

## Before the Ball

By S. B. HACKLEY

All the way home Dorland, newly made junior partner of the Lasley Vickery company, thought of his mother's last letter.

"Alleeh's been going out with Will Carey ever since you've been away," the letter said. "With Will's being so handsome, and Alleeh a bit fickle, and Arabella Avery encouraging the match, the Avery ball may mean the climax of things. Really, son, I think you ought to hurry home."

His mother was so keen for his marriage to his rich partner's daughter. And Alleeh—Alleeh was charming—he believed that he loved her.

At Corbin Junction Stafford Fife greeted him.

"Train's two hours late, Frank." Dorland's pleasant dark face clouded a bit. Fife laughed. "Take off that frown, Frank; you'll see her tonight, anyway. Let's go to the circus."

Twice daily for four years Mile, Jeannette Cheronnet had entered the cage of the performing lions, and Dorland had neither known nor cared. But today when he watched her moving fearlessly among the fierce beasts that at the end of the act began to growl and lunge, his face paled like one who sees his beloved in danger and is powerless to help.

"Buck up, old man!" Fife laughed. "The lions are used to her. They wouldn't hurt her if she were to fall!" "Much you know about lions, man!" a man next to him exclaimed. "That girl takes her life in her hands every time she goes in that cage!"

Another half moment and mademoiselle was turning to bow her acknowledgments to the applause. Her brown eyes, clear and innocent, met Dorland's. She caught her breath and hurried out of the tent. The sawdust under her feet had turned to shining gems, the shabby canvas had become spun gold!

"She's got to have her rest after the nervous strain of her act," the manager of the show impatiently explained to Dorland. "She's got to sleep until the evening performance. And she don't like hangers-on!"

"But I'm not a 'hanger-on,'" objected Dorland. "I want to be properly introduced to Mile, Cheronnet."

"A reporter, eh? Well, maybe she'll give you five minutes."

Still in her spangled chiffon stage costume, mademoiselle appeared.

"I am afraid of the lions for you," Dorland found himself saying. A warm color suffused the girl's face.

"It ees for me, monsieur, you fear?" It ees kind, most kind, monsieur—but they love me! The creatures have known me thee long time; they love me!"

"And so do I!" echoed Dorland's heart, "even I who have known you but an hour!"

"I wish you worked in a store or some other safe place!" he murmured.

"But, monsieur," she objected, "I must have more than a clerk's money!"

When her parents had died, she explained, the great-aunt who had lands and money had taken her in, but not Lucile, the sister who had married beneath her family. And now Lucile was dead, and her crippled husband and her little children were, oh, so poor!

"My aunt and my cousins cast me off when I took the training of the lions—but it meant money, and I could not let poor Gaston and the motherless ones starve, monsieur!"

Could she see him again soon? Dorland asked when he arose to leave. She hesitated. There was little time on the road, but if monsieur were ever to be in the city in which the circus went into winter quarters, it might be possible. The managers paid her to stay there and teach the lions.

At the ball, Alleeh Vickery, looking like a lily in a blue vase, beckoned to him. "I want you to show me the fish in the lake."

Along the sanded path she clung to his arm, screaming at a leaf's rustle. "I've been wanting to see the fish playing by moonlight so long, but Nora and I were afraid to come over here alone!"

Dorland listened with strange intolerance. Afraid in that flower-filled garden, by the broad light of the moon! And at that moment that other girl, so delicately tender, was exposing her delicate body in a den of lions that others might have daily bread!

A fortnight later and Dorland stood in the little parlor of Mile, Cheronnet's boarding house.

"I want you to quit showing the lions," she told her. "I am afraid for you. I love you—let me take your burdens on my shoulders, Jeannette."

She drew white. "You mean—" she breathed, "you mean, monsieur—" "I want you to marry me, Jeannette."

Her color came back but she drew back from his outstretched arms.

"I cannot—your relatives—they would not receive me, monsieur!"

"But you love me?" persisted Dorland.

"Mais oui!" she confessed. "But love this is not of itself! The true

love—eet ees unselfish. I cannot take you from your people!"

"Dorland, why aren't you getting engaged to Alleeh Vickery these days?" Stafford Fife asked lightly some weeks later. "It's very apparent she's only waiting for you to speak."

"Perhaps—" Dorland hesitated, "but I— I'd be depriving myself of the right to love the girl who refused to marry me!"

"And who's she? The French lion tamer of the circus?" Fife hazarded jokingly.

Dorland nodded.

"God—man—you hardly know her, and she—she—why, she doesn't even speak good English!" Fife stammered. Mrs. Dorland overheard in a kind of horror. When Fife was gone she remonstrated with tears of rage.

"I wish the creature were dead!" she fumed, almost beside herself. "I wish the wild beasts might kill her—I do, indeed, then you—"

Dorland rose. "Do not trouble yourself further, mother," he said. "She'll not marry me unless you go to her and ask her to bless you in that way."

The next week Dorland went to the city again. Mademoiselle Cheronnet was at the animal quarters by a sick lion's cage. She was thinner, he thought, and weary looking.

"I cannot bear it," she told him tremulously, "that you come to see me. Thees must be the last time—the very last time!"

Presently a keeper brought a young cockerel to tempt the sick beast. When he loosed it, it flew to a cage of panthers near, and Dorland thoughtlessly sprang forward to seize it. With a cry Jeannette flung herself in front of him. He slipped to the ground with her desperate push, but she fell against the cage. Two keepers sprang to her assistance with forks and clubs, else she would have been dragged into the cage. In an anguish Dorland knelt beside her.

"Oh, love, why did you try to save me?"

She opened her eyes. "Mon ami—mon cher ami!" she whispered, "I am happy, so happy eet—was—not—you. Kiss me once—for good-by."

Three hours later Dorland's mother came to the circus quarters. She had received a telegram: "It is as you wished, mother, only she's given her life to save mine."

"It was him or her, ma'am," the keeper told her. "She took death to save him."

But at the hospital they told his mother there was a chance that Mile, Cheronnet would live—to bear terrible scars on her arms and body.

At the end of the week, when the little lion tamer was able to speak to her, Dorland's mother bent over her, her eyes overflowing. "My dear—my dear," she besought her, "let me bring the minister—the priest, if you will—and let him make you my daughter today!"

"You want me?" The girl's brown eyes widened; joy shook her bandaged form. "You want me? Oh, Francis, tell them to lift me that my dear mother! I may kiss. And bid the father come!"

### SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA

Relic Held in Such Veneration That It Is Exhibited Only Once in Five Years.

To make full confession, I had not even known that the festival would fall in the year of our visit, not to speak of the very week. Of course, every lover of the East has learned that the Sacred Tooth is exhibited every five years for the adoration of the faithful, and in the interval neither prince nor millionaire can obtain a glimpse of its venerable form. Both the official head of Buddhism in Ceylon and the British representative would have to agree to any departure from this usage, so the rule is strictly observed. One instinctively asks why the relic is so sacred. The history of this so-called treasure, as narrated by the Singhaled priests, may be summarized as follows: When Buddha's body had been burned, an Arabat took an unconsumed fragment from the ashes of the funeral pyre. This was the left canine tooth, destined to become the most celebrated of the many wondrous relics of the founder of the faith. After a rather peaceful existence of about eight centuries, in the southern peninsula, it became so famous, and created such disturbance in the Brahminic community that it was surreptitiously carried to the Buddhist center in Ceylon, concealed in the tresses of the Princess Kalinga. Naturally, such a priceless possession proved the cause of international strife. Once, at least, it was carried back to the mainland of India, but was recovered by Prakrama Bahu III, to become once more the source of untold blessings.—From "The Festival of the Tooth," by F. B. R. Hellgus, in Asia Magazine.

#### Stuck on Them, Anyhow.

J. Ogden Armour, defending the meat packers, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Our opponents wouldn't say such hard things about us if they read our statements correctly. Our opponents misread and misunderstand. They are like the little child.

"A Sunday-school teacher asked a little child:

"What do you know about Solomon?"

"He was very fond of animals," the child replied.

"Yes? Why do you think so?" said the teacher.

"Because the Bible tells us," said the child, "that he had a hundred wives and nine hundred porcupines."

# POULTRY FACTS

## PROPER CARE OF INCUBATOR

Eggs Should Be Even-Shaped and Medium-Sized—Best Results Secured If Turned Daily.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poultry raisers place great dependence upon the early-hatched chicken on account of its greater vitality, making a more vigorous growth, escaping the ravages of disease and insects, developing into early maturity, and the pullets from this hatch becoming profitable layers in the early winter season following. As a rule it is also true that eggs produced in the early part of the season will show a higher percentage



A Good Incubator Hatch.

of fertility than those produced later in the season. Care should be taken in saving eggs for the incubator. Select even-shape, medium-sized eggs, and keep them in a cool place. Better results will be secured if these eggs are turned carefully every day. Do not keep them over ten days or two weeks before putting them in the incubator.

Before setting up the incubator give it a thorough cleaning inside and out. Remove all the trays and scrub them with hot soapsuds. After they have dried brush the entire inside of the incubator and all the trays with wood alcohol. Clean out all the lamp flues to see that there are no cobwebs or carbon deposit; also, that these spaces have not been used for mice nests in the winter time. Clean the oil chamber of the lamp with hot soapsuds and remove the old wick from the burner and boil the burner in a soda solution for 15 or 20 minutes. Run the incubator for 48 hours to get the thermostat properly adjusted. After running the incubator five days, test the eggs and remove those that are infertile. Now is a good time also to clean the brooder. Give it a thorough coating with some good disinfectant, fix a clean, dry place for the young chicks when they are hatched, and, if possible, keep them removed from the main flock until they are half grown.

The principal advantages of caponizing are that the capons grow larger than cockerels, make more economical growth, are more easily handled, sell for higher prices, and are more economical for the consumer on account of less waste in dressing and cooking. In addition the flesh is of better quality.

## HIGHER PRICES FOR CAPONS

Fowls Grow Larger Than Cockerels, Are Easily Handled and Flesh Is of Better Quality.

A statement from the Ohio College of Agriculture says: "Do not sell late-hatched cockerels as broilers unless of the Leghorn or other light-weight breeds. Caponize them and market after the holidays at weights of six to ten pounds each. Increase the supply of poultry meat and make a larger profit on the chickens you raise."

The brooder should not be overcrowded with chicks.

The best food for young ducklings is stale bread and skimmed sweet milk.

Overfeeding the young chicks is likely to be indulged in by many, especially the beginners.

Feed chicks lightly until they are eight or ten weeks of age. After that they can be forced.

Good healthy chicks can be raised by properly taking care of the hen and chicks or of the brooder.

It is in warm weather that lice and mites thrive on the chickens; they will cause little chickens to die.

At the present prices of fertilizer it pays every farmer and poultryman to save the poultry manure.

Always have your coops and brooders perfectly dry. A good litter for chicks to scratch in is cut clover or alfalfa or the chaff from the floor.

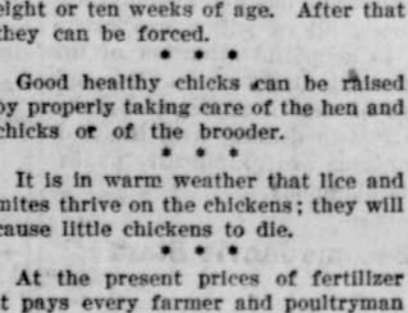
If the chicks are kept free of vermin and are kept out of the rain and dew, they will grow fast and will be but little trouble as the weather will be warm most of the time.

# POULTRY

## WATER SIPHONED TO GARDEN

Ample Supply Obtained During Dry Summer Spell by Using Reserve Stock in Cistern.

During the dry months last summer we assured a rich return from our home garden by irrigating our vegetable beds from the house cistern which was on land higher than the garden. A hose was employed to siphon the water to a main ditch, from which extended lateral ditches between the rows of growing plants. By carefully conserving our supply we had water



Siphoning Water With a Hose From a Cistern to a Garden Occupying Near-By Low Land.

enough to last all summer. By corking the hose at the downward end, and filling it with water before placing the other end in the cistern, the siphon is started by the flow of water caused by removing the cork.—K. M. Koggeshall, Webster Grove, Mo., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## TOBACCO RESISTANT TO ROOT-ROT FOUND

Trouble Is Caused By a Fungus Which Lives as Parasite.

Most Characteristic Symptom of Disease Is Decay of Root System Resulting in Stunting of Plants —Tests Being Made.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If two varieties of tobacco, Connecticut Havana and White Burley, for instance, are planted side by side on ground which has just grown two or three crops of Burley, the Havana seed in most instances will produce from two times to one hundred times as much as the Burley. If, however, these two varieties are planted where tobacco has not been grown for several years and on soil which is not "tobacco sick," the Burley will produce as large a crop, acre for acre, as the Connecticut Havana. The cause of the low yield in the first case is root-rot, a disease the Connecticut Havana is able to resist, but to which the Burley is susceptible. For several years specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture have been working to develop by selection a type of Burley as resistant as some of the cigar varieties, but which will still possess the yield and quality of Burley. During the past three years these strains have been tested in Kentucky. In these tests the resistant strains have made average normal growth each year, while ordinary Burley produced practically nothing.

The importance of this disease is shown by the fact that recent careful observations over a considerable part



of the tobacco-growing section of the United States have shown an annual damage of millions of dollars. The loss in Kentucky alone is believed to exceed easily an average of \$2,000,000 annually.

Root-rot is caused by a fungus which lives as a parasite on the roots of the plant. This fungus can grow into the roots and feed on their tissues which results in decay. It can live on dead organic matter in the soil, but in the absence of tobacco plants it gradually dies out, though this may require from five to ten years or more. The disease spreads much in the same way as other diseases of plants and animals.

The most characteristic symptom of root-rot is a decay of the root system resulting in a stunting of the plants. Curiously enough, root-rot rarely kills the plant in the field. Aside from becoming stunted and yellow the diseased plants may show wilting even in very moist soils on days when tobacco in healthy soil, and other crops, show no wilting. The depleted root system is not able to take up water as fast as the leaves use it.

Letuce and Cucumber Sandwich. Butter thin slices of white bread, then cover with a slice of cucumber and a bit of lettuce with salad dressing.

Fruit and Nut Sandwiches. Put through the meat chopper a quarter of a pound of almonds with half a pound of chopped figs with a cupful of pecan meats, mixing them while grinding so that they will be well blended. Pack the mixture into round baking powder cans, pressing it in firmly. When wanted dip in hot water to loosen and cut in very thin slices with a sharp knife. Place between rounds of buttered bread.

Nonresidents, including returning soldiers will have 90 days after the proclamation of peace for filing tax returns. The extension was announced by Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper. The Internal revenue bureau's ruling that salaries of state officials and employees of counties, cities, and other subdivisions of a state, are not subject to federal income taxes, was upheld by Attorney General Palmer.

When the world blames and slanders us our duty is not to vexed with it, but rather to consider whether there is any foundation for it.

## MOTHERS' COOK BOOK

The poppy blazes in the sunshine, the grain fields are ripening into golden splendor, and the butterflies and humming birds seem to have gathered the gorgeousness of nature's loveliest hues and imprisoned them within their folded wings.

Some Summer Sandwiches. Sandwiches are a most popular form of food which will be served freely during the warm weather. The following may be suggestive:

Picnic Sandwiches. Take French rolls, cut off the top of each and then with a spoon scoop out all the crumb, leaving the shell with a small opening at the top. Mix together four chopped olives, one pickle, a teaspoonful of capers and one large green pepper, chopped fine. Add three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped boiled tongue and mix with the white meat of a chicken chopped fine. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and fill the roll; replace the top and arrange in a sandwich basket, serving at once. The filling may be added the last minute so that the shells will not become soaked.

Potato Sandwiches. Mash four good-sized boiled potatoes, add a teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of thick cream and the yolks of four hard-cooked eggs rubbed to a paste, a dash of cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of olive oil; mix well, and when a smooth paste is formed spread on slices of brown bread. Garnish the top with cress or lettuce.

Chicken Salad Sandwiches. These may be prepared as the picnic sandwiches and filled with chicken salad, or the chicken salad may be finely minced and spread on buttered bread.

Sardine Sandwiches. Cut slices of bread a half-inch thick, butter after toasting and trim off the crust. Remove the skin and bones from sardines, lay them carefully over the toast and sprinkle with chopped olives and capers mixed. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve cut in any desired form.

Concerning Tax Returns.

The Duty of All.

## A MYSTERY

The river hemmed with living trees  
Wound through its meadows green;  
A low blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang;  
I saw the river of my dreams  
The mountains that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on  
But well the ways I knew:  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above itsCraig  
Could lean the blasted pine;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills  
The mountain road should creep;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind,  
Their place the mountains took;  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwanted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through aeons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of heaven arise.

## FOR SPORTS WEAR

Waist, Formerly a Smock, Is a Prime Favorite Now.

New Sweaters Placed in Blouse Class and the Masquerade Proves a Success.

The return of our victorious warriors brings renewed interest in all outdoor sports. Golf courses are alive with players, many of whom have been absent during these war years. Tennis courts are gay with pretty girls in bright-colored sweaters and young lads just back from France.

There is a revival, too, notes a correspondent, of some old-fashioned sports. People have even taken to bicycle riding again. But most interesting of all is the coming back of archery, the sport that flourished in the days of "Merrie England." Everybody is learning to "string a bow." All this has given an impetus to sport clothes, and in them there is a welcome departure from the conservative tailor-made things of past seasons.

The sport waist, which formerly was a silk or linen skirt, and always tailor-made, has passed through many incarnations. Once it was worn a smock, another time a batiste affair with fluffy frills to flutter around the neck and down the front of a tuxedo-sweater of bright-colored silk. I saw a Frenchy little overblouse of sheer white net masquerading as a



Coat of Old Blue Silk Is Quilted in White.

sport smock. You would never have known it as net at first glance because the material was so well camouflaged. A running stitch of bright green worsted was used to mark off its entire surface in inch squares, then about every third square was darned in solid with the green yarn. Around the waist went a narrow strip knitted of wool.

## BLEND WITH SUMMER'S TINTS

Tricoulette Popular for Various Garments for Seasonable Wear in the Country.

Tricoulette is used for many of this summer's country clothes. Straight-gathered skirts of this material have overblouses to match, either with or without sashes. These are embroidered in angora or ribbozine, which is a narrow silky braid.

From the house of Callot comes a suit in which two different colors of tricoulette are cleverly used. The upper portion of the dress is champagne color featuring the lines of the smock or overblouse, while a slate-colored skirt is gridded low on the hips with a sash also of slate. One of the new long scarf collars matching the sash is stitched across the back of the neck and allowed to fall loosely, or it may be worn wrapped around the neck like a sweater scarf.

Callot also has made a remarkable sports cape of rose-colored tweed with a lining of pink and white peppermint striped silk. The long cloak has a shoulder cape like those worn by the West Point cadets, and from the back of this is swung a large hood lined with silk and draped to reveal this lining in an effective way.

## Headgear for Little Girls.

Elaborate little bonnets or hats are shown this season for the wet girl. Sheerest organdie, combined with very fine valenciennes lace and insertion, and trimmed with silk flowers and pink or blue ribbon rosettes and streamers, form a bonnet which will suit the most exacting mother. Some of the more simple styles may be made at home, but the more ornate ones require the skillful touch of the experienced milliner.