

GERMAN SYMPATHY FOR BELGIANS



Two little Belgian war waifs, orphaned and homeless, being fed by two sympathetic warriors of the German army at an outpost near Antwerp.

NELLIE BLY PAINTS HORRORS OF WAR
SEEN IN EASTERN FIELD OF COMBAT

Trainloads of Healthy, Frank-Eyed, Splendid Fellows Go Forth to Battle With Songs on Their Lips and Faith in Their Hearts and Return Sunken-Eyed, Wounded and Sick From the Most Frightful Experience Living Man Ever Witnessed.

By NELLIE BLY.
(International News Service.)
[This dispatch was written on board the Prince of Crois's hospital train as it was proceeding from Przemysl to Budapest.]

En Route to Budapest.—I did not tire of the long day, though a worm could have crawled over my head and the blue ribbon. To think of a snail's trot in comparison is to think of the snail as a schneuzug.

Every moment had its new interest. The trains we met, filled with happy, confident soldiers in new, fresh uniforms, their cars decorated with the Austrian and Hungarian colors and branches from pine trees, made my throat contract. Fine looking, healthy, frank-eyed, splendid fellows, all just at the early threshold of manhood.

With flowers in their military caps and songs upon their lips; with faith and confidence in the justice of their cause; with a love for all mankind, but convinced, like the first Christians, of the righteousness of their cause, they go joyfully into the hell of battle. The trains, long and lime-plattered, which lay alongside to let us pass, or which pass us as we went, are the great story.

The flowers, dried and faded, still remain in their mud-stained caps. Their eyes are sunken and haunted by the vision of the most frightful hell living man ever witnessed. Their bodies bear wounds. They are sore and filled with the pain of long days and endless nights in wet, cold, muddy trenches. Besides their frightful wounds, they have cholera, dysentery, typhoid and hollow coughs which rack them like the last cough of a consumptive.

Of ammunition and supplies there seems no scarcity. Long trains bearing cannons, blankets, wagons, ammunition never end. They are everywhere, on the rail and roads. When I got up at daylight we were running parallel with a road. The road was lined with wagons. I counted 500 and gave it up. When our train finally took a different course, I saw, quite a long while after, an end or part of that caravan winding between two hills.

Clocks Everywhere.
I notice the clocks are going. I would know by this alone that we are out of Galicia. There are clocks everywhere in Galicia. On the walls, on tables, on stairways, on buildings. I even found one under my bed in Sanok. I am convinced the natives like the look of clocks. There must be something in the white face with its twelve Roman figures especially fascinating to them. Otherwise they would not buy them. For not a clock in all Galicia goes, not even the clocks in the stations.

In Hungary they make their clocks work. The beautiful landscape, the well-tilled fields, the busy, prosperous-looking people, the seemingly good roads all tell a different story.

No longer can I tell the story of fifth everywhere. Truly the railways are abominable, but at every station a large force are busy with lime and brooms. Women in short, full skirts and high boots, the type made familiar to us by Lehar's popular opera, are doing most of the work. Cholera may be in their midst, but these en-

ergetic people will fight it every inch of the way.

I forgot to say that Prince Crois's train is Zug Lit D. It is one of six trains fitted out and maintained by the Knights of the Maltese Cross. They are independent of all other societies and their members maintain these trains.

Pleased the Kaiser.
"We have made such a record," said Prince Crois to me, "that the German emperor has asked us to establish a branch of our society in Germany."
Wednesday.—Three soldiers died in Prince Crois's train last night. Once the thought of three deaths on one's train in one night would have been appalling, but here, where death is everywhere, where the sight of dead and dying men is as familiar to one as sparrows in New York, one gets hopeless, not heartless. It is like a scourge sweeping the world. One stands dumb, despairing, dry-eyed before the vastness of the misery.

Prince Crois fed us twice again for his splendid kitchen. Without him we should have had to exist on our biscuits. We stop continually, but not where we can obtain food. Indeed, the small, lime-covered stations we have passed are not inviting. There is nothing new. The day repeats yesterday.

Thursday.—I took my shoes off last night. My right shoe would not behave. With malicious devilry it pinched my foot until in desperation I took both shoes off. I had my face washed this morning. The engine is the willing pump for the whole crowd. Colonel John brought me his rubber basin and showed me how to lift off the cushion and place the basin on the seat. The soap felt delicious.

We breakfasted in a station with a lot of officers who watched us with interest. We had tea with rum, rolls or light bread, the first I have seen in Europe, and two boiled eggs. One of mine was fresh. Some had worse luck, others better. Prince Crois told two more soldiers by death last night. That is five out of 130.

Remarkable Recoveries.
"I have had soldiers frightfully wounded," Prince Crois told me, "who have had extraordinary recoveries. One man had three shots. One entered his forehead and came out at the back of his head. One entered the base of the head at the back and came out on the opposite side at the temple and one shot went through his leg. Five weeks after, when I went to see him, he jumped to his feet and saluted."
"I had another more horrible," he continued. "A man had his entire lower jaw torn off with a shrapnel. His tongue hung out on his neck and chest. He had been five days in the trenches after receiving his wounds before the firing ceased long enough to let him be carried away. He was frustrated. We inserted a tube in his throat. He fought vigorously, as he thought it would hurt. But we insisted and poured soup into him. The moment he felt the soup in his stomach he made frantic motions for more. He was wild for food. We could not feed him enough. Now they are making a new jaw in the hospital and he is recovering."

When Prince Crois was told how eagerly the poor fellow demanded grandfathers of the Belle Plaine farmer. In a letter Mr. Burrows says that the pitchfork, a two-tine affair, is such a curiosity that scores of people have visited his home to see it. He suggests that if any Wichita institution wants to place it on exhibition he would be willing for others to see it.

Is Dancing Mad.
White Plains, N. Y.—"Go back to my husband? I'd rather be shot," declared Mrs. Eugene Cummings in her suit for separation. Mrs. Cummings

declared her husband is dancing mad, and that he buys paper collars to tan go in to save the laundry bill.
Bella Better Than Poison.
Caldwell, N. J.—When rats became numerous at the Essex county penitentiary Warden George Watts trapped several, tied small bells to their necks and released them. Watts says the bells are better than poison, but the continuous sound of bells keeps him awake at night.

more food, he laughed delightedly, showing how happy he felt to be able to give some comfort to the suffering. Great strings of wild geese floating like worms in the sky mingle with the white clouds in the blue above us. Aeroplanes whose whizzing motors warn us of their approach long before they are visible, come and go. We are left to speculate whether they are friend or foe. The strongest glass does not disclose their identity.

Many of the men carry alcohol lamps. They are always "cooking tea" as they express it. Some of them seem to be eternally eating. At one place we stopped a ragged, barefooted woman, with an old shawl wrapped around her head, stood watching our waiting train. Some of our party talked to her and finally persuaded her to go to the cluster of houses in the valley way below and get them some chickens. She returned after the long trip with four young broilers—pullets. She said they cost five kronen—one dollar. A man laid four kronen on the ground and grabbed the chickens. The woman protested. Either give back her chickens or give her five kronen. The man left her crying, took the chickens to the other side of the train and killed them.

Championed the Woman.
The woman covered her face with her ragged shawl, crying. I had maintained a very careful attitude up to this moment, but here my sense of justice prevented my being silent. I went to the man protesting. "Either give the woman what she asks," I said, "or give back her chickens."
"She's had enough," he said, going on with his butchering.

"It is not right or fair," I urged "If you don't give her the right amount, now that you have killed her chickens, I shall pay her."
"Give her another kronen," several other men advised. He would not, but his friend did. The woman kissed my hand. Several of the men threw pebbles at her and shooed her away. Down the valley she went, a forlorn, barefooted figure in a ragged, faded shawl.

The men had a great feast of chicken and rice. I made my dinner on five biscuits, postage stamp size I could only eat chicken under some conditions. This was not one of them. At any rate, I was not invited to eat.

We have no light. It is dark at five. It gives me time to try to patch out a night's rest on the slippery edge of my compartment seat.

WOUNDED LEAVING TRENCHES



British soldier, wounded while fighting in the trenches, being assisted by one of his comrades.

MARRY AND CUT OUT PIES

Drink a Toddy a Day and Don't Argue, Is Nonagenarian's Recipe for Long Life.

St. Louis, Mo.—"Get married and lead a regular life. Cut out cakes and pies. Walk a-plenty. Drink a toddy every day.

With this formula you may be healthy, wealthy and a nonagenarian, says Isaac Baer, ninety-six-year-old Ponce de Leon, the essence of whose formula is contained in the foregoing: "Never argue politics, style or religion. Sleep lots. Don't worry. Eat what you like, except pastries. Get up when you like. Be careful in choosing your parents and work, work, work."

"Pastries are menaces, poison of the worst kind; that is, most heavy rich, indigestible pastries. Yet we see the smartest of 'em partaking of the richest of 'em. When they learn to keep out of the bakeries and into the air they will have copped the old age beater himself."

Mr. Baer's mind is clear; he reads without the aid of glasses, and he can hear across the room almost perfectly. He experiences not the slightest difficulty going downtown.

Further, Mr. Baer emphatically adds that he is firmly convinced that the regular habits of a man of family are conducive to longevity. With a vehemence worthy of his ninety-six years he adds: "It isn't anything young folks do that gets them started in the race wrong—it is what they won't do."

FOR BETTER FARMING

Southern Farmer Urged to Adopt Diversification.

Department of Agriculture Gives Plan for Reducing Living Expenses by Growing Many Things Which the Family Needs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The secretary of agriculture in writing recently to cotton exchanges in the South, pointed out that the only really efficient way to prevent a recurrence of the crisis which the collapse of the cotton market created was for the southern farmer to diversify his agriculture. Hitherto the cash returns from a successful cotton crop have blinded many farmers to the proof of the old proverb that it is folly to put all your eggs in one basket. They have devoted all their land and all their time to the production of cotton, and have purchased their own supplies at a cost much greater than they could raise them themselves.

The essential weakness in this practice has long been apparent to agricultural experts, but their efforts to secure more diversity in farming have hitherto met with but little success. It is difficult to change habits of many years standing, and the man who has been accustomed to grow cotton and only cotton is reluctant to remodel his own farm, even after he has become convinced of the necessity of so doing.

To help meet this situation, the United States department of agriculture has prepared a series of articles, of which this is the first, on the subject of diversified farming in the South. These articles will treat of the raising of produce for home consumption in vegetable gardens, potato patches, etc.; of such crops as corn, beans, peas and other legumes, which are both useful in themselves and may be made to enrich instead of impoverish the soil; and of poultry, dairy products and live stock for home use and as a cash crop to serve as a substitute, in part or in whole, for cotton.

By the adoption of diversified farming, the farmer may reasonably expect to achieve several important objects:

1. He may very materially reduce his own living expenses by growing on his own land a great many of the things which his family needs, and which he now purchases at the store, paying, of course, a profit to the retailer and the middleman.
2. He should save a very considerable proportion of his outlay on fertilizers by growing crops that add nitrogen to the soil, and by keeping live stock to enrich it with manure.
3. He should grasp the opportunity afforded by the increasing demand for meat of all kinds to turn a large part of his crops into stock to be sold to slaughtering houses at a profitable price. He should place himself in a position where his entire prosperity is not dependent upon the demand for any one article, when the strength of that demand is determined by circumstances entirely out of his own control. In other words, he should have more than one thing to sell. All this seems very simple, but up to the present time comparatively few farms in the South have been managed with these ends in view.

In a speech before the National Dairy Show association in October, 1914, the secretary of agriculture stated that the average Iowa farm has six milk cows; the average South Carolina farm has one. In Iowa, the average farm has 35 hogs; in North Carolina and Alabama, less than five; in South Carolina less than four. In poultry the difference is even greater. One hundred and eight is the average in Iowa; less than twenty in North Carolina and Alabama, and less than seventeen in South Carolina. The results of one investigation show that in Georgia the average farm home produced less than two eggs a week, but two-thirds of a pint of milk a day, and that the cotton crop of the entire South did not pay for its food and feed bill. Thus it has been estimated that Texas imports annually more than \$50,000,000 worth of wheat, corn and oats; Georgia more than \$24,000,000; South Carolina more than \$20,000,000, and 12 southern states more than \$175,000,000. In addition, more than \$48,000,000 worth of meats, dairy and poultry products are imported each year.

To do away with this condition of affairs is one of the chief purposes of diversified farming. It is not necessary for the South to compete in these crops with other regions in the open markets of the world, but the home demand can be met by home production, and enough left over to form the basis of a very profitable stock raising industry.

In this connection it is noteworthy that already 223,000 square miles, or an area that is greater than that of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi added together, has been cleared of the cattle tick, and that if the work is continued at the same rate of speed, the whole country should be free of the pest within fifteen years. The cattle tick has, in the past, been one of the greatest drawbacks to the raising of live stock in the South. It has now been conclusively shown that it can be completely done away with, and with the growing appreciation of the part that live stock plays in sound agriculture, there is no reason why this industry

Keep Stock Off Alfalfa.

If you are going to plow up the alfalfa and put the ground in something else next spring, by all means pasture it this winter. But if you want to continue to get good hay crops from the field for another season or so, feed hay or fodder and pasture your rye patch. If you have one, but keep the stock off the alfalfa.

Feed for Idle Horses.

Idle horses should not be fed as much as horses that are at hard work.

should not advance with marked rapidity.

Before, however, the farmer turns his attention to marketing his produce, be it live stock or cotton, he should first see to it that his own demands are supplied; in other words, that he grows himself as many of the necessities of life as he can. For this reason, the "Home Garden" will be the subject of the next article in this series.

FEED THE DAIRY COWS WELL

Cottonseed Meal is Convenient Feed in Texas and Oklahoma to Balance Sorghum and Silage.

(By H. M. COTTRELL.)

Native pasture and silage should be available summer and winter. The silage should be fed generously at any time of the year when the grass is not sufficient to secure a high yield of milk. In dry times during the summer and at all times during the winter, sorghum, hay and the hay from either alfalfa, sweet clover or Spanish peanuts should be fed liberally. Rye pasture usually can be provided and it makes a good winter feed. In favorable years wheat pasture may furnish nearly all the feed needed for a high yield during the winter. Five good cows fed all they will eat will yield more profit than 15 half starved.

The daily ration must be balanced between the starchy, heat-making feeds, like silage, sorghum hay, corn fodder and millet, and the blood-and-muscle-making feeds like alfalfa, sweet clover and Spanish peanut hays. Every cow yields a good flow of milk on green, luscious grass. The grass furnishes about three and a half parts of the starchy to one of the blood-and-muscle-making material. Dry



Excellent Dairy Type.

land farmers often say that sorghum hay will "dry up" a cow if she is given enough of it. It will when fed alone, but it may be fed in large quantities to advantage when balanced properly with hay from alfalfa, sweet clover or Spanish peanuts. Cottonseed meal is a convenient feed in Texas and Oklahoma with which to balance sorghum, millet hay and silage.

SOIL EROSION IN THE SOUTH

Other Crops Must Be Grown Than Those Requiring Clean Culture, as Do Cotton and Tobacco.

The following statement regarding soil erosion in the South is taken from the annual report of the bureau of soils of the department:

"In a study of soil erosion in the South it has been found that large areas are lost to agriculture annually through erosion. In some states vast areas, amounting to as much as 50 per cent of the arable land of these sections, have been abandoned. The character of the erosion varies with the type of soil. Usually, on the heavy clay soils, 'sheet' or surface erosion is found. With increasing proportion of sand in the soil the erosion changes to the 'choestring' type, then to the gully type, with rounded edges, and finally to the gullies with caving sides. The most rapid erosion seems to occur in soils having a layer of silt or clay at the surface and a substratum of sand. This condition usually leads to erosion of the deep gully type, which is difficult to check and unprofitable to reclaim."

"All methods for prevention and control are based either on increasing the capacity for absorbing the water as it falls, or on decreasing the velocity of the run-off. A new method in use in one locality is the construction of what are known as 'chostrings,' the distinctive feature of this plan lying in the manner of disposing of storm waters. Across an incipient gully is built a dam, through which is passed a sewer pipe connected with an upright pipe on the upper side of the dam. Water fills the valley until it reaches the top of the upright pipe, and then flows down this pipe in the next field. The water left standing below the mouth of the upright pipe is gradually removed by a tile drain. It is also demonstrated in the South that other crops must be grown than those requiring clean culture, as do cotton, corn and tobacco."

Keep the Horse Busy.

The horse is an inexpensive animal to feed and consequently should be kept busy all the time if possible. If this cannot be done then he should be fed as cheaply as possible. With hay or other roughage and two pounds of cottonseed meal a day the idle horse or mule can be kept in good condition on a very small amount of corn.

Clean Up Poultry Yard.

Rake up the litter in the poultry yard and burn it with brush and stray corn cobs. Scatter the fire before these have burned entirely, or throw water on the coals, and you will have a quantity of good charcoal for the fowls to pick at, as well as a clean yard.

Dairy Cow's Chest.

Since good lung capacity is very important, the dairy cow's chest must be wide and deep.

READING THE WILL

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH.

"And to each of my four loving and devoted nieces, a framed portrait of myself, to be enlarged from my cabinet photograph, for which and other purposes a fund has been given by me to my executor. I hope they will treasure the portrait in their possession and memories in remembrance of me."

"The cheap old hunk!" viciously hissed Mary Winsted to her sister, Nettie.

"It's shameful!" was the angry response.

"After leaving all that money to the theological seminary!" almost sobbed Esther Dalton to her cousin, Alice Rowe, who sat by her side.

"Dear old uncle!" spoke Alice softly. "He was good to all of us when he was alive. He gave me my piano, you know, and there hasn't been a Christmas for five years past that he hasn't made us all handsome and expensive gifts of jewelry and the like."

Esther shrugged her shoulders under the \$200 sealskin coat that Uncle Robert had given her only a few weeks before his death. Then she smiled sweetly at Mary and Nettie. She was glad to see the owners of those angry faces disappointed in their lofty hopes of a rich legacy.

The reading of the will of old Robert Burr ended, all interest of most of the relatives present died out, for he had favored few of them, and those with no marked liberality. There was a great confab at the Dalton home that evening. Alice was an orphan and lived with the Daltons. The Winsteds lived only next door, and Mary and Nettie came over to discuss the great event of the day and abuse their dead relative.



The Reading of the Will of Old Robert Burr Ended.

"Humph! his old portrait can go to the barn loft, for all I hinder," declared Mary, spitefully.

"In loving remembrance!" quoted Nettie, sneeringly. "I hope some one smashes a step-ladder in it when they go to hang it in my room."

"I shall retire my precious legacy as soon as the decent period of mourning has passed," observed Esther, icily, as though she were punishing the relative who had failed to cater to her extravagant tastes.

Alice said nothing. She had always had a warm spot in her loyal little heart for Uncle Robert. She was in a measure dependent upon the Daltons, but well earned her way. Especially, since the gift of the piano she had been able to pay a fair cash price for her board, besides helping in many little household duties which the haughty Esther disdain.

A month later the really prized portrait hung in a cherished wall in the poorest room in the house, which of course was the one to which uncomplaining Alice was assigned. Esther had placed her legacy in her brother's neglected den. The Winsted girls openly boasted that their had found storage in an unoccupied servant's room. Then there came along one Worth Davenal, and the complexion of the four young girls lives was vitally affected by the occurrence.

He was a bright, manly young fellow. What pleased the Winsted girls was that he was reputed rich. He was the favored nephew of a prosperous city stockbroker. Esther set her cap for him at once. This caused a bitter break in her relation with Mary and Nettie, and the harmony of the little coterie of cousins was broken in upon.

Esther was pretty, but bold as well. She simply started out to appropriate the distinguished visitor to the town all to herself. Young Davenal was, however, no more attentive to her than to the others. Alice greatly admired the manly, free-hearted fellow, and from the first he seemed to enjoy her company. Twice, however, once because of necessary attention to some pupils, and again when Mrs. Dalton fell ill and wished some one to keep her company, Alice disappointed Mr. Davenal in engagements, and this seemed to nettles him. It was possible that Esther created some false impression in his mind as to the true facts of the case. At all events, he became quite a regular escort to Esther, and the Winsteds gave up the contest.

Not so Alice. She felt that she had stood aside too often to please Esther and the others. She had time and again sacrificed her pleasure for their benefit. She had been more or less a drudge in their service. Now jealousy and petty scheming, she was certain, was discrediting her with a man whose friendship she valued. She wished to stand well in his eyes. The opportunity to vindicate herself came one evening when, at a lawn party, she found herself alone on a rustic garden bench with Mr. Davenal.

Try Thumb Tacks.

If thumb tacks instead of ordinary tacks are used to fasten white oilcloth to pantry and cupboard shelf, the oilcloth may be easily removed when cleaned.

She felt it her duty to tell him the truth regarding the reasons why she had broken her engagements with him. She was surprised to see the deep shadows that crossed his face as she spoke.

"I was informed wrongly," he said, his voice unsteady with some deep emotion suddenly revealed. "I was piqued at your indifference. I—and now it is too late!"

They were interrupted at that moment. "Too late"—for what? The words rang in Alice's ears for hours. Could it be possible that he had cared for her, that he had been cajoled into engaging himself to Esther, that now his eyes were opened to the truth?

Before Alice could fathom the depths of the complication there came strange and disturbing news. The rich relative of Worth Davenal had plunged too deeply in his stock exchange speculations, had lost his entire fortune and both he and his prospective heirs were beggars.

Then came the climax. Esther turned against Worth in disdain. One day he met Alice. He found her loyal friend she had proved to be. She advised him, she encouraged him when he sought work like the man he was. Then true love shone forth. They became engaged. At the end of the year, in a modest but happy home they set up housekeeping amid the sneers of Alice's three cousins concerning "those paupers!"

One day there came to the humble cottage the executor of Uncle Robert's estate.

"Mrs. Davenal," he said, pleasantly, with a glance at the portrait of her dead relative occupying a prominent place on the wall and well cared for, "I see you still remember your uncle. 'I shall never forget him,' declared Alice. 'He was very good to me, and I loved him dearly.'"

"You are not like your cousins, then," said the lawyer. "Those three other portraits have gone to the rubbish heap. So I have a special mission in looking here today."

Alice looked inquisitive and her husband interested.

"By a private arrangement made with myself," explained the lawyer, "I was to watch the manner in which his portrait was cherished by his nieces. To the one who showed a genuine interest in his gift, I was to give, at the end of two years, the sum of \$20,000. That legacy you have worthily won, and it is now at your command."

And "those paupers" were no longer pitied and looked down upon by the ill-natured trio, who had lost a fortune by showing up their real petty natures in true colors.

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Folk's Good Opinion.

Few persons do not value the good opinion of others. Pulling down the character of someone is not the way to build up your own; the ruin of another does not mean your building up. There are some who appear to think another's possessions something taken from themselves. This is a mistake. To point out an error in another's character is not to prove a corresponding virtue in one's own. If we decri another for being miserly, of disagreeable disposition, extravagant or stupid, and expect the hearer to see the corresponding virtue in ourselves, we need to learn that this is not what the hearer usually sees. Rather he thinks how unkind such talk is and attention is called to failings in the speaker which would probably otherwise not have been noticed. Let your chief aim be to make yourself worthy of the good opinion of others. Belittling them is a plain acknowledgment of a conscious fault of your own. The way to win the good opinion of others is to be worthy of it. If you are you will not need to call attention to it.—Milwaukee Journal

Habit of Judging.

The habit of judging is so nearly incurable, and its cure is such an almost interminable process, that we must concentrate ourselves for a long while on keeping it in check, and this check is to be found in kind interpretations. We must come to esteem very lightly our sharp eye for evil, on which perhaps we once prided ourselves as cleverness. We must look at our talent for analysis of character as a dreadful possibility of huge uncharitableness. We are sure to continue to say clever things, so long as we continue to indulge in this analysis; and clever things are equally sure to be sharp and acid. We must grow to something higher and something truer than quickness in detecting evil.

Running the Gantlet.

The word "gantlet" in "to run the gantlet" is improperly used. The word should be "gantlope." Phillips, in his "World of Words," tells that "to run the gantlope" is a punishment among soldiers, the offender having to run, with his back naked, through the whole regiment, and to receive a lash from a switch from every soldier. It is derived from Gant (Ghant), a town of Flanders, where the punishment was invented, and the Dutch word *lope*, running.

King Rewards His Honesty.

When the king of Siam was passing through Moscow on his European visit, a white feather fell from the plume of his helmet, and was picked up by a peasant, who hastened to restore it to the chief of police. He was greatly surprised several days later upon receiving from that official, in the name of his Siamese majesty, a casket containing a portrait of the king and a massive gold chain decorated with the royal arms of Siam.

What He Wanted.

"Canvases?" said the artist, flustered by the presence of the millionaire in his studio. "Yes, sir, I shall be happy to show you my best canvases. Something allegorical? Or do you prefer a landscape?" "What I want," said Mr. Newrich, the eminent contractor, with decision, "is something about a yard and a half long and a yard wide, to cover some cracks in the fresco!"