

# A Forty-Dollar Husband

By H. M. EGBERT

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I am not a "movie fan," but my work necessitates my seeing many of the picture plays that are shown at the Orpheum theater. It would not interest you if I were to explain what my work is: to be very brief, my company is engaged in an enterprise for the purpose of clearing up the breaks and spots in the films. However, I had been attending the Orpheum two or three times a week when I began to be aware of the man who always occupied the bench half-way along the theater on the left side.

Apparently the recognition was mutual, for one evening during an interlude, he entered into conversation with me.

"A lover of the films, I see," he began, with a half sneer.

I did not feel inclined to enlighten him as to my business. "Like yourself?" I suggested.

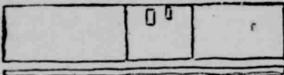
"I hate them, sir," he answered. "Did it ever occur to you what a lot of life one learns from watching these plays?"

"Life of a kind," I answered. "But surely, they do not represent life as it is."

"Of course they don't," he retorted. "These plays are written for the crowd that loves sensationalism. No, sir, what I mean is, reading between the lines of the plays. Reading the lips of the characters, sir."

I suppose he took me for a very innocent person, for he plunged at once into confidences.

"I am a home-loving man," he said. "I make forty dollars a week. I suppose I shall always make forty dol-



"You Saw Her?"

lars a week, neither more nor less, until I grow old, by which time, if I am good for a few more years, I expect to be able to retire on some very modest savings. Well, sir, a forty-dollar man—you know him. I'm the type—look at me! Decent clothes, but a little faded; clean linen, a sober necktie, and yet the unmistakable forty-dollar stamp of the soul—what?"

He fitted the type so perfectly that I was at a loss for words.

"Well, then, you know the sort of wife a forty-dollar man requires. A quiet, home-loving body, a good cook, fond of a little harmless relaxation, a girl in to help on Saturdays, no washing to do, but handy with the broom. You understand? Well, suppose the wife of a forty-dollar man took a fancy to go on the stage—what would you do?"

"I'll tell you what I would do," I answered. "I should try to gratify her wish. I'd let her taste stage life to the full. It would make her or break her. Excuse my frankness, but it's no use trying to bottle up those longings. It doesn't work."

He nodded. "That's what I did," he said. "I thought she had no talent, that she would get tired when she tasted the theatrical life. But she didn't. She proved to have genius. She went into the movie game. They're paying her two thousand a week. She's Julia Rome."

"Julia Rome is your wife?" I inquired.

"Hush-sh!" came from all around us. The screen was alive again. It was that famous play, "Home and the World." I saw Julia Rome in a thousand poses before the spectators. The tragedy of the situation gripped me—the forty-dollar husband watching his wife night after night, as she posed and postured before the diversified audiences.

In the next interlude he turned to me again.

"You saw her?" he said. "That's my wife. Yes, sir; she proved the success of the season. And she—she left me."

I could say nothing to that.

"She left me, sir. There was an actor chap—John Howe. You saw him. He always plays with her. She used to bring him to our house—or rather our landlord's house, a little, cheap, two-family house in the suburban district. I could see the sneer in his heart as he looked at me. Six

months ago she began bringing him home. In three months I saw how the land lay. She was tired of me, tired of a forty-dollar husband. I gave her her choice. It was Howe or me. She—she cried, sir."

I could make no answer to that, either.

"I drove her away. I was too proud. She said if ever I sent for her she'd come back to me. But of course that was just talk. And then I resolved that if there was anything between her and that Howe fellow, I'd kill him. That's what I'm here for."

"I told you it was reading between the lines, didn't I? Naturally, these actor folk don't talk about the play all the time they're acting. I take it that it becomes a sort of second nature to them. They can be killing each other, and breaking jail, and making love, and all the while they're telling each other what a fine dinner that was last night, and will the roads be good for autoing next week?"

"I have a brother in the education business. He has charge of an institution for deaf and dumb children. I went to him and asked him to teach me the deaf-and-dumb language. He didn't know why I wanted it, but he taught it to me."

"Finger language?" I asked.

"No, sir. Progressive institutions don't teach that any more. It's lip reading. I took a job there as porter. I knew I could always get a forty-dollar job when I wanted it. I'm a specialist in wool goods, and there's always an opening for a low-priced man. I took a job as porter in the institution and worked there six weeks. At the end of that time I could read lip language. Then I began watching the films."

He turned on me fiercely and grasped me by the arm.

"I've been watching her every night since then," he said. "I've heard everything she's said to Howe. When she had first left me of course they were just friends. After a couple of months the new plays were coming on, and she looked kind of sad. Once I heard him tell her to cheer up. Well, she looked grateful, sir—he was chasing her round the block then, and she looked grateful just for a second, when he had her by the hair. That started me thinking."

"After that he began making love to her. Never one instant did he stop. And she didn't say much, just kept quiet and went on with her work—"Hush-sh!" exclaimed the audience. The forty-dollar man whispered:

"This is a later play than the last. The minute I hear her tell him she loves him I'm going to find him and kill him."

"The screen was working. A succession of figures passed and repassed. Julia Rome and John Howe occupied the center most of the time. And now the fascination of the game had begun to take hold of me. Instead of watching the play I watched the lips of the characters. The words they spoke—and I discovered for the first time that they really spoke—seemed quite divorced from the parts that they were playing. But, strive as hard as I might, I could not understand a word. The man at my side suddenly seized me by the arm again.

"Did you hear? Did you hear?" he whispered. "He's telling her that he loves her. He's asking her to get a divorce from me."

I stared at the screen. John Howe was in the midst of a furious altercation with Julia Rome, who, posing as his abandoned wife, was clinging to him, begging him to take her back for the sake of the children. He thrust her from him and sent her staggering across the room.

"He's saying that her love for me is dead and that he has loved her since the first day they met," whispered my companion, never relaxing his fierce grasp upon my arm.

The pictures changed. I turned and, though I could hardly see the face of the forty-dollar man, I knew that the crisis of his life was at hand. I heard him breathing hard through his nostrils. And still his fingers gripped my sleeve as if they were steel claws.

Suddenly the grasp relaxed. The man sank back in his place. I watched him; he did not move a muscle. And I wondered at what decision he had arrived. To tell the truth I had not formed the highest impression of Julia Rome. It did not seem credible to me that a woman of such rare talent and of such beauty would be content with her husband in a little leased two-family house somewhere in the suburban region of the metropolis.

The lights went up again. Now I could see my companion's face. He was trembling, and perfectly white.

"Did you hear? No, but of course you couldn't," he muttered. "She told him—she told him that she had never loved anyone but me. She said that she never wanted to see his face again. She said that she was going to leave the stage and return to me."

"Thank God!" I said softly.

"What am I going to do? I am not worthy of her. I do not deserve her forgiveness."

"Forget it," I answered. "You've had a picture play in your own family and haven't known it. That's all. Go home and write to her like a man and ask her pardon."

"I believe you're right," muttered the little man.

He rose and went out. I never saw him again. But, as everyone knows, Julia Rome has not yet renewed her contract.

**Never Touched Him.**

She (copy)—I understand you have been thinking seriously of matrimony.

He—Well, I never thought of it as a joke.

# Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

## He Saved the Wall Ornaments From the Flames

PHILADELPHIA.—What of your household goods to save when your house is on fire has, from time immemorial been the burning question. After her jewelry is safe in the street, the excited housewife wants the deed to the house taken to safety. The wife's mother wants the quilt she put together after working six months at the task, but next to that she wants the baby's picture from her dressing table. The husband rushes for the silverware and his wallet.

A peculiar sense of value was displayed by a visitor to a house on Twelfth street that recently was fuel for flames. This visitor was a countryman, stopping with his city brother who, strangely enough, was very careful that his home should never fall victims to flames. As a result of this care he had four fire extinguishers hung in the hallways throughout the house, two on the first floor and one each on the second and third floors. They were of the type that emit a stream of chemical vapor when the container is held upside down, the vapor forming a blanket and preventing the admission of oxygen to the seat of the flames.

When the fire broke out the country visitor and the maid reached the stand where one of the fire extinguishers hung at exactly the same moment. His first thought was to get the valuables out. The maid, of course, was on a different mission, for she had been trained in the use of these extinguishers. The maid made a lunge for the extinguisher, seeing which the visitor gently pushed her aside and grabbed it himself.

Out into the street the man ran, feeling important in this hour of bravery. No, sir, he wouldn't let those devastating flames wreck his brother's home. He was about to return to the house to rescue more of those pretty decorations when he was hailed. His brother and sister-in-law were returning home.

"What in tarnation are you doing with those fire extinguishers?" queried the city brother, his attitude and tone of voice indicating amazement.

"There's a fire or something in the kitchen in there," the man remarked, anticipating a word of praise for acting so promptly in rescuing the valuable wall adornments.

## Statue of Liberty to Have Coat of Gold Paint

NEW YORK.—Liberty, who has not washed her face nor dolled up in any way since she walked down here into the water to enlighten the world, is being prepared by Uncle Sam's boys for a renewal of her youth. "Lib" is more akin to goddess than cleanliness now. No wonder she shows her age. She is constantly wearied by out-of-town folk running up and down inside her. Her gown of green stain, trimmed in soot and old paint moss, has blowed her considerably. Her arms need a ton of soapuds. Her complexion is awful—very bilious and all that. Her toga, or pepus, or whatever the classics call her night-gown, needs a scrubbing brush, much.

From a distance, "Lib" looks rather well in her green outfit. The art sharks call it "precious avatar of the antique" and object to its being disturbed. But Uncle Sam thinks she ought to have a coat of glaring new gold paint. "Lib" has no choice between art and governmental orders. She'll get the paint.

The mere rumor that the statue is to be made a drug store blonde, at the suggestion of a Pittsburgh representative of congress, was quite enough to throw Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, into a state of sheer horripilation the other day.

Somebody of the name of Kountz—George Kountz of Harnarville, Pa.—had come to New York to see the sights, had mourned over what seemed to him was a neglected and out-of-date goddess, had thought how nice it would be to cover her wonderful green bronze with gleaming gold leaf and told Representative Stephen G. Porter of Pittsburgh that he would pay the bill to gild the lady. And Mr. Porter, so the story ran, had hurried to the quartermaster general's department in Washington and had been told that a contract was let or would be let and that Mr. Kountz of Harnarville would be made happy.

## Only Farm Left on Manhattan Island Is Valuable

NEW YORK.—The last farm on Broadway is also the only farm on Manhattan island. It lies in the angle between Broadway and Nagle avenue, and the farmer and owner is Mrs. Adolph Zerener. Containing less than six acres, it is valued at considerable more than a quarter of a million dollars and is said to be the most valuable farm of its size in the world.

The original farmhouse is gone, being torn down years ago when Broadway was extended through the heart of that little strip of meadow land which at the upper end of Manhattan divides the two rock-ribbed hill ridges. On the end of the easterly ridge during the Revolution frowned Fort George, while across the little valley, on the higher ridge, which stretches like a backbone overlooking the Hudson, was Fort Tyrone. The Zerener farm is about midway between the sites of those two old forts.

There are stories about more than one battle having taken place on the land. One of these was between the Indians and the early settlers, the other between the British and patriot forces. Yet another story declares that Washington led his army directly across the narrow bit of meadow land before making his last stand against the British in New York. Be that as it may, unusual happenings have taken place there. Not only have cannon balls, rust-eaten four-pounders, bushels of flint arrowheads and other warlike relics been plowed up by Mrs. Zerener's workmen, but the skeletons of seven Indians were found in one grave.

## Stephen Could Not Escape This Chicago Woman

CHICAGO.—Stephen McBeth wanted a drink. So he borrowed \$5 of his fiancée. But he hadn't foreseen the vocal accompaniment that rent the murky odors of Clark and Randolph streets when, upon leaving Mrs. Marie Alfonso at the front door of a saloon, he strove to percolate through the side entrance and so on up the street.

Mrs. Alfonso has been married before. Indeed, she has a son fourteen years old, and Stephen should have known better. And if one in the audience has a foolish hunch that Mrs. Alfonso can't yell they should have heard her cleave the firmament with a range that would send Tetraxini into retirement.

"Help! Thieves! Pickpockets!" was the burden of her song as she clung to Stephen. Crossing Policeman Goodnow parted the gathering crowd and reached Stephen and his fiancée.

He took them to central station.

"Pickpocket, I guess," he told the sergeant.

"Pickpocket, you're crazy," said Mrs. Alfonso. "He's my promised husband and we came downtown to get married. Now he tries to beat it."

"Get them a license and then take them to the court of domestic relations," ordered the sergeant.

They got the license and Stephen grew faint-hearted again. But not Mrs. Alfonso. She nailed him before he had got ten steps away.

"Now let's talk this over," said Stephen as the crowd gathered again.

"We want a church wedding. You know—something proper."

"All right," said Mrs. Alfonso. "Come on."



I'll save this all right.



SHE NEEDS A COAT OF GOLD PAINT.



Only Farm Left on Manhattan Island Is Valuable.



HELP THIEVES.

## FATTEN BY CRAMMING

Machine Method Is Gaining Rapidly in Popularity.

Small Force-Pump Is Operated by Means of Lever Worked by Foot—Amount of Food Given Fowls Varies With Size of Crop.

(By G. A. BELL.)

For the best results in fattening poultry for market a machine is essential, especially for the last ten days, for otherwise the birds will not eat nearly so much as they can digest and assimilate. A cramming machine and its operation is described as follows: A reservoir under which is placed a small force-pump operated by means of a lever worked by foot is placed on a tripod. A tube is fixed to one end of the pump, through which the feed passes when the lever rod is lowered. This tube is of rubber or metal. If rubber, it may have a metal point. Metal tubes are more easily kept clean. The feed is placed in the reservoir, and is made into the consistency of thick cream.

There are several ways of holding the bird, but the following will be found simple and effective: Fold the wings and grip the bird firmly either between the right elbow and side of the body, as shown in the illustration, or between the left elbow and the body, whichever is more convenient. The head is grasped in the left hand, the first finger being placed in the



Cramming Machine in Operation.

mouth to keep it open. The tube is placed in the mouth and the bird is gently drawn on until the end of the tube reaches the crop, the neck being elongated as much as possible. The lever bar is gently lowered by the foot and the food is thus forced into the crop. One hand is kept on the crop and as soon as it is sufficiently full the foot is removed from the lever and the bird is gently removed.

The operator soon learns to know when the crop is full. No stated amount that should be fed to an individual can be given, for the quantity varies with the size of the crop.

Great care should be taken in preparing the feed to see that there are no lumps, for the tube is small and easily becomes blocked.

## FERMENTED BRAN IS UNSAFE

French Experimenters Find That When Stored in Heap During Winter Months It Ferments.

Bran when stored in bulk sometimes ferments, so that it causes digestive trouble when fed to animals. French experimenters a year or two ago found that when bran was stored in a heap for four or five months during the winter it tended to form into lumps on the outside of the heap, and on the inside the lumps became darkened, and in some cases black.

These experimenters, from analyses of different types of bran, thought that they could determine bran fit for use by what is known as the acidity test.

Bran which, according to this test, contains less than 15 per cent of acid is O. K. That which contains from 15 to 20 per cent of acid is safe to use, but it soon becomes unsafe. That which contains more than 20 per cent of acid is considered unfit for food.—Wallace's Farmer.

## HOW TO PICK GOOD "FEEDER"

To Make Profitable Gains in Feed Lot, Steers Must Possess Beef Characteristics in Make-Up.

(By JOHN L. TORMEY, Wisconsin Experiment Station.)

Steers, if they are to make profitable gains in the feed lot, must have beef characteristics—a wide, strong back and a large heart girth.

They must have a strong frame and plenty of room for the vital organs, for an animal with a weak constitution cannot hold up through the feeding season.

A wide head and muzzle usually indicates good feeding qualities.

Short legs, heavy hind quarters and arched ribs are essential to the feeding animal.

The skin should be reasonably thick, soft, and covered with a heavy coat of hair.

The animal should have a straight back and low set appearance, due to the depth of the body and short legs.

## Regularity Is Necessary.

Milking should always be done in such a way as to give the cow greatest satisfaction. Regularity is therefore necessary in dairy work. Frequently changing hours of milking or feeding interferes very much with the milk flow.

## RAISE A FEW DRAFT HORSES

Plenty of Pasture and Access to Good Stallion Are Essential—Good Breeding Necessary.

(By D. C. CAMPBELL, Kansas Experiment Station.)

There is nothing more profitable to the average farmer than the raising of a few good draft horses, provided he has plenty of pasture and access to a good stallion.

If a good stallion is not standing for service in a community, the man who has at least five or six good farm mares can afford to own his own stallion and use him with work horses. A coming two-year-old stallion can be bought for approximately \$100, and taken in hand at this age, he makes an excellent work horse. In fact, a stallion is better for having been worked. He is harder, more docile, and makes a good work horse. If the stallion is worked alongside a bred mare there will be no trouble in handling him. He should be made to earn his keep and he will be the better therefor.

The raising of draft horses is different from that of any other live stock on the farm. Important factors are good food and attention. Good breeding gives the possibilities, but good breeding is necessary to bring this out to its fullest extent.

It is better for the man of limited means to raise horses only as a by-product, because the exclusive raising of draft horses for market requires considerable capital. The returns at first are slow, for draft horses must be six years old before they are ready for market. The man who has other cash crops to meet his expenses can afford to wait for the returns from his young draft horses.

## SUITABLE PLACE FOR CREAM

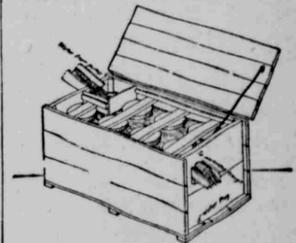
Arrangement Shown in Illustration Answers Purpose Quite Well—Little Souring Results.

(By CARL E. LEE.)

Most farmers would deliver a better grade of cream if they had a suitable place for keeping it until it is delivered. No one should attempt to keep the cream in the cellar or in a large tank of water where the daily pumping is not sufficient to keep it cool. If a suitable place cannot be built in a well-constructed milkhouse the following arrangement answers the purpose quite well.

Caring for the cream at the proper time by any of the methods given below will result in very little souring at the end of two days.

Make a small watertight box of two-inch material and of sufficient size to hold all the cream cans necessary in handling the cream. This box should have a tight-fitting cover, and be divided into sections by means of rods which will prevent single cans from upsetting when left alone in the tank. The best place for this tank is in the milkhouse. It may be placed between the well pump and the stock-watering



Cold-Water Tank for Cream Cans.

tank, and in that case another box or small house should be built over it for protection. All the water pumped for the stock should flow through this tank, the inlet discharging near the bottom, which will force all the warm water out first. The overflow pipe should have one-half inch larger diameter than the inlet in order that the water may be freely carried off. The water in the tank should be of sufficient depth to immerse the cans within two inches of the top.

## GOOD TREATMENT FOR SHEEP

Real Value of Animal Is in Wool, Lambs and Mutton—Weed Destruction Is Only Incidental.

It is often argued that sheep should be kept by farmers because they live in lean pastures and are useful in ridding the fields of weeds, getting much of their living from what other stock will not eat and that the farm is much better rid of that is all true, but that should not be the main reason for keeping sheep. In fact, weed destruction should be only an incident.

The value of the sheep is in wool, lambs and mutton. To do their best in these lines, sheep need and should have as good treatment as other domestic animals.

Sheep may live on pastures that would not sustain horses or cattle, but they will not do their best on such pastures. They must eat and thus destroy weeds and even sprouts and brambles, that other stock would not touch, but such growths do not make their best feed.

## Louse Powder.

A good, cheap and effective louse powder is made by adding a mixture of one part crude carbolic acid and three parts gasoline to plaster of paris, all that the powder will blot up. When the plaster is dry pulverize it and store in tight cans. Another effective remedy is to rub a piece of blue ointment, the size of a pea, well into the skin just beneath the vent.