

# With a Boston Market Man

By Joseph Nelson Pardee

“**W**HY not? Jump on and take a trip to market with me.”

It was a hot night in August. We had been sitting on the piazza smoking our after dinner cigars. Electric cars were whizzing by, loaded to the running boards with coatless men and hatless women, out for a cooling breeze. A string of market wagons, with their square built loads of produce, covered with the inevitable “sail cloth,” plodded by. The drivers, in shirt sleeves and overalls, bareheaded, were lounging on the seats, and now and then urging their hot horses to a little faster walk. Many a mile had they come in the most sultry part of the day, and several miles were still before them. The procession, broken at intervals, had been moving since noon, and would continue until morning.

From under the sunshade of one of the wagons we had recognized the familiar face of our friend John of Billford, and called on him to stop and give us the news from the country. The usual remarks about the weather had been passed, questions about the crops answered, the market prospects discussed, when John gave the invitation to accompany him to market.

With a curiosity to understand the process through which a part of our dinner had come to us from the farms, and after a hasty preparation, I was

soon perched upon the seat with John, and we were rumbling along toward Quincy Market. John, as he is familiarly called at home, is a typical farmer from the suburban district. His beard is not trimmed in the prevailing style, and underneath his overalls his trousers would not show the crease of the man of fashion. His dress is of inexpensive quality, but in his case, the “cheap coat” does not indicate the “cheap man,” by any means.

The city boys may call him a “hayseed,” but at home John is a man of substance and social standing. He has held various town offices, has served on the school committee, and is now one of the selectmen of Billford. In the city stores he is cordially greeted, and his credit is A No. 1. John is not a market gardener. His farm is a large one, and his main business is milk. With the shrewd calculation of his class he makes his fields do double duty. Not only two crops a year is his rule, but his principal crops are planted with one eye on the market and the other upon the crib.

He has acres of sweet corn. If the market price warrants, he can pick the ears and haul them in, while the stover goes into the silo. If the price is too low, the corn goes in with the stover. Of cabbage he has an acre or so, which may add a hundred dollars to

his bank account, or, if not worth marketing, it makes the best of cattle feed. Turnips, as a second crop, may prove very profitable, or may be fed to advantage. And John knows how to feed them without tainting his milk. Of other vegetables he is bound to have enough for home use whatever the season, and he plants so that he generally has a surplus to sell.

His orchard is extensive, and while the No. 1 fruit is put away for winter trade, his team makes many a trip to South Market Street with "wind-falls" and "seconds." Some of this we learn as we plod along through Cambridge at a steady gait, hurrying only as fast as the heat will permit. When the weather is cool and the roads good, he usually jogs his horses, for it is a matter of considerable importance to get a good stand.

Except in the case of the regular market men, the rule of the market is "first come, first served." The regular comers can get a ticket, which entitles them to a regular stand on Sunday nights for the season. This stand is reserved for them until ten o'clock on that night. Then, by keeping a wagon there constantly with something on it to sell, they can hold the stand all the week. On Saturday night every wagon is driven off and cannot return until six o'clock on Sunday evening.

In this way, John tells me, the best stands, at the lower end, are occupied by near-by gardeners, with every variety of garden stuff. They keep a regular salesman there, and fresh loads come in before the first wagon is unloaded. The salesman is in close touch with the garden, by telephone, and can hurry in loads, or keep them

back, according to the supply and demand of the market.

Thus, pleasantly chatting, we move along, past the great packing houses, with lights glimmering from the windows, and the squealing of hogs stealing out on the night air, telling of horrible doings by the night gang.

Not a human being is in sight, but as we pass under the structure of the Elevated Railroad John begins to carefully watch the shadows cast under his wagon by the electric lights. Recalling to mind that he has a companion, he hands over the reins, gets down, and taking to the sidewalk, loiters along behind with no apparent interest in the rumbling wagon.

As we go up the hill on Cambridge Street the scene changes. Even at this late hour groups are gathered here and there. Young men and maidens are strolling by, and boys are playing in the gutters. Interested in the scene, I have forgotten John's strange conduct, when suddenly I hear a scream, and John's excited voice, exclaiming, "I've got him;" and in an instant John appears with a struggling boy in his arms, asking half seriously what he shall do with him. I take in the situation, and reply: "Put him up here, and we will take him to the police station."

The boy is a well dressed little fellow of twelve years or so, apparently of respectable parentage, and probably a member of some Sunday school, who has evaded the curfew law, if there is no law at home for him to evade. He has now ceased struggling, and begun to plead: "Please, sir, let me go and I will never do it again." John has a kind heart. He gives the boy a moral lecture, lets him

go and resumes his seat on the wagon.

"This," he says, "is a troublesome part of the road. It is not adequately policed, and the temptation to steal fruit from the farmers' wagons is irresistible to the gamins that inhabit this part of Cambridge. When several teams go along together, one man can watch the team ahead of him. When we are alone we watch the shadows, but even then some of the thieves have a cunning that is too much for us. We usually brace in the boxes at the tail of the wagon, or put in empty boxes, but if we leave room for a hand, we may find when we uncover that we have lost half a bushel of fruit. Sometimes our ropes are cut, and we have had great slits cut in our canvas by the thieves. It is not always boys that do the mischief. It is as often grown men. One night I 'cut behind' with my whip and drew blood from the face of a rather pretty girl. Their skill and cunning are worthy of a better cause. We may watch for shadows, but they are keen enough to take us just when we are in the strong glare of the arc light in front, so that the shadow of their legs is thrown backward rather than under the wagon. Although the street may be full of people, they seem to consider it to be none of their business, or as perfectly legitimate to plunder a hayseed."

By this time we have reached the river. Before us and around us is a veritable "feast of lights."

Long stretches of lights glimmering along the banks, lights of the distant bridges, lights of the moving cars, lights rising above lights up Beacon Hill, crowned by the illumination of the State House dome, and all in-

versely repeated in the rippling water, make a picture worth jolting over pavements many a mile to see.

Now we are passing up Leverett Street, not yet gone to bed. We swing down into Wall Street to save pulling over the hill. A narrow street it is, with solid brick walls on either side, which hold the heat all night.

The heat has driven a suffering mass of human beings out of their stifling rooms into the open air, such as it is. Tired women sit in the doorways with sleeping infants in their arms. Tired children are sprawled upon the steps, and tired men lie along the sidewalks with hot bricks for a mattress, and weary arms for a pillow. All is still as death, except for the clink, clank, clink of the iron shoes of the horses on the stones, and the rumble, rattle and rumble of the iron tires over the rough, uneven pavement.

John is, withal, a philosopher. "We think we have a hard time in the country," he says, "with hard work, early and late, rigid economy and few luxuries, but thank Heaven! we can sleep. And our children! how little do we realize the paradise in which they live!"

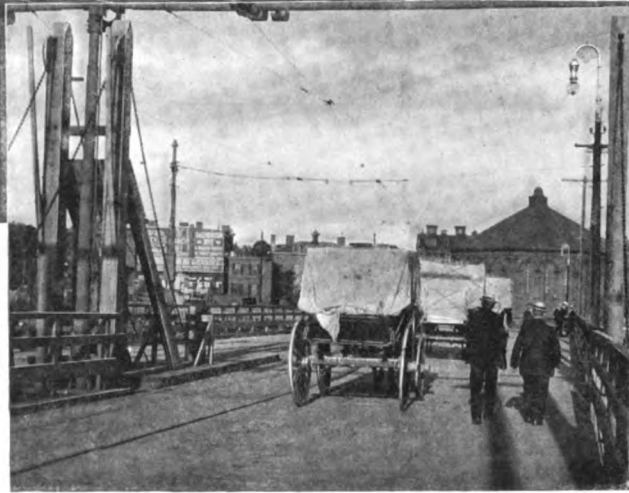
"These are mostly Jews. Though they may be poor, they live, on the whole, wholesomely and comfortably. What might we see to-night if we should go down into the Latin quarter among the poor Italians. 'Man made the town, God made the country.'"

We stop at the trough on Merrimac Street to give the tired horses the last drink on the road, and shortly pull up by Faneuil Hall.

We are in another country. The air as well as the scene is changed. and even the horses notice it and draw a full breath from the salt sea.



THE RUMBLING MARKET  
WAGONS CROSSING  
CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE



While up above, from Scollay Square to Bowdoin, stores are open, playhouses in full blast, and crowds are moving either way, down here the street seems absolutely deserted. The buildings are unlighted. Not a sound is heard but that of our own team, and the striking of a clock. Only a solitary policeman saunters by, not even looking at us. A solid mass of canvas greets us as we move down the street.

Suddenly, from some hidden recess, half a dozen stable boys appear. They recognize the team and as suddenly disappear. John is Tommy's customer, and in an instant Tommy comes running up with a word of cheery greeting and a beckoning wave of the

hand. He has a stand selected and we follow him into Winn Ricker's row. "Each row," John says, "is known by the name of the stall nearest it under the Quincy Market."

The horses are quickly unhitched, feed bags are hung upon the hames, blankets thrown across their backs, and off they go to the stable.

The pole is removed from the wagon, Tommy takes hold of the crossbar, John and I each grasp a wheel, and the heavy wagon, with its two-ton load, is easily butted up against the head of a wagon in the adjoining row, and Tommy follows the horses to the stable.

It is midnight and John has had no supper. That is the next considera-



SUPERINTENDENT MCKAY

tion. First, however, as he is loaded largely with sweet corn, which heats easily, he thinks it best to uncover. Some of the loads are uncovered, and boxes of fruit, vegetables and corn are spread out on the pavement.

John removes his ropes, rolls up his canvas, puts his whip into the bottom of the wagon, for whips, he says, like watermelons in the garden, are legitimate plunder, tucks his oil skin under the seat, and says, "Come, let's go and feed."

We pass along the sidewalk around the market. Stacks of vegetables, choice fruit from all parts of the world are piled up in profusion, ready for the morning trade. Now and then men stroll along, evidently farmers like ourselves. Accustomed, on the avenue, to bolts and locks, it seems a little risky to leave so much tempting property unprotected on a public street and I ask, "Is it safe?"

"Safe," he replies. "There is no safer place in Boston. Do you see that man in citizen's dress tipped up in an armchair against the wall, half

asleep? That is Symmes the night watch. Asleep or awake he has eyes all over him, like a traditional schoolma'am. He knows by instinct who has business down here at night, and who has not. Woe to the fellow with light fingers who comes prowling around this place. Last week two farmers, with country freedom, took two pears from an open box. They settled with him for two dollars apiece rather than to face McKay in the morning. An 'explanation' then would have cost them twenty."

"Is he an officer?" I asked.

"Well, he gets his authority from the city, but draws his pay from the market men. The market men on the sidewalk each pay him two dollars a week, and the farmers give him a quarter every Friday. It is big pay, but if anything is stolen at night he is supposed to pay for it."

By this time we have reached the New England House. The waiters



SYMMES, THE NIGHT WATCH



SWEPT AND GARNISHED ON SUNDAY

nod familiarly, the cook greets us cordially, and after a welcome wash we are seated at a table that would do credit to any hotel in Boston. One side of the dining-room is occupied by a well stocked bar, which is closed at this hour, and in one corner is the range, from which come sounds and odors of cooking that would tempt appetites less keen than John's and mine, though I had dined six hours ago.

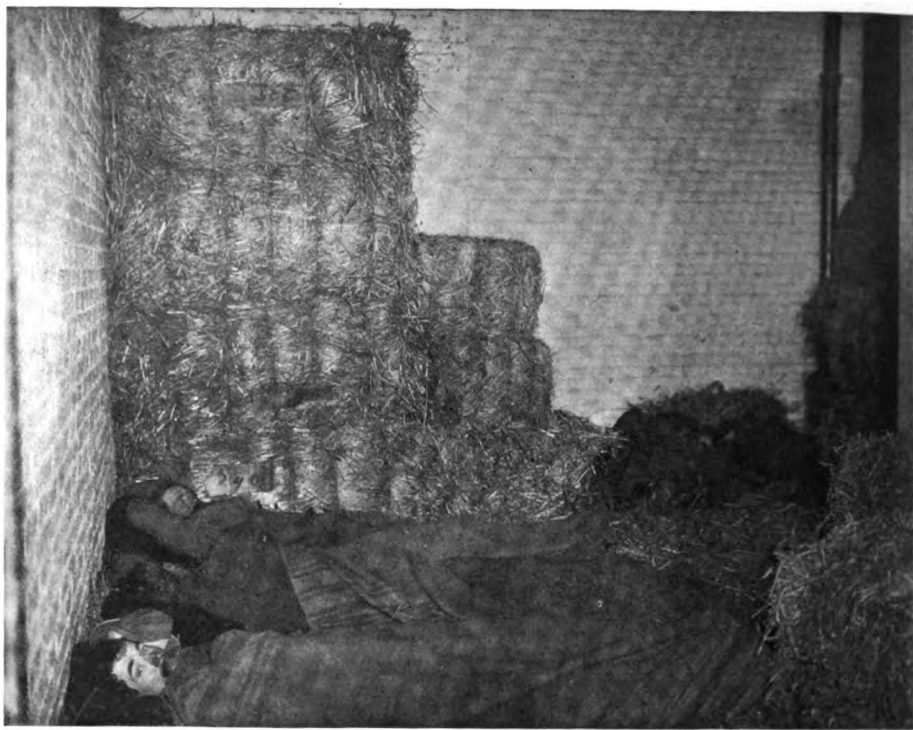
While waiting for our orders to be served I asked if John always got in as late as this.

"Oh, no," he says. "We like to start by noon or before so as to be sure of a good stand and a night's sleep. Sometimes we go to the theatre in the evening. But at this time of year, with perishable stuff that cannot be picked the day before, it takes us about all day to put up a load. Sometimes it is ten o'clock or after when we start, and we get in only in

time for the early market. Late in the fall, when there is danger of freezing our stuff, we do not start until midnight.

After a good supper, the next move is toward the stables. Those patronized by farmers are great brick buildings, story above story, and are among the best in the city. John shakes hands with the head hostler and is told where to find his horses. A thoroughgoing democracy is the rule in the market section. Your hired coachman may trust his horses to a stable boy, and make no further inquiry, but not so your farmer John. He looks to see that their mangers are filled with hay, and that they are bedded to their knees. If the hay Tommy gave them has been eaten, he is at liberty to give them more. From his own feed bag he gives them a liberal feed of oats, for marketing is hard on horses as well as on men.

It is now one o'clock, and a little



SLEEPING IN THE HAYLOFT

sleep is not to be despised. This is a free lodging house. John takes his blankets and we climb to the loft. The air has cooled a little, and windows and doors are open to admit the gentle breeze that is wafted from the harbor near by. John turns on the electric light, and the sight that greets us reminds us of a bivouac on the field. Fifty or a hundred men and boys are sprawled in all directions on the hay. Some, unable to sleep, are talking in low tones, but the great majority, old hands at the business, are sleeping as sweetly as in their beds at home.

John selects a spot as near the door as possible, cuts open a bale of hay, shakes it out, spreads his blankets over it, pulls off his boots, rolls up his coat

for a pillow, stretches himself at full length and invites me to do likewise, which I am not long in doing. In two minutes he is fast asleep. Since he got up at Billford, twenty-one hours ago, he has earned two hours' sleep.

At this "hotel equus" the rising hour is early. At three o'clock a hostler comes around and calls, "All up." Some are too sleepy and so he picks his way among them and shakes the sleepy ones until every man is awake. Some of them have no goods for the earliest market, and they go to sleep again.

John, however, is on the alert. He rises, rubs his eyes, draws on his boots, puts on his coat, and tells me that I can sleep as long as I wish. But I am here to see the whole show, so



IT IS THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

I follow suit. We roll up the blankets, take them down and hang them on the peg behind the horses, and start off to Cottrell's for an "eye opener." We are not yet hungry, but a cup of coffee that goes to the nerve centres, and a "single" (single biscuit) of generous proportions, hot from the oven,

put us in good temper for the morning trade.

Before we go to the wagon we take a look around the market. It is the height of the season, and South Market Street is full. Every stand on Commercial Street, where wagons may stand until nine o'clock, is occu-



pied, and the overflow has filled State Street, four wagons abreast, clear down to Atlantic Avenue.

John glances at them with the critical eye of previous experience. He says he is "gauging the market," and he remarks, "The market is full. Stuff goes low to-day. I shall sell at the first good offer."

The best customers are already going up and down the street, climbing on to wagons and lighting matches in some cases to sample the loads. They are mostly young men, with a quick business air and of few words. "How much?" "Fifty cents." "Make it forty-five and I will take twenty boxes."

They are buying for wholesale and jobbing houses. They have orders to fill for hotels in the White Mountains and down by the seashore, or for stores in northern cities, and for their own city trade. Time is money, and they have none to waste in banter.

They know their business and can quickly measure the demand and supply. They know most of the farmers, too, and how they put up their stuff. They want the best and are willing to pay a fair price for it. They are the best class of customers on the market, and the farmer who by bringing good stuff, honestly packed, has worked up a trade with them is a fortunate man.

John sells a part of his load. The buyer hands him a card, and in five minutes a team comes along, the driver calling out the buyer's name and the stuff is quickly loaded on the wagon. After John has sold out and is ready to go home, or during a lull he will go around and get his money and his empty boxes.

The bushel box is an eastern insti-

tution. Everything on the street is sold by the box or barrel, except cabbage and squash. Those are most generally sold by the piece. There is no retailing. "Peddling," in the market vernacular, means selling in small lots of one or more bushels. A box is synonymous with a legal bushel, and has certain reasons for being. It is made of light lumber, is eighteen inches square, and eight inches deep inside. Holes are cut in either end for handles.

The advantages of this box, over the Jersey basket, aside from convenience of handling, are that a heavy load can be put upon the deck boards of a wagon without being bulky, and can be bound solidly by a few turns of the binding rope so that it will ride safe on the roughest roads. The shape of the box is the invention of a genuine Yankee, for in packing empty boxes two boxes can be placed cornerwise into one, and a fourth box inverted on top, thus economizing space and preventing shifting.

The Boston wagon seems to have been made to fit the boxes. Not only the tread of the wheels, but the box itself is about a foot wider than the farm wagons in use north and west of the vicinity of the Hub. Thus two boxes or two barrels can be placed abreast in the wagon box, and the box of the regular market wagon is deep enough so that boxes can be packed two deep under the deck boards. A western man looking at a two-horse market load expressed grave doubt when told that it contained one hundred and four bushels of produce, weighing about 5,700 pounds. The wagon box, six boxes long, held twenty-four. Five deck

boards four boxes long carried sixteen each, and the load above the deck was only thirty-four inches high.

One inconvenience of the Boston market wagon is its height. High wheels are necessary on country roads, and in city streets the wagon must not require too much space in turning, therefore, to allow for room for the front wheels to turn well under, the body is so high that it requires high lifting to put the load on the wagon.

When a sale is made the box is not included in the price agreed upon. You must give a box in exchange or add ten cents to the price. Whether an old box or a new box, a box is a box and legal tender for a dime. The promise of a stranger to return the box is of no value on the market. "A box or a dime," is an invariable rule.

The wholesale buyers are soon gone and the sun begins to throw slanting rays over the tops of the tall buildings. Light teams with empty boxes drive up and stop on the opposite side of the street, and grocery men, provision men, hotel stewards and restaurant keepers pass up and down the rows, stopping at sight of what they want to bargain with the farmers. In an hour they are joined by hucksters, street peddlers, Italian fruit men with hand carts, women who keep boarding houses, and sometimes ladies in carriages who send their coachmen down the rows to examine the truck. Even John Chinaman is there, though mostly in evidence at the poultry wagons. Now teams begin to back down between the farmers' wagons to unload goods for stalls along the sidewalk.

John is a busy man just now. Two words with a grocery man who knows him, and two boxes must be taken to

a wagon across the street. Next comes an ill clad Israelite, whose chief object in life seems to be to buy at a heavy discount from the market price. In that respect he is equalled only by the Italian women. "How much for die sweet apples?" he asks. "Half a dollar," says John, "but the apples are sour." "I gif you fifteen cents." "Fifty cents, I say," John replies with emphasis. Solomon shrugs his shoulders, spreads his hands and whines, "I poor man. I gif you fifteen cents. I gif you moneys in your hant. No? I gif you twenty." But John has turned to other customers.

All about is bantering, bargaining, chaffing, each trader trying to get the better of the other. The buyers, made wise by experience, go to the bottom of the boxes to see that they are not being cheated by big on top and little underneath. It is expected that the top of the box will appear well, but many of the farmers are not above unscrupulous "deaconing."

"How much is it deaconed?" asks a peddler. "All it will bear," answers honest John. "If you are not satisfied dump it out into another box."

The street is now crowded with teams. Teams of all descriptions, from the "sheney's" hand cart and my lady's coupé to the big butcher's wagon and the heavy express. The noise rises to a roar, but there is no confusion.

All sorts and conditions of traffickers in produce are here, and you may study types from every nation on the globe. Old hands at the business stand behind some of the wagons, while next to them are beardless boys of fourteen years or under with their loads. The Irishman seems to pre-

dominate, but there are many Swedes and of late Polish Jews are driving in. All the farmers in a row may be strangers to each other but there is cordial fraternity among them, and confidence all around underlies seeming mistrust.

John is bantered by a peddler and accused of swindling, but the charge does not touch a sensitive spot. A bargain struck, and the stuff paid for, off goes the buyer without a word. It may be hours before he comes for his property. John has a chance to sell the stuff again, or carry it away, but the owner has no fear. A bargain is a bargain, and confidence is restored the instant it is struck.

"Don't you ever have disturbances on the market, John?" I innocently ask.

"Oh, yes. Sometimes. But law rules on the market as elsewhere. Up in the office of the superintendent is a man who sternly represents the law. A little angry talk in his jurisdiction will quickly bring an officer, with a quiet invitation to go up and see McKay, and the invitation means a fine, if nothing worse."

It is now nine o'clock and quiet begins to settle down. Few teams are passing, and buyers are not numerous. Farmers begin to visit with their neighbors, talk about the crops, the price of milk, methods of tillage, scientific feeding, and even politics are not eschewed. In fact, at times the market becomes a veritable "Farmers' Institute."

With the growing quiet we begin to feel the need of breakfast. John speaks to his next neighbor, a total stranger, asks him to look after his load, names the lowest price at which

he may sell, and we go to breakfast. The horses have been fed in the morning by the stable man. On a quick market John would have sold out long ago. Some have done so and pulled out for home. Other teams have come to take their places, and as this is the height of the season the going and coming will continue all day long.

Through the middle of the day customers are straggling. Farmers are tired of the business, and this is the opportunity for the hucksters. As a rule the farmers do not love them because they beat down so unmercifully, but John regards them as the salvation of the market. They are here now to buy at the lowest price, and they will buy anything if they can make anything out of it. Having bought they must sell, and if the market is glutted they must tempt customers by selling very low.

The storekeeper buys for his regular trade, and varies his retail price very little from day to day. After the regular trade is supplied the farmer may be left with half his perishable produce on his hands. Then comes the peddler who relieves him of his surplus at some price, and sells it at a price that brings it within the reach of the poor, to whom it may be something of a luxury. "No," says John. "We can't get along without the peddlers."

This is the time, while market men are idle, for another class of peddlers to get in their work. Here comes one with a new kind of wagon grease, offering it at your own price. Another with harness oil. One with overalls and jumpers. A white-whiskered, neatly dressed little Jew, his head about as high as John's stomach, offers sponges. A German comes along with



#### BARGAINING WITH THE FARMERS

a cushion under his arm, and John gives him an order for a new cushion for his wagon seat. A tall man, with a tongue well oiled, steps up briskly and tries to induce me to take out a life insurance policy. Last, not least, comes the portly watch chain man. "Now look out for fun," John whispers. "He is after greenies."

The old men know him and he knows them, and he passes them by

for a young fellow, apparently fresh from the country, who seems to promise easy game.

"Young man, you want a fine gold chain. Look at this. It's worth five dollars. It's the last I've got and I'll sell it for two and a half."

But the young man is on his guard, and says, "I have no use for it."

"But, if you don't want to wear it you can trade it off at home for five

dollars, any day. As it is the last I've got, and I want to close out, you can have it for two."

"I am not buying gold chains to-day. I have other use for money, with stuff selling at a quarter a box."

"Well then, make me an offer."

The young man turns on his heel and with a laugh says innocently, "I'll give you fifteen cents."

The old fellow puts on a dramatic air of disgust for a moment, and then in a tone of resignation, exclaims, "Well, it's the last I've got; take it."

The country lad is beaten, and amid the shouts of the bystanders he pays the bill, kicking himself meanwhile because he has offered more than ten. John says, "He would have got it if he had offered five."

At twelve o'clock an officer comes along and orders the outside wagons at the ends of the rows to be removed, in order to make more street room for the afternoon traffic, and about two o'clock the scenes of the morning begin again. Dealers from the suburbs pour in, and peddlers in greater numbers, and until about five o'clock the street becomes almost impassable. There would be jam after jam but for the skill of the police in keeping teams moving in the right direction. A single day on the market in July or August would convince the city fathers that Boston seriously needs improved market facilities.

John has sold out and sent Tommy after his horses, but it is an hour before we get out of the jam and join the solid procession of teams moving toward the bridge.

It will be midnight before John reaches home, tired and sleepy. I shall never again suspect a market

man of being drunk if I meet him on the avenue, asleep on his wagon, even though the saloons around the market are doing a thriving business. As we move out of the city, the horses seeming to sniff the air from the pastures at home, I ask John if it pays.

"Does it pay?" he repeats. "Figure it out for yourself. It took two men a day of hard work to put up the load. Their wages by the month and their board cost me two dollars. Two horses two days for the trip actually cost two dollars. My own time is worth, at least, as much as a common hand. That is two dollars more. Then I paid a dollar and a half at the stable, ten cents for coffee and a biscuit, twenty-five cents for breakfast, thirty for dinner, and thirty-five for supper last night. That amounts to \$8.50. It would have been eighty cents less if I had sold out in the morning. My load was of rather coarse stuff, such as only men engaged in dairying can afford to raise. I sold my load at an average of twenty-five cents a box, or \$20.00. That leaves me \$11.50.

"At the present price of grain it would have had a feeding value of twenty cents, or \$16.00 for the load. At this reckoning I have lost \$4.50 besides the wear and tear, which is something considerable."

"Why do you do it then?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he replied, "we do not always calculate so closely. In fact the most of us do not calculate at all. We have the stuff and we take it to market as a matter of course. Going to market makes a kind of excusable holiday for us. To young men there is a peculiar fascination about it. It is a change from the

monotony of farm work, and they see life in some of its real phases, and it brings them into contact with all kinds of men. But to us old fellows it is rather serious. It is a kind of gamble. On a good market we may get two or three times as much for our stuff as we have to-day. Sometimes we get less. One day the market is up, and another day it is down. We hear of high prices, and in we come. Everybody else has heard the same and everybody is here and down go the prices. Then too, for the most of us the bed rock comes pretty near the surface and our financial soil is not very deep. Although we may plough and plant in the spring with the full intention of not going to market unless the market demand is good, when crops are ready and marketable, bills are coming in, interest and taxes are falling due; we have the stuff and it is good for cash. Therefore, without stopping to figure out profit and loss, or what our time and produce would be worth at home, we load it

on to the wagon and to market we go.

"Some of us may console ourselves with the benevolent thought that if we had been sure of low prices, and had stopped to count the cost, many a workingman's wife in the city would have thought twice before she decided to add an ear of sweet corn to her Patrick's supper, or give him cabbage with his corned beef."

I wish John better luck next time and say, "Good night." He lights his pipe, chirps cheerily to his horses, and like the philosopher he and his kind are, drives home through the darkness to the midnight supper the faithful Mary has kept steaming hot for him.

I can see her now, as in a vision, sitting by the window, darning stockings to economize the time, while she is listening, listening, listening for the distant chuckle of his wheels.

To the cost of the food upon our table, how much shall we add for the wear and strain upon the farmer's wife?

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## In Extremis

By Charlotte Becker

THOUGH great his pain, who prays as sorrow bid,  
 "Father, forgive, I know not what I did,"—  
 Yet greater far his agony who cries,  
 "Father, forgive, I sinned with open eyes!"