

John Hansen, Crew

By FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

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Stolid, pink-eyed, flaxen-haired John Hansen, crew of the Mary H., had gone below to look for the skipper's pocket-knife.

The skipper himself had stepped from the sloopy fishing-sloop to the adjoining wharf, while the lowered gaff on which he had been working lay in a disorder of canvas on the deck.

He walked along the wharf to the schooner in the next berth, and asked a man sitting in the shadow of the forecabin for a bit of spun yarn.

"My fore speak's gi'n out on me," he explained.

The man on the schooner dropped his newspaper, stood up over the rail, and remarked that it was Sunday. From the fishing-sloop, the crew, John Hansen, now resting on his elbows half out of the cabin, grinned under his thin, corn-silk mustache.

The man on the schooner dropped below to look in his stores, and the skipper waited, puffing on his pipe.

The man on the schooner came on deck again, shaking his head, and tossed the skipper a handful of tangled cord.

"They got no spun yarn, John," hailed the skipper. "Will marline do?"

"Ee-yah," returned John.

"Thank ye," grunted the skipper to the schooner's man. "Sorry ye ain't got any spun yarn."

"All right," mumbled the other, resuming a colored supplement where he had left off.

The skipper returned to his sloop. John Hansen did the repairing, and the skipper assisted. Before long the iron was rewound, the ropes strengthened, and the halyards rebent.

"Now," said the skipper, "ye can go ashore. We'll sail airly in the mornin' so ye better sleep aboard. Ye goin' up to see Christina this afternoon?"

John grinned.

"Ee-yah," he drawled. "I tank I go see her."

"She's a mighty stanch gal, Christina," admired the skipper. "You an' she goin' ter git spilled soon?"

The crew blushed.

"I ain't asked her yet, but I tank —"

"That's right," approved the skipper. "Don't ask her till ye're sure, right an' tight."

"Ee-yah," corrected John. "I tank one ting can break it. Suppose the girl go away?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"I tank I got promised to marry a girl once myself. I went on a fishing trip, and when I come back the girl ban gone-away."

"A gal at home?"

"No, a girl named Fannie, here, when I first came to Hardyport. She went away. I tank I ain't promised to her longer, eh?"

The skipper thought rapidly. For two years John Hansen had served as lone hand on the shore fishing-boat. Working on shares, his portion of the proceeds had given him a good balance in the savings bank up-town, but the skipper knew that the balance should have been many dollars more.

John had trusted the skipper's arithmetic and without question taken what was given him each settling day.

A watchful wife would end this. He would encourage anything that might delay this marriage.

"Ye certain got ter marry Fannie if ye said ye would," he began.

John looked perplexed.

"I don't tank so," he considered slowly. "She ban gone to New York her cousins they told me. What make it she don't write me a letter if she want me?"

"Oh, ye never can tell about women folks," generalized the skipper easily. "She may be breakin' her little heart waitin', fur all ye know."

With troubled face, John washed his hands and face and changed his clothes in the cabin. Then, going on deck, he combed his hair before a fragment of mirror stuck in a mast-hoop.

"I tank," he announced finally, "I go up an' see the parson at the Bethel I got to be honest, an' if I ban fool to get promised to little Fannie long time before I saw Christina, maybe I have to pay for it. Only I hope," he added brokenly—"I hope Christina she don't care—much!"

"That's right," approved the skipper.

That afternoon, when the meeting at the Fishermen's Bethel was over, John Hansen did go to the parson, and the parson, having untangled from John's broken English what seemed to be a straight version of the story, did tell the tall, light-haired fisherman to wait.

John did not go to see Christina that evening.

Instead, he made his way back to the wharf.

"I tank I don't fish any more," he announced to the astonished skipper.

"Why not?" was the demand.

"I tank I go to find Fannie."

"But, ye tow-headed sculpin' ye can't find her in New York!"

Deaf to expostulation, John steadily packed his dunnage-bag, while the skipper swore the oaths of a man who had overreached himself.

Three evenings John Hansen spent under the glare of the electric lights

in Coney Island's Bowery before he found her.

He recognized Fannie in spite of the bleaching of her hair, the rouge on her cheeks, and the exaggerated outlines of her silk clothes. Troubled, he followed her down a dimly lighted street into a cheap wooden building with a bar in the front room. Passing through this apartment, they sat down at a small table in an alcove beyond.

"Well," she ejaculated finally, "how's old Hardyport? What brought you down here, John?"

"I came to bring you back," he answered soberly.

"Quit yer kidding," she broke out angrily.

"You don't like this place. I don't tank it very good place. You come home to Hardyport."

"Lord!" she cried. "Don't I want to? Ain't I tired and sick of this hole? Wouldn't I swap this cologne an' musk for a whiff o' the wild roses an' the barberry? Don't I want to see the sun set behind the West Parish hills and the water all red at high tide across the marshes? Ain't I choked for a breath of air from the real ocean, for a gust of the east wind, all sharp and salt?"

"I can't go, John. I can't go!"

"I tank you can go," he persisted placidly. "What make it you can't?"

"I owe money here, to the boss. You don't understand about it. He wouldn't let me go if I tried."

"How much money?" inquired John.

"A lot. It's nearly a hundred dollars now."

John Hansen took from his pocket a slim roll of bills, divided it, and handed her the larger part. As if dazed, the girl took the money and slipped it into her dress.

"You be at the big station in New York for train at ten o'clock tomorrow mornin'," John said rising.

When the next afternoon boat from Boston had made fast at her Hardyport wharf John Hansen and Fannie crossed the gangplank together and walked slowly up Harbor street.

"You don't know how good it seems to get back," murmured the girl.

"Speed up, Beau," she bubbled, "I'm that empty I could get away with a raw selling-plater. Let's chase ourselves to a joint where we can feed our faces."

They ate supper at a little restaurant and then wandered out over the avenue that skirts the harbor.

The two stood leaning on the bridge-rail, Fannie watching the bathers and the slow flash of the revolving lamp in the lighthouse tower on the Point, but John with his eyes on the girl.

Once more he dully studied the showy dress, the too abundant frizzled and curled yellow hair, the powder-blotched cheeks, the hard lips, and the bold, brilliant eyes.

Then he thought of Christina, and his heart rose slowly in protest.

This tainted, young-old, made-up creature—what had she in common with him? Why should he give up for her the clear-eyed, clean-skinned girl he wanted—the only girl he wanted on the shores of the seven seas? What claim had this brass-tongued woman upon him?

"Aye," he added aloud. "But I ban fool and I have to pay."

"What say?" queried Fan.

"Fannie"—he spoke steadily—"you an' me ban promised four years ago. When I came in from that trip an' found you gone to New York I didn't follow."

Fannie was gazing at him from under half-shut eyelids, but made no reply.

John Hansen continued:

"Year ago I know better, but I'll stow that now. I ban older than you, and I tank my place to stand between you an' the wind. Now I ban goin' to pay."

"You mean," she whispered—"you mean—you'll marry me now—after—in spite of everything?"

He nodded silently, and for a few moments she gazed into his eyes.

"John Hansen!" she ejaculated finally. "You're a fool! You're as big a baby as you were four years ago! You need some one to take care of you. I'll marry you!"

As he opened his mouth she cut off his words with a wave of her hand.

"I'll marry you, yes, on one condition. That is, that you're not in love with any other girl. Are you?" she snapped.

"I—I—" began the bewildered John.

"You are! Then, John Hansen, you can have her. I don't love you. I don't want you or any other man. You were sent to me, an' you've brought me home an' given me back this."

She waved her hand toward the town and the sea.

"You've given me back this. I'll give you back your girl. Now go to her."

Power of Sentiment.

Without sentiment we shall reform in vain. We shall start to pile up a crass, utilitarian building, that makes no appeal to the soul of man. We shall miss immeasurably the finer side of reconstruction. Blockheads deride sentiment. They want something tangible, they tell you. They want the "stuff"—none of your poetry and namby-pamby nonsense. But blockheads miss the fact that sentiment ought to play a mighty part in the reconstruction of the country; we ought to have it in full measure, brimming over—provided it be of the right kind.—Exchange.

That Didn't Suit Her, Either.

The Bride—Oh, Dick, you shouldn't kiss me before all those girls.

The Groom—I'm glad my little wife is so unselfish, and just to please you I'll kiss all those girls first.—Boston Transcript.

BEET PULLER IS LATE INVENTION

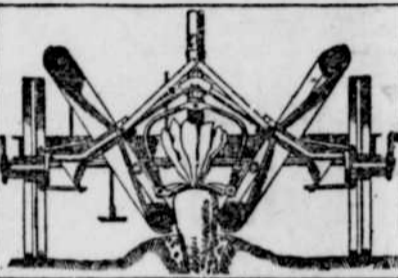
Machine Designed by Californian for Doing This Hard and Expensive Task.

INJURY AVOIDED BY WHEELS

As Beet Is Pulled From Ground Knives on Each Side Cut Off Tops of Leaves—Easy to Harvest Profitable Crop.

Pulling sugar beets is one of the big jobs which confront the grower of this very profitable crop. It is a lot of work, and work that takes time and energy at least, and often costs money as well. A man in the beet fields of California has designed a machine which he thinks is a wonder for doing this hard and expensive task. Instead of using inclined rods, on the principle of the gathering points of a corn binder, for pulling the beets, this man uses padded wheels for this purpose.

Cross Sectional View.
The upright V-shaped portion of the accompanying illustration is a cross sectional view through the padded wheel pullers. The axes of these wheeled pullers extend down to the inner hubs of the main driving wheels of the machine, and are here driven or revolved by these main wheels. Grouthers or diggers go along ahead of the pulling wheels, on each side of the row of beets, and loosen the ground around them so that they will be easier to pull when the pulling wheels of the machine engage them. From the drawing it will be noticed that the pulling wheels are set so the lower portions are much closer together than are the upper portions. As the machine passes forward over the beets in a row, these pulling



Beet Topper and Puller.

wheels are rotated backward and upward, and in so rotating they lift beets out of the ground.

Cuts Off Leaves.
So located between the pulling wheels that they pass just over the top of the beet are two knives, one on each side. Thus, as the machine is drawn forward and the beet is lifted up, these knives cut off the top or leaves of the beet; thus it is pulled and topped at one and the same time by the one machine, these being two separate operations in the ordinary hand method of harvesting beets.

FIGURING CAPACITY OF SILO
In Estimating Diameter and Height Allow Each Cow Four to Five Square Feet of Surface.
If your cows are fed 40 pounds silage daily for six months they will need nearly 7,500 pounds or a silo capacity of four tons each. In estimating diameter and height, allow each cow four to five square feet of feeding surface in the silo. Ten cows would require a feeding surface of 50 feet. A silo eight feet in diameter would have a cross section or feeding surface of 50 square feet. For ten cows therefore, a silo should be eight feet in diameter. Fifteen cows should have a silo 10 feet in diameter (if 20 feet high it has a capacity of 26 tons and if 32 feet high, 51 tons); 20 cows should have a silo 12 feet in diameter. Forty cows will need a silo 16 or 18 feet in diameter and about 80 feet high.

TREATMENT OF ARMY WORMS
Pests Can Be Kept Out of Field by Plowing Up a Furrow in Front of Them.
After army worms once get into a field there is nothing practical which can be done to stop them. They can be kept out of a field, however, by plowing a deep furrow in front of them. Plow a furrow about eight inches deep and square up one side of the furrow with a spade. Every ten or fifteen feet in the furrow dig a shallow posthole. As fast as the army worms accumulate in the furrow, and especially in the postholes, sprinkle them with kerosene. Army worms move fast and it is necessary to apply this treatment promptly or they will have moved into the threatened field and there is nothing whatever which can be done. If the trench treatment is applied promptly it proves very satisfactory.

GRAIN FOR EWES AND LAMBS
Unless Animals Are Being Conditioned for Market Pasture and Forage Are Sufficient.
If the ewes and lambs have good pasture and forage crops it will seldom pay to feed any grain feed, unless the lambs are being conditioned for the summer market. Pumpkins planted in the corn field make an ideal supplement for the fall pastures.

MAE MURRAY



This charming little "movie" star has been featured in a number of large productions. She is a native of Norfolk, Va. She went on the stage at the age of fifteen. Her success as a dancer resulted in her being starred, following which she entered the motion picture field.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

SLENDER LINES

A WOMAN who lived on a farm, who claims that her diet is necessarily limited to farm products, wrote me recently, asking how she might reduce. The things which I particularly stated were to be avoided, were things she said formed the chief dishes on the table. Pork, potatoes, wheat bread, butter, milk, eggs—all fattening, but all raised on the farm.

Now, of course, the woman who lives near some large market can pick and choose from a great variety for her table. But the farm woman can follow the reduction diet more easily than she thinks. She can cut out the milk and cream and butter from her diet, she need not eat pork products, and she can stop eating the rich home-baked cakes and pastries. This means



The stout girl should eat fish and oysters and such non-fattening foods.

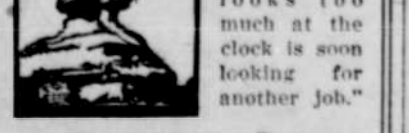
a certain self-sacrifice on her part, for the fatter the body the greater the appetite. But no fat woman will starve, no matter how little she eats, for the body immediately starts feeding itself from its own accumulated flesh, and reduces itself while keeping up the proper supply of nourishment.

The farm woman really has many advantages over the city woman in planning a reduction diet. She can raise her own green vegetables, and put up many of them to last out the winter. She can eat fowl as much as she wants, without adding flesh, and incurring expense. She can do without water at meals, since this adds flesh, she can get about in the air, and have the real benefits of work and exercise.

(Copyright.)

What the Sphinx Says.

By NEWTON NEWKIRK.



"The lazy loafer who looks too much at the clock is soon looking for another job."

Details of the deaths of 361,854 French soldiers are unknown.

STRONG FOR HIPS

Midsummer Fashion Makers Cite Styles Now in Favor.

Toweling, Crash, Awning, Hammock Material and Denims Are Now Fashioned Into Dresses.

Gotham midsummer fashion-makers declare for hips, says a New York fashion writer. Manufacturers and retailers both say that the hips are now in popular favor all because Patee got angry about that paradise fanned hat that was thrown into the boudoir of France's lady of the land and just as promptly bounced out again, while the Parisian milliners handed over the fourteen points that made it a hat thrown into the big ring of international fashion squabbling. They say that Rue was angry once too often and that American women will not buy the toothpick or chemise dresses that Paris launched for the new season.

Whatever the cause may be, hips is hips, as Fifth avenue windows all too well display. 'Tis the fashion season of the bouffant, the billowy, the exaggerated, the puffed and pouched. Naturally, this craze for a distended skirt has launched carloads of coarse stiff fabrics upon the cloth market. Bathroom toweling, crash, awning, hammock material and denims are in full bloom as fashioned into dresses of every type.

Although many of the midsummer gowns use natural colored toweling, there is a tendency to dip these sturdy fabrics into dyes of every hue and emblazon them with weird, conventional, intricate patterns. Regular upholsterer's cretonne in color combinations that fight or purr are frequent, and even old paisley shawls are found made up into new bustled dresses.

A leading dressmaker shows a street dress fashioned of heavy dull blue and rose cretonne. Although an occasional rose can be defined in the maze of intricate patterning, the general effect is like a dark-flowered cotton foulard. The material is inset with a panel of sheer white organdie upon which are scattered girly-girly bows of French blue metallic ribbon and pale pink rosebuds. A bustle distends the skirt through the hips, while the bodice is snugly Alsatian-laced. Of pouch pockets there is no end on

PARIS HAIR DRESSING STYLE



This is one of the latest in Parisian coiffures; it is enhanced through the use of a wreath of silk roses.

Black With White on Hats

Combination Is Great Favorite and Always Affords Bit of Smartness That Is Desired.

Women never tire of black and white. In summer hats this combination is a great favorite. The all-white hat is rather dead looking, and while a white hat with colored trimming may be very pretty there is a likelihood of its appearing somewhat insipid unless created by an artist. A touch of black on a white hat always brings a bit of smartness.

White organdie hats, much like the old-fashioned lingerie hat that women affected for many summers because it brought eternal youth, are trimmed with puffy flowers of organdie. Then they are swathed with black tulle.

Equally effective are hats of pale yellow organdie veiled with brown net. Taffeta flowers—big puffy ones of dark colors—are sometimes applied to drooping mushroom shapes of white organdie with long, loose stitches of black and a wispy transparent scarf draped over all. Sometimes white organdie blossoms are scattered over black horsehair hats. The versatile organdie plays many roles. It is not unusual to see it ornamenting oilcloth hats in the form of scarfs or applied flowers, and in turn oilcloth may be applied to hat of organdie.

Paris Bracelets.

The vogue for the very short sleeve and the transparent sleeve has brought in the bracelet with a rush. Nor does anybody always content herself with one bracelet. She often wears several

CREPE DE CHINE IN WHITE



To appear cool and feel cool is not always possible, but the wearer of this charming frock of white crepe de chine with pipings and sash of navy blue grosgrain ribbon achieves this happy result.

the summer's skirts. Most of them so distend that they add several feet to the hip circumference. Over panniers or hips drapes are wired so that there is no danger they will fall into soft lines. Tier skirts of as many as eight rows of ruffles are running amuck upon the avenue, and the top three tiers are wired into lamp shade and chandelier effects. Flaring bottoms of skirts have completely supplanted the old three-inch-around model, and a hoydenish, unsculpture stride is rapidly killing off mincing footsteps.

Lowly ironing board covering is being made into dresses that carry a price tag in three figures. This heaviest, cheapest kind of crash is embellished with scallops and embroideries in Chinese red or Algerian blue, and flaunts wired pouch pockets or side skirt drapes. Occasionally heavy strips of white kid or ordinary harness leather are stitched into mammoth side pockets for the hip width effect.

Midsummer evening gowns are most elaborate and are as heavy with velvet, plush and fur as at Christmas time. Many of these heavy satin or velvet skirts are bustled and hand-painted in gorgeous eccentric patterns, such as with a red pitcher plant, a screaming parrot, or a clump of ferns. But "the hips—the hips the thing."

Confetti Trimming.

A French trimming which bids fair to prove popular is known in Paris as "confetti" trimming. This is used generally on a foundation of sheer silk, chiffon or georgette, the latter more frequently seen here. In Paris, according to recent arrivals from that market, it is popular in the many colors characteristic of the real confetti, the trimming being fabric, felt or leather, cut up into the tiniest of spots.

on the same arm. There are colorful bracelets of imitation jade or of amber with narrow bands of imitation topaz. A pair of bracelets may vary greatly in size, one being large enough to slip up on the upper arm, the other small enough to clasp the wrist. The Parisians are wearing smart sets of ivory bracelets banded with narrow strips of elephants' hair, and to complete them there are little matching finger rings.

Straw Trims Taffeta Frocks.

One of the newest and smartest trimming touches used on taffeta frocks consists of landings of narrow straw braid in vividly contrasting color. It is not a stiff hat braid, but something very soft, and it is often applied in odd-shaped motifs as well as in straight band effect. The tailored street frock, whether of taffeta or wool fabric, is often shown with a matching cape or mantle, cut short and fancifully trimmed.

Lace Stockings.

For evening wear Paris is taking to lace stockings, not only because these are new and effective, but because silk stockings are extremely high priced, and very difficult to procure in colors as wanted.

May Take Place of Sweater.

The wool jersey cloth blouse is very practical and smart and may take the place of a sweater. Yarn embroidery and deep yarn fringe are popular decorative touches.