued.

"That, as Little Make-Believe and Saranne have lived all their lives in Clare Market, and have never in all probability spent a day in the country—have perhaps never even seen the country—what a capital thing it would be to have them down here for a little while."

"It would be a capital thing, Wally." "That it would, dad."

That is how it came about that before the week was out, the postman, with a sharp double rap at the door of the house in Clare Market in which the sisters lived, asked whether Little Make-Believe lodged there.

"In course she do," said the woman who answered the door.

Is she in?"

"Perhaps she is, and perhaps she ain't."

"Would you mind giving?"

He had a desire to give the letter himself into the hands of the girl with a name so strange.

There is a legend that there exists in the force one who is at the same time a poet and a policeman, and that this remarkable individual has actually written songs for the music halls.

The present postman, who was new to the Clare Market district, may have been the man, and his poetical tendencies may have caused him to be curious about a person addressed as Little Make-Believe, and have inspired him with an idea that he might make a song out of her for a Lion Comique.

"I'll call her," said the woman, and she screamed down the stairs at the top of her voice, "Here, Make-Believe! Yer wanted!"

Up ran Little Make-Believe, and confronted the postman.

"Are you Little Make-Believe?" asked he.

"Yes, that's me."

"Well, here's a letter for you."

"A letter for me! Go on! Yer gammoning?"

"There it is, at all events."

And he pushed the letter into her hand, and continued his rounds.

He had not derived inspiration from her for a comic song.

Little Make-Believe stood for a moment or two in a state of stupefaction with the letter in her hand.

A letter for her! It was an event so strange and startling that it took away her breath.

Never in her life had she received a letter; she could scarcely believe that she was awake.

When she had sufficiently recovered she made her way downstairs.

"What was it?" asked Saranne.

"It's a letter," said Little Make-Believe, solemnly.

Saranne looked up and laughed. "You're pretending," she said.

"Not this time, Saranne. Here it is." Thanks to the good officers of Walter, both of them could read and write, and had the letter been in his writing she would have recognized it, but it was Mr. Deepdale who had written.

Little Make-Believe laid the letter unopened on the table, and the sisters gazed at it half frightened.

"Who's it from?" said Saranne.

"What can it be about? I hope it ain't something bad."

Suddenly she clapped her hands, and danced in her seat.

"Somebody's fell in love with you, and has sent an offer of marriage!"

What was it that made Little Make-Believe tremble and turn red and white?

"Open it—open it," cried Saranne, "and let's see."

Of the two Saranne had proved by far the aptest scholar.

She could read and write much better than Little Make-Believe, and she spoke much better also.

It was not that Little Make-Believe did not take as much pride in the lessons given by Walter as Saranne did, but she was the breadwinner, and had less time on her hands and something more serious to occupy her mind.

Saranne, therefore, being the prize scholar, Little Make-Believe opened the letter, slowly and nervously, and gave it to her to read.

"It was simple, terse and to the point," "Dear Little Make-Believe and Saranne," it read, "we are, as you know, in the country, where we shall stop till summer is over, and my son has an idea in his head, which perhaps will please you. You don't see much of the country, which just now is very beautiful, and if you would like to come and stop here for a few days it would do you good. You have only to say 'yes,' and go to Mr. Dexter, who will arrange everything for you. A rambler or two in the woods will make you strong. Your friend,

"W. H. DEEPPDALE."

"Oh, my!"

That was all they could say for several moments.

Saranne's face was scarlet with excitement and joy; Little Make-Believe was no less happy, but she showed it in a different way.

Her face was very pale, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Let's read it again," said Saranne. So they read it again, and read it a third time, and then Saranne read it

"It ain't no dream! It's real!" Undoubtedly it was real, but for all that nothing would have surprised Little Make-Believe less than to see the letter and envelope suddenly whisked away.

It was too good to believe. They had never received a letter—and here was one.

They had never been in the country, and here was an invitation to go, not for an hour, or a day, but for a few days—an invitation from gentlemen who had proved themselves their dearest friends.

That two such stupendous, amazing, almost incredible events should occur all in a moment required a good deal of getting over.

"Did you ever," asked Saranne, "pretend anything half so wonderful, Make-Believe?"

"No," replied Little Make-Believe, "I never did, Saranne."

It required such a very great deal of getting over that they had not got half, nor a quarter over it before a visitor entered unannounced.

It was Thomas Dexter, who had also received a letter with reference to the proposed holiday.

His appearance did not surprise them; it would be difficult to say what would have surprised them just then.

Directly Thomas Dexter entered Saranne said to him:

"I wish you would do me a favor, Mr. Dexter."

"What is it?"

"Pinch me—hard!"

Thomas Dexter pinched her hard, so hard that she gave a scream, and cried in the same breath:

"I don't mind, so long as it ain't a dream."

Thomas Dexter understood the meaning of these proceedings.

That the girls should be astonished was quite natural; he was astonished himself.

But it was a good opportunity for the sisters, and he was glad for their sakes.

When he had succeeded in somewhat calming them, he explained the object of his visit.

Their distant friends had shown not only kindness, but thoughtfulness, and he was the appointed agent to carry out their wishes.

"The question is," said Thomas Dexter, "as you've made up your minds to go—as they had made up their minds to go—what a thing to say!—the question is, what are you going in?"

Their faces dropped. What were they going in?

It was indeed a question, for the clothes they stood up in were all the clothes they possessed.

"It wouldn't do," continued Thomas Dexter, "to go as you are. You must each of you have a decent frock and a decent pair of shoes, and a decent hat or bonnet. How is it to be done?"

Down to earth they came, straight from their seventh heaven.

It was Saranne's eyes now that were filled with tears, and Little Make-Believe's face that was red.

"Yes, Mr. Dexter," said Little Make-Believe, sadly; she hardly dared to look at Saranne, "it's very good of you to remind us. We can't go as we are, and we ain't got nothink better to wear than what yer see. I'd make people talk, and Mr. Deepdale'd serry he'd asked us. I'm afeared, or arther all, we shan't be able to go."

"Oh, don't say that Make-Believe," sobbed Saranne, "don't say that!"

"It must be sed if it's got to be sed," was Little Make-Believe's response.

"Saranne, my dear, yer know, don't yer, that I'd sell my two hands if anybody'd buy 'em so as I could get yer a frock and boots and a hat? I would, sir, indeed, indeed I would!"

"I quite believe it," said Thomas Dexter.

"I wouldn't mind staying at home while Saranne went; I'm happy enough so long as I know she's enjoying of herself. But if it can't be done, it can't be done; we couldn't do nothink 'arf so wicked as to give Mr. Deepdale and Master Walter cause to be ashamed of us when they set eyes on us. And they couldn't do nothink else, but be ashamed if we was to go down to them with such things as those on us."

A speech which only caused Saranne's tears to flow more freely.

"Can't you see no way, Make-Believe?" asked Thomas Dexter.

"No, Mr. Dexter," replied Little Make-Believe, mournfully, "I can't. It's as fur out of my reach as the stars. We ain't got a friend in the world, except you, and Mr. Deepdale and Master Walter, and you've done more for us than ever we'd a right to expect. That being in the country where everything's so beautiful and sweet—it must be, though me and Saranne has never seed it—they should think of us at all shows the feeling they've got for us. God bless 'em for it! There's the pawnshop—but we ain't got nothink to pop. If they'll take me, I'd go and pledge myself this minute, but they know their book, the pawnbrokers do. No, Mr. Dexter, there's no way as I can see."

"As to pretending, now. Ain't there nothink to be made out of that?"

She looked at him reproachfully and

said, so pathetically that Thomas Dexter resolved to torment her no longer.

"Don't make game of me, sir."

"I don't mean to do so. Don't think that of me. But now, Little Make-Believe, I'm going to pretend."

She smiled pitifully.

"Who knows? Something might come of it. But yer mustn't look at me; it's a new game to me, and it might spoil the luck."

Little Make-Believe laid her head on the table, not in obedience to his wish, but because grief impelled her to do so.

Saranne's back was turned, and she could not see him.

"I pretend," continued Thomas Dexter, "that on Thursday, as sure as ever it comes round, you and Saranne shall be taken to Victoria station and put in a second class railway carriage, with tickets for Rochester. I pretend that yer shall both of yer have new frocks, and new boots and new hats. I pretend that before yer go to sleep to-night yer shall write a little note to Mr. Deepdale—you've got his address in that letter—telling him for his invitation and telling him yer're coming. I pretend that yer shall go to-morrow, or before yer two hours older—there's plenty of shops open; it's only eight o'clock—yer shall go out and buy the frocks, and the boots, and the hats, if you don't care to wait. I pretend that you've got money to pay for 'em. I pretend that yer shall come to me and confess that I ain't making game of you. And thirdly and lastly, as the preachers say, if my pretending ain't as good as your pretending, my name ain't Thomas Dexter, and I'll never try to pretend no more."

A deal silence followed; there was not a sound in the room except that of Saranne's suppressed sobs.

Surprised and relieved at the silence—for while Thomas Dexter was speaking she was in an agony of torture—and moved by Saranne's sobs, Little Make-Believe raised her head, and was about to clasp Saranne in her arms, when she started to her feet with a cry of almost delicious ecstasy.

"For on the table lay a sheet of note paper and an envelope, stamped, and by their side lay two golden sovereigns."

"Look, Saranne, look!" exclaimed Little Make-Believe, beating her hands together, and pulling Saranne from her chair. "He wasn't pretending at all, and he wasn't mocking us! Oh, Saranne, Saranne!"

The revulsion of feeling was, indeed, almost too much for her; she laughed and cried in a breath, and Saranne, seeing that heaven had opened its gates to them, laughed and cried with her.

It was a long time before they were sufficiently composed to speak calmly of the matter.

"I didn't think it was in Mr. Dexter," said Saranne, "to be so out-and-out good to us. I'd like to kiss him."

"He was very kind," said Little Make-Believe, "but the two sovereigns don't come out of his pocket. Yer mustn't forget that."

"He gave 'em to us, Make-Believe."

"And Mr. Deepdale sent 'em to us. Don't yer see what it says in the letter? 'You're only to say yes, and go to Mr. Dexter, who will arrange everything for you.' Well, instead of our going to him he's coming to us. Now, Saranne, we must write the letter to Mr. Deepdale."

"Oh my, Make-Believe! What shall we say?"

"You're the best writer, Saranne. Take hold of the pen. It wouldn't do to write something out of a book or a newspaper, would it?"

Little Make-Believe walked up and down the room, and puckered her brows, and closed her eyes, and rubbed her forehead, and looked into the corners of the ceiling, as many a perplexed writer has done before her, while Saranne put the pen in her mouth, and gazed anxiously at the brain-worker.

Little Make-Believe wanted to think of something very grand to say, but nothing grand would come; her mind had become a perfect blank.

"Make haste, Make-Believe, or all the shops will be shut."

This quickened her somewhat, and she said, "You'd best commence with 'To-night.' That'll show 'em writing to-night."

Saranne, after much preparation, put her pen and paper and then discovered she had no ink. Little Make-Believe ran out and bought a penny bottle, and by the time she returned had formulated her ideas.

"Now then, Saranne, 'To-night. Respected Sir, and dear Master Walter—"

"That's nice," said Saranne, "and dear Master Walter. Go on."

"We're that grateful to yer," continued Little Make-Believe, "that we don't know what to say, except that we're coming, and we shall never, never forget yer kindness. From the bottom of our hearts—and that'll do, I think," said Little Make-Believe, pulling up suddenly.

"We must write our names, Make-Believe, or they won't know who it's from."

So they wrote their names, one under the other, and put the letter into the envelope.

Then they went out to post it and to look at the clothes shops.

"I hope the postman won't stick to it," said Little Make-Believe, as after some hesitation, she dropped the letter into the pillar box; "I've a good mind to take it out of the bag as he doesn't take it out of the bag and doesn't take it himself."

But with the delightful task in view of spending money in clothes she gave up that idea, and walked away from the pillar box with many a lingering look behind her.

To be continued.



## Woman's Realm

Praises American Women.

Many men seem to have little to do in these days but to discuss women. An ex-President, not to speak of lesser personages, has gone to the trouble of defining their sphere and pointing out their virtues and vices, and now it is the Japanese Minister to the United States who is turning his attention to this enigma of the ages, so called.

His excellency Kogoro Takahira discusses his subject in the *Woman's Home Companion*, and takes a line somewhat different from that of some previous critics. He has nothing but praise, and high praise at that, for the American woman.

He goes so far as to attribute the friendship of the United States for Japan to her influence, and of this friendship he says:

If one could only magnify and multiply fifty million or eighty million times the beauty and charm of friendship between man and man this would give just a glimpse of the splendor of a friendship between two great nations.

The typical American woman does not concern herself, it is true, with the details, the machinery, the knotty complications of international politics. Indeed, from the very nature of things there are few women of any nation who have an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of such affairs.

But in their larger outlines almost all international questions of magnitude seem to claim the American woman's stamp of approval, and woe to those measures upon which she frowns. The story of her interest in these measures, her attitude toward them and her comprehension of them is the highest tribute that could be paid to the intelligence of American womanhood.

In the troublous and trying hours of Japan during the last two years I have had many opportunities to observe with admiration and gratitude the sympathetic intelligence of the women of America in reading the aspirations of our country and interpreting their significance. Athwart our path were mountainous obstacles which to western eyes seemed quite impossible for us to scale.

Perhaps it was the pluck of a comparatively small nation that refused point-blank to consider these obstacles insurmountable that appealed to the American woman. What we were trying to do spoke to the heroic in her nature, and her sympathy was as sensitive as an Aeolian lyre when at last we successfully weathered the storm.

In these two eventful years I have been made to see two traits which are conspicuous among the many remarkable attributes of the intelligent American woman. The first is the tenacity with which she holds to her convictions. This stands out in no uncertain outline. If she does not compass every detail, she certainly takes good care that what she has in her grasp she will escape her.

That is not all. She sees to it that the same conviction is somehow conveyed to the minds of her friends. Once she is thoroughly possessed with a conviction and once in the arena, I know of no missionary who can claim the distinction of being her superior in zeal and ability. It would perhaps be difficult for even a gifted historian to trace accurately all the national and international events in the salons and boulevards whence they came; but it would be very much more difficult to prove that these epochal events have had nothing to do with the gentler hours of a nation's life, with its silken arenas, with smiles and whispers behind fans. And in America this fact seems to be so emphasized by the exceptionally high intelligence of the American woman that I do not see how any one with grace deny it.

His excellency comments with particular satisfaction and some amazement in the unselfishness of American friendship for Japan. He says:

"There are many phases in the Far Eastern question which the United States can very properly look upon through the eyes of self-interest. The press and a few people called the attention of the American public to these points. The public remained entirely indifferent to them."

"May it not be true that this peculiar feature of our friendship, so foreign to the self-interest basis of diplomacy, has had its root in the work of the American woman, who is not always the best hand to count how much superior is the value of steel exports to Japan over so airy a subject as an international friendship?"

equaled those of the other sex, because she has always spent so much time within the four walls of home. Conditions are improving all the time, however, and with newspapers, magazines and clubs there is less excuse for feminine awkwardness in the art of conversing. Serious discourse has but little part in our hurried life and that helps to ease the burdens.

It is said of elderly leaders of society in one of the larger cities that her power comes from her ability to talk to everybody upon the topic that pleases. She knows enough of music, art, literature and science to be interesting to those who make a life study of those arts, even though she might not be able to keep afloat in deeper conversational water. I have no doubt of the truth of the statement, for her wealth is insignificant by comparison with thousands of women she rules and she lacks beauty, style and grace. She is not even amiable.

I know that it is impossible for many women to talk to any extent, but some of them manage to be charming by evincing an interest that possesses drawing power and puts really good talkers at their best. Nothing is more irritating than half-hearted interest and the woman who allows her attention to wander while others are addressing her is likely to be black-listed. A good memory is a veritable prop, for happy turns of conversation can be found all through the reading matter of the present day, and the retailer of good stories is sure of popularity.

One of the rules of conversation is never to appear to know things of which you are ignorant, but I would amend that by advising an owl-like expression of wisdom when subjects of which you know little or nothing come up. It generally gives one a deal of information without detracting from one's reputation. So many chatterers are scattered through the world that a really well-informed person rarely gets an opportunity to appear to the best advantage.

In speaking of a woman who passed away a year or so ago, at the age of eighty-seven a group of men and women paid her a splendid tribute. She had never spoken an unkind word to the best knowledge of those who knew her best. Her sickness was long and painful, but her gentleness never failed. How she managed to escape the taint of the gossip habit nobody knows, for she lived in a neighborhood where it flourished in a lively fashion. But there is her record to prove her innocence.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Science is like fire—it burns away cross.

It is not always the man who sits up stiffest in church who walks straightest in the world.

How quickly Time sails on, while in its wake we watch our little vain ambitions vanish, one by one!

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

It is wrong to be envious, but just the same we never see a barefoot boy with his toes tied up in a rag that we do not envy him, sore toe, rag and all.

When it rests with a man, wholly and alone, to be right with himself and God, and none else will know his struggle or appreciate his victory, when he comes to heart against the self which custom, indulgence, position, have made, then, indeed, "greater is he that conquers himself than he that taketh a city."—J. Edwin Odgers.

### Japanese Language.

One may call attention to a strange item regarding Japan and her art, to wit: the fact that though the entire people—men, women and children—are artistic, the word "art" does not exist in the language. So great a scholar as Basil Hall Chamberlain, for a score of years professor of Japanese in the Imperial University in Tokio, says that the Japanese language has no genuine native word for what we call "art." "Bijutsu," he tells us, "is the word that the Japanese use. The inventor of this word put together two Chinese characters, one 'bi,' meaning beautiful, and the other, 'jutsu,' meaning craft, device, legdemalm."

For nature, too, from which has come so much of the inspiration of "bijutsu," strangely enough, there seems to be no adequate native word. Professor Chamberlain says that the nearest equivalent are "seishitsu," characteristic qualities, "bamutsu," all things, and "tennen," spontaneously. While he regards the absence of the word "art" as a weakness, he thinks the absence of a word for nature may be quite the opposite.

"Nature" he regards as a Proteus; it times a deistic synonym or euphemism for the Creator, at other times the beings or things created, or the impulses of man as opposed to his conscious acts or that which is reasonable and proper, or again with theologians exactly the opposite. "In short," says the professor, "the word 'nature' stands for everything in general and for nothing in particular—impossible to define, and serving only as a will-o'-the-wisp to mislead metaphorically minded persons."—Impressions Quarterly.

### His Sleeping Place.

Dr. David G. Wylie, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Central Park West, quoting from the Bible the saying "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty," told the following story of a sleepy boy to a gathering of West Side boys:

"This boy," said the doctor, "had been away from home for several weeks, so the mother wrote to his employer:

"Dear Sir—My son is no hand at writing letters. Will you please tell us how he is getting on? And do tell us where he sleeps at night."

The employer, who in this case was a grocer, sent an immediate reply.

"Your son," said he, "sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps at night."

Japanese form so considerable a part of the population of Seattle that the Government finds it convenient to establish a special postoffice for them.

### The Art of Conversation.

To one woman who is thoroughly satisfied with her ability to maintain a reasonable share of interesting conversation there are scores who distrust their own powers to the point of awkwardness. One has to note the behavior of guests at a reception given in honor of some more or less famous personage to realize that. The few who accept the presentation easily and gracefully, make little speeches that exactly fit and go away leaving an agreeable impression. The many look uncomfortable, appear awkward and say the wrong things if they find speech at all.

There is no short cut to grace of any description. Familiarity with an art brings ease, of course, and nothing broadens one like travel and much rubbing of elbows with humanity.

A woman's opportunities have never

### FRIENDSHIP THAT ENDURES.

An Essay on the Value of True Faithfulness.

He shall have his own society. We can love nothing but nature. The most wonderful talents, the most meritorious exertions really avail very little with us; but nearness or likeness of nature—how beautiful is the ease of its victory! Persons approach us famous for their beauty, for their accomplishments, worthy of all wonder for their charms and gifts; they dedicate their whole skill to the hour and the company, with very imperfect result. To be sure, it would be very ungrateful in us to praise them, very loudly. Then, when all is done, a person of related mind, a brother or sister by nature, comes to us so softly and easily, so nearly and intimately, as if it were the blood in our proper veins, that we feel as if some one was gone, instead of another having come; we are utterly relieved and refreshed; it is a sort of joyful solitude. We foolishly think, in our days of sin, that we must court friends by compliance to the customs of society to its dress, its breeding and its estimates. But later, if we are so happy, we learn that only that soul can be my friend, which I encounter on the line of my own march, that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but, native of its same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experience. The scholar and the prophet forgot themselves, and ape the customs and costumes of the man of the world, to deserve the smile of beauty. He is a fool and follows some giddy girl, and not with religious, noble passion, a woman with all that is serene, oracular and beautiful in her soul. Let him be great, and love shall follow him. Nothing is more deeply punished than the neglect of the affinities by which alone society should be formed, and the insane levity of choosing associates by others' eyes.—From Emerson's Essay on "Spiritual Laws."

### GOOD ROADS.

Care of the Roadside.

The casual observer the neglect of country roadsides is more than apparent. Weeds and brush grow to the wheel tracks, while old, decaying stumps and rail fences contain a wealth of foul brambles, briars and annual weeds. Here and there an ambitious farmer cleans out the old rubbish and plows the land to the road. But the neglect of the great majority puts the efforts of the few at naught, and the evil looking roadsides, coupled with a wretched roadbed, cannot fail to give the passing traveler an unfavorable impression of Eastern farming in general.

A law on the statute books of New York State provides for clearance of weeds and brush from the actual road, and directs the path masters to see to its enforcement; but, like many other excellent laws, it is nearly a dead letter. Overseers dislike to make trouble for their neighbors, and aside from their own farm fronts, can do little to better the situation. By the way, this overseer business is very much of a farce. A man is delegated to do a certain thing with absolutely no authority or recompense.

To the botanist the average roadside would be a delight. In a ten mile drive one may see the various weeds growing rampant, and one does not have to take the back roads, either. Burdocks, tansy and the dangerous poison ivy grow on the sides of the main roads, apparently unchecked, up to the limits of many smaller towns with no thought as to future damage or effort to check the growth. Brush of all descriptions forms the background in many cases, quite hiding the fields and farmsteads. Along wooded byways saplings are allowed to grow on the road, and in case of a bad storm it is sometimes almost impossible to travel on the back roads. Nor is this condition confined to any one locality.

Yet the remedy is easy, as the experience of many farmers will testify. First of all, one should dispose of the stump and rail fences. Such have their day. Fire is a quick and easy ridance, after first taking out what will do for firewood. Many people, especially in the smaller towns, will draw away the old stumps if given the privilege. After removing the stone piles the plow and harrow will reduce everything to order, when the land may be seeded. Along pasture fields one need not go to so much trouble. Put in a good woven-wire fence just in front of the old, and the stock, especially sheep, will save all trouble keeping the brush and weeds down. It is, however, a good plan to remove the stone to some hollow, even along the pastures.

The brush problem through woods, along the fences of abandoned farms, and also many rented ones, is perhaps the worst to deal with. It is worst than aggravating to do a nice job cleaning one's own side and have the opposite so overgrown as to force travel over to the new fence. Yet such places can be counted by dozens along the back roads. The only practical remedy is for the State to take a hand. Either enforce the law, enact a new one or make an appropriation. Where anything is done, the usual way is to cut the brush and briars, leaving them where they fall. This only aggravates the matter. In a very few years the shoots grow to rival the former residents, with numbers augmented most discouragingly. The old brush seems to act as a stimulating mulch, forcing the new to unheard of, endeavor.

Some forty rods of worse than ordinary roadside through a piece of woods on this place was dealt with and excellent results were obtained. We could not use fire to clean out the bottom, but were compelled to pull out the results of former cuttings. The green brush was then cut as low as possible, and all was loaded on a wagon and drawn away. Next, some stumps that had projected into the road since it was built were dug out and the road was graded straight. A good wire fence was strung along each side. Since this was done we have made a practice of cutting all brush and weeds closely each summer, until now they are well used up. The recent and last cutting was very easy; in fact, we used the mower most of the way, what was formerly a very unsightly road being now a very pleasant driveway.

Along cultivated fields I aim to pull the larger brush before trying to plow, using a good strong team and block and tackle on the larger stuff. Once thoroughly cleaned, they need no more attention than any cleared land.

The matter of shade should also receive some attention. Maples or walnuts planted along roadsides close to the fence will soon furnish nice shade and when the posts rot off one can nail to the trees. Apple trees are sometimes used, but are usually a nuisance. They cannot be sufficiently cultivated to produce good crops, and if along pasture the stock will always strain the fence to get at the apples. Better use cherries if fruit is an object. Locust and poplar are also to be avoided, as the sprouts are apt to undo all the good work and prove a curse to the next generation. Chestnuts and butternuts are good, but are slow growers. We hear much of the catalpa, but I am unable to say whether or not it is adapted to Eastern conditions. Better stick to the tried and true. By following some such simple plan and doing a little each year the farmers of this country could soon work a great change in the appearance of their land at slight expense and money.—B. Lee Eslingway, in the New York Tribune.

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A law on the statute books of New York State provides for clearance of weeds and brush from the actual road, and directs the path masters to see to its enforcement; but, like many other excellent laws, it is nearly a dead letter. Overseers dislike to make trouble for their neighbors, and aside from their own farm fronts, can do little to better the situation. By the way, this overseer business is very much of a farce. A man is delegated to do a certain thing with absolutely no authority or recompense.

To the botanist the average roadside would be a delight. In a ten mile drive one may see the various weeds growing rampant, and one does not have to take the back roads, either. Burdocks, tansy and the dangerous poison ivy grow on the sides of the main roads, apparently unchecked, up to the limits of many smaller towns with no thought as to future damage or effort to check the growth. Brush of all descriptions forms the background in many cases, quite hiding the fields and farmsteads. Along wooded byways saplings are allowed to grow on the road, and in case of a bad storm it is sometimes almost impossible to travel on the back roads. Nor is this condition confined to any one locality.

Yet the remedy is easy, as the experience of many farmers will testify. First of all, one should dispose of the stump and rail fences. Such have their day. Fire is a quick and easy ridance, after first taking out what will do for firewood. Many people, especially in the smaller towns, will draw away the old stumps if given the privilege. After removing the stone piles the plow and harrow will reduce everything to order, when the land may be seeded. Along pasture fields one need not go to so much trouble. Put in a good woven-wire fence just in front of the old, and the stock, especially sheep, will save all trouble keeping the brush and weeds down. It is, however, a good plan to remove the stone to some hollow, even along the pastures.

The brush problem through woods, along the fences of abandoned farms, and also many rented ones, is perhaps the worst to deal with. It is worst than aggravating to do a nice job cleaning one's own side and have the opposite so overgrown as to force travel over to the new fence. Yet such places can be counted by dozens along the back roads. The only practical remedy is for the State to take a hand. Either enforce the law, enact a new one or make an appropriation. Where anything is done, the usual way is to cut the brush and briars, leaving them where they fall. This only aggravates the matter. In a very few years the shoots grow to rival the former residents, with numbers augmented most discouragingly. The old brush seems to act as a stimulating mulch, forcing the new to unheard of, endeavor.

Some forty rods of worse than ordinary roadside through a piece of woods on this place was dealt with and excellent results were obtained. We could not use fire to clean out the bottom, but were compelled to pull out the results of former cuttings. The green brush was then cut as low as possible, and all was loaded on a wagon and drawn away. Next, some stumps that had projected into the road since it was built were dug out and the road was graded straight. A good wire fence was strung along each side. Since this was done we have made a practice of cutting all brush and weeds closely each summer, until now they are well used up. The recent and last cutting was very easy; in fact, we used the mower most of the way, what was formerly a very unsightly road being now a very pleasant driveway.

Along cultivated fields I aim to pull the larger brush before trying to plow, using a good strong team and block and tackle on the larger stuff. Once thoroughly cleaned, they need no more attention than any cleared land.

The matter of shade should also receive some attention. Maples or walnuts planted along roadsides close to the fence will soon furnish nice shade and when the posts rot off one can nail to the trees. Apple trees are sometimes used, but are usually a nuisance. They cannot be sufficiently cultivated to produce good crops, and if along pasture the stock will always strain the fence to get at the apples. Better use cherries if fruit is an object. Locust and poplar are also to be avoided, as the sprouts are apt to undo all the good work and prove a curse to the next generation. Chestnuts and butternuts are good, but are slow growers. We hear much of the catalpa, but I am unable to say whether or not it is adapted to Eastern conditions. Better stick to the tried and true. By following some such simple plan and doing a little each year the farmers of this country could soon work a great change in the appearance of their land at slight expense and money.—B. Lee Eslingway, in the New York Tribune.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Science is like fire—it burns away cross.

It is not always the man who sits up stiffest in church who walks straightest in the world.

How quickly Time sails on, while in its wake we watch our little vain ambitions vanish, one by one!

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

It is wrong to be envious, but just the same we never see a barefoot boy with his toes tied up in a rag that we do not envy him, sore toe, rag and all.

When it rests with a man, wholly and alone, to be right with himself and God, and none else will know his struggle or appreciate his victory, when he comes to heart against the self which custom, indulgence, position, have made, then, indeed, "greater is he that conquers himself than he that taketh a city."—J. Edwin Odgers.

### Japanese Language.

One may call attention to a strange item regarding Japan and her art, to wit: the fact that though the entire people—men, women and children—are artistic, the word "art" does not exist in the language. So great a scholar as Basil Hall Chamberlain, for a score of years professor of Japanese in the Imperial University in Tokio, says that the Japanese language has no genuine native word for what we call "art." "Bijutsu," he tells us, "is the word that the Japanese use. The inventor of this word put together two Chinese characters, one 'bi,' meaning beautiful, and the other, 'jutsu,' meaning craft, device, legdemalm."

For nature, too, from which has come so much of the inspiration of "bijutsu," strangely enough, there seems to be no adequate native word. Professor Chamberlain says that the nearest equivalent are "seishitsu," characteristic qualities, "bamutsu," all things, and "tennen," spontaneously. While he regards the absence of the word "art" as a weakness, he thinks the absence of a word for nature may be quite the opposite.

"Nature" he regards as a Proteus; it times a deistic synonym or euphemism for the Creator, at other times the beings or things created, or the impulses of man as opposed to his conscious acts or that which is reasonable and proper, or again with theologians exactly the opposite. "In short," says the professor, "the word 'nature' stands for everything in general and for nothing in particular—impossible to define, and serving only as a will-o'-the-wisp to mislead metaphorically minded persons."—Impressions Quarterly.

### His Sleeping Place.

Dr. David G. Wylie, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Central Park West, quoting from the Bible the saying "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty," told the following story of a sleepy boy to a gathering of West Side boys:

"This boy," said the doctor, "had been away from home for several weeks, so the mother wrote to his employer:

"Dear Sir—My son is no hand at writing letters. Will you please tell us how he is getting on? And do tell us where he sleeps at night."

The employer, who in this case was a grocer, sent an immediate reply.

"Your son," said he, "sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps at night."

Japanese form so considerable a part of the population of Seattle that the Government finds it convenient to establish a special postoffice for them.

### The Art of Conversation.

To one woman who is thoroughly satisfied with her ability to maintain a reasonable share of interesting conversation there are scores who distrust their own powers to the point of awkwardness. One has to note the behavior of guests at a reception given in honor of some more or less famous personage to realize that. The few who accept the presentation easily and gracefully, make little speeches that exactly fit and go away leaving an agreeable impression. The many look uncomfortable, appear awkward and say the wrong things if they find speech at all.

There is no short cut to grace of any description. Familiarity with an art brings ease, of course, and nothing broadens one like travel and much rubbing of elbows with humanity.

A woman's opportunities have never