

I SPY!

BEING SOME STRANGE PERSPECTIVES SEEN THROUGH THE SMALL END OF THE GLASS— WITH A CHERRY AT THE BOTTOM DESCRIBED BY HELLNA SMITH-DAYTON PICTURED BY ANGIE BREAKSPEAR.

D. Hobart Lingillet--Representing a Door-knob Firm

"What's your line?" asked D. Hobart Lingillet of the only other occupant of the smoker. Mr. Lingillet was sorry for a man who preferred "taking from" and "adding to" in a note book to being entertained by such a general favorite in society as himself. D. Hobart was a "regular case" when he got started. It looked promising when the other man closed his book with a crown. Mr. Lingillet was ready with a cigar.

"No, thanks," declined the man. "I believe you asked me what my line is? Why, I'm with the—"

"Mine's door-knobs," interrupted D. Hobart. "L. G. Turner & Co. Fine people to be with—treat you white. I've been with 'em now going on two years, and I couldn't ask for better treatment. Had lots of chances to go with other concerns, but My Firm wouldn't hear of it. Funny part of it is I'm independent as a pig on ice. I say what I think, whether it's to the Boss or anyone else. And I get away with it, too. Why, L. G. and the stockholders will take anything from me! Now, for instance, I said to the Boss, 'Look a' here—'

"Going? What's your rush? Night. Turning in myself soon."

"Surely fellow that," remarked Mr. Lingillet to a young man who just entered. "Can't draw him out. One of those cranks that go around the world and only speak to officials and waiters. I believe you can learn a lot talking to people."

"Why, I can make friends anywhere. I attribute my business success to this quality. Everything in knowing how to handle people—for you can't deal with any two men alike. I meet some tough proposi-

do this evening, come on with me to call on a couple of girls—sisters—I know in this burg. Their names are Mabel and Ethel Davis. Very pretty, especially Ethel."

"I couldn't leave town without dropping up to see you, Miss Arnold," said D. Hobart, as he settled down for a pleasant evening. "Say, you're looking simply great! Some people improve and grow handsome all the time. No, I'm not a flatterer. Guess you don't know me—and what a hard man I am to please. I don't care much for girls as a general rule. The average girl makes me tired. But you're exceptional—you can understand a chap. I tell you it means a lot to have a little sympathetic understanding to a man knocking about the world as I am and continually thrown among strangers. When I strike Buffalo and can come up here, it's an inspiration to me for weeks afterward."

"You'll be glad to hear I've done a smashing old business this trip, and I expect things will be softened up for me a whole lot the coming year. I've never before been in a position where I could be fixed just as I'd want to be and have a place of my own, with automobiles and all that sort of thing—but it's coming now!"

"Have you any objection to my calling you Belle? I feel as if I had always known you, though I admit our acquaintance hasn't been of very long standing. Still—if you really like a person—you get better acquainted with 'em in ten minutes than with others in ten years."

"As I've said before, I don't care a rap for girls. Of course you are an exceptional girl. A little girl I know

it! I can't toady to anyone, even for my own interests."

"That's the way I got on so well with some of my customers that the other man who used to have my route couldn't get near. One of my best customers is called the biggest crank on earth, and I admit I did have a time winning him. But, say—here isn't anything that man wouldn't do for me to-day. I found out his weak point was horses, and I just played up on that strong. Why, I soon had him sewed up tighter than a drum."

"Say," interrupted Johnson, "you know Miss Brookings that you introduced me to—"

"Oh, Gertie?" put in Lingillet. "Why I haven't seen Gert for quite awhile. I cut it out some time ago. I told her not to feel too bad about it—that some one would come along she'd did me. Of course I couldn't see



D. Hobart Lingillet's "Little Girl Back Home."

Gertie seriously. Jess is the real works. Others are mere incidents. Here she is in my watch. When I get ready to settle down—what's the matter? What? You engaged to Gertie? Well, well! The idea. Say, old man, I'm glad to hear it! Of course, I never knew Miss Brookings very well—but she seemed a terribly nice girl. Hope you'll be happy, old man. Remember me to your fiancée when you see her. You're certainly in luck. But say—some time I want you to meet Jess. She's a great girl, I tell you. And what she doesn't think of me! Say—it's an inspiration to a man to have a girl like that think you're it. By the way, I just happened to think there's a dear little girl in this town that I must look up before I leave—"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Harding. Can I do anything for you to-day?" asked Mr. D. Hobart Lingillet, as he nervously fingered his sample cases.

"What? You still representing L. C. Turner & Co.? You go back and tell 'em when they send a man—mind you, I said a man—out here to get my order I may do business with 'em again. That's all, sir!"

When Mr. Lingillet was two blocks down the street, he actually shook his fist at the cross man.

D. Hobart Lingillet stood before the door of the private office of the great "L. G." president of the Turner Door-knob concern. There was something about the knob on President Turner's door that fascinated, yet repelled, Mr. Lingillet. There wasn't a door-knob turned out by that vast manufactory that could inspire such unpleasant thoughts in the mere turning as that on President Turner's door—when somebody had been sent for. D. Hobart took hold of it gingerly, as if it were a live wire.

"Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Turner?" inquired Mr. Lingillet, timidly presenting himself before the great "L. G."

"Brrrrrr!" came from behind the big desk. President Turner seemed like Addison's description of a pun—"a sound, and nothing but a sound." D. Hobart swallowed hard. It annoyed him to have his throat suddenly become so dry just because he was in the same room with "the Boss."

"Yes, sir," murmured D. Hobart, faintly.

He had lots of time, before the Boss again noticed him, to try standing first on one foot, then on the other.

"Brrrrrr!" said the Boss, after he had signed several dozen letters. "Let's see—what's your name? Oh, yes, you're Dan Lingillet. I merely wanted to tell you, young man, that you've got to cut down that expense account of yours, and show a decided advance in your sales or—"

"Yes, sir, I understand. Thank you very much for giving me another chance, sir."

"Brrrrrr!"

The Cherry—There's a new heart interest in Lingillet's watch—and he's saying "Look a' here" to a new "Boss."

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Overheard at a Pink Talkfest.

"I heard an awful story about Mabel this morning. It was perfectly dreadful."

"My dear, there isn't a word of truth in it. It's false from start to finish."

"How disappointing. One can't believe anything nowadays, can they dear?"—Missukes Sentinel

POULTRY DISEASES.

It Does Not Pay to Doctor Sick Fowls.

Time spent on disease infected flocks of poultry, as a general thing, is time wasted. This, of course, does not apply to local sporadic complaints that are easily checked and cured, but to diseases that are deeply rooted and infectious.

It is frequently the case that consumption in some form exists among poultry. It is almost hopeless to attempt to stamp out the disease, and the sooner such flocks are gotten rid of and healthy ones installed in their places the better.

Many breeders and farmers' wives whose fowls are affected, give three or four doses of kerosene, or some other home remedy, and then report that the medicine did not effect a cure. The fact is, it may be necessary to give medicine every couple of hours, and even oftener, in bad cases. This work, of course, is not agreeable to the owner, particularly if the birds are of little value.

When roup appears and does not give way to prompt and heroic treatment, and frequent dosing, the chances are that such fowls will always give trouble. In such cases it is a comparatively easy matter to begin anew with poultry.

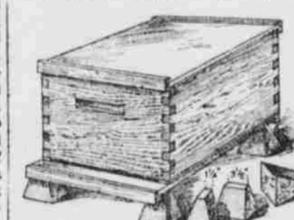
The cheaper and safer way is to take all the affected birds to some locality, kill them, for sometimes the disease is deeply rooted in the blood of the fowls and will remain, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. The safest and best method, therefore, is to clear off all the old stock and thoroughly disinfect the premises, even to spading the yards.

After this is done, get new stock from a flock that is known to be healthy, vigorous and free from disease, and see that none but healthy fowls are admitted to the breeding yard thereafter.

NEVER WEAR OUT.

Concrete Corner-Blocks for Hive Stands Are the Best.

The blocks are made five inches square on the bottom, 5 1/4 inches high. The top, or where the hive rests, is three inches by 1 1/4. These cost me three cents apiece, are much cheaper than wooden stands, and are practically indestructible, besides presenting a very neat appearance. You will see



Concrete Hive Stands.

that the hive rests upon such a small surface that there is small chance for dampness to collect to rot the bottom-board.

Since I have used these hive-stands, says a writer in Bee Culture, they have given me such satisfaction that I would not return to wooden stands, even for the few hives I have; and it seems to me they would be economical, even for the large apiary, as they can be made by anyone who can get cement and gravel.

Paint Coops with Crude Oil.

If we ever have occasion to build another hen house, the thing we shall do after completing it, and before any hens are allowed in it, will be to paint the whole inside with crude oil. The roosts and around the roosts should be given a double coat. A barrel of the oil should cost not over \$3.50, barrel included, and what is left can either be sold or used for machine oil. Anyway, if it costs \$3.50 to paint the inside of the house, we feel sure it would be money well invested, and would mean a comparative freedom from mites for some time to come.

Grind Them Up.

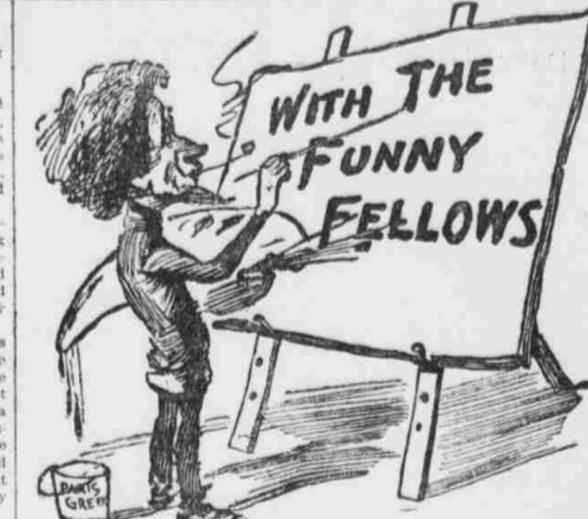
Now that nearly every housewife has a meat grinder in her kitchen—don't throw away a single bit of outside cabbage leaf, turnip peeling, apple peeling or core, or even potato peeling. Grind them up with celery tops, turnip sprouts, and everything else that is vegetable, and give them to the hens. It is surprising how much hens will eat of things that they have the reputation of never touching, if the food is cut or ground to convenient sized mouthfuls for them. And, remember, they repay it all with eggs.

Fed Mashies in Morning.

When considered advisable to feed mashies or soft feed to poultry the best time to give it to them is for the early morning meal. Even with little chickens it is best to feed small or cracked grains at night, while the older fowls should have whole grain. Many of the small flocks become too fat because every meal permits of scraps being obtained, which are thrown out as fast as accumulated, usually three times a day, and the hens never being hungry patiently sit around and wait for more.

Growing Poultry Feed.

In growing food for poultry it should be borne in mind that corn, wheat and oats can always be purchased and it is best therefore to grow sorghum, broomcorn, popcorn, millet and sunflowers for seed, which afford a good variety, but cannot be so readily procured in market.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

She raised her blond head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked. He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest.

"They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose," she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly. "I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

She sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.

In the Current.

Dolly has a bathing suit Very short and very cute— Shows a lot of stocking! Queer sort of material— "Electric silk," she says they call it—because it's shocking. —Cleveland Leader.

ACCEPTED HIS FATHER'S ADVICE.



"Johnny, doesn't your conscience tell you that you are doing wrong?"

"Yes, mother, but father said I wasn't to believe everything I heard." —Punch.

How He Catches Them.

"How does it happen that you are retained in so many divorce cases?" "Well," replied the lawyer, "seeing that you are not in my line, I'll tell you. I look over the marriage licenses every morning and send my card around to the contracting parties." —Judge.

A Harrowing Result.

"This agitation about Sunday shaving certainly makes one ashamed to look a stranger in the face." "A good many natives certainly will change countenance over it if they have to shave themselves." —Baltimore American.

Strained Relations.

Edgar—Didn't the cook like us? Euphemia—Oh, yes—she said that she liked us all right, but that we have to economize so that she couldn't respect us.—Puck.

BLOODLESS.



Bill Skooter—Say, old man, you're looking awfully wan and peaked. Been sick?

Peaked One—Nope; been hanging round one of these all-the-comforts-of-home rural resorts all summer—and say, but it was awful poor picking! —Chicago Daily News.

Had Sampled It.

Van Antier—Does the new butler know where to keep the wine? Mrs. Van A.—Judging from his appearance, he thinks he ought to carry it around himself.—Life

Her Visit Spoiled.

The Amiable Woman—Did you enjoy your visit to Stratford-on-Avon? The Perfect Lady—It was perfectly horrid, that's just what it was! Why, Shakespeare's tomb was guarded so meanly that I didn't get an opportunity to chip off a single souvenir, or even to write my name on it!—Life.

EXPURGATION.



"There are some pictures at the salon, children, which I don't wish you to see." "Which ones, mamma?" "I'll show you!"—La Sourire.

Installments All Around.

Patient (gloomily)—I don't seem to be gaining very fast, doctor. Doctor (cheerfully)—You can't expect to get well at one jump. You will have to regain your health gradually day by day—sort of on the installment plan, as it were. Patient (brightening up)—Well, doctor, if this thing keeps on much longer I'm afraid that you will have to collect your bill in the same way.—Judge.

His Chief Reliance.

Professor (to graduating class in college)—Young men, there is one more question I would like to ask, and that is, what books have helped you most in your struggles for an education? Young Scadd (promptly speaking up from the foot of the class)—Dad's check-book has helped me about as much as any of 'em so far.—Judge.

HE DID.



He—And now, darling, I'll have one more kiss and then tear myself away. The Mother (interrupting)—Sherry, Mr. Denton, but do you attach great importance to the order of your programme?—Pick-Me-Up.

Dog Saved His Life.

"Yes," said the young man, pensively, "a dog I once had saved my life." "Tell me about it," said the young lady, with eager interest. "I sold him for five dollars," said the young man, "when I was nearly starving."—Chicago Journal.

Unkind.

"George, dear, do you care for another biscuit?" asked the bride. "No, dear," replied the husband, quietly. "I haven't digested the first one yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Done by Roosevelt.

Office Boy—There's a man down stairs wants to see you. Publisher—Show him up. Office Boy—He's already been; he's a nature realist.—Chicago Journal.

Had Sampled It.

Van Antier—Does the new butler know where to keep the wine? Mrs. Van A.—Judging from his appearance, he thinks he ought to carry it around himself.—Life



A Study in Comparisons—How Lingillet Looked to the "Boss" and How the "Boss" Looked to Lingillet.

tions, but when you once win such a man, you've got him for keeps!

"Going? Well, I'm rather tired myself. Strenuous day. See you again before we get to Cleveland. Guess I'll write a few lines to a little girl back home that thinks a whole lot of me. Jess is a great girl! If you've got a minute to spare I'll show you her picture in my watch. Yes, isn't she? I suppose I'll be taking the fatal step pretty quick. Still—there's a little beauty up in Worcester, Mass. Bore, isn't it, that you can't be nice to a girl without her taking it serious? Going? So long."

"Stupid crowd on this train," grumbled D. Hobart, left to himself. "I'll be in Columbus in a few days, so guess I'd better write to Molly. Nice little girl, Molly."

"Got my old room for me?" chirped D. Hobart Lingillet, signing his name



"I said to the Boss—'Now, look-a-hera.'"

on the Manson House register. "And see if there's any mail for me. My name? The idea—I've been stopping here off and on for two years and I ought to be known. Oh, there's Clinton, the stove polish man."

"Hello! Clate, old man! What? Don't you remember Lingillet? L. G. Turner & Co. What's new with you? Say, I'm the boy that's getting the business! The Boss told me last time I was in that I'm the next man up. Say, if you haven't anything better to

back home—who, by the way, thinks quite some of me—says I'm a woman hater. But I'm not, really. Just absolutely indifferent."

"Say—do you know Dwyer, of Dwyer & Co., big hardware people here? I had lunch with him to-day. Fine fellow. Closed him up for a big order. I tell you I'm getting the business. What's my line? Why, I thought you knew. I'm quite sure I must have mentioned it last time I called up here.—Door-knobs. L. G. Turner & Co."

"Door-knobs?" repeated Miss Arnold blankly. "Oh, yes. I never thought about them before as detached from the door. And are there factories that make door-knobs? Though, when you stop to think of it, there are lots of them used—and quite a difference in 'em, too. There's big brass ones for the front doors and white china ones and brown speckly agate ones and dark metal ones, and I remember seeing some awfully pretty pink ones that matched the decorations of a room. But I can't imagine people just going out to sell them without the doors. When I go on the train I always read the signs on the factories as we go through places, but I never remember going by a door-knob factory. It—"

"Did I tell you the compliment the Big Noise of our firm gave me the last time?" began Mr. Lingillet, impatient at having the conversation monopolized.

"Hello, Lingillet, aren't you a long ways from home?" greeted a voice as D. Hobart Lingillet was eating a modest luncheon at a counter which would later adorn his expense book as "entertained customer at luncheon—\$4.50."

"Oh, that you, Johnson?" said Mr. Lingillet. "Glad to see you. I'm in such a rush, just stopped to grab a bite. But I can't stand these cheap joints, and the firm thinks nothing is too good for me these days. Oh, say—I cleaned up the biggest deal yesterday! It'll turn 'em over. Say, if you get that joke? I said 'turn 'em over.' Firm's name is Turner. Ha! Ha! Speaking of the firm, I saved 'em quite a lot of money last year by my suggestions, the Boss told me the last time I was in. He often consults me about matters of policy. I've got two or three things now I'm going to put up at the next directors' meeting. You know I speak right out—and they like