

Vernon Pope

By JANE OSBORN

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Whenever Hester Fey had ten cents left in her purse after she had bought her luncheon, paid her carfare and bought her evening paper out of the 45 cents she allowed herself for "spending money" every day, she went to a little basement flower shop and exchanged that silver piece for a rose or a couple of carnations, a few daffodils or pansies, or any other bloom that that small sum would secure.

"Don't you ever buy candy?" the girls in the office would say to her when she steadfastly refused to share with them a little bag of licorice drops or chocolates that they brought back with them after luncheon. "Every girl has a sweet tooth; it's funny you haven't."

"Well, maybe I do like sweets," Hester would say. "But to me flowers are so much sweeter than candy. And a rose on your desk will stay sweet for days, and the candy is all gone in an afternoon."

On her way from business she used to walk up the avenue past the big florists' windows, and there look eagerly in to see the flowers, whose names she did not know, that were arranged to tempt the folk who could afford to pay as much for a box of flowers as Hester received for working a whole week.

Then Hester read in the paper that a great flower show was to be held early in the spring. The tickets were 50 cents, and that meant that five dimes would have to be saved, and that five times when she might have bought a little nosegay she would have to go without. To spend 50 cents for a single evening's entertainment seemed like extravagance to Hester, so she determined to go to the flower show, on the day that it opened, as soon as she was through work at her office and remain there with the flowers till the doors closed. She would have from half-past five till eleven o'clock, if she chose just to wander about and smell the sweetness and revel in the color of the flowers that the paper said were to be even more gorgeous than in previous years. To be sure, this would mean going without dinner; but she bought a sandwich, which she ate rapidly at a lunch counter on her way to the show, and this satisfied her craving for food.

At first Hester wandered about the great hall in a daze, now standing transfixed before a table on which nothing but roses were placed, and then hurrying from one rock garden to another, searching out in each new and hidden beauties, till she knew the characteristics, but not the names, of all the plants that ever found place in rock gardens. If any one stopped to notice the enthusiastic young girl as she stood with hands clasped and eyes glancing before one of the exhibits, Hester did not know it, for she was too intent on enjoying the flowers every minute of the hours she had to spend to notice the other spectators at all.

After she had wandered about for over an hour, she finally stood lost in admiration and almost perfect content before the tulip exhibition that had been awarded the first prize. It was the exhibition of the millionaire, L. K. Pope, whose world-famous tulip hot-houses and gardens made certain his taking the first prize for this class of flowers every year. Hester had not read her evening paper every day without knowing the reputation that Mr. Pope and his family had gained in fields other than tulip raising. Mr. Pope himself, as every one knew, was at the time seeking a divorce from his third wife, and his only son, young Vernon Pope, had given interesting reading recently in the evening papers because of his elopement with a musical comedy star of considerable reputation.

Hester didn't in the least approve of the Popes, but she did love their tulips, and when she heard one woman who stood for a while beside her say to her companion, "I can't even admire the exhibition when I think what kind of people the Popes are," Hester wondered for a brief minute whether she were weakening in her very rigid standard, because she could admire the Pope's tulips as much as she did. It seemed to her, as she stood there feasting her eyes on the sea of golden tulips, as pure as morning sunlight, that just to grow flowers like that would make people want to be good and decent.

The exhibit, as every one said, was the most attractive of any show, for tulips, in beds of red and yellow, pink, white, and of that rich dark red characteristic of the "black" tulip, were arranged about a little Dutch cottage that had a real little door and two windows with white muslin curtains. If Hester had any well-defined idea of heavenly mansions it was of some such little white-curtained Dutch cottage as this, surrounded by beds of glorious poppies and paths of pure white pebbles like those she now gazed upon.

A young man came out of the cottage, and Hester watched him eagerly. Of course, it was young Vernon Pope, and as he opened the door she looked to see if there was a girl in the cottage; if there was a girl, of course it was the dancing girl he had eloped with. For a moment Hester

envied the dancing girl, just because she might claim admittance to the white-curtained cottage. But no girl followed Vernon, and there appeared to be no one left in the cottage. Vernon crunched his way down the white-pebbled path to the white-painted fence that hemmed in the exhibit. A young man that stood on the outside of the fence appeared to be a friend of Vernon.

"Congratulations!" said the man on the outside of the fence. "I knew you would get the first prize for tulips, but you've taken the prize for the best show of any sort in the exhibition. I got it straight from the judges just now."

The smooth-shaven young Vernon showed supreme satisfaction. "You don't say!" he commented. "That certainly will make Pop happy. He was so keen about this cottage effect, and he spent so much importing those Dutch bulbs this year."

"It's sure a slick show," commented the bringer of good news. "Couldn't be better."

"Yes, it could," corrected Vernon, and Hester permitted herself still to overhear the conversation. "We were going to get some nice little blonde-haired girl to dress in Dutch costume and add local color to the cottage. Pop got the costume straight from Holland, and we were going to get one of the maids to dress up; but the only blonde one got huffed at the last minute, and the brunette ones wouldn't do. I'm going to start out tomorrow and get one. The trouble is we don't want the kind of show girl you'd get from a theatrical agency. We want a nice, fresh-looking girl, that looks as if she had grown up in a tulip bed."

Just then the young man's eyes shifted, and for the first time he saw Hester. There was a slight start in his manner, and Hester somehow became aware that she had flaxen hair and that she certainly did not look like a show girl. The young heir to the Pope millions loved his voice and drew the young man he was talking to aside. Hester would have followed them to hear their conversation, but it was obviously impossible. However, she still stood there by the white fence drinking in the beauty of the color, and waiting to hear what she might when the young man returned to the fence.

It was only a few minutes later when young Vernon returned, and, coming very respectfully to her, asked her with considerable embarrassment if she would be willing to be the Dutch girl. She was just, the type, he said, and if she didn't need the money she could contribute it to the Red Cross. He said that he was very anxious to have some one by the next afternoon—Saturday, because his father was coming in to see the show for the first time, and he had so wanted a Dutch girl in the cottage. Hester thought a minute. Saturday afternoon was a half holiday. She could "give notice" the first thing in the morning. She was only a cog in the wheel at her office; another girl would do as well as she on Monday morning. For a whole week she could spend her days there in that wonderful tulip garden. She accepted, and before long she found herself alone in a little dressing room donning the Dutch peasant costume that was apparently made just to fit her small, plump figure.

Of course, the young man fell in love with her, and, of course, when at the end of the week he told her so, Hester, who was a very strict principled little girl, was as troubled as she had ever been in her life before. She really did like him; she felt that she could not let him go. Still—

"But, what about that beautiful dancing lady you eloped with?" she asked him naively. And the young man laughed and laid his hands on her shoulders tenderly. They were inside the little Dutch cottage a few minutes before the afternoon session of the exhibition began.

"You didn't think I was Vernon Pope, did you, little girl? Bless your heart, you thought that, did you? Why, I'm only the head gardener's son. But father and I get more out of the Pope millions than the Popes do, for we are lords of the estate that young Vernon is too sophisticated to enjoy. They don't know one tulip from another. They just 'go in' for them because every millionaire has to go in for something. So you'll marry me, won't you? Even if I am Tom Dawkins, gardener, instead of Vernon Pope, millionaire!"

And Hester honestly could not see why any girl would not a hundred times rather have married Tom Dawkins than Vernon Pope, with all his millions.

Opaki Hard to Capture.

The home of the opaki, in the western half of equatorial Africa, is a forest cloister 600 miles long, 180 miles wide and 700 miles from the coast—a dismal and inhospitable region of unbroken wilderness. Into this retreat, inhabited by cannibals, strewn with the graves of thousands of white men and visited almost daily with terrific tropical thunderstorms, with intervals of intense and humid heat from a torrid sun, the Lang-Chapin expedition ventured in 1909.

For six years its members stalked the opaki, a mysterious creature, nocturnal in its habits, with a sense of hearing inconceivably acute, and so wary that only one specimen had ever been obtained. Few white men had ever seen an opaki, but, thanks to the determined efforts of Sir Harry Johnston, the gifted explorer and colonial administrator, the British museum was in possession of the remains of one of these animal recluses.

POTATO BEETLES DO MUCH DAMAGE

Insect Is Slimy and Soft in Texture and Rather Disgusting in Appearance.

POSSIBLE PROGENY IS LARGE

Arsenate of Lead Is Preferable to Paris Green as Remedy—Single Application With Sprayer Will Destroy Most of Them.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Injury by the Colorado potato beetle and its "slugs" or young is known practically throughout the entire United States, from the great plains eastward to the Atlantic coast, except a few counties in the extreme southern portion of the Gulf region. It has appeared recently as a pest in Washington and Oregon. This insect is a hard-shelled, stout beetle, of a distinct yellow color, about three-eighths of an inch long. Its wing-covers are ornamented with ten longitudinal black lines. The young or "slugs" are dark red when hatched, becoming paler as they grow older. They are slimy and soft in texture and disgusting in appearance.

Generations Produced.

In its extreme northern range this potato beetle produces only one generation or brood, but farther south, two or three generations occur. The winter is passed in the beetle stage.



One of Best Known But Not Altogether Reliable Ways of Bugging Potatoes.

under ground. The beetles appear in early spring and continue until the cold weather of September or October, according to locality. One female can produce 1,800 and 1,900 eggs. The possible progeny of two or three broods is enormous. In 1916 it is estimated that at least 20 per cent of the potato crop suffered from its ravages. During 1917, for no reason which can be assigned, the insect was conspicuous by its absence, but in another year or two it may be as troublesome as ever. It is certain to appear locally in numbers.

The best remedies are arsenicals, and of these arsenate of lead is in many respects preferable to paris green, which it is rapidly replacing. The high price of all copper compounds incident to the war has resulted in an increase in the price of paris green, while lead arsenate, although it also has increased in price, is somewhat cheaper.

Use of Poisons.

Lead arsenate does not kill as quickly as paris green, but insects cease feeding as soon as they receive a poisonous dose. It is sold in both powdered form and paste form, and is used at the rate of two pounds of powder to 50 gallons of water, or bordeaux mixture, or in paste at double this strength. In small gardens two-thirds of an ounce or one level teaspoonful to a gallon of water is in the same proportion. For the paste form 1 1/3 ounces or three level teaspoonfuls are used to a gallon of water.

For the proper application of this spray a sprayer of the best type and approved nozzles should be employed. A single application when the slugs first appear will kill most of them, but a second or third dose may sometimes be required. Later on other broods must be treated in the same manner.

Other remedies, such as jarring beetles and "slugs" early in the season by brushing them from the plants into large shallow milk pans containing a thin scum of kerosene, and hand-picking, are of value early in the season, but are too laborious for a large acreage.

DUTY OF CIVILIANS.

The soldier and the farmer are eager to do their full share in both incur risks. Very many civilians are equally eager to do their share, but may not appreciate the opportunity to serve in the field of agriculture. —Secretary of Agriculture.

LARGER PRODUCTION FROM DAIRY ANIMALS

Intelligent Feeding Benefits Producer and Consumer.

Good Use of Legume Hay and Corn Silage Reduces Cost of Rations for Cows Without Decreasing Supply of Milk.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Legume hay and corn silage formed a large part of the rations of those cows which made the greatest income over cost of feed in cow-testing associations, in which the records of 5,587 cows covering a period of four years were studied by specialists of the department of agriculture. By feeding such feeds larger production can be combined with economic production and the income over cost of feed can be increased. Economic production benefits both producer and consumer.

The feeding of concentrates to dairy cows should be based on known production. Farmers who are too busy to test their own cows may now have the work done for them at nominal cost by joining a cow-testing association. As ordinarily conducted, a cow-testing association is an organization of about 26 dairy farmers who co-operatively employ a man to test their cows for economical production. The tester not only weighs the milk and the feed but he tests the milk for butterfat and assists the farmers in feeding their cows according to production.

Before the formation of a cow-testing association in a certain dairy district few farmers fed grain to their dry cows, and none fed a balanced ration to any of their cows; prepared feeds of unknown merit were largely used; and some farmers dished up the grain with a scoop shovel and fed all their cows alike, regardless of production.

Through the active co-operation of all the members of the association those conditions were rapidly changed. Better feeding of dry cows increased the milk flow during the next lactation period; the use of a well-balanced ration brought about more economical feeding, and abandoning the scoop-shovel method and feeding concentrates according to production greatly reduced the cost of feed. However, the elimination of low producers that did not respond to better feed and care effected the greatest saving of all. In some herds these changes more than doubled the income over cost of feed. The dairymen belonging to that association demonstrated that it pays to keep good cows and to feed them well.

The cow-testing association records clearly show that the most practical, far-reaching, and vitally important facts connected with the economical production of milk may be grouped logically under these three heads: Selection, breeding, feeding. Careful and intelligent feeding, care, and management lift the dairy business to a certain level, but the highest level can be reached only when to these are added careful selection and intelligent breeding.

PLAN FOR SUPPLY OF SILAGE

Stockmen Are Urged to Fortify Themselves Against High-Priced Feed Next Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Stockmen throughout the country are urged by the United States department of agriculture to make plans early for an ample supply of silage to fortify themselves against a scarcity of forage and high-priced feed next winter.

In every case a sufficient acreage to provide crops to fill the silo should be provided by beef-cattle farmers. This



Newly Constructed Silo.

will assure that the silo investment will yield its proper annual return and prevent losses coming from giving the cattle more expensive feeds. The cheapness with which cattle can be fitted for market or carried through the winter with silage insures that well-filled silos will be a paying investment.

It is a good farm practice to put more acreage to silage corn than it is estimated under ordinary conditions will be necessary to fill the silo. Dry weather or a hailstorm at the crucial stage of growth may cause a marked decrease in the tonnage yield. For the South a few extra acres should be planted to sorghum to meet probable shortages.

TAKES HIS MEALS THROUGH A TUBE

Missouri Farmer Has Not Swallowed Food in More Than Twenty Years.

USES A SIMPLE DIET

"Makeshift" Feeding Attachment Not Only Saves Man's Life, but Insures Him Excellent Health and Happiness.

Macon, Mo.—Thomas Tilden Ar-buckle, a farmer residing near here, has not swallowed a bite of solid food or liquid during the past twenty years, commencing him in more ways than one to Food Administrator Hoover. During all these years Arbuckle has fed himself through a tube which he inserts into the stomach through a narrow incision. Arbuckle "eats" with a relish, soup, Irish potatoes thinned with milk, coffee, molasses and has even tried beer. He weighs 140 pounds, is five feet and seven inches tall, is married and is the father of four children. Since recovering from an operation to his throat May 23, 1898, he has not had a sick day in his life, all of which he attributes to his simple diet. He declares that if more people were more enthusiastic about Hooverizing they would spend less on medicine and doctors.

Tube Used as "Makeshift."

Arbuckle lived in Louisville, Ky., at the time his throat became clogged as the result of an attack of typhoid fever. His brother, who suffered from a similar affliction, died when he became unable to swallow. The doctors therefore determined to take a chance



Mr. Arbuckle Feeding Himself.

with Thomas and they made an incision in the "greater curvature of the stomach."

"Of course it's only a makeshift, Tom," they explained, "but it will keep you going a while, and maybe we can think up something else in time."

That "makeshift" feeding attachment is in use by Mr. Arbuckle today, only he has added a small funnel so as to make it easier to get the food into the tube.

Arbuckle's home is on the Thomas Brockman farm, in Lyda township, Macon county, Missouri, and Mr. Brockman says he has never had a more capable workman. When dinner time comes and the men gather about the table, Arbuckle's food is brought to him in bowls and cups, he gets out his rubber tube and funnel and enjoys his meal as well as the rest, and after dinner he lights his pipe and makes as big smoke rings as anybody.

Easy to Control an "Overload." Arbuckle takes no water from September until May, the liquid food furnishing sufficient moisture during those months. But during the warm months he uses water heavily, often taking from a quart to half a gallon at a time. Should he misjudge the capacity of his stomach, and overload it, he has a siphon by which he can quickly relieve the pain. In November, Arbuckle will be forty-one. He was married in Indiana 12 years ago.

"I've been feeding myself this way so long there doesn't seem anything strange about it," says Arbuckle. "I get hungry and in a way enjoy what I 'eat,' same as most people, I guess. I sleep well, and am strong and healthy. After I recovered from the operation on my throat, I got all right, and have had better health than the average man. Only four days, as I remember it, have I been laid off work on account of sickness in the 20 years." Arbuckle held out his muscular arm. "You can see by that my physical condition. My case seems to be a demonstration that people generally eat too much; that good health and vitality are the rewards for using easily digested foods, in moderate quantities. At least it has worked that way in my case."

Says Men Are Mucky.

Uhrichville, O.—"The mucky attempts of occasional men passengers who propose marriage," is the only drawback in her work seen by Mrs. Belle Stahl, thirty-eight, Ohio's only woman trolley conductor.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.



Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. & 50c.

Perhaps, Some Day.

Patriotism and local pride may sometimes be stronger than geographical knowledge, and perhaps it is as well they should be. Such is the view, in any case, of the teacher of the 5B grade in one of the schools of Indiana in which a young miss was required to name the capital of the United States. "Indianapolis," she replied. And the capital of Indiana came next. That was easy, too. "Jeffersonville." She had "Washington" in her mind, all right, however, for another question elicited the information that he is the president of the United States. "Well," she said, "he still keeps his picture on our stamps."

Propaganda.

There is a movement on foot to start an educational propaganda within the German empire, to inform the people of those countries of the real demands that the other nations of the world make. One writer suggests that the best thing to be done in that direction is to print two or three million copies of the Ten Commandments in the German language and distribute them over the whole of the country by airplanes.—Omaha World-Herald.

Rights in Grass.

The fact that the tenant does not have the right to walk off and take the lawn with him when he moves from the premises was made clear in a decision handed down by Vice Chancellor Learning in Camden, N. J., the other day, deciding against a tenant who had created a lawn by spreading a layer of top soil, and who attempted later to carry it away.

A Retort of Experience.

"I feel so worthless today." "Well, you must have lost at bridge last night."

Mexico's first woman aviator, Mrs. Enedina Monroy, has joined the government flying corps.

To err is human; to criticize is more so.



Better Off if you drink INSTANT POSTUM instead of coffee.

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TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON