

How Minnie Shadowed H. Sylvester Jones

By MARY E. HOLLAND

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A quiet, unobtrusive looking automobile drew up before a third-floor detective agency on a certain side street of downtown New York. A heavily veiled woman descended, spoke a few whispered words to the chauffeur, and made her way to the grimed door, on whose glass panels appeared the legend: "Sharp & Son, Private Detectives."

"Do you handle divorce cases?" she inquired, bluntly.

The brisk, nervous man before her swept his eyes over her quietly gowned figure.

"That depends upon the character of the case," he rejoined, cautiously.

The veiled woman took a quick step toward him. "I wish evidence that will procure me separation from my husband. Can you furnish it?"

The brisk man pondered. "Have you reason to believe that your husband is—er, unfaithful?"

"On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that he is not."

The brisk man pondered again. "You are setting us a difficult problem, my dear woman. Such cases, you must know, involve heavy expenditure. I may say a very heavy expenditure."

He paused as he darted another shrewd glance toward the veiled client before him.

"Will you name an estimate of that expense?" she asked, quietly.

"Certainly, we could not conduct such a case under \$5,000."

The woman drew a roomy purse



"I WANT YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED TO H. SYLVESTER JONES"

from her cloak and counted out ten yellow-backed bills.

"Here is \$1,000. If you will bring me evidence that will secure a divorce, I will increase it to \$10,000."

The brisk man smoothed the bills caressingly. "And who is your husband, madam?"

The veiled woman hesitated and then pronounced a name that brought a low, involuntary whistle from the other's lips. It was that of one of the best known men of Wall street.

The detective gazed after the departing figure of his client, with puckered brows. But he did not realize until a week's "shadowing" of H. Sylvester Jones had proved ineffectual, just how difficult was the problem she had left him. To all intents and purposes, H. Sylvester Jones was a model husband in the eyes of the law. On the eighth day a bright idea came to the head of "Sharp & Son." For a moment he sat with a broad grin on his face. Then he pushed a bell and a young woman in a plain dress and with a careworn face, entered from an inner room.

The man spoke a dozen curt sentences, straight to the point.

"I want you to get acquainted, Minnie, with H. Sylvester Jones."

Minnie opened her tired eyes very wide.

"I fancy that your best method of approaching him is at the theater," continued her employer, briskly. "I happen to know that he is a continuous, not to say an enthusiastic patron of the drama."

"You mean the show girls?"

"Not he. That is where I need your services. At the psychological moment, we will secure you a seat. That seat will be directly next to our distinguished gentleman. You will occupy it for the better part of three hours. Do you catch the point? If you will manage your cards right, when you leave the theater, you will be acquainted with him, very well acquainted. After that point you will make your own plans. What Mrs. H. Sylvester Jones wants is an affidavit of infidelity."

The detective paused.

Minnie stiffened her shoulders and a quick flush sprang into her pale cheeks. A keen observer might have seen that under certain conditions she might be beautiful. Gradually the tired eyes dropped and the bent shoulders relaxed. Minnie had conquered

herself. She was thinking of sick mother and little sister.

"And what do I get?" she asked. The detective held up the ten yellow-backed bills. "These are yours for the affidavit. You know where to go for the clothes. I will telephone you if we make arrangements for tonight. If not, we'll try for tomorrow night. We are bound to succeed some time—and then it is up to you."

As it happened, on the third evening H. Sylvester Jones stepped out of his automobile and entered the Fifth avenue theater. Five minutes later a stylishly dressed young woman followed him. At the aisle and slipped into the next seat. It was Minnie—but a very different Minnie in evening dress and rouge, an altogether charming and fascinating Minnie. Two minutes before the orchestra began, she dropped her handkerchief. H. Sylvester Jones extended it to her politely. She smiled and he looked at her again. She was a girl to notice.

Before the close of the first act, he had made a hesitating remark, and she had answered it, and he had made another, and before the close of the second act they were chatting genially. When the final curtain descended, they left the theater together.

An agent of "Sharp & Son," loitering in the corner, noticed the circumstance and reported it to his chief. The latter smiled broadly and the next morning eagerly awaited Minnie's arrival. When noon came and she did not appear, he looked worried. When evening came without her, he sent for his agent and the two conferred together. The next day he received a note. It was a remarkable note, and under it was the scrawling signature of Minnie.

"I do not want your \$1,000, and I hereby resign my position."

The detective swore and called for his agent again. The latter looked glum and started on a search for the missing girl. He found her the next week at a fashionable suite of apartments, with two servants, a pearl necklace and an array of diamond rings that dazzled him.

"The chief wants your affidavit," he began, curtly.

"He can't have it, and I don't want him to have any more."

The detective bounded from his chair and tossed her head. "Mr. Jones has said me to become his wife and I have accepted his offer!"

The statement was true. The scheme of "Sharp & Son" had indeed proven a boomerang. The millionaire had fallen in love with the girl who had been sent to trap him, and had tendered her not only his wealth, but his name. The fortunes of the detective agency, however, were only under a temporary cloud. H. Sylvester Jones bluntly told his wife that either he or she could go to South Dakota and return single. Mrs. Jones took the western trip and a few weeks ago the decree of divorce was granted.

H. Sylvester Jones married Minnie, and everybody is satisfied, with the exception of "Sharp & Sons." They haven't got their remaining \$9,000 yet, and there doesn't seem to be any reasonable prospect of their ever being called to receipt the bill.

Too Much Idealism in China.

Reviewing "China," by Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry Arthur Blake, a writer says: "The rot fallacy of the Chinese political idea, which alone is responsible for the low place to which the country has sunk in the scale of nations, is the disrepute of the soldier. The gradations of the social fabric are: (1) The literati, for mind is superior to matter; (2) the agriculturist, for he produces from the soil; (3) the artisan, for he is a creator from the raw material; (4) the merchant, for he is a distributor; (5) the soldier, for he is but a destroyer. So China is a sad example of what excessive idealism may do for the nation. Her armies have been, for the most part, mere hordes, of undisciplined men, sometimes commanded by robbers relieved for that purpose on account of their supposed courage. Yet a 10 per cent. levy on the population of China would furnish an army of forty millions."

Furious Fun in English Society.

Now for the game the most popular at country houses this autumn. You may call it a variation on the old game of consequence. Each guest has a strip of paper and pencil. Each writes:

"Why is — (choosing the name of some well known person, or a friend or acquaintance known to the general company), and then turns down his strip of paper and passes it on to the next guest."

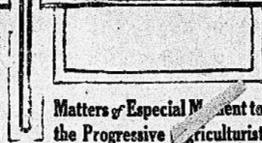
Now each writes: "Like a — (choosing what simile he will). Again the strips are passed on. The third time each guest writes the answer: "Because he or she —." This: "Why is Winston Churchill like a piano organ? Because he files from pillar to post." The Gentlewoman.

Fog.

Admiral Seymour, discussing fog at one of the Hilton-Fulton banquets, said, with a laugh:

"Off the Newfoundland Banks, you know, the fog is often so thick that the captain has to get out and lead the ship."

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America



Matters of Especial Interest to the Progressive Agriculturist

To get poor quickly try some of the get-rich-quick schemes.

Money talks, they say. Certainly it says "good-by" glibly enough.

"Style" is too often the art of looking ridiculous because everybody else does.

The farmer who puts all of his smaller apples in the middle of the barrel is a grafter.

Some men's veracity is so little regarded that their hogs hardly come when they're called.

Don't blame the implement manufacturers for getting rich when you leave your plows and harvesters out in bad weather.

The Farmers' union has brought millers and speculators to the cotton fields to buy their cotton before it is planted—something never before accomplished.

Some farmers get into debt through ambition, some through laziness, some through genuine misfortune which no man can avert and sometimes—though rarely—through trying to lighten the burdens and make happier the lives of helpless ones—but we can forgive him this weakness.

A great many farmers are inclined to the habit of not enjoying the results of their labor and earnings as they go along. When their start in married life was made strict economy was necessary, and it has become a habit practiced long after the better things of life could be afforded. The average mortal is dead a lot longer than he is alive, and is certainly entitled to the sweets of his own toil.

EXPERT'S ADVICE ON EGGS

Agricultural Bulletin Tells Poultrymen How to Increase Their Profits by Co-operation.

In his report last year Secretary Wilson asserted that the eggs and poultry produced upon the farms of the United States are worth as much as the wheat and the cotton crops, and that the income from the hen-houses of the land was one of the four or five important sources of wealth of the nation. This surprising statement is confirmed by circular No. 140, which has recently been issued by the department of agriculture, entitled "The Egg Trade of the United States," by Milo M. Hastings, scientific assistant animal husbandry office.

This bulletin contains about all the information that could be gathered concerning eggs, and the author discusses the question of quality as well as quantity. He tells us how to determine the quality of eggs and how it is impaired by carelessness, by time, and other influences. The method of marketing and the route by which an egg travels from the producer to the consumer is described. A chapter is devoted to cold storage and other methods of preserving "hen fruit," and the various requisites for the production of good eggs and the improvement of the crop in the hen-house and in the poultry-yard are defined and described, with general observations upon a subject that is of personal interest to every breakfast table.

"The loss of wealth in this country, due to the actual spoiling of eggs," Mr. Hastings asserts, "constitutes an enormous waste which could in a large measure be saved were eggs given reasonable care from the time of laying until they reached the consumer."

This is due, he says, to two main reasons: First, lack of realization of the importance of the egg crop, and, second, ignorance of the correct methods of caring for them. Under our present system the individual farmer and the individual storekeeper have no inducements for exercising greater care and are not held accountable for carelessness or even actual dishonesty. The storekeeper who receives eggs in exchange for merchandise reckons his profits on the goods rather than on the eggs, and knows that he can dispose of the eggs at the market price whether they are good or bad. Therefore, he does not encourage the farmers to improve the quality of their eggs, and, by the advantages of his peculiar position, keeps other buyers from doing so. Thus, Mr. Hastings argues, the present method is on a false basis, and is detrimental to the progress of one of the most important branches of agriculture.

The remedy, he thinks, is to be found in co-operation. The farmers should organize to control the egg market and to compel buyers to establish agencies where eggs can be sold at prices regulated according to their quality. At present the best eggs are in demand at premiums ranging from one or two cents to double the ordinary market price. In the large cities soda fountains, drug stores, high-class hotels and many private parties pay as high as 25 cents a dozen for the best quality, but the farmer who has shipped them derives no advantage and the profit goes entirely to the retailer. Under the present system all grades—good, medium and different—bring the same price at the country stores, and therefore there is practically a premium on the poorest quality.

DAIRY BETTER THAN COTTON

More Money in Milk from Twenty Cows Than There is in Eight Bales of the Staple.

Everywhere in the south the farmers consider cotton their master. They consider cotton, not a goodly king but a harsh tyrant, writes N. O. Nelson in Southern Cultivator. The price of cotton is a mere incidental. It is a slave-driver and poverty maker, they say, at any price. It is not material whether cotton, contrary to all other commodities, can be forced to a high price, regardless of the crop. Most people will say that a low price continued for several years, will so reduce the planting as to make it scarce and thus raise the price, and that a high price will bring so much planting as to overdo it, and reduce the price. It is inevitably a see-saw between high and low prices.

Besides being hard work and poor pay cotton impoverishes the land as well as the man. It makes farmers poor. There are poor improvements and few gardens on nine-tenths of the cotton farms, small schoolhouses and short terms, much credit and high prices for supplies. The universal verdict is against cotton.

There is another industry to which the south is peculiarly adapted by its land and its climate, which pays better than cotton, is less arduous work, is less subject to the destructive weather and seasons, and which steadily improves the land and the farmer. That is dairying. It is less work to raise pasture and feed for 20 cows, milk them and care for them, and get at least \$1,000 a year out of them, than it is to raise eight bales of cotton, and get from \$200 to \$650 for it.

The fever tick has been a serious handicap to stock raising in the south. It is now well known how to destroy it. It only requires attention and union with the neighbors.

Putnam county, Georgia, started an Anti-Tick society the members agreeing to conform to some simple rules for eradication. They went to work and got a large number of farmers to join it. They sent for the raw material to make a wash that will kill and effectively prevent the ticks on any infested farm within the county.

Preceding the organization of the Tick society, there had been organized and put in successful operation a co-operative creamery. The creamery association was made up of farmers in the vicinity of Eatonton, who owned about 400 cows. They signed a written agreement that for a period of two years they would deliver to the creamery, all the milk they produced for sale. Each milk supplier gets the full proceeds of the milk and cream he supplies. They pay for the cost of the creamery by allowing to be retained a certain per cent. of the proceeds of the milk. All farmers are eligible to join it. Having thus an assured market for their milk, and having excellent grazing and feed producing land, cows will increase rapidly in number. Within a year the supply of milk will perhaps be doubled. They get their pay every two weeks, which is a new thing for cotton growers.

After the creamery had been going awhile, there was organized a Credit society, of such creamery members as wished to join it. The members of the society signed an agreement to become jointly liable for money to be borrowed with which to buy cows to be sold to its members. They borrowed money on this ample responsibility at six per cent, and can borrow more as needed. They have bought quite a number of cows and in the future will bring them in by carloads from other localities in the state, where good cows can be found at reasonable prices. They resell them to the members at auction, the profit belonging to the society, and thus they accumulate their own capital. One member can get only five cows until all have been supplied. They pay for the cows by allowing one gallon of milk per day for each cow to be retained at the creamery to be applied on the purchase price. If a cow dies the buyer does not have to pay for it, but it is distributed on all the other cows. Title in the cows remains in the society until paid for, so there is no risk.

This society enables the farmer to get money at a cheap rate. It enables the poor man, who would have no credit at bank, to get productive property or capital. It enables each one to pay for the cows in an easy fashion, in fact the cows pay for themselves, and their feed besides.

By co-operative association the farmer gets the benefit of capital, good business management and the best marketing. They get acquainted with each other and become better neighbors.

Feed for Horses.

Many farmers feed too much hay. What a horse will eat in an hour is a great plenty, also enough bran and middlings or ground oats to keep them in good condition. Use a little salt once or twice a week, or better, if you can get it, keep a good-sized lump of rock salt in the manger all the time. Occasionally a hot mash with a little oil meal added is a good thing. Heavy or excessive feeding is not necessary if the horse is in fair condition.

Tobacco Pool.

It is estimated that the Burley tobacco of Kentucky, southern Indiana and southern Ohio has all been wooded and the farmers will receive prices for it at this value.

Gossip of Washington

What Is Going On at the National Capital.

He Calls Mrs. Snowball a Model Hen



WASHINGTON.—For 20 years James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, has been sounding the praises of the American hen. He has shown by statistics, pictures, reports, omelets, soft-boiled eggs and spring chickens that the American hen beats the world. She is not the possessor of great personal beauty, she does not aspire to be a butterfly of fashion, but is a very fine representative of the housewife type of chicken. If fine feathers made fine birds she would not be in it. For the peacock is a dazzler and the rooster struts with an air that cannot be imitated by his more modest companion who does the housework and scratches around for the children. But the hen, by keeping steadily at work and doing the best she can, has been enabled to enrich this country by more good dollars than all the silver mines of the west and all the gold of the Klondike. Statistics show that in a single generation the American hen lays eggs enough to make the Atlantic ocean one vast omelet and fill the Pacific with scrambled eggs. Placed on top of one another they would make a stack 40,000 times as tall as the Washington monument and almost as high as the price of beef.

All this has been done by the one egg a day hen. But along with the airships and the 26,000-ton battleships, the two-egg hen has arrived. No, she was not produced by Luther Burbank by grafting a Leghorn chicken onto a roe herring. She is just a plain, ordinary hen, who resolved to do her best.

Really Is a Jag in a Georgia Melon



THE department of agriculture has come along with some good news for these citizens in southern Indiana who, when arrested last fall for conducting "blind tigers," set up as a defense that they had become intoxicated from eating watermelons. The department has not yet analyzed the Indiana brand of melons, but it asserts that there is a "jag" in the Georgia melons.

Of course it is carefully concealed, and much care and labor is required to extract it, but it is there just the same. The department has proved this beyond doubt. Out of 100 pounds of watermelons experts in chemistry made one-tenth of a gallon of alcohol. They also have convicted the humble sweet potato of possessing another spree. Secretary Wilson announced

Woman Causes a Big Scare in a Bank



A HEAVILY veiled woman, well dressed and with an aristocratic bearing, rushed into a Washington bank and up to the window of the receiving teller. A number of people were standing in line waiting to deposit money. The man nearest the window held in his hands a large roll of bills and before him on the marble counter lay a leather bag in which he carried his gold coin to the bank.

With a swift glance at the teller and no word of explanation to the man waiting she made a quick grab at the bag and turned hurriedly to leave the building. The man at the window cried, "Stop!" a policeman came running to his assistance one hand clutched at his pistol pocket.

How the Government Loses Millions



INSTITUTION of criminal prosecutions against perpetrators of "sleeper trunk" customs frauds with ramifications in all parts of the country; the pressing of existing indictments to avoid lapses under the statute of limitations and the customs investigation generally were discussed at a conference at the treasury department recently. Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, Attorney General Wickham, Collector Loeb of the port of New York, and United States District Attorney Henry A. Wise of the southern district of New York, participated.

The "sleeper trunk" frauds, where

and clucks to find herself famous. This hen has appeared in Wilmington and is the property of a 14-year-old boy, Lilbourne Martin. But she is not a native of Delaware. No, she thanks her feathers she was born at Bynum, Md., and thus good old Hartford county adds another gem to the diadem of the state that made good eating famous. Though black as a colored politician, she rejoices in the name of Snowball, and as such will go down in history.

For generations Maryland has been famous for her chickens, and whether they were fried in a Maryland or were laid to rest in the old-fashioned pie, they have served their country well and have left pleasant memories behind them. It is all the more gratifying to record that out of the heart of the fried-chicken belt has come this phenomenal hen.

According to the records, she not only lays two eggs a day, but sometimes varies it by contributing three. All are perfectly fresh and suitable for family use. If she can keep up her record for a year this will mean 730 eggs, with a few extra for Christmas and the Fourth of July. If all the eggs grow up into chickens Mrs. Snowball would soon have enough descendants to cluck around the world. She deserves a medal from Secretary Wilson and a cablegram from Col. Roosevelt for her efforts to prevent race suicide.

Mrs. Snowball is a model hen. She never worries about the fashions in feathers; she is not forever running off to some barnyard by the sea or chicken house in the mountains; she does not try to shine at bridge or out-scratch her neighbors. She stays at home, looks after Mr. Snowball and the children and attends strictly to business. Wherefore will she be remembered wherever the egg is held in honor and the chicken in esteem.

the discovery of a criminal tendency in the watermelon heretofore unsuspected.

"We have been experimenting with every sort of fruit and vegetable that contains sugar," said Mr. Wilson, "the watermelon, pears, apples, peaches, plums, pumpkins, muskmelons, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, beets and other vegetables. The watermelon surprised us. We never expected it of its kind. The purpose is to develop the cheapest kind of denatured alcohol for use as fuel."

The experiments have been made under the directions of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry. Of course it is impossible to extract this alcohol in paying quantities from melons, but we hope to do so from sweet potatoes.

The experiments have been made to benefit the seacoast portion of the south, from Virginia down the Atlantic around Florida and along the gulf. Sweet potatoes can be grown cheaply in the sand of these sections. One bushel of sweet potatoes will make a gallon of alcohol. The product is a better and cheaper fuel than benzene."

several women in the long line of waiting patrons showed signs of fainting and the wildest excitement prevailed. Had a bank robber descended in the guise of a fashionable woman? "Put back that money!" demanded as with one voice the banker, the policeman and all the men standing in line at the window.

"Why, certainly I will," said the woman who had caused all the excitement and who, by this time thoroughly alarmed at the cries of everyone about her, ventured an explanation. "I owe you all an apology, I believe. I was here a moment ago and forgot a pair of gloves. I left in a great hurry and must have left them here at the window. I had only a few minutes to catch my train to Baltimore and mistook that gentleman's money bag for them. They are just exactly that color, you know."

Her explanation was sufficient and smiles spread over the alarmed faces. "Good joke," voted the huge guardian of the peace, who breathed freely again and sauntered away.

by goods are brought into this country in trunks with false bottoms to deceive the inspectors, stretch to many parts of the United States, though passing only through the port of New York in the cases about to be prosecuted.

Beyond the generalization of millions of dollars nobody officially can estimate the amount of taxes thus evaded. Most of the violators of law in this respect are dressmakers. The government has a good deal of evidence along this line, and the prosecutions for this form of wholesale dishonesty promises to be of a sensational character.

Collector Loeb expressed the opinion that the "sleeper trunk" frauds could no longer be carried on successfully under the rules he has adopted. These provide for a new stamp arrangement for trunk limitations of the hours a trunk remains in the docks.