HOTEL OF THE TRAMPS

BARN OF FARMER HIESTAND IN BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Hundreds Sleep There Every Year—None Is Turned Away—A Safeguard to the Community.

New York Press.

Nearly everybody in the world drives away the tramp on general principles, and those who do not usually are afraid of him. True, every hobo knows and marks for future reference the farm house where he can get a good "hand out" and where the dogs are not "sicked" on the brethren of the road, but as a rule the tramp is an Ishmaelite—his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. The "crook" is the only person to whom he can look for real sympathy, and that is because a large number of tramps are degenerate crooks themselves—crooks who have "lost their nerve" and taken to the road.

Probably the only respectable, honest man of property who really likes tramps and makes things comfortable for them is Jacob Hiestand, a rich farmer of Berks county, Pennsylvania. In the quiet Perkiomen valley, in Hereford township of that county, is a big barn, and that big barn is known far and wide throughout the land as the Hobo Haven. The fame of it has been carried to every jail and every "hang-out" where two tramps have met. It is spoken of with a pleasant word by "Weary Willies" risking their lives in their mad rides on the trucks of fast freights, and is discussed in full council when the tramp fires glow in the woods and the human wrecks who have lost even ambition gather to discuss the phase of that part of the underworld to which they belong. Far beyond the waters of the Mississippi the fame of that big barn extends, and is known to the waves of the Pacific when the hobo reaches the border of that ocean.

Jacob Hiestand's barn is large and commodious, and around it and his farmhouse lie the hundred acres of his fertile farm. In summer and in winter the barn is a popular resort for the hoboes. Strange to say, these wanderers on the face of the earth, with hardly a vestige of morality left, never have taken advantage of the hospitality which Mr. Hiestand has given to them so freely. In the course of the last few years thousands of tramps have wiled away the night either in slumber or story-telling within the shelter of Hiestand's barn. And each tramp has known that he was welcome to his shelter—that it was given with a good grace and was not begrudged. It really makes one think better of human nature to realize that the courtesy of the shelter of his barn never has been repaid with ingratitude to Mr. Hiestand by the tramp who accepted it. For years the hoboes have been coming, and still are coming, to the same refuge.

The way in which this popular resort of the hoboes became first established was this: Years ago, as Mr. Hiestand was standing at the gate in front of his house one night, there came along the road a hobo, dirty, tired and probably hungry.

THE FIRST APPLICANT.

"Say, mister," cried "Weary Willie," as he got a good look at the benevolent face of the prosperous farmer, "can I sleep in your barn?" The tramp had seen benevolent-looking faces before and had been deceived by them. Sometimes the benevolent lips had called big dogs to chase him down the road, which was unpleasant in itself, and more than all created a situation which caused something entirely too much like work on the part of the tramp. So this hobo kept at a respectful and a wary distance until he heard the answer to his request, which was:

"Certainly you can, my friend. But if you have any matches about you they must be given to me until morning."

The hobo gave up his matches and was shown to the big barn by his kindly host, where he was told to make himself comfortable until morning. The tramp enjoyed the sleep in the barn amid the odor of hay and the breath of cattle, and when the farm hands came early in the morning to open the big doors to feed the cattle and horses, milk the cows and drive them to pasture—when, in short, the whole early morning's work of the farm was begun—the tramp felt for the first time in years that there might be a pleasure in work and offered to labor with the farmhands to pay for his night's lodging. His offer was refused, however, and he trudged away to a farmhouse down the road, where he stopped to beg his breakfast. He got it, for the people of this quiet and pastoral neighborhood are all of a charitable disposition, and there are few houses for miles around from which a hungry man ever is sent away empty.

That kindly welcome to the hospitalities of Hiestand's barn became a cherished memory with the tramp who had first slept beneath its rafters, and as he journeyed on in that aimless wandering through which some strange Nemesis seems to drive the tramp he talked of it to his companions. That first tramp was the advance agent of that big barn, which has become now so well known to all the wayfaring fraternity. The pleasures and the hospitalities of the place and the general kindness of the people of the region lost nothing in the hobo's telling of his experience, and as an advertising agent the tramp was a success. It was not long before every hobo who pased through that section of Berks county was asking for "Hiestant's farm." As the good farmer was well known in that section of the country the wanderer had little difficulty in getting directions how to reach the object of his pilgrimage, and before nightfall he usually managed to reach the hobo's haven. The tramp always was received with a kindly welcome to his night's lodgings.

NONE TURNED AWAY.

Mr. Hiestand began to pride himself on the popularity of his big barn, and year by year the number of his guests increased, and not one of them ever was turned away, no matter how dirty and disreputable they looked and were. At first the neighbors objected to Hiestand's guests. They spoke of the burning of barns by careless tramps who seek shelter in them, this fear being common in all rural communities which are frequented by hobos, and they told of the robbery of hen roosts and potato patches and corn fields. But Mr. Hiestand argued that kindness would not be repaid by an injury. He said that God had been kind to him in prospering him and he would do what he could for those less fortunate in their life struggle than himself. Strange to say, after Hiestand's barn became so well known robbery by tramps became unknown in the happy Perkiomen valley, and not a barn has been burned since the hobos have been coming there in such numbers. Some of the neighboring farmers have been so much impressed with the results of Hiestand's experiment that instead of driving away tramps who come along just about dusk they offer them lodgings in their barns. But the hobos come to that locality to enjoy the hospitalities of Hiestand's barn and seldom will consent to stop over night in a less popular and less well-known place.

Every tramp coming to Hiestand's goes through a regular form of registering, as it were. First he asks of the farmer permission to sleep in his barn. Then he hands over his matches without being asked. Through all trampdom it is understood thoroughly that these are the ethics of the case, and any hobo who would fail to observe them would fare hard at the hands of his fellow-tramps. The under world has its unwritten laws as well as the upper world, and sometimes they are obeyed more conscientiously. The haymows are in the second story of the barn, but few of Mr. Hiestand's guests sleep there. They say it is too cold upon the hay in winter and too stuffy in the summer time. They like to sleep among the cattle and horses on the ground floor of the building. There they stretch themselves out in a vacant stall or on a feed chest with straw for a mattress and the same material for a bed cover, and sleep away the night. The farm hands come to the barn about 5 o'clock in the morning and then the sleeping tramps are routed out.

It is seldom that a hobo asks for breakfast at the Hiestand farmhouse. They consider, as did the pioneer tramp who discovered the place, that they have received enough from the charitable farmer in being allowed to sleep in the barn and go off to other farmhouses in the valley to beg their morning meal. Many of the lodgers offer to do farm work to pay for their lodging, and all thank their host before they take their way on the road again.

MANY KNOW HIM PERSONALLY.

Some tramps have been the guests of Mr. Hiestand so many times in the course of the years in which his barn has been open to the wanderers that they have a personal acquaintance with him, but the vast majority are strangers drawn to the happy valley by the reputation of its haven of rest.

The Hiestand homestead is in an ideal rural community. In the summer it might be called Pennsylvania's Sleepy Hollow. It is several miles from a railroad, while the nearest city is many miles away. For a long distance there are nothing but farms—and all of them fertile—while here and there is a schoolhouse and a church, and occasionally a little village.

"He's on his way to Hiestand's barn," is the remark made when a tramp is seen at any place within a radius of twenty miles of the homestead.

For several years Mr. Hiestand did not keep a record of the number of people who lodged in his barn, but as their number grew he thought that a record of his guests would be interesting and so he began to jot down every night the number of tramps who slept within his gates. The record shows that in the last three years nearly 2,000 tramps have sought the shelter of the hobos' retreat. The banner year was 1900, with a total of 752, the monthly records running: January, 61; February, 42; March, 77; April, 70; May, 77; June, 81; July 62; August 60; September 52; October 57; November, 53, and December, 60.

This is an increase of 191 over 1899, when free lodgings were furnished to 561 tramps. In 1898 Mr. Hiestand had 482 callers. The largest number in any single night was twelve, although on many nights from six to eight tired and dirty outcasts find rest in the barn.

Mr. Hiestand is a man of sixty, a Republican in politics and a Mennonite in religion. He proposes to continue his free hotel as long as he lives and tramps will patronize him. So far, he says, that he has nothing to regret in his experiment, and he has never seen the time since the first tramp arrived and claimed his hospitality that he thought of giving up the lodging of those unfortunate men who called upon him.

FLOWERS HARD TO GROW.

Trials of a Woman Who Took Up the Florist's Business.

New York Times.

Violet culture is very difficult. You would think to read the articles about the women who are doing it that it is as simple as wearing a bunch of violets, but it isn't. Sometimes one will have phenomenal luck with violets for several years, but it doesn't last. For some inexplicable reason a blight will suddenly come on the plants. As the florists say, the violets will just go off. No one seems able to explain the trouble.

"When I first fell foul of it I was in despair. I had an expert scientist examine a plant, and he told me one thing. Then I consulted an expert florist, and he told me another thing. Everybody advised me to go to an old German florist who was a wonder. I went. He led me out and showed me his violets in the same state as mine.

"'What it iss?' he said. 'It is de devil.'

"I guess that's about right. No florist can ward off the blight or cure it. It is one of the chances of violet culture. There is big profit in successful violet growing, but the chances of failure are perfectly tremendous. You don't hear about the failures.

"Carnations have a way of going off, too, from no perceptible cause. They just seem to die of anaemia sometimes. Then their calyxes burst, and they are a prey to rust. Altogether they fairly turn my hair gray, but they are interesting because there has been such progress and development in them. A good carnation isn't a cheap flower any more. Roses are the easiest things to raise. They don't often go to the bad entirely, though the American Beauty is a serious problem. Dull weather will spoil it, and any number of florists have been ruined by the culture of American Beauties.

"A good many florists failed in business last year because of the price of coal. Fires have to be kept going night and day. I buy my coal by the hundred tons, and it makes a pretty big item of expense. All expenses are big.

"At the end of my second year I had been successful enough to warrant my spreading out. Now I have eight houses. I pay over $100 a month for expert labor. Then there is the tobacco, the fertilizer, the wear and tear and repair, the handling and shipping and the losses. You have to get good prices to make any profit.

"But then, there is always a market and a high price for good flowers. The trouble is that so many of one's flowers must, necessarily, fall below first grade.

"I've given you the seamy side of the business, haven't I?—a regular tale of woe. Well, it is all true, and no woman, without a strong constitution and stubborn courage, ought to try the wholesale flower business; but there's a pleasant side to it.

"The work is very monotonous. There is never a time when the greenhouses are really still. There is constant interest in the growing things. Now that most of the drudgery is done by my employes, and I have only the superintending, I find the wholesale business fascinating, but I dislike the retail business.

"The latter is profitable and employs a woman's taste to advantage in the choice of paper for boxes, new ideas for putting up flowers, table decoration, wedding decoration, etc. In spite of high prices, the profits aren't so large as they used to be. In the first place, the quality of the flowers is better.

"Fine lasting roses on thick, sturdy stems are procured by cutting long-stemmed roses and so leaving few eyes on a rose branch. All the strength will go into the shoots and blossoms coming from those eyes, and the resulting roses will be exceptionally fine, but a good many roses have been sacrificed to make those few good ones and the price is naturally high. Still, if buyers would only realize it there is more satisfaction in two or three of the fine roses than in a dozen of the weak-stemmed, drooping sort.

"Handsome boxes and ribbons and all those things are a necessary part of the retail florist's business now, and, except in the case of a big order, they cut down the profit considerably. I've often sent out small orders on which there wasn't a cent of profit, but the customers were valuable to me and I had to satisfy them.

"All the wholesale florists are forcing Easter flowers now, and the greenhouses are wonderfully lovely. The retail florists are racking their brains for new Easter ideas for putting up the flowers. More growing plants are ordered here than ever before, and the best firms have exclusive designs for Easter boxes, baskets and ribbons."

A Bad Case of Ingratitude.

Detroit Free Press.

A very indignant citizen was telling what he would do to a man, who may be protected under the name of Smith, if Smith were only twenty years younger. "I'd pulverize him," was the first declaration. "I'd kick him around the block," as he warmed up, "mop the street with him, slap him up to a peak, and then knock his confounded head off. The old fork!"

"Neighbor of your's isn't he?"

"Yes, that's the deuce of it. I can't sell my house, and he keeps me so worked up that I'm liable to turn loose at any minute. Do? I'll give you a sample. His wife was in the carriage one day, the driver was sent into the house for a package, and the horse ran away. I caught him, was dragged half a block, saved her life, and was too sore to move about for a week.

"He was on the same car the first time I went down town, and insisted on buying me some little token of appreciation at the request of his wife. Fine woman that. I went with him; he took me to a 10-cent store and solemnly asked for the diamond department. He did, as I'm a living man, and when the salesman laughed at him he told me that he wouldn't have time to look any further that day. He has never mentioned the subject since, but his wife looks at me just as though she expected to be thanked for something.

"Oh, he's a caution. Four or five nights ago while he and his folks were away I saw a burglar prying open one of his windows that is only six feet from one of mine. I blazed away with a flatiron and let out a yell. The iron caromed on the top of the fellow's head, and then fell through Smith's window. The burglar managed to get away, but I stood guard till old Smith got home.'

"He surely must have been very thankful."

"Thankful? Him? He made me pay for the window."

In Doubt.

Washington Star.

"I always go to Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "when anything is puzzling my mind. But a doubt has recently arisen which I don't know quite how to express."

"Aren't you happy?"

"Of course, I'm happy—at least, I assume so. But I don't feel inclined to act the way other people do when they are happy, and sometimes I almost think that I'd have more fun if I were not married. But I can't make sure. I can't go to Henrietta and ask her whether, if she had been in my place, she would have married herself. It doesn't sound reasonable."

WOMAN'S POULTRY FARM

INVALID WISCONSIN WOMAN AND HER THRIVING BUSINESS.

Disadvantages Under Which She Has Worked—Exercise for the Hens—Writes for Poultry Papers.

Minneapolis Journal.

The village of Plainfield, Wis., has been noted for a number of years as being the most prominent point in Wisconsin for the shipment of potatoes, but recently it has shown signs of becoming famous from another source, namely, that of being a prominent station for the shipment of eggs and fowls. Recently in one day there was billed out of this station for Chicago a patent chicken car loaded with 6,000 pounds of chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks.

Up to the present time the poultry industry in this section has been carried on in a desultory sort of way by the "women folks," who have thus turned to profitable account the few spare moments they could snatch at intervals from their hard work in their kitchens. It relieves the monotony of household toil and at the same time places in the family stocking many a coin that otherwise would be out of the question. Naturally, a thinking woman, when she discovers that poultry is successful in providing the house with pin money, soon begins to wonder why it would not pay as a business, and, if she has the courage of her convictions, we soon find her running a poultry farm. Many are discouraged with bitter disappointments early in their careers, but others have patience and persevere until success crowns their efforts. Such a woman is Mrs. Alma Cole-Pickering, proprietor of the Snowbird poultry yards, located half a mile east of the village.

Mrs. Pickering's career as a poultry fancier will be especially interesting to the farmers' wives because she is a farmer's wife, though she manages the poultry business in her own name. Her husband, Sumner Pickering, devotes his talent to running a 200-acre farm in connection, but is sometimes called upon to help his wife when there is extra work to be done.

Mrs. Pickering has the advantage of having lived nearly all her life on a farm and at the same time of having been the recipient of a good education. She formerly lived near Oconomowoc, where her father owned a fine farm and raised thoroughbred stock. After her marriage she went to live on a farm twenty miles from Devil's lake, Ramsey county, North Dakota, where her husband was engaged in wheat farming. The dry years along in the early nineties left them in a most discouraging plight financially, and it was a desire to relieve their pinched purses that drove Mrs. Pickering into chicken raising.

She made her start with a few common hens, and when she found she was making a success with them she decided to take up thoroughbreds. After considerable study of the various breeds and strains she sent to Nellie Hawk, at Friend, Neb., and received a trio of single comb white leghorns. She paid $10 for that trio and it seemed like a lot of money to put into a few chickens, but they were worth it, and time has shown the wisdom of the investment. That was seven years ago.

FIRST YEAR'S EXPERIENCE.

The first year she raised eighty chickens by the old hen method, not counting forty that were killed by a terrific hailstorm. From the very first, in spite of many losses, Mrs. Pickering figures that her little white beauties have paid for themselves, and gradually as the flock grew they have enabled the family to enjoy many things that it could not otherwise have had.

In 1895 the family moved from North Dakota to this village, and the precious chickens, twenty-seven of them, the pick of the flock, were packed and shipped, but through some error the crates were on the road twelve days without food or care, so that when they finally did arrive nine of them were dead. Nine of the living were cockerels, leaving only nine producing birds with which to start anew.

The family moved into an old homestead where the buildings had been neglected and allowed to become infested with rats and when the chicks were hatched out they at once fell upon them and devoured three hundred of them before rat poison put an end to their career. This last year over one hundred of the half-grown chicks were poisoned by eating the rank growth of toadstools that sprang up after the heavy and frequent warm summer rains. The chicks had never before been known to eat the toadstools until this summer.

Mrs. Pickering makes her greatest profit by selling eggs for hatching and mated birds for breeding purposes. She charges $1.50 for a setting of fifteen eggs, $2.75 for thirty, or $7 per hundred. For her hens she receives from $1 to $5 each, for cockerels from $2 to $25 each. Trios range in price from $4 to $35. The fact that Mrs. Pickering was compelled to cancel orders to the extent of $200 last year shows that there is an active demand for fancy stock.

The practical woman will ask what has been the financial result of Mrs. Pickering's labor. She has been in the business for seven years and in spite of the mortality caused by inexperience, cats, rats and toadstools, she has been able to clear up every year from $100 to $300, besides supplying the family needs in the way of eggs and chicken meat.

Mrs. Pickering is a thorough believer in the profitableness of printer's ink and in response receives orders from all over the country, even from persons at so great a distance as British Columbia, southern California and Massachusetts. Most of her eggs and stock are sold to fanciers. She has a voluminous correspondence and receives many strange letters from inexperienced parties, who have become fascinated with the industry by reading some of the glowing literature with which some breeders and poultry food manufacturers flood the country periodically. One woman down East wanted to know if she couldn't clear up from $500 to $1,000 per year on a city lot. Mrs. Pickering told her to start with a well-bred trio of some standard breed and get a piano box for a coop at first. Many who are very enthusiastic at first soon tire of the routine of duties and failing, through inexperience, to get the roesate results that they had been led to expect, throw up the business and take up some new fad. Mrs. Pickering would advise no one to go into the poultry business unless they are willing to work hard and persistently. Novices should avoid expensive equipment and only after they have become thoroughly satisfied that they have the patience to continue in the work should they make a large outlay of money in the way of a plant.

EQUIPMENT OF THE FARM.

Personally Mrs. Pickering has had some serious disadvantages to overcome herself. Her husband does not own the farm on which he lives. Therefore, they have had to do the best they could with the buildings on the property, fearing to erect any of their own more suitable for their purposes because the farm is liable to be sold at any time. A carriage shed has been converted into an incubator and brooder house, while the grown chickens are housed in what was once a long cow shed. The latter faces the west and has a row of windows along that side. Outside are large scratching pens where the chickens have free range in the summer, when they are usually kept green with growing rye.

One end of the long shed is partitioned off for the young cockerels, which during the winter are not allowed to run with hens. The rest of the shed, which is large and airy, is reserved for the hens. The floor is kept thickly littered with straw and the birds get plenty of exercise scratching around for the grain that is purposely scattered through it. None of the flock is allowed out of doors in winter except in the finest weather. No special pains are taken to keep the scratching pens warm except to ward off all drafts, but the roosting roof is frostproof. Some people object to the high-combed variety of fowl because the combs freeze so easily. Mrs. Pickering answers this objection by saying that no fowl of whatever breed or shape can be kept at a profit where it is cold enough to freeze a high comb.

Mrs. Pickering never uses the prepared foods that are "guaranteed to make hens lay." She believes most of them to be a positive injury to birds that are laying eggs for breeding purposes and of doubtful value in forcing egg production for the grocery market. She feeds her birds according to the usual rules laid down in the first-class poultry journals; wheat screenings, buckwheat, a little corn and sometimes a hot meal mash of corn and oats or other ground food, furnish two meals a day. A head of cabbage hung up even with the chickens' heads, so they will have to jump for it a little, is a good food and an excellent exerciser. Table and meat scraps and bone are also fed.

While Mrs. Pickering has no quarrel with the lovers of other breeds, she is very partial to the single-comb white Leghorn, because of its beautiful pure white plumage, its laying qualities, its hardihood, and as a fair flesh producer. She keeps three strains, the Nellie Hawk, the Patterson and the Wyckoff, in order to furnish birds of no blood relationship. She believes that the small fancier will have better results by selecting and sticking to one breed than by fussing with two or three. Many a careful fancier has had his reputation ruined by sending out eggs from breeds that had got accidentally mixed with some other.

Owing to the fact that no first-class scoring judge has visited this vicinity, none of the birds raised on the Snowbird farm have been scored, but the proprietor has carefully studied the standard herself, and uses only birds which she would score above 93 in her breeding pen.

At first Mrs. Pickering hatched her chicks by hens, but during the last few years she has been using incubators with good results. The best hatch she ever had was 90 per cent. of the fertile eggs. The best hatch reported by her patrons was by a lady living several hundred miles distant, who hatched thirty chicks and raised twenty-eight out of thirty eggs. She uses both hot-water and hot-air incubators. She has the best success when she operates them in a cellar.

Although Mrs. Pickering is an invalid and suffers a good deal from spinal trouble, she manages to write considerable for various papers, in addition to taking care of her chickens and doing all the housework. She is about thirty-five years old and has a pair of bright chicks of her own, as rosy as the combs on her feathered pets. She writes for Poultry Success, Poultry Tribune, National Poultry Journal, Poultry Journal, Poultry Herald, National Fancier, Wisconsin Agriculturist, Orange Judd Farmer, Housekeeper and Dakota Farmer. She is also a director in the Wisconsin State Poultry Association.

STAND BY THEIR BUTTONS.

Nearly Every One Wears Insignia of Society Membership.

Washington Star.

"There never was a time when lapel buttons of orders, associations, clubs, colleges, classes, corps, societies and fraternal organizations were so popular as now," said a dealer in these articles of individual distinction.

"It was only a few years ago that the lapel button was confined pretty much to the members of the G. A. R., the members of the fraternal societies wearing pins. Now about every other man you meet wears a button of some sort, and, though the election is over a month, the McKinley button is frequently seen. In fact, in the last campaign the trade sold more buttons than ever before and they went all over the country.

"What particular reason may be advanced why men wear these outward emblems of membership to a certain order? Well, there are two principal reasons—to give notice to their fellow members who are strangers and also to inform the public. Again, man is not yet entirely removed from the traits of his former state of barbarianism, and personal adornment with bright ornaments is one of the characteristics of savagery. The underlying principle of human vanity which causes the Alaskan belle to pierce her thick lips with a sharp piece of fish bone is the same as impels her more civilized sister elsewhere to pierce her ears for rings. A man with a button in the lapel of his coat, no doubt, feels that he is just one degree at least better than the man who hasn't one, especially if he is a member of one of the more exclusive fraternal or other organizations. If he didn't he wouldn't wear it.

"In France the wearing of the tricolor of the Legion of Honor means something to the wearer aside from the great personal distinction which attaches to the man who can display the little knot of ribbon on his coat, as he is exempt from arrest save for the most serious crimes and otherwise possesses privileges in public which the public there fully respects. In this country there is a comradeship among the wearers of the same button and its outward exhibition is usually sufficient for an informal introduction right on the spot between two or more total strangers, which is a good thing among men who travel. Anything which will make closer the bond of human sympathy in this cold, practical world is to be encouraged.

"Within the last few years, and especially this year, the vogue for wearing pins indicative of the colors of the different colleges has greatly increased, particularly among the fair sex, who thus show their fealty to the institution which their big brother or sweetheart attends. Our trade takes a spurt at the beginning of the football season.

"Members of athletic and yachting clubs are fond of their respective emblems, and they are to be seen in the lapels of all members of the different military organizations. The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society take pride in the plain gold initials C. E. interwoven, and I doubt if any member of the Gridiron Club, Washington's club of journalists, would part with his little golden gridiron for a well-stocked jewelry store."

AN INDIAN DELICACY.

Pleasant Dish Served to a Visitor in an Arapahoe Tepee.

Darlington (O. T.) Letter in Chicago Post.

One day soon after our arrival here a tall, hungry-looking Indian, Starving Elk, called and invited us to take tea at his tepee. Like the Romans of old, he mysteriously intimated that one dish of what we would be invited to partake would be something new to us and, therefore, a surprise; and, as he was a very odd-looking Indian, I expected the dish to be as odd as the appearance of our host.

I conjured up a vision of a modern Minnehaha entering the hospitable tepee and bearing aloft in her hand a huge pie from which four-and-twenty blackbirds would take flight. Or, perhaps, the surprise would be an omelet, in the center of which would be hidden some Indian confection.

When the day arrived we went to the tepee village and espied our host lying on the ground smoking a cigarette. He arose, threw back the flap of his tepee and cordially invited us to enter. Inside a number of Indians were seated in a circle, in the center of which a kettle was hung over a fire. The tepee was filled with smoke and steam. When I had winked and blinked enough of the smoke out of my eyes to be able to distinguish a vague outline of our host I pointed to the kettle and timidly asked:

"What is it?"

Then loudly laughed the noble red man. "Puppy soup," he proudly answered. "Maybe so you like it heap much."

"You maybe like it," said his squaw.

The surprise was almost too much for me, and for a moment I wished that Columbus had not discovered America. The soup was served in a kettle, and we were all invited to dip in, and the big and little dippers needed no second invitation. I managed somehow to swallow the lump which rose in my throat; I glanced at Mr. Starving Elk and it occurred to me how mean and, in fact, how doggish it would be to deprive any one with such a hungry name of even so much as a tiny bit of the delicate ragout. Then, too, there were little Starving Elks to be considered, as they were present in large numbers. And just then a suspicion flashed across my mind which gave me plenty of food for reflection.

When Starving Elk called upon us a cunning little puppy had followed and played at his heels. It was an affectionate little fellow and had looked up into my face with expressive brown eyes. I now remembered that as we entered the tepee many dogs were lying about just outside the entrance, but the little seal brown puppy was not among them. My suspicion became a certainty and I knew that I was attending the puppy's funeral, and in that gay and hungry assemblage I seemed to be the only mourner. The Indians used their hands in place of soup spoons and they seemed to consider them good substitutes.

Formality was conspicuous by its absence, and as I watched and listened to the soup eating, interspersed with grunts, which translated would mean "heap good," I realized what a boon this dish would be to the people in cities at this time of year, who are obliged to eat the first early strawberries of the season. Even when eaten with a liberal supply of cream, they are pronounced tasteless and without flavor. To these unfortunate ones what could be more tempting than pupy soup, which ought to find its way not only to the tables, but to the affections of the American people.

The soup was all eaten, even to the tail, and this was the end of the puppy. With a delicate sense of the eternal fitness of things, a quantity of sand, which had settled to the bottom of the kettle, was eaten last, and therefore the last rites of the puppy's funeral were observed, even to covering his remains with earth, and if each Indian had finished the repast by swallowing a small tombstone one could have said that even if this dog had not had his day, he had a tombstone.

Cigarettes were passed in place of the pipe of peace, and the odorous smoke, mingled with the other odors and the smoke, made a combination which could be easily cut with a knife. I watched the Indians lying around lazily smoking, contentment pictured on their faces, and thought if their motto for the enjoyment of life could be put into words it would read "Dolce far niente." Before leaving I begged Starving Elk for the recipe of puppy soup, and all who wish to enjoy this canine dish will find it a complete cure for that tired feeling one has in the spring, and so touchingly described by makers of patent medicines.

STEERING A PARACHUTE.

Balloons Less Dangerous than They Seem to Be, Says an Aeronaut.

New York Sun.

"It may look like guess work," said the retired aeronaut, "when a man cuts loose his parachute and heads for the earth, but if he is up in the business he can pick his own lighting place. A parachute is not entirely at the mercy of the air currents, but can be guided easily.

"By the time the rider and his bag get within a hundred feet of the earth they are going rather slow, barring any wind afloat. As most ascensions are made in cities or suburbs a little guiding has to be done. If you are coming down in the business section a man must try to pick out some tall block or flat-roofed structure, and he must watch out for the electric wires. If in the residence section he must avoid trees and ponds. How does he do it? Oh, it's simple. Just lean your weight against the side of the trapdze rope and push. This will give a decided swing to the 'chute, and it will move along through the air as though propelled by a pair of oars.

"It might seem that if there was one business that would compel a man to keep a clear head it is riding the bag, but just as you hear of oil-well shooters tossing nitroglycerin around or quarrymen smoking near a pile of powder kegs, so parachute jumping deadens the sense of fear and men will be found every now and then who go up with a comfortable jag under their belt. It doesn't often happen, because the man is certain to get a good scare or a ride in a hearse. The feeling of the helplessness that comes over a fellow shooting up at a terrific rate from the earth, the seeming uncertainty of his grasp, although in fact he is holding on like grim death, combine to give a dizziness that is bad for the chap.

"The hardened rider in a normal condition feels no sense of giddiness at all. You have seen men on the horizontal bar whirl around and around and light on their feet at the conclusion of their act without any signs of dizziness. It is the same with riding the bag. Giddiness never attacks a man if he is right. If he isn't its attack is all the more terrifying. If he has sense enough to reach the cut-off rope and yank it he will land all right. If he hesitates long the chances are even for a nasty fall and maybe death.

"Accidents that are accidents pure and simple are very few. Once in a while the big balloon after it has turned over and let loose its load of air may take it into its head to chase the man and drop down on him. It takes a little quick maneuvering to get out of the way, but as a usual thing after the bag is released it leaps rapidly up and slowly turns over off to one side. If the cut-off rope does not work and the 'chute' clings to the bag, which sometimes happens, the man is down for a good long ride in a chilly atmosphere. I have gone away above the clouds more than once because of a failure of the valve to work, but the lower temperature soon cools off the hot air, the bag remains stationary for a while and then begins a slow drop. It is rather dangerous, but the approach to earth prevents too rapid cooling and permits a slow descent. A man needs only to keep his head and he will come out all right.

"A man never loses the feeling of intense exhilaration that attends the rapid rush through the air. It is comparable to that of the person who shoots the chutes or tackles a roller coaster. The swift rush of air past the face, the sense of freedom and the swaying motion combine to make it a very interesting experience, and soon deadens a man to the danger, and keys him up to the point where he does not feel right if he doesn't get his daily ride."

Two Examples—One Shining.

New York Evening Post.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was visiting in a New England city, and her hostess, who did much home missionary work, volunteered to take her to a home which was a shining example of what might be done on the most slender income by a woman who knew what good management meant. She led the way to a wretched neighborhood. They stopped at a tiny tenement which even outdoors showed the radiance of cleanliness. Mrs. Burnett's guide did not stop to knock; she walked in and led her guest unceremoniously through the few tidy, spotless rooms till they came to a kitchen, where a woman stood over a steaming washtub.

"This is one of the few model homes of the poor," explained the dispenser of charity. "The husband earns only $7 a week. His wife makes a few extra dollars by washing, and there are five children to bring up on such an income. I discovered them in the dead of winter, when work was not to be found, nearly starving and frozen. This class would almost rather die than take charity." Mrs. Burnett says as long as she lives she can never forget the flush of shame and helpless misery which reddened the face of the mistress of that humble tenement. Such an incident emphasizes the need of human sympathy and fine feeling in the woman who dispenses public charity.

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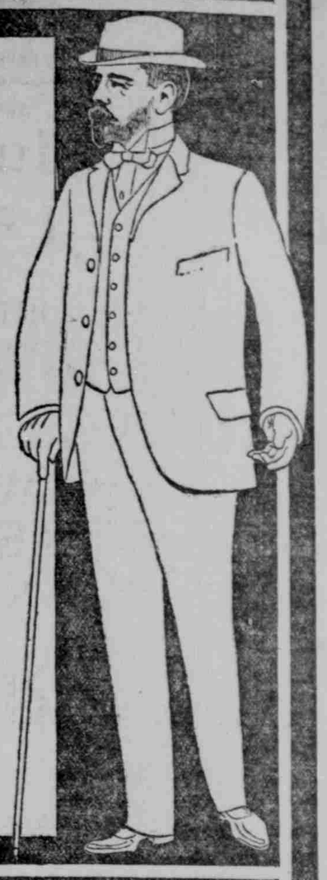

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