

The chronic kicker and knocker is a public nuisance.

It does not take a cold wave long to outstay its welcome.

Andrew Carnegie says that \$10,000-a-year men are scarce. So are the \$10,000-a-year jobs.

This is the season when the storage egg comes out of hiding, looking as innocent as possible.

Massachusetts leads the nation—in insanity. A record is a record, no matter how it is attained.

Speaking of inconsistency, some men deplore the brutality of football and then attend peace banquets.

As the governor of North Dakota said to the governor of South Dakota, it's a mighty short time between cold waves.

Sometimes we get the foolish notion that it would be easier to get along in the world if we had less philosophy.

Baby in Pittsburg, nine weeks old, was operated on for appendicitis. Some people break into society at an early age.

Perhaps the seventeen-year locusts didn't turn out in force because they had gotten into conference with the groundhog.

A crusade has been started in Baltimore for cleaner money, but most of us are interested in quantity rather than quality.

Alfred Vanderbilt has rented a flat for \$40,000 a year, but we are willing to bet that he is afraid to talk back to the janitor.

It does not speak well for Wilkes-Barre that the man who had a fistful of money to spend had to go away from home to spend it.

In spite of the weather man we refuse to believe that winter really has come until we have read about the chump who skated on thin-ice.

It may be observed of the man who fell six inches with fatal results that he secured one of the features of an aeroplane ride without the ride.

The explanation that a man has more sugar and sweetness in his system when he is maddest will probably strike the majority as merely fudge.

Another gold field has been discovered in Alaska. As usual it has been discovered when the weather is too cold up there for the average human being.

The canals on Mars are reported to be increasing. Perhaps the Martians have been aroused to emulate the way in which the dirt is flying on the isthmus.

An operation was performed upon a chicken to recover a \$300 diamond which it had swallowed. The operation was a failure—from the chicken's viewpoint.

Ologodopsis, described as a lack of thirst, is a new disease that has broken out in New York. This is a warning to gay and festive Pittsburgers to keep away.

A man in Massachusetts voluntarily pays taxes on property which is legally nontaxable. He belongs to that rare class that the world hesitates whether to tag fool or hero.

Next to football what is more dangerous than a bargain sale in poultry?

Now another dash is to be made to the south pole. It certainly requires courage, not to say daring, to plan such a trip just about now.

Physicians tell us that mince pie is a cure for insomnia, but we learned at an early age that it was an effective and pleasing cure for hunger.

A clergyman suggests that married men wear wedding rings that flirts may distinguish them. Some women claim to be able to spot a married man merely by looking at him.

The latest thing in the line of clues is the heel print of a burglar in a freshly waxed floor. It is getting so that a burglar doesn't dare to touch anything when he goes forth to burgle.

Two Texans became involved in an argument over religion and one of them was shot to death. He lost the argument, but he is in a position to know more about religion than the winner.

Nature always is compensatory. If the snow brings discomforts to some it also brings pleasure to others; if it spells loss to a few, it brings gain to many a man out of work. So, whatever the weather, let it be accepted with a philosophic spirit.

Bandits in California, hiding in the brush, are being hunted by policeman aviators. "Now when" comment, I heard of detectives being up in the air in the pursuit of crime; it will mean something very different from the present definition.



The Stone Gods

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

The Garden of the Stone Gods was set in the midst of a high city, but so high were the walls that surrounded it that it was cut off from the sight of outsiders, and the noise of traffic came faintly to the ears of Rosamond, as she sat day after day by the fountain working fairy webs of lace on a cushion, as she had been taught in a convent far across the seas.

So many years had she dwelt in the convent that she seemed less an American girl than a foreigner, and now that she was buried here in this strange old garden, she seemed to live in a dream life far removed from that of the girls, who, on the other side of the walls, went back and forth on gay modern quests of shopping and motoring, golfing and riding.

Once an airship had whizzed overhead, and the beat of its motors had come down to them faintly.

Rosamond's uncle had looked up into the skies and had said, fiercely, "Can we never get away from modern horrors?"

But Rosamond had looked up at the big airship, sailing over their heads like a huge silver dragonfly, and then down at the impassible stone gods which surrounded the fountain, and had sighed.

Rosamond hated the stone gods, and she yearned inexpressibly for the life that other girls led.

One day outside the walls she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, strong and sweet, and the song was a love song.

In her quiet garden, Rosamond had heard little of love. Her uncle had never married; he hated women. The song, as it floated out on the spring air, seemed a call to Rosamond to come out and be free.

So she left her lace pillow and ran to the end of the garden, and climbed from the stone bench to the low

me in a convent until I was eighteen, and two years ago we came here. He has always lived in India, and he loves the stone gods which he brought from there, and he has put them around the fountain, and I have to look at them every day."

He took her little trembling hands in his strong grasp.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she raised her eyes and met his steady glance. "Listen—I am going to set the fairy princess free from the enchanted garden. But she must let me do it in my own way—and trust me—will she?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

Every day after that he came. Rosamond did not know what power he used to charm her uncle, but the older man grew eager for talks and arguments with the young doctor. They lunched together and dined together, and every day Rosamond sat at the table content to listen, and meet the glance of the steady eyes which seemed to say, always: "Trust me."

And she did trust him, even when one day he went by her with averted head as he passed through the garden on his way to his motor.

At lunch she had the key to the situation. "I have thought sometimes," her uncle said, restlessly, "that the doctor looks at you as if he loves you—it would be a calamity if he should learn to care for you, Rosamond."

Rosamond's own heart beat furiously, but she said carelessly: "He scarcely notices me at all uncle."

The next day the doctor came early to the garden. "I must speak to you before your uncle comes," he said to Rosamond, who had arisen at his approach. "I love you—I want you for my wife—but I don't want you to marry me in order to escape from bondage. You must know love, child, before you leave your garden."

Rosamond's eyes drooped before the adoration in his. "There—there is one man with whom I could live always in my garden," she whispered.

He bent to hear her. "Tell me his name," he commanded, then caught her in his arms as she whispered, "You—"

"I can't carry you off like a thief in the night," he said after a rapturous moment. "I shall have to beard the lion in his den, dear."

"He'll never consent," she said, fearfully.

Ten minutes later in the dim study two angry men faced each other.

"If you do not give your consent I shall run away with her," the doctor said steadily. "You are killing her—if not physically, at least mentally and spiritually—no girl can live constantly with your old gods and survive."

"Tomorrow she goes back to India with me," said the raging guardian. "You cannot take her away from me. I love her too well to have her hurt."

"Yet you are hurting her. There is no ache like a heart-ache. Surely you know that, sir."

The old man stared as if he had been stung, then covered his face. "I want to save her," he said.

"Then let her love and be loved."

The younger man came over and put his hand on the bent shoulders.

"All that you would have been to the woman you loved, I will be to Rosamond. Can I say more than that?"

The face that was raised to his had in it renunciation, combined with hope. "Make her happy," quavered the old man.



Sitting on the top of the wall

branches of an old apple tree, and thence to the broad top of the wall, and peeped over.

Beneath her was the man who sang. His hat was off and he was down on his knees behind a big red motor car.

Rosamond watched him eagerly. Sitting on the top of the wall she sighed for the things which were forbidden her. Though the sigh was low, the man beneath looked up. It was as if her desire had drawn his eyes toward her.

His bright smile shone out as he saw her. "Beg pardon," he said, as he rose to his feet; "I'm in an awful fix. Do you think there's anyone in there who can help me out? I'm a doctor, and I've got to get to a patient as soon as possible."

"Oh," said Rosamond quickly, "I'll see." She ran at once to her uncle's study. There she told her breathless story.

"There's a doctor outside, and his motor car has broken down, and—and he wants help to fix it—"

"How," her uncle demanded, "did you know—"

But Rosamond went on, unheeding. "It would be cruel to keep him waiting—when he is needed at a sick bed, wouldn't it?"

"He might have one of the horses."

The young doctor, mounted on one of the big blacks, was a gallant figure. Rosamond never forgot how he looked as he rode that morning out of the big gate and into the sunshine.

When he came back Rosamond was in the garden bending over her lace work.

He took it out of her hands and looked at her keenly. "You ought to be riding the big black horse," he said abruptly. "You will be a perfect shadow maiden if you shut yourself up in this dark old garden."

The color came into Rosamond's pale face until she was as vivid as a flame. "Oh, I hate it here," she said; with her little hands clenched; "I hate it."

"Then why do you stay?" he asked gently.

"Uncle had his heart broken when he was a young man," she said, simply. "He loved a woman who married another man. My father broke my mother's heart—so my uncle does not believe in marriage. He kept

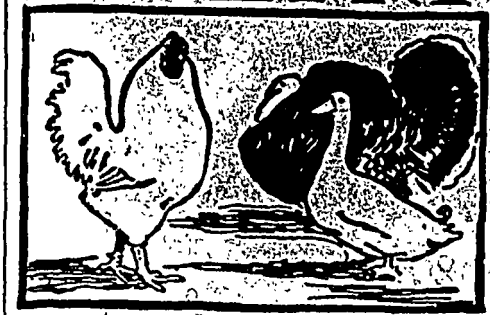
Stencil Letters Used by Ancients.

Movable characters were known to the ancients; they were used in teaching children to read. The ancients had also stencil letters, which they used to secure a regular style of penmanship. They even made use of plates, thus open-cut, containing an entire page; it was placed on the papyrus to guide the pens of children; "an excellent means," said Quintilian, "to learn them not to exceed the desired proportions." The Emperor Justinian (A. D. 518) could neither read nor write, an unexampled thing in one of such high rank. When it was necessary for him to sign his name, he had a sheet of gold, through which were cut the letters of his name. "Then," said Procopius, "placing this tablet on the paper, one conducted the hand of the prince holding the stylus dipped in purple on the type of the different letters, and took away in writing furnished with his signature." The same thing is reported of King Theodor and of Charlemagne.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Properties of Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands on solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract on cooling, and therefore, are not suitable for casting.

POULTRY



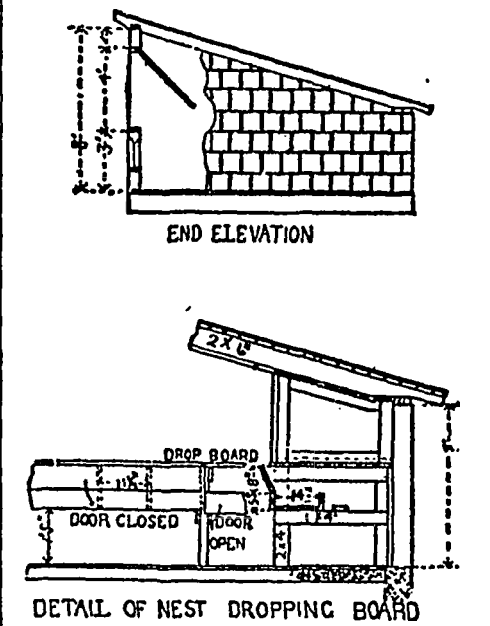
BUILD TILE POULTRY HOUSE

Careful Thought Should Be Given to Location in Construction as It Cannot Be Moved.

(By D. J. JANE, Minnesota Experiment Station)

When constructing a tile poultry house, careful thought should be given to the location, because such a house must be permanent and cannot be moved.

The house shown is 14 x 20 feet in size, and of the open front style. It is 8 feet high in front, 4 feet in the rear, and has the shed roof. The shed roof is the easiest to construct.



DETAIL OF NEST DROPPING BOARD

drains all water to one side, and admits more sunlight, but cannot be used economically on wide buildings.

The tile is laid on a 3-inch foundation about 1 1/2 inches deep, 8 inches above and 10 inches below the surface of the ground. This foundation is made of a mixture of one part of cement to six parts of sand. The floor of cement is not constructed until the roof and walls are finished.

The door is located in the front or south side, and is 3 x 6 feet in size; allowing plenty of room for an attendant to work easily. The window and door frames are made of 2 x 6 inch lumber, and cemented in. The muslin window is hung on hinges, and swings open to the ceiling.

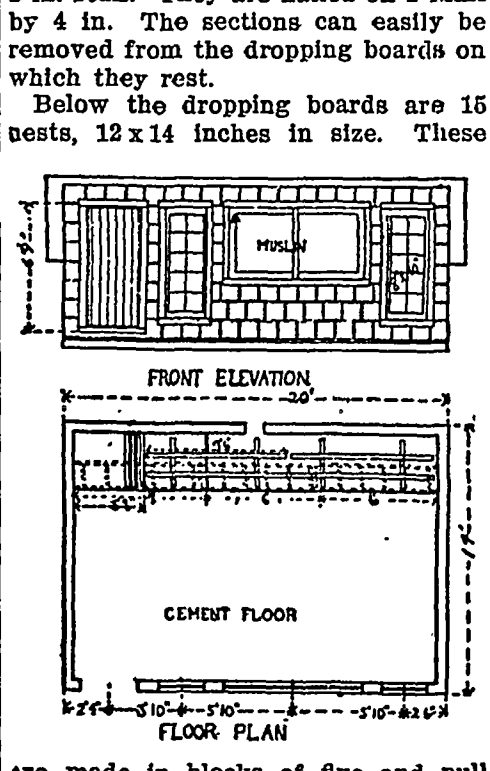
The dropping-board is on the north side, is three feet wide, and extends the length of the building. The roosts are made in two sections, of 2 in. by 2 in. stuff. They are nailed on 2 in. by 4 in. The sections can easily be removed from the dropping boards on which they rest.

Below the dropping boards are 15 nests, 12 x 14 inches in size. These

HOOK FOR CATCHING POULTRY

Excellent Device for Capturing Fowls for Examination or Execution Whenever Desired.

Instead of chasing fowls when needed for examination or anything else, every poultryman should employ catching hooks. These devices save considerable time and prevent much of the fright and injury which usually occur when fowls are chased, says the Orange Judd Farmer. The one used by the New York experiment station at Ithaca and described in bulletin 284 is an improvement on the common style. It differs from the common one, first because the wire is so fortified and braced that it remains practically rigid, and second, the hook end is so bent that it permits the shank of the fowl to be easily caught and effectively held without injury, owing to the aperture entrance which prevents the shank from being easily withdrawn, and the large aperture, which gives freedom of action, while the shank is held. The shank, however, is easily released by the attendant. The hook is made from a broom stick and a six-foot piece of No. 10 steel wire, which can be easily bent into the proper shape. The wire is less conspicuous than the wooden end, which attracts the fowl's attention while the hook catches the shank. The fowl is then gently drawn from the flock and the foot released.



Poultry Hook.

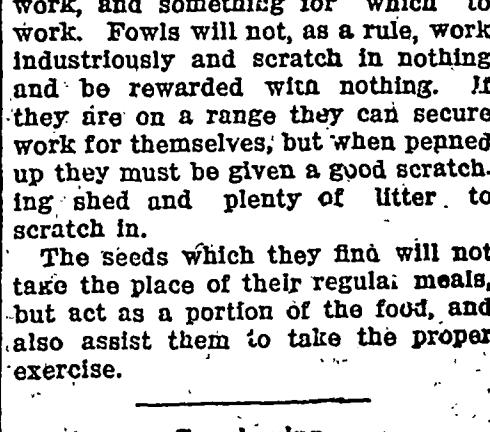
GIVE HENS CHANCE TO WORK

They Will Take All Necessary Exercise if Given Opportunity—Must Have Something to Scratch.

It is not necessary to compel fowls to exercise—they will do it themselves if they are given the opportunity. All they need is a good run or a scratching shed, and a litter into which has been scattered some small grains, and they will work without being forced to do so.

It is absolutely necessary, however, to give them something in which to work, and something for which to work. Fowls will not, as a rule, work industriously and scratch in nothing and be rewarded with nothing. If they are on a range they can secure work for themselves, but when penned up they must be given a good scratching shed and plenty of litter to scratch in.

The seeds which they find will not take the place of their regular meals, but act as a portion of the food, and also assist them to take the proper exercise.



Egg Laying.

The first egg laid by a pullet is the smallest and the size increases gradually until about a dozen have been laid, when they begin to decrease.

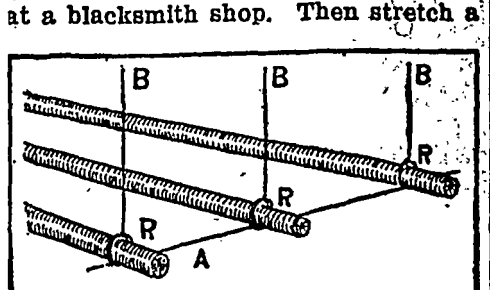
Attend the poultry shows in your neighborhood and if you have any extra fine birds take them along. They may not win but your interest in them will prompt you to learn what a really good bird is.

ROOST MADE VERMIN-PROOF

Plan Evolved That Gives Entire Satisfaction—Is Easily Constructed and Sanitary.

After having my fowls tortured at night by vermin which crawled from their hiding-places in the walls, I devised the following plan for a roost which I have found gives perfect satisfaction, writes Mrs. I. L. Cherry in the Farm and Fireside. It is as follows:

For a roost of a given number of poles, have twice as many iron rings (about five inches in diameter) made at a blacksmith shop. Then stretch a



Vermin-Proof Chicken Roost.

large wire (A) about eight inches from the wall on each side and about four inches lower than you wish the top of the roost to be. These wires should be passed through small holes bored in the walls at each end of the house, stretched good and tight, and fastened on the outside.

Then suspend the rings (RRR) from the rafters by means of wires (BBB) so that they will barely touch the wire A, then make the rings (RRR) secure to the wire A by means of small wires wrapped around each ring and the wire A. After a similar structure has been made on the other side, the arrangement is ready for the poles, which should be smooth saplings from three to four inches in diameter and cut nine inches shorter than width of the house, so that they may be easily taken in and out of the rings.

Besides being vermin-proof, this roost has the advantage of being easily constructed and sanitary from the fact that the roosts do not have to be fastened to the wall, or other support which would catch the droppings.

Consolation.

(To his daughter's sutor)—I have sad news for you. I am ruined! I have lost everything!

Sutor—Console yourself, dear sir, with the thought that you are now in no danger of losing your daughter.

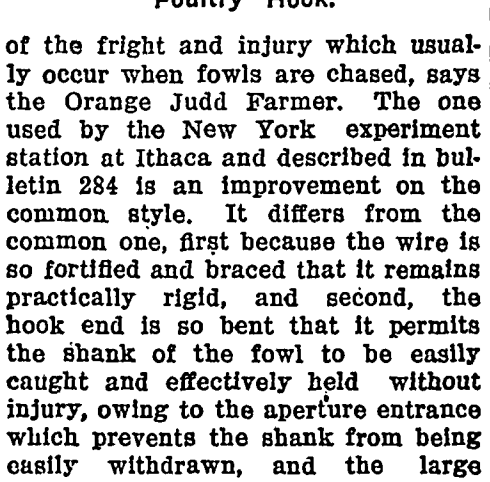
Happy Future.

'Apropos of the marriage at Reigate of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Mrs. Hollis McKim, a New York man said on the Olympic: "I met Vanderbilt at the Metropole at Brighton a few days after the ceremony, and I said to him, by way of a joke: "Well, is the course of true love going to run smooth?" "Smooth and straight," said he. There are banks on both sides, you know."

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POULTRY NOTES

Crowding is bad, whether in the house or on the roosts.

A poultry house without a grit box and a dust bath is incomplete.

One of the prime causes of roup in poultry is close, stuffy roosting quarters.

A good way to administer charcoal is by feeding corn charred until it is black.

Breeding for "fancy" does not necessarily mean doing so at the expense of utility.

In shipping birds, send only those that you feel satisfied will please your customers.

No one grain alone will keep a fowl in good condition; they must be furnished a variety.

Breeding stock can be bought now at a much lower price than will be asked in the spring.

Grit must be provided even when hens are on range; the grit hopper should be kept filled.

It is not a good plan to force the breeders for laying; it is apt to cause infertility in the eggs.

A bone-cutter costs money, but it helps to make more money from the flock and soon pays for itself.

The winter is a good time to put in studying the better methods of mating, feeding and caring for the flock.

A frequent cause of male birds getting their wattles frozen comes from first getting them wet while drying.

KOW-KURE

MAKES COWS PROLIFIC

Don't sell your barren cow to the butcher. Kow Kure, the great cow remedy, will make her productive and prolific. Kow Kure is a medicine for cows only—a positive cure for ABORTION, SCOURS, MILK FEVER, LOST APPETITE, and all other ailments that make cows sickly and unprofitable. Send today for free book, "More Money From Your Cows."

DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO., MFRS.
Lyndonville, Vt., U. S. A.



Perrin's Eye Salve

A bitter, cruel speech, may cost a friend; but gentle, loving words may win a foe.—Earle William Gage.

Certainly.

Guide—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphinx stands for—whom it represents!

American Tourist—That's nothing! We've got a lot of congressmen home the same way!—Puck.

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ALR LAWS.

Wilbur Wright, at a tea in Dayton, said with a laugh:

"Already there are air laws, stringent as road laws. Without them we should soon be seeing advertisements like this:

"Two dollars reward will be paid by Mrs. John Doe for information leading to the identification of the aviator on a Wright roadster who, while flying over my house yesterday afternoon, dropped a can of oil down my chimney and completely ruined a plum pudding I was cooking."

Turning the Tables.

Having done his best, by every fair and unfair means, during the last election to catch the candidate tripping, the heckler grew offensively personal.

"Is it true that your mother washes—" he began, but before he could add the word "clothes," the witty candidate called out smartly:

"Of course she does. Why, don't you?"

This raised a loud laugh at the heckler's expense; but, still undaunted, he returned to the attack.

"You can't deny," he said, "that your father was a rag-and-bone man thirty years ago."

"And I see you're still wearing them!" was the candidate's lightning retort.

There was no more heckling that night.

A TROUBLE MAKER

Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee:

"I am 54 years old," she says, "have used coffee all my life, and for 20 years suffered from indigestion and insomnia. Life was a burden and a drag to me all the time, and about once a year my ailments got such hold upon me that I was regularly 'sick in bed' for several weeks each time.

"I was reluctant to conclude that coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I am thankful that I found out the truth.

"Then I determined to use Postum exclusively—for a week at first—for I doubted my ability to do without coffee for any length of time. I made the Postum carefully, as directed, and before the week expired had my reward in a perceptible increase in strength and spirits.

"Seeing the good that my short experiment had accomplished, I resolved to continue the use of Postum, cutting out the coffee entirely. This I did for nine months, finding, daily, increased cause for gratification at my steadily improving health. My indigestion gradually left me, my sleep returned, I gained 26 pounds in weight, my color changed from sallow to a fresh, rosy hue and life became a blessing.

"Then I thought I would try coffee again, and did so for a few weeks. The punishment for deserting my good friend, Postum, was a return of my old troubles.

"That taught me wisdom, and I am now and shall be all my life hereafter using Postum exclusively and enjoying the benefits it brings me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.