

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

"That has always been my opinion, or, at least, always since I stopped letting mamma form my opinions for me," said a distinctly pleasing feminine voice behind him.

Colton turned casually around from the desk by the wall, where he was writing his usual glib of Sunday letters, not so much because the hotel stationery is both excellent and inexpensive, as because his own room was lonely, to see who the speaker might be. The great room was filled with men and a few women, seated at the small tables drinking and chatting, while the waiters moved silently about, well groomed products of the tipping system. The table a few feet from Colton's elbow was now occupied by a wholly charming girl and a young man who Colton instantly decided was unworthy of her. In the first place he was a touch too good looking, and in the second place his clothes fitted his figure too well, so Colton thought, for a man evidently in his senior year in Divinity.

Colton turned back to his desk, not to write, but to listen.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," the student said, continuing the conversation begun before entering the room. "I've found lots of girls, up-to-date girls, too, who didn't agree with me. But what will you have to drink?"

"Lemonade," said the girl.

"Oh, try a cocktail," urged her companion.

"No, thank you," she answered, with that peculiar half laugh those who know women are aware is the expression of finality.

Colton mentally scored one for the girl, while her companion, calling a waiter, ordered a lemonade and a Scotch.

"Yes," the man continued, "I have always said that it was unjust and silly in a country so universally respectful to women as ours, to deny a girl the opportunity of making chance acquaintances, say during a long, tiresome railway trip, or something of that sort. If a girl is coming alone from Cleveland to New York on a Pullman car, and if there is a young man near her, evidently a gentleman and of her social position, why on earth isn't it all right for her to accept his offers to make her more comfortable and to pass away the dismal time of the journey in conversation pleasant for both of them? I can see no harm in it."

"Nor I," said the girl. "I have always thought that, as I told you. If one has common sense, such things can be managed all right. The trouble is, girls put our theory into practice too frang, when they don't know the world, and get scared into primness."

"Now, if they'd only wait till they are grown up and sensible like you," said the man, with what Colton decided was undue effusiveness, "how much more delightful a time they could have, with something of the freedom in getting fresh viewpoints from strangers a man enjoys."

Colton stole another look at the girl. Yes, she was decidedly charming. He began to wish he were a hypnotist and could make the man ask her on what day and train she would return to Cleveland. Just then she glanced at him. He turned back quickly. Could it be possible? No, he told himself; on the train, perhaps, but not here while her caller was with her; it was his only hope of reading fulfillment into what was not there. As the dramatist said, there is a limit to all vanity, even that of a Harvard man.

"Again, haven't you been forced to wait alone sometimes for a long while in a place where it was not wholly pleasant for a girl to be without an escort?" continued the young woman's companion. "Such situations are bound to occur. Now, would it not be more pleasant for you if a nice man, perhaps seeing your embarrassing position, spoke to you, to feel free to accept his friendliness in the spirit intended, and to chat with him to pass away the tedious wait?"

"I should feel quite free to talk with him," said the girl, "if he behaved himself."

"And if he didn't you girls have always a way of artistically turning us down," said her companion, with a "worldly snigger" (so Colton mentally tagged his laugh).

"Rather!" said the girl.

"But I'll tell you what makes me angry," the man went on. "That is to have a girl, when she has met a man in this fashion, and found him perfectly presentable, introduce him to her friends as 'Mr. So-and-So, whom I met at the beach,' or otherwise invent a lie to cover up what needs no covering. Even from a worldly point of view, lying is to be indulged in as rarely as possible. Besides a girl, though she needn't go out of her way to stick up for her principle, shouldn't back down from it when—when—"

"When she's caught with the

goods," laughed the girl. "Let me help you out with a lay phrase. No, you are quite right. I've known girls to do just what you say. It's a touch of their feminine timidity that causes them to do it. Of course, as a matter of fact, they don't need to make any explanation, one way or the other, when they introduce a chance acquaintance."

"I'm glad to see we agree so thoroughly," said the man. Colton turned, for he did not like the tone.

"The flirt!" Colton muttered, and dropped a book from the desk with a loud noise.

It had the desired effect, for the man straightened up. His cigar was burned out, and he remarked to the girl:

"If you'll excuse me, I'll get a fresh cigar. I know the kind I want, but I've forgotten the name, so I cannot order from the waiter. You don't mind being alone a minute, do you?"

"Certainly not," she said.

"I shouldn't think she would," thought Colton, as he watched her companion go out of the room.

Five, ten minutes, passed, and he did not return. Colton stole a look at the girl. She was sitting alone at the table, looking about her nervously, for the room was now filled almost entirely with thirsty men. Fifteen minutes passed, and two large specimens of the West entered, portly and red faced as the indirect result of fortunate mining speculations. They approached her table, the only one with vacant chairs. Her nervousness increased. She looked embarrassed and very lonely. Should he or should he not? Colton debated. Wasn't the game worth the candle, any way—or rather the snuffer? Just then she glanced at him again. The Westerners were almost there. He decided.

"Pardon me," he said, "but when a girl is forced to wait alone in a place where it is not wholly pleasant to be without an escort—"

"You have good cars," she interrupted, coolly.

"Then you acknowledge that they have not deceived me," he replied, sitting down, for the Westerners had turned away.

"They have not," the girl said, "but the conversation you took the liberty of overhearing, like the chair you are sitting in, was not meant for you."

"True," returned Colton, "nor was the chair reserved for those broad, departing backs from Colorado, if I mistake not."

"Thank you for that," said the girl, softening a bit. "I should thank you for that. But you have done your duty now—they have gone."

"Oh, no, my duty is not done—they may return!" said Colton.

"But so may my escort," the girl said hurriedly.

"A touch of feminine timidity," Colton smiled. "And you know you two agree so well," he added, mockingly.

The girl acknowledged the touch by shifting ground.

"But I haven't time to find out if you are presentable," she said.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," Colton answered meekly.

"Oh, everybody's did that!" said she.

"Your point," laughed Colton.

"But my name is Standish. That should pass me."

"I can hardly believe you," the girl retorted. "You would never need a John Alden."

Then they both laughed. And from a mutual laugh there is no return.

Presently the student came back, and started to ask pardon for his delay. The girl interrupted.

"Let me introduce to you," she said, pausing to watch Colton's face, "my friend, Mr. Standish, whom I met last summer in the White Mountains. Isn't it too bad that he's got to run right away to make a horrid call? Mr. Addington, Mr. Standish."

Colton braced to the shock, and said blandly:

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Addington. I wish you had been with us last summer at the Crawford House."

"The Crawford House," exclaimed Addington. "I thought Miss Bates always went to Bethlehem."

Colton backed off and gathered up his letter.

"Perhaps it was Bethlehem," he said, looking straight into the girl's face. "One meets so many girls in a summer it is hard to keep them differentiated."

Then he went on his way.

Not long after he might have been seen in his lonely room writing to his college chum on the unholy joy of having the last word.—New York Times.

### His Offense.

Jones—"Green bought a second-hand automobile three weeks ago, and he has been arrested six times in it."

Smith—"For exceeding the speed limit?"

Jones—"No; for obstructing the street."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### True.

Western woman holds that large feet are evidence of great brains. Maybe. But it's no place to carry them.—New York Herald.

## PRACTICAL ADVICE ABOUT DIVERSIFIED FARMING

### Orchard and Garden.

A bruised apple is a spoiled apple. Look all the ladders over before you begin to pick fruit. Rounds can be mended easier than limbs.

If the strawberry bed isn't "clean as a whistle" when it goes into winter quarters this fall, you won't whistle very loudly over your berries next June.

Fruit stones for sowing should be washed clean and placed in boxes of damp sand until wanted. It is very essential to keep the stones moist from gathering to sowing time. Planting may be done in late fall or early spring.

Currants and gooseberries may be pruned as soon as the leaves fall. Or the work can be left until early spring. Cut back one-third of this year's growth, and thin out surplus, diseased or unthrifty shoots. Old bushes may have two-thirds of the present year's growth removed. Do not prune the new canes of raspberries and blackberries until spring; the old canes should have been cut out long ago. It is too early to prune grapevines.

Picking apples: It is best not to pick winter fruit during very warm days. Do the work before 10 o'clock in the morning, or wait until a cooler day. More hints: Never pick fruit while it is wet, nor pack it while it is warm. Some careful growers pick their orchards more than once, gathering the fruit as soon as it is well colored, leaving the poorly colored and immature fruits until they have become well colored. Pick apples with the stems on. Keep the sun away from picked fruit. Fruit keeps and ripens best in a cool, dark place. If you store fruit in a cellar or storage room, keep the windows open nights and shut them during the daytime; thus you can get the temperature down and keep it so until winter comes.—From Farm Journal.

### Horseshoeing.

Every farmer should endeavor to learn something about the science of horseshoeing. Much of the poor services rendered by some of our horses is due to poor shoeing. In some localities are men practicing the business of farriers that never have really learned their trade. In that business, as in all others, there are bunglers that would not be able to correctly shoe a horse if they knew how. It is the testimony of many horsemen that good horses have been made lame repeatedly by being wrongly shod. The great mass of farmers do not know when their horses are correctly shod. This knowledge is necessary and is beginning to be more general than it was. Our agricultural colleges are doing a good work in sending out graduates that have taken a course in the science of horseshoeing.

The horse can be no better than his feet, and the best horse in the world can be ruined by having his feet ruined. Think of a horse having to work all day on hard soil with feet lamed by improperly fitted shoes. This is not only cruelty to the animal, but it is a loss to the owner. Many a horse so rendered useless is supposed to have some other kind of trouble, and is dosed with liniments to take out the supposed soreness in some other part of his limbs. It is first necessary for the farmer to be able to diagnose the trouble. Many a horse has been doctored for weeks before it has been discovered that his shoes were the cause of all his troubles.

### Be Regular.

Be regular in doing farm work—especially what pertains to live stock. One gets his work done better and more surely, and the stock thrives more when one's habits are regular.

Irregular hours for feeding poultry makes a decrease in the egg production. Chickens can tell when their feeding time arrives as well as the poultryman, if he has a clock before him. They worry when the feeding hour is delayed.

Don't milk earlier or later one day than another. By lying in bed Sunday morning, instead of milking at the usual time, the production was reduced Monday morning two pounds a cow in one test, besides a reduction Sunday evening.

The digestive system of animals turns food to better account when the feeding is done regularly. Regularity means economy. Regularity brings system and system brings efficiency. Regularity and system can be overdone; but it does not happen one time to hundreds of cases in which a lack of system and regularity causes loss.

The only solution of our labor problem is to carve our plantations up into small farms and sell them off to industrious white men on easy terms, and then make improved machinery take the place of the negro. And we are fast coming to this. Lands are now producing several times the crops they did at the close of the war.—The Southern Farmer.

### Give Horse a Chance to Breathe.

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before his mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the causes of this horse's not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow along, the three horses held their noses close together, with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the expired air from its fellows. The farmer then produced a long "jockey" stick, which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly; for, given his rightful share of good, fresh air, the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work, and with no greater fatigue than his fellows. Many persons are like the middle horse; they do not get their rightful share of fresh, pure air, and this is why they are not able to perform as much work.—Farm Journal.

### The Poultry Yard.

Fat, heavy hens that spend too much time in the corn crib, eating with the hogs, are in danger of dying suddenly with apoplexy.

Clean the coops thoroughly before you put them away. Get them under cover, too, if you can. They will last so much longer.

Two parts lard and one part turpentine will often cure "limber neck" if the afflicted bird is discovered in time and the remedy given promptly.

Ducks intended for breeding should be separated from those intended for market. It will be an advantage if they can have plenty of range and swimming water.

We cut hay into about one-inch lengths, and pour enough hot water on it nearly to cover. Allow it to stand over night, and feed in the morning. Feed about three times a week during winter.—From Farm Journal.

### Orchard.

The best way to sell fruit is straight to the man who wants it. If you cannot do this, then a reliable middleman is next best.

Winter has not much work for the orchard, but orchardists can plan for the days to come, and the planning is just as essential as anything they can do.

If we could see all the bugs and worms that the frost puts out of the way every winter, it would help us to bear cold weather with better grace. If we plow late, we give Jack Frost a good lift in his work. That makes it easier for him to reach down and get hold of the pests that make us so much trouble.—From Farm Journal.

### A Noble Calling.

Teach your children that agriculture is the noblest of callings and that those who perform no labor, mental or physical, are parasites upon productive society—they are leeches, human tapeworms. Whosoever is unwilling to pay for his keep and prefers to "sponge upon others" is unfair—yes, dishonest, for strict honesty requires that we render an equivalent for what we receive. The miserable commercial way of striving to get something for nothing, of seeking to beat somebody in a trade, is wrong in principle and demoralizing in practice. The more you reflect upon this, the more it will be impressed upon you as a vital truth.

### The Ideal Home.

A house that doesn't mean more to a family than a barn does to cattle—a mere place to eat and sleep—is no true home. It will not have much of an influence to keep the boys on the farm. The farmer and his family deserve homelike homes, and can in most cases have them. Large size is not necessary to make a home homelike.

### Use Brains.

The most important element that goes to the making of large crop yields is the farmers' brains. To attain uniform success in farming requires broader and more practical knowledge, more enterprise and sound judgment than is possessed by the average merchant or banker.

### Keep Cotton Off the Ground.

Cotton left on the ground or out in the weather will lose in weight and quality, and consequently in price. The cost for covering it under a shed will be more than met by its improved condition at selling time. Keep your cotton in the dry.

### South For Dairyman.

The secret of success in dairying lies in two things—cheap feeds and proper feeding. Grass is the great aid in this matter and for this reason the South should lead in dairying.

## ZINC ROOFS BAD IN CITIES.

Air Over Large Towns Makes Rain-fall Acid and Destroys the Metal.

While zinc is cheap it is questionable whether it may not be replaced by copper for roofing purposes where atmospheric conditions are bad, says Cassler's Magazine. Experiments at a Berlin testing laboratory are said to have shown that in an atmosphere loaded with sulphuric acid and steam zinc lost eleven times as much as copper.

Copper is not eleven times the price of zinc as a rule, and it may be employed in much thinner sheets. Thin zinc on roofs five miles from Clearing Cross has been known to become badly perforated in twenty to twenty-five years. This is the weakness of zinc; it rots in little spots, which let in water freely and are not easy to find. Copper appears to waste much more evenly, but very slowly.

Lead appears to have an indefinite life, and it is often a cheap metal per weight, but it weighs much per unit of area. If used as thin as zinc is used by the cheap builder it would cost little more and its life would be very much greater. Zinc is quite unsuitable for city roofing owing to its easy solubility by acid rain.

Sales of \$30,000,000 worth of automobiles in New York City in a year make a remarkable showing for an industry still in its infancy, thinks the New York World. They incidentally throw light on the increased perils of street traffic, the expansion of the volume of city noises and other results of motor-car prosperity.

London's fire brigade costs \$1,420,000.

## THE STORY OF THE PEANUT SHELLS.

As everyone knows, C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not only a maker of breakfast foods, but he is a strong individualist, who believes that the trades-unions are a menace to the liberty of the country.

Believing this, and being a "natural-born" scrapper for the right, as he sees it, Post, for several years past, has been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against "the Labor Trust," as he likes to call it.

Not being able to secure free and untrammelled expression of his opinions on this subject through the regular reading pages of the newspapers he has bought advertising space for this purpose, just as he is accustomed to for the telling of his Postum "story," and he has thus spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in denouncing trades-unionism.

As a result of Post's activities the people now know a whole lot about these organizations: how they are honeycombed with graft, how they obstruct the development of legitimate business, curtail labor's output, hold up manufacturers, graft upon their own membership, and rob the public. Naturally Post is hated by the trades-unionists, and intensely.

He employs no union labor, so they can not call out his men, and he defies their efforts at boycotting his products. The latest means of "getting" Post is the widespread publication of the story that a car which was recently wrecked in transmission was found to be loaded with empty peanut shells, which were being shipped from the South to Post's establishment at Battle Creek.

This canard probably originated with President John Fitzgerald, of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who, it is said, stated it publicly, as truth.

Post comes back and gives Fitzgerald the lie direct. He denounces Fitzgerald's statement as a deliberate falsehood, and underhanded and cowardly attempt to injure his business, having not the slightest basis in fact. As such an effort it must be regarded. It is significant that this statement about "the peanut shells" is being given wide newspaper publicity. In the "patent inside" of an Eastern country paper I find it, and the inference naturally is that labor-unionites are insidiously spreading this lie.

An institution (or a man) which will resort to moral intimidation and to physical force, that will destroy machinery and burn buildings, that will maim and kill if necessary to effects its ends, naturally would not hesitate to spread falsehood for the same purposes.

We admire Post. While we have no enmity toward labor unions, so long as they are conducted in an honest, "live-and-let-live" kind of a way, we have had enough of the tarred end of the stick to sympathize thoroughly with what he is trying to do. He deserves support. A man like Post can not be killed, even with lies. They are a boomerang every time. Again we know, for hasn't this weapon, every weapon that could be thought of, been used (and not simply by labor unions) to put us out of business, too?

I am going to drink two cups of Postum every morning from this time on, and put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts. Bully for Post!—Editorial in The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.