

# THE DUKE

By VIOLA TREHERNE ADAMS.

It was nothing to be a duke in Mountphalia, Ned Vernon told Miss Hazel Bridges the first time he was introduced to her, and he begged her not to be awed at the pretentious title.

"Call me Mr. Vernon, plain American that," he pleaded, with a laugh. "Or better—Ned."

Hazel flushed at the idea of such familiarity. She could not be on her dignity, however, with the bright spirit at her side, ingenuous, a sham later, a beauty lover—and he showed it on the occasion vividly—who quite won her heart.

"You see," explained Ned, "my father did some rare diplomatic work for the prince of the little Bavarian kingdom here and he was given a dukedom—all but the 'dom.' Duke he was, but no perquisites or property. He nearly starved and when he died he left me a hollow title. It hangs to me with the students here—Duke Edward. I'm glad when I can leave it and the memory behind me. I've made enough to educate myself and get back to real civilization. I suppose you'll be going home to the United States, too, after this term. If you ever meet me on American soil, promise that you won't trail in the royal highness feature!"

Hazel promised, with her happy mirthful smile, little dreaming that within two months war would leap



Savage and Wrathful.

forth from the shadows and drive them like fugitives from the peaceful burg where he was studying engineering and she music.

It was amid the first clangor of arms that Ned Vernon said: "I love you!" It was when alarm bells announcing invasion were hoarsely warning the people, that they were married, in haste—never to repent at leisure, however. It was to the dread echo of distant cannon that they caught the last train for Paris.

It was at the gay capital that the sour-visaged, crabbed-souled preceptor, Madame Roscoff, left them, feeling it her duty to cable to the humble little village of Merton, nestling among the peaceful hills of Vermont, to plain, honest John Bridges, Hazel's father, the brief words:

"Your daughter has married a duke and is on her way home with him."

John Bridges was a wealthy man. He and his wife lived in a handsome mansion. They had moved from Summerdale, fifty miles distant, never telling Hazel, anticipating a pleasant surprise for her when she came home. When John Bridges read the cablegram Mrs. Bridges fainted dead away.

"Married to a duke!" gasped her husband. "I never thought a daughter of mine would disgrace me by taking a foreign noodle head for a husband."

Mrs. Bridges wept, declared her heart was broken. She had read in the newspapers about "titled misery" until she had created a positive bugbear in her mind.

Her husband was grumpy and restless for a day or two, then savage and wrathful. He brightened up at the end of the week, coming into the elegantly furnished parlor, to which he had not yet become accustomed.

"Nancy," he announced, with a grim chuckle. "I've found a way out."

"Out of what?" questioned his wife desolately, for she was still mourning over her daughter's mesalliance, as she called it.

"That duke," responded Mr. Bridges. His wife groaned. She wrung her hands.

"You know, and I know, and everybody knows that these foreign princes never marry except for money," continued Mr. Bridges.

"Yes, John," assented his wife woefully.

"I've got some money," pursued her husband, "but—he isn't going to get it! I've planned it all out. I'm going to put that duke through a course of sprouts that will either wear him out and send him snoring back to 'Yurup' post haste, or make a man of him."

"But if he deserts our darling!"

"She's brought it on herself, hasn't she?" sniffed Bridges, "and good ridance to bad rubbish, hey? Get ready to move, Nancy."

"Get ready to move!" repeated Mrs. Bridges, marveling.

"Right away."

"Where to, for goodness sake?" "Back to the old home." "Why, John!" "Not a word now," directed Bridges, with a decisive wave of his hand. "Can't you see through a millstone with a hole in it? I'm poor, don't you understand—poor! poor! poor!" and there was a vengeful, gloating satisfaction in the emphatic repetition.

"I—I think I see, John," faltered Mrs. Bridges, "but, oh! what a tearing up." "Worth it, if it scares away this scamp of a duke!" declared her husband. "Oh! I'll make it real to the public—Hazel and this precious sprig of nobility of hers. Poverty, howling, grinding pauperism! Now then—no sentiment. We'll furnish up the old house just as bare and uninviting as it can be done. As to the meals, no fatted calf, wife! Give his ludship a genuine workhouse diet. It will take some of the grand notions out of him."

So the plot was laid. The new neighbors of the Bridges pitted their "sudden fall from affluence." The old ones back at the home town commiserated them for making a costly splurge only to come back to even more humble and restricted surroundings than before.

And one day bride and groom arrived. At the sight of the sunny nappy face of winsome Hazel, the mother broke down and the father's heart softened. To the duke, however, the mother was distant and the father fairly unkind.

"Duke Edward," however, broke the ice of severity, despite his gloomy reception. He praised the meals, he was like some high chevalier in his respect for Mrs. Bridges, in his love for Hazel. Early the next morning he strolled outside to join his father-in-law on the porch.

"Mr. Bridges," he began in his brisk animated way, "Hazel was telling me that you had over two hundred acres in your place here."

"Oh, yes, such as it is," growled the old man. "Not much good without capital to work it."

"Why," enthused Duke Edward, "there you are mistaken! I'm up on soils and you've got the right sort here."

"What do you know about it?" queried Mr. Bridges charily.

"Oh, my principal course at one time was scientific farming. It would just delight me to join you in good hard work, making this wilderness blossom like the rose. Say, won't you let me try it—father?"

John Bridges winced. Then the barrier broke down. The duke had disappeared. The hopeful, helpful real man had become manifest.

"Heard your daughter had married a prince or something like that, Bridges," observed a neighbor to her father a few days later.

"That's right," assented the proud father-in-law—"a prince of a good fellow!"

Then he went home with a happy smile on his face. He started whistling as he saw his son-in-law out in the fields in true farmer garb, hoe in hand, Hazel fluttering near by.

"I say, son," he called out as he passed them by, "we're going to move back to our real home tomorrow, and then he told where it was and why they had left it."

"You're the right sort!" declared the bluff old fellow heartily, "and I reckon smart enough to hold a good business if I start you in at it with the capital, hey? Call the scientific farming quits and let's all settle down to enjoy life together!"

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## DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR LOT

Then Pay a Visit to Madison Square Park at Night, a New Yorker Advises.

"I advise all those who are dissatisfied with their lot in life and those who are apparently better situated, to take a seat in one of the parks here some night and merely observe," a reflective man said the other day, according to a New York letter in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "It makes a man deeply thankful that he has a warm bed to sleep in and a roof over his head, if nothing else."

"I was walking through Madison Square park the other night and watched the poor devils on the benches. Some were typical down-and-outs. All were dozing in the cold. Most of them straightened up at the sound of an ominous footstep. A policeman swung around the corner and walked along the benches. Wherever he found a man with his head fallen forward on his breast he stirred him to life by a prod in the ribs with his stick. If the man failed to respond the representative of law and order sharply whacked him on the soles of his feet, causing the sleeper to start up suddenly and rub his feet together with a haste that would have been funny if it had not been so pitiful. The policeman passed on."

"Some of the bench occupants apparently strove to keep awake. But their heads nodded, their eyes closed and again sleep came upon them. Again appeared the restless policeman, poking each man impartially. I wonder what is the idea of keeping a big, strong policeman who ought to be out catching stick-up men at such a business? Why not let the poor devils sleep?"

## How She Got Even.

"Madam," said the dignified husband to his loving wife who had stolen up behind his chair and given him a kiss "you must know such actions are anything but agreeable to me." "Oh, excuse me," said the little woman, "I didn't know it was you."

## Heralding the Outdoor Season



For the woman devoted to out-of-doors a sports coat model, like that shown in the picture, is a good choice for early season wear as a street coat. At the end of the season it will owe her nothing, for she will have had it always with her. Coats of this character are shown in great variety and they differ little from regulation sports coats. They are more quiet in color and somewhat more trim as a rule.

Not all the models designed for street wear are in quiet colors. The citron shades are much in evidence where smartly dressed women congregate. The checked coat is a favorite for both street and sports wear and is really classed according to the size of its checks—if they are big it

is of the sports sort, while very small checks are about as conservative as the more trying black.

For the young woman the coat pictured is a model that it would be hard to improve upon. It is reinforced at the front with a deep square yoke which improves its lines, giving them a straight direction at the middle front with a generous flare at the sides and back. It buttons to one side and has a collar high enough to be chic and becoming and so constructed that it can be turned back away from the neck when so desired.

Big patch pockets are furnished with a plait at the middle fastened with a button. The buttons at the front are set on in groups, and two buttons finish the oddly cut cuffs.

## General Utility Suit



A suit for the street and general utility is made in a manner that appeals to young women and justifies their judgment. It is new in cut and very smart looking and it looks well in any of the fabrics—including the novel weaves—that have been used for this season's suits.

The skirt is not a new model, but is cut fuller than usual with deep, inverted plaits that extend to the waist line. These are its only distinguishing features. The coat is a novelty, simply and cleverly cut, with raglan sleeves and very full body. At the front a wide overlap terminates at the bust line. The coat fastens here with a half dozen large white bone buttons. Similar rows provide the decorative feature at the front and back and on the sleeves. There is a turnover collar of the material and cuffs similar to it with a plaiting let in at the back of each. As in nearly all other tailored suits an extra collar and cuffs of white organdie, which are detachable, recognize the advent of summertime.

White pique, white satin, embroidered batiste and lace appear in collars and cuffs with the various dark colors

used just now for street wear. In collars and revers and cuffs there are occasional suits in which white broadcloth courageously faces the chance of losing its creamy whiteness and being thrown into the discard. But washable stuffs are prettier, more delicate, and more popular, and the tailored suit, either in wool or silk, is immensely enhanced by their freshness.

Other tailored suits, cut on lines with which we are now familiar, can claim the distinction of originality in certain details of their finishing. One of these has what are known as saddlebag pockets of formidable size set onto the skirt. In their silk-braided decoration, fancy silk lining and finishing, the inspiration of Spanish ideas is evident. The coat is cut with a square opening at the front, has scalloped and braided revers and a little, low-cut vestee. The neck is finished with a soft ruffle of lace and a soft chemise of lace appears above the vestee.

Julia Bottomley

## KEEP BROOD MARES WORKING

Ordinary Farm Work Will Not Hurt Them—Turn Them Out in a Field Every Pleasant Day.

Pregnant mares can be worked advantageously right up to foaling time, says a writer. Work should not be too heavy, but ordinary farm work will not hurt them. Successful colt raisers nearly always work their mares and seldom have trouble with either mare or colt.

If you have no work, turn them out in a field every nice day. Always be very quiet and gentle with a mare in foal. In bad weather she is better off in the stable.

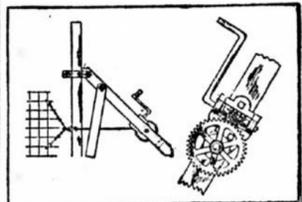
Fancy feeding is not necessary. Feeding and watering should be quite regular. A horse fed regularly and fully will seldom eat too much. The best hay for brood mares is mixed clover and timothy. Avoid all damaged food. Some wheat bran and oats may be fed, even though the cost is high. Cut down on corn as foaling time approaches.

After the colt is foaled the mare should not be worked for about ten days, and then lightly for a couple of weeks. Care should be taken not to overwork or overheat her, as this will cause the milk to be bad and may cause colic or indigestion in the colt. It is best to leave the colt in the barn while its mother is at work.

## ADVANTAGE OF A STRETCHER

Small Force Applied to the Handle Exerts Large Pull on Fence and Holds All Slack.

The advantages claimed for this stretcher are that a very small force applied to the handle exerts a very large pull on the fence and that it



Wire Fence Stretcher.

holds all slack without the use of pawls or ratchets.

These advantages are obtained by the use of the powerful device, the worm.

The handle turns the worm, which intermeshes with a worm wheel and winds up the pull chain on a drum.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

## GENERAL FARM NOTES

Have the seeds been tested? It pays.

Burning vegetation, where possible, will destroy many insects.

A well-fitted seed bed means that the crop is half cultivated.

Nothing will fatten a cow or steer more quickly than alfalfa hay and corn.

Alfalfa makes dairying profitable. It is useless to sow alfalfa on undrained soils.

To get a good garden crop we must have good seed, good soil and good cultivation.

Alfalfa hay and silage is the best kind of rough feed for fattening all classes of cattle.

Sow all waste land in pasture grasses of some kind. It will pay far better than remaining idle for so many years.

Barley is a better nurse crop for clover than oats—it does not shade the ground so heavily and comes off earlier.

Roll the winter wheat to compact the soil around the roots, fill up the earth-cracks and make a dust mulch. It pays.

Every up-to-date farm should have a small flock of sheep to furnish an economical and healthful meat supply for the table.

The average farm garden may be made to pay a handsome profit if the owner understands how to get the money from it.

Take an inventory of the farm. Keep a cash book and a ledger. Don't undertake elaborate cost systems except as an experiment.

In starting the new tractor make sure that all oil holes, wells, pumps, grease cups, etc., are cleaned and filled with the right lubricant.

A farm garden is a necessity. It affords a wholesome supply of food, besides being a healthful occupation and fascinating as well.

Every farm home should be a home where the neighbors like to congregate for a good time, and where they will feel assured of a warm welcome.

Tillage aids in the growth of the nitrifying bacteria and these are what make the plant foods into such forms as to be available to the growing crops.

## GOOD AS FORAGE CROP

Growing of Field Pea of Special Interest to Farmer.

Climatic Requirements of Plant Limit Its Successful Production as Summer Crop to Northern States and Canada.

(By H. N. VINALL)  
The field pea is an annual plant with slender stems two to four feet high, which stands erect only where there are other plants to which they can cling. The plants seldom have



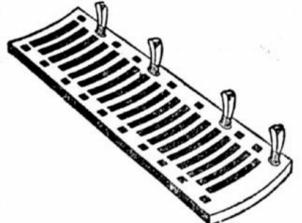
Fruiting Branch of Field Pea Vine, Showing Characteristics of Stem and Leaf, and Succession of Bloom and Pods.

more than three stalks and very often only one or two. The herbage is pale green with a whitish bloom on the surface. Each leaf bears usually two or three pairs of leaflets and is terminated by a slender, branched tendril. The hanging pods are about three inches long, each containing five to nine nearly round seeds.

The garden pea is cultivated primarily as a green vegetable, or as a grain crop for human food; the field pea is grown for hay or for grain to feed to animals.

A cool growing season is essential for the field pea. High temperatures are much more injurious than frosts, which are disastrous to the crop only when they occur just at the period when the pods are setting. These climatic requirements of the field pea limit its successful production as a summer crop to the northern states and Canada and to high altitudes in the mountains of our western states. It may, however, be grown with profit as a winter crop in the southern states. Its moisture requirements are less important than those of temperature, but other things being equal, it does best where the rainfall is fairly abundant. A 15-inch rainfall in western Canada is sufficient to produce a good crop, while 20 inches of rain in Kansas, Nebraska or Colorado is inadequate.

It is a common practice in some localities to harvest the crop by pasturing with hogs or sheep. This is done more largely in Colorado than in



Concave Plates With All But Four Teeth Removed, Adjusted for Threshing Field Peas.

any other part of the United States. There is no doubt, however, that the crop can be fully as well utilized this way in other western states in localities which are near large sheep ranges. When intended for pasture, the field pea is sown alone or with but little grain, as it is not necessary in such cases that it be supported by some more erect-growing crop.

Animals pasturing on field peas should be confined to one portion of the field by means of movable fences, or else a herder should be employed for this purpose. If sheep or hogs are allowed to roam about over the entire field, they waste a great deal of the crop by wandering around aimlessly as soon as their hunger has been satisfied. The animals should not be turned into the field until the seed becomes hard.

Lambs will fatten on field-pea pasture in from 70 to 90 days, and a good crop will usually fatten from 10 to 15 lambs per acre, each animal gaining about eight pounds a month.

## CLEAN UP ALL IDLE CORNERS

Practice Will Make Work of Cultivation Easier All Summer—Improve Waste Places.

When plowing this spring, don't go around the gullied spots or the bushy corners or the stumps. Take the time to clean them as you go.

It will make the work of cultivation easier all summer and give you a chance to put the idle land to work or to begin the improvement of the waste places. Nothing spoils the looks of a farm more than patchy, ragged fields.

Every farm home should be a home where the neighbors like to congregate for a good time, and where they will feel assured of a warm welcome.