

THE STORY TELLER

SUNDAY.

The Sunday now,
The day is still,
And on the brow
Of yonder hill
A lonely tree
Stands as if it
Might simply be
A painted bit
Against the dawn;
As still it stands
As if 'twere drawn
With human hands.

And birds that sang
On yesterday,
Whose glad notes rang
A roundelay,
So shrill and sweet
It seemed it might
In rhythm beat
Throughout the night,
Now sit as still,
Or softly croon
From yonder hill
A gospel tune.

And over there
Across the street,
With platted hair
And faces sweet,
The children go
Sedately down,
Some fair as snow,
Some almost brown,
To Sunday school
And take their seat
'Midst shadows cool,
Demure and sweet.

God bless them all!
Just yesterday
I heard them call
The same old way,
And lift and laugh
And dance and run
As bits of chaff
Float in the sun;
God bless each lad
And girlish mite;
They'll all be glad
And grimed ere night.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Sally Tigg of the Tutti-Frutti's

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IF THE many schemes to separate the public from its money," said Major Ike Gleason, "commend me to the idea of fraternity. If ever I have a dollar that I desire to see disappear, either wholly or in part, steer me for a lodge room. And if the day should ever come when I forget the hard truths I learned across the knee of a benevolent Sunday school superintendent, make me president of the Sons of Beelzebub, or something else.

"It's a queer game, with more mystery to the square inch than a plate of boarding house hash. The cards are all marked and stacked, and grim Fate has decreed that ladies shall make the best dealers. A man has a slim, forlorn chance when he sits in a game with a fellow man who wears a plug hat and sports a diamond in his tie; but when a woman throws in her chips, he wants to bring along an extra suit, or he'll go home without even the protecting embrace of his own very shirt.

"Sally Tigg was a case in point, and said point was sharp. Sally was 39 and unmarried, which may account for many things. Take a spoonful of tobacco sauce, sprinkle it with pepper and swallow it, and you'll have a life-sized portrait of Sally. Take a Wall Street gentleman, with an eagle eye on his neighbor's wealth, and you'll have Sally again. Then take any ordinary old gentleman who makes a practice of minding his own business and paying his rent, and you'll have what Sally was not.

"Sally Tigg joined the Tutti-Frutti Ladies just when they needed her most. Money was as scarce as billy-goat whiskers, and the treasurer had nothing to do but look wise. For a couple of meetings there was nothing doing. Then somebody said that Sally, poor thing, was beginning to show her age and was getting too old for active work, and rolling up her sleeves, Sally spat on her hands and sparred for an opening.

"Her first offering was a dark horse. It was concealed in a bag, and the members were to pay five cents a chance, and the winner was to bring a dark horse for the next meeting, and then they were to take chances all over again. 'The more dark horses, the more money,' said Sally, and they went at the constitution with a bowie knife and cut out such a scandalous thing as a monthly meeting, and changed it to a gathering every week. Soon the Tutti-Frutti's money was on speaking terms with some of the swellest accounts in the bank, and at the end of six months the society decided to give a ball.

"Sally was the whole show. One little girl was engaged to Perkins, a printer, and Sally appointed her a committee of one to see to the press-work. 'How much?' said the little girl to Perkins, and Perkins said 'Nothing,' and went to the back of the shop and asked somebody to kick him. Then Sally called on some of the merchants. They were looking for contributions to raffle, she said, sweetly, and the first man she tried to hold up showed her the door, and asked her did she think he was running a hock shop. After that she used tact. Of course, if a store-keeper could afford to lose the Tutti-Frutti Ladies' trade he needn't give anything, but—The merchants took the hint. First came a Morris chair, then a bottle of hair-oil, then a bunch of junk that would have done credit to an iron foundry, and lastly a cheap wedding ring. 'You can give it to some one of the old maid ladies,' said the clerk in the jew-

elry store. Sally never spoke to him again.

"The society called on the editor of the 'Weekly Howler' in a body, and that divinity nearly fell out of his sanctum when they asked for free space. It was unheard of, he sputtered, and then they sat down to argue it out, and from that moment he wasn't even an also-ran. At five o'clock the printer's devil carried him out limp as a rag. 'We'll come again tomorrow,' said Sally. 'Don't,' implored the editor; 'I'll give you half a column.'

"I think they paid for the hall, but I'd have to see the bills to believe it. Each and every Tutti-Frutti Lady was expected to sell ten tickets, and soon the town and the male inhabitants thereof began to wear a haunted look. You couldn't go to the corner grocery without being held up for a quarter, and it meant financial ruin to go out for a prolonged walk. One lady camped on my trail for three days, and then I tipped a policeman a dollar to lock her up as a suspicious character. That quieted things down a bit.

"The day of the ball breakfast and dinner were unknown quantities. The tickets read 'including supper,' and we were preparing to settle old scores. 'We'll eat even the dishes,' said Perkins, the printer, and I invited all hands to have one on me. 'Strike at the oppressors,' said I, and every man promised to do his duty. It was a solemn moment, a very solemn moment.

"The ball was a grand success. The jewelry clerk wore a white vest and patent leather shoes, and Perkins, the printer, sported a red tie. The band was an amateur cornetist. He knew only 'Marching Through Georgia,' and he played that over and over again until midnight. Then we took up a collection and begged him to stop, and while he was packing away his instrument, I went down stairs and scouted around.

"The boys were buckling their belts tighter and winking at one another in anticipation. 'There's many a slip,' said I, and I put my eye to a keyhole and peeked into the dining-room. A long table stood in the center of the floor, and on each plate was one lone, solitary sandwich.

"I went back to the dining-room with all the modesty of one who has made a great discovery. They were pairing off for the supper march, and getting my hat, I slid out to the street. Pretty soon I heard a yell, and after that came sounds as though somebody was trying to stand the dining-room on its festive head. 'Sweet



SALLY TIGG.

land of liberty,' said I, and I started thoughtfully homeward. As I entered my boarding house the police patrol dashed past the door, and as I rolled into bed I heard the fire engines go up a side street. Then I sank into the sleep of the just.

"Next morning I met Perkins, the printer. His eyes were blackened, his head was done up in bandages, and, taking him all in all, he looked like a hospital out for a walk.

"'See Sally Tigg?' said he.

"'Looking for her?' said I, surprised.

"'I am,' said he, making a noble effort to see straight. 'If you come across her send her around to the shop, will you?'

"'Sure,' said I.

"'And Ike,' said he.

"'Yes,' said I.

"'Send the coroner with her,' said he, and he walked down the street."

Major Ike buttoned his coat and stared dimly across the room. I lit a cigar. After awhile Major Ike rose to his feet and sighed.

"Some things," said he, impressively, "are necessary evils, like mother-in-law and politicians. I always bow to the inevitable. Guess I'll go down and pay my dues in the Sons of Opportunity."

BEATS TYPEWRITER RECORD.

Boy of Eighteen Reels off Nearly 20,000 Words in Seven Hours—Uses Old System.

A notable typewriting feat was performed in St. Louis by S. F. Cole, aged 18, of Catskill, N. Y. He broke the world's record for the greatest number of words in seven hours of continuous writing. At the end of five hours the previous record of 22,000 words was broken and Mr. Cole decreased his speed, finishing the seven hours with a total of 28,944 words, an average of 67 11-12 words per minute. The previous record was made by Mattie F. Pretty, in the United States senate office on the 29th of last July.

Cole received his training in a law office. In speed writing he uses the first finger of each hand and in his recent test he wrote a 54 word sentence from memory.



HARRY L. KRAMER,

The Famous Cascarets Man, Who Invests a Thousand Dollars Every Day for Newspaper Advertising.

THE young man whose portrait is printed above is a living, breathing illustration of the success which can be obtained by practical faith and persistent and judicious investment in newspaper advertising. Mr. Kramer, only a few years ago, without capital, started, in a modest way, advertising in newspapers the merit of No-To-Bac, the original guaranteed tobacco-habit cure, building up dollar by dollar an enormous mail order business for that successful specific. His original line, 'Don't tobacco spit and smoke your life away,' through the medium of newspapers, became known throughout the English-speaking world, and brought in unprecedented results. The secret of his advertising method is "reinvestment," which is practically "doubling his bet" from day to day. When Mr. Kramer ran his first advertisement ten years ago his capital was less than \$100. He wrote the order on a rented typewriter operated by himself, and his advertising appropriation was \$5.00. Three years ago he originated the famous Cascarets Candy Cathartic that "work while you sleep," and this year he employs over 200 people, including twenty stenographers and typewriters and a system of ten graphophones. His daily newspaper advertising investment is over \$300,000 a year, and he is counted as one of the greatest practical, because successful, authorities on the science of advertising in the world. His delight is to see the working of the enormous advertising machine which he set in motion a few years ago, and his ambition is best illustrated by an expression made use of to a friend recently. He said: "My boy, we'll get rich when we make money faster than we can spend it for advertising."

Besides the No-To-Bac and Cascarets enterprises, Mr. Kramer scored another great business success in the Magna-Mud baths of Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind., the only place where this wonderful treatment for rheumatism can be obtained. The place, soon after No-To-Bac began securing recognition, was a mere wilderness in the hills of Indiana, but nature had provided the material, mud and lithia water, for the cure, and Mr. Kramer appreciated its possibilities at first sight. To-day there is at the Indiana Mineral Springs a \$250,000 plant of hotels, bathhouses and cottages, electric-lighted, steam-heated, with beautiful park surroundings, patronized by the very best people of Chicago and St. Louis, as well as thousands of prominent guests from all other parts of the country. Mr. Kramer is only 36 years old and his energy and vitality have not yet reached their climax. Many leading business men of America have been glad to join in his enterprises, displaying the highest confidence in the great future which this young man's remarkable advertising genius and capacity for work will bring forth.

CLAIMS CREDIT FOR HEIR.

As Recompense for Her Advice, Dr. Mary Walker, Asks Czar to Stop War with Japan.

Dr. Mary Walker is claiming credit for the fact that the czar's new baby is a son instead of a daughter. The doctor says if she had not volunteered her advice there would have been another grand duchess in the palace instead of a czarevitch.

All that Dr. Walker wants of the czar in return for the favor she has done is that he stop the war with Japan.

"Give Japan the harbor," Dr. Walker has written from Oswego to the czar. She does not specify which harbor, but pretty nearly any harbor will do, she thinks.

The following is a copy of an open letter Dr. Walker has written to the czar:

"To the Czar of All Russia—Dear Sir: In congratulating yourself and the mother of your son, I most respectfully and earnestly request you to make peace with Japan.

"Give Japan the harbor." "But for my professional advice you would not now be the father of a son heir. The world will rejoice and say that you would gladly have done this one year since, at the price of the assurance of a son.

"I did not give information that has resulted so gratifyingly for the purpose of asking a reward of any nature, but circumstances are such at the present time that I expect you to grant therein above asked action.

"MARY E. WALKER, M. D."

HAS MONSTER PIGEON FARM

Pennsylvanian Has 10,000 Birds—Arrangements Perfect and Success Follows Experiment.

E. C. Cummings, of Worcester township, is conducting a pigeon farm on which there are now 10,000 birds. Mr. Cummings says that his is the largest lot of birds that are kept housed on one farm. He changed from chickens to pigeons, as the latter are 50 per cent more profitable.

There are four houses on the farm, two 160 feet long and two 300 feet long. The buildings are heated by hot water, but cold houses are to be tried. The houses have cement floors and are divided into pens, with capacities varying from 25 to 75 pairs.

The greatest care is exercised to keep the farm in the best sanitary condition, the houses being thoroughly cleaned weekly. Two men are required for the purpose and when not

New Kind of Rubber.

During the past few months discovery has been made that there are in the interior of Brazil vast forests of trees from which can be produced a high grade of rubber known as "manicoba." The area is said to be very large, but cannot be defined, as the region has not been fully explored. The attention called to the first discovery has led to further exploration, with the result that from time to time comes notice of other sections where like trees occur in profusion. The output of

engaged in cleaning operations one waters and one feeds the birds. Carbolic acid and coal oil are used for spraying and these two agencies keep the birds healthy.

About 500 squabs are sold weekly, the young birds finding a ready market in New York at five dollars a dozen. The varieties raised here are homers, dragons, runts, and crosses. Some of the runts measure 40 inches from tip to tip of wings, while there are many measuring 35 inches.

The farm covers 16 acres and represents an investment of \$25,000.

SUMMER GIRL'S FAILURE.

Bigged Herself Up to Make a Hit, But Her Finery All Wilted.

Once upon a time there was a girl who decided that she would be the real thing in the summer girl line, relates a St. Paul Globe writer. Before the snow melted she was planning a wardrobe that would bring down any summer youth from a millionaire prospective to a Dry Goods clerk. She embroidered all her shirt waists by hand, and made seven sets of turn-overs before the summer styles were settled, only to learn that they were wearing 1830 yokes. She bought a white silk drop skirt for her mull dress, and then her poor old mother had to go without a new summer hat so that daughter could have the real thing in a lingerie hat to go with the silk drop skirt. Father was driven to the verge of nervous prostration by the domestic discussions of skirt yokes and the best thing in color combinations, and brother Jimmy lost his half-holiday chasing down cerise near-silk when she wanted cherry lining for her lawn dress.

The clerks at the stores all got to know her—she had so many goods exchanged—and when at last she pulled out for a Jersey town with two trunks and a dress suit case her old father said: "This is Heaven," and her mother stopped taking nerve cure.

But the girl found she was up against it after all. Her dresses faded and drooped in the sea air and so did her hair. Sitting up nights, sewing had made her sallow, and she squinted from doing fine embroidery. The girl who made a hit with the few summer boys in sight wore the same linen dress three days running and had only one party dress to her name. But she had the real thing in eyes and dimples. So the girl who had meant to be it said she hated the seashore, and packed back to town to see a beauty doctor.

Moral: Fine feathers may make fine birds, but all women are not birds.

manicoba rubber has rapidly increased during the last few years and bids fair to be a large item in the exports of Brazil.

Hug of the Russian Bear. Japan, says the Chicago Tribune, is finding out that there is something terrific in the hug of a wounded bear.

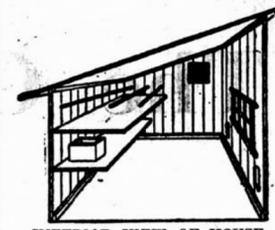
Human Nature. He—There goes a man who hasn't a friend in the world. She—Poor fellow. How did he lose his money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

POULTRY AND BEES

CHEAP POULTRY HOUSES.

Valuable Suggestions from an Illinois Lady Who Has Made Her Keeping a Success.

I keep about 300 fowls and have several small houses such as shown in accompanying illustration. The houses are built, some of pine and some of oak lumber. They are 7 feet wide and 10 feet long, 7 feet high in front and 4 1/2 feet at back. Sills are 2x4-inch oak, caps 2x4-inch pine. They have one window of six lights 24x30 inches in front, 3 feet from the ground; one small window without glass, but a wooden shutter, 2

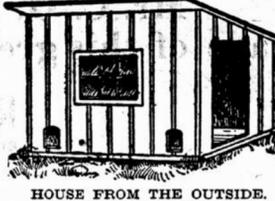


INTERIOR VIEW OF HOUSE.

feet square, in end opposite door, for air and ventilation; two exits for fowls in front. Have platform length of house 3-feet wide under perches to catch droppings. This is kept covered with dirt or dust.

Between dropping boards and floor is a platform for nests. All platforms and perches are removable. Houses have earth floors. Each house has one large door placed in the end, close to the front. The exits are 12x16 inches, placed close to the ground. On stormy days the door is kept closed, the fowls going in and out through the exits. The windows have strong, fine meshed wire nailed on the outside.

These houses are about 5 rods apart, and there are no fences between them.



HOUSE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

yet there is little trouble in keeping the flocks separate. Each house shelters 60 hens, and I keep ten cockerels with four flocks. They have unlimited range. The eggs hatch better than when a cock is kept for every 12 or 15 hens. The interior of the house is also shown. The platform is whitewashed and dust or sand is sprinkled on it. The perches are 2 or 3 inches in diameter. Between the floor and dropping platform is another platform 2 feet wide on which the nests are placed.

The nests are sometimes boxes made of short pieces of board, but usually are small boxes bought at the grocery for 6 cents each. In the corner opposite the door is usually a barrel of road dust. The hens use it for a dust bath, and I use it for the dropping boards. They also use it for a nest box, which I disapprove of.

The cost of two houses was as follows: Lumber, \$7.85 (the pine lumber was second-hand, and I got it for half price); nails, 30 cents; glass and putty, 69 cents; hinges and locks, 40 cents; paper, cement and nails, \$7.25; freight on paper and cement, \$1.25; total of \$17.74 for material; six days' labor at \$1 per day would add \$6, making the total cost \$23.74, or not quite \$12 for each. Two other houses made of new lumber and battens instead of paper, which cost \$20.25; oil and paint, \$1.13; 14 pounds nails, 56 cents; three windows, \$1.06; wire netting, \$1.05; hinges, locks and hasps, 59 cents; 6 days' labor, \$6, making the total cost \$31.04, or \$15.52 each.—Mrs. E. E. Dutton, in Orange Judd Farmer.

FINE FEED FOR THE HENS.

Unthreshed Grain Produces Results That Will Surprise Those Who Have Never Fed It.

Save a small amount of unthreshed grain for the poultry. You will save the thresher's bill on it, and the poultry will even pay you a nice profit for the privilege of working it over for their own benefit, by an increased supply of eggs, and thriftiness and growth among the flock. Wheat is best for this purpose, but rye and oats are also excellent. If so desired, you can select some of your poorest grain for this purpose, as the main object is to furnish the poultry with some interesting employment. Save enough of the unthreshed grain to furnish one good-sized bundle for every 20 hens in the flock daily. Whole grain can with advantage be scattered among the straw. It will prevent the greedy ones from glutting themselves, while the small and weak ones, have a chance to get their share of the grain. After the straw has been thoroughly worked over and all grain picked out, it should be all raked up and removed before bringing in a fresh bundle. If possible, the unthreshed grain should be placed under a shed or in a barn to keep dry. If unthreshed grain cannot be obtained, dry fresh straw and chaff will be a good substitute to sprinkle the grain among, if frequently changed, but it will not give as good results as the unthreshed grain, owing to the amount of healthy exercise which the unthreshed grain will furnish.—Midland Farmer.

METHOD THAT SAVES WORK

Experience of a Farmer Who Keeps His Poultry House Clean with Little Effort.

I use no droppings boards, and by keeping the floors of the houses well littered with dry leaves, which absorb all the moisture in the droppings, and that I can let the droppings remain for weeks and yet leave the house free from bad smell, and as the droppings are hidden in the leaves, cleaner to look at than half the houses I see that are cleaned daily. In winter I have let my houses go without removing the droppings for several months. I don't advise others either to do without droppings boards or to let their houses go so long uncleaned, unless they are sure they can control the situation. If there is much looseness among the fowls it will not do at all to let droppings accumulate. With some kinds of litter the droppings cannot be allowed, to accumulate. Dry leaves I have found better than anything else, if one has them in sufficient quantity to keep the litter always deep on the floor of the houses. In England many farmers use peat moss, and allow droppings to accumulate in it for nearly a year. In Rhode Island the colony plan poultry farmers set a board on edge on the floor just forward of the outer roost, and throw dry earth, a few shovelfuls at a time, from the other side of the floor on the accumulating droppings. This accumulation of earth and droppings is removed once or twice a year. Poultry manure normally is of such character that if one takes proper care of it where it falls in the house it is not necessary that it should be promptly removed; and the small farmer taking advantage of this fact, can arrange his roosts and their surroundings so that he can clean when convenient. He is not required to choose between taking time to clean the houses daily or having houses in condition to be ashamed of.

Poultry keeping ought to be an important feature on every farm, and a pleasant feature of farm work. It may be if the farmer will only study to adapt his stock and his methods to the capacity of the farm under conditions satisfactory to him.—J. H. Robinson, in Farm-Poultry.

DIVIDING HENHOUSE DOOR.

A Combination of Especial Value Where Poultry Is Kept in Same Place Year Round.

The illustration shows a divided door for poultry houses. This is a combination for both summer and winter use. Laths or slats are nailed on lower half extending to top of door. This covers the space filled by the upper half of door so that the latter may be opened at any season for ventilation. When upper half is closed and secured by the button on the lower half the whole becomes a solid door.

This arrangement is also useful in ventilating the poultry house during



A VENTILATING DOOR.

warm days in winter. Such ventilation with plenty of sunlight to keep the place dry, and litter in which the fowls may scratch for food so as to get exercise, are primary requisites to success with poultry in winter. The house must be kept free from vermin and provided with dry earth for a dust bath.—A. D. Orley, in Farm and Home.

POULTRY BREVITIES.

Never feed damaged grain. Large, uniform eggs hold customers. Green bone will not take the place of grit.

Kafir corn is an excellent wheat substitute.

The honest poultryman is not afraid to date the eggs he sends out.

A hen's profitable laying seems to be limited to the first two years of her life.

Statisticians assert that more money is spent in this country for eggs than flour.

Don't hold the eggs longer than a week. Always make it a rule that the product must be fresh.

Oyster shell should always be placed before the fowls. It furnishes considerable lime, invaluable for the manufacture of eggs. But oyster shell will never do as a substitute for grit; it is too soft.

The laying hen is a more hearty eater, and a heavier drinker than the one not laying, but it is seldom that her food makes her overfat, as she has a double use for it—she uses it for sustaining the tissues of the body and for manufacturing eggs.—American Poultry Journal.

Cure for Egg-Eating Hens.

The following is recommended as a very effective remedy for egg-eating hens: Remove the inside of a number of eggs and fill in with cayenne pepper and mustard, equal parts. As fast as eaten, replace with more for three days, at the end of which time you will find the hens will leave eggs alone. The egg-eating habit is a very bad one. The older hens will soon teach it to the younger ones. Better take the matter in hand before it gets too far along.