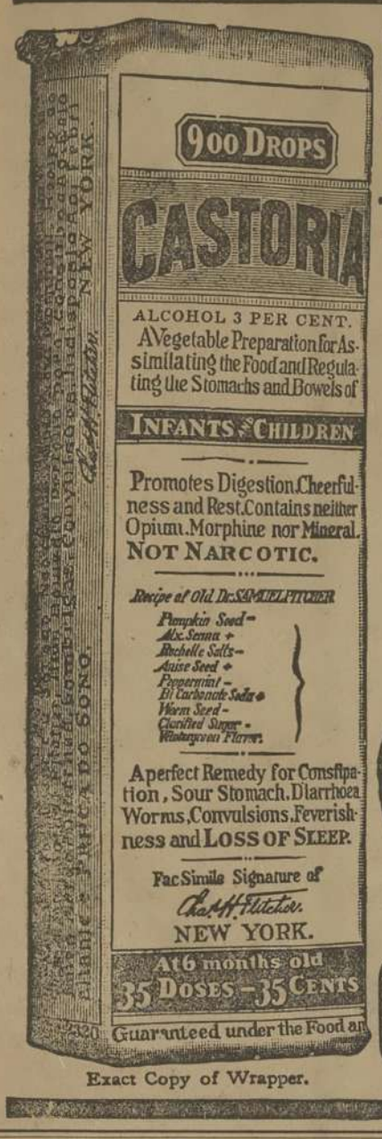

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"People are not alike," remarked the moralizer. "What suits one may not please another."

"Right you are," rejoined the demoralizer. "What is one man's automobile may be another man's juggernaut."

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A MAN OF ACTION

By DONALD ALLEN

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The afternoon tea was over, and the widow Chalmers sat down to think. There had been present Mr. Charles Montague. He loved to be called Charlie. He spoke with a drawl. He was always bored. He hadn't ambition enough to throw one of his numerous creditors downstairs.

And there was Philip Manchester. He had a studio used for smoking alone, and he was waiting for his aunt to die and leave him a hundred thousand dollars. He was a languisher.

And Capt. Noble had put his hand on his heart and started to propose to her, and was stopped only by a second cup of tea. He belonged to the Horse Marines, or some other military body, and was extremely proud of his drooping mustache.

Also, there was Reggy Pendergast, the society pet. He wrote sonnets and stole poems. He cultivated a lisp and a blush. He always held some one's poodle dog in his lap when he sat down, and the ladies spoke admiringly of his eccentricity.

And there was— But what was the use? There was only one gentleman present worth remembering, and he had vexed her a little by his attitude. He had scarcely paid her a compliment. He hadn't come and dawdled and departed, but had remained less than half an hour. He hadn't chummed with the dawdlers. He had betrayed no eccentricity. She couldn't remember who had brought him, but she had liked his face and the little he said. Franklin was the name he had given—Worth Franklin.

There were a dozen chaps who would have given a dollar or two to be assured that the widow Chalmers remembered them after their departure from one of her teas. She was on the right side of thirty, handsome, and rich, and not at all understood by society. Society picked out this one and that one for her to marry, and he was a dawdler. He was a ladies' tea man. He was a talked of small talk. He had eccentricities and a drawl. She was given credit for a fat bank account, good looks and a good figure, but her nature was supposed to be frivolous. She could sign a check, but was not supposed ever to have heard of the tariff or cold storage.

And the widow recalled the face of Worth Franklin and somehow felt glad that he had called in and towered over

It Was Furious.

the other men. And when she thought of the silliness and the foppery and the hypocrisy of it all she wrote out a telegram to her dear friend, Mrs. Lee, down in the country, and said she was coming to visit her, and would be there on the evening train next day.

Mr. Worth Franklin was an architect just getting a foothold. He had ambition, earnestness and perseverance, but nothing in bank and no old aunts to leave him a legacy. A citizen down at Glendale wanted a modest little skyscraper, and some one told him of Mr. Franklin, and he wrote to him to come down. The architect telegraphed in reply, and so it was electricity as well as steam that landed him and the widow at the village depot together. They did not occupy the same car coming down, and as both were bundled up for stormy weather they did not recognize each other when they got off.

And the weather, which had been threatening all day to play high jinks, broke with a blizzard and things began to howl. There was no carriage from Mrs. Lee's; no man who wanted a skyscraper! The other passengers struck out for their homes and were lost to sight, and the architect and the widow found themselves in a box. At least the depot agent looked at them and grinned and said:

"No hacks for the hotel tonight. No hacks for anywhere. Telephone has gone dead, it's going to snow all night, and you will have to sit here by the stove till morning."

The agent was working for $45 per month, with no chance to make anything on the outside, and had lost $5 at poker the night before, and he took pleasure in making the announcement.

It was when the widow exclaimed, "Oh, dear, but what shall I do!" that the architect recognized her voice and reintroduced himself. She was glad to see him and shook hands heartily. She felt right away that something would be doing.

"Fill up this stove!" he commanded as he turned to the agent.

He was grudgingly obeyed, but at the same time asked if he thought he was running that railroad.

"And now what's the matter with your telephone? Ah, I see. A boy ten years old could fix it in five minutes. There's a livery stable in town of course. What's the number?"

"It's 432, but you won't get no hack. The man is drunk and his driver has quit."

Ring! Ring! Ring! No answer.

"But you won't go out in this storm?" said the widow as the architect turned up his coat collar.

"Back in half an hour," he replied as he passed out.

Yes! the owner of the only public stables in the town was asleep in his own barn. He was locked in, but the door was pried open. He woke up and objected and was flung into a stall. A horse was led out, harnessed to a cutter, and the drunken man objected again. This time he was pitched into the snow. In forty minutes Mr. Franklin drove up to the depot. It was snowing and blowing, and it was the horse who found the way.

"And now for Mrs. Lee's."

"But—but I don't know the way. All I know is that it's about a mile away."

The agent had gone across the road to stand up to declare that the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, and that the life blood was being ground out of him, when some one entered and grabbed him by the arm and demanded to know where Mrs. Lee lived.

"Never heard of her," he replied as he saw that it was the architect.

"Then you'd better get posted at once. Come on!"

And Mr. Franklin ran him across the street and into the depot and up to Mrs. Chalmers, and said:

"Tell the lady where Mrs. Lee lives, and tell her quick!"

"'Bout a mile up the road, on the right hand side. Big trees in front."

"Thanks. I can find it."

"Bet you can't, not in this storm, and if you get froze to death—"

But the widow and the architect were already passing out into the storm. It was furious. The horse must be left to take his own gait. He took it and brought up at the livery stable. The drunken owner awoke and objected, but the equine was turned around, the gad applied. This time he started for somewhere. He was half way there, and he was going along with his eyes shut when he stumbled and fell.

"And now we are surely lost!" cried the widow.

Mr. Franklin jumped out and had the old nag on his four legs in two minutes. Twenty rods farther on an abandoned wagon was found across the road, and the old horse crashed into it and sat down. Mr. Franklin rolled it aside into the ditch, assisted the horse to stand, and in ten minutes more he was making the doorbell at the Lee mansion ring all kinds of joyous sounds. When the door was opened he stood there with a snow woman in his arms, and having surrendered her to friends he called a good night and returned to the horse. Next day, while he was talking with the man who wanted the modest skyscraper, a note was handed him. It asked the man of action if he would kindly call somewhere and receive somebody's thanks.

He called and he was thanked, and if such little romances don't lead to admiration, love and engagements what does become of them?

VERY MODEST SCHOOL MA'AM

No Doubt She Meant Well, but Superintendent Overruled Her Ideas as "Bosh."

Miss Anna Sayre, principal of the Lincoln primary school of Newark, N. J., believes that modesty is the crowning virtue of woman and that its principles cannot be inculcated too early. Therefore, she forbade little girls to come to school during the hot weather without guimpes in their dresses, and would not allow the little boys to attend without collars.

"I have tried to teach modesty in the schoolroom," she says. "I deemed dresses cut six inches low front and back decidedly immodest and indecent. We cannot start too early to teach modesty in dress nowadays. My ideas may seem old fashioned, but if it is old fashioned to teach morals I am glad to be so termed."

Miss Sayre's order against low dresses on her six and seven-year-old charges caused much indignation among Newark mothers. The order was disobeyed by many, and the insubordinate ones were kept after school and made to write "guimpe" on the blackboard until their little hands were tired. Then the mothers appeared to Superintendent of Schools Poland. Being a man, he took a man's view of the subject.

"Bosh!" he remarked tersely. "Let 'em wear guimpes or not, as they like. What difference does it make, anyway?"

The boys had practically the same experience. Seeing how comfortable the little girls looked in their low-necked dresses, the boys doffed their collars for all. Another appeal to Mr. Poland resulted in the same ruling as in the case of the girls.

Those Questions.

Wadsworth (at the telephone)—Hello, is this main 3967?

Voice at the Other End—Yes, who are you?

Wadsworth—Is Hammersley there?

Voice at the other End—Yes. Do you want to talk to him?

Wadsworth—No. I want to kiss him.

BIG DEMAND FOR DAIRY COWS.

Dairymen Report It Impossible to Purchase First Class Animal For Less Than $80 Per Head.

(By J. E. PAYNE, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The great demand for dairy products has caused the price of good dairy cows to be very high. Reports from associations of dairymen show that it is impossible to buy first-class dairy cows at even $80 a head. With such a demand for cows in old dairy districts, there will be few good cows moved into new dairy territory. So, the only way new districts can be supplied must be by breeding up the common stock by the use of good dairy bred bulls.

If good dairy cows could be sold for $40 to $50, at least 5,000 could be sold in Colorado within the next year. But the prices as above quoted are prohibitive. So, only the culls from the old dairy districts are likely to be sent here for sale.

When bringing cows into the country, tuberculosis and other diseases may also be introduced. The cows now in Colorado, especially the range cows, are free from tuberculosis. If good dairy bred bulls are mated with selected range cows, the heifers of the first cross will be good milch cows. Future crosses will still further improve the dairy herd, if accompanied by careful selection.

If this plan is carried out for a few generations of cattle. Colorado can not only produce all the dairy cows needed, but a supply can be sent to the eastern cities.

With cheap feed which is available, the raising of dairy cows may become profitable here.

Colorado should be able to successfully compete with Connecticut and other eastern states, where it costs $60 to $80 to raise a dairy heifer, and feed her until she is two years old.

NEW LAW PROTECTS GROWERS

Measure Enacted by Wisconsin, If Generally Observed, Will Greatly Benefit Nurserymen.

The provisions of the Wisconsin state nursery law, which was passed in June, 1909, if generally observed, will greatly benefit the fruitgrowers of the state, according to Prof. J. G. Sanders, state nursery inspector of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. The law prohibits the sale of uninspected plants or trees, or any other kind of nursery stock by an unlicensed person, whether the original owner or an agent. Shipments of uninspected stock into the state are prohibited, the law requiring that all such shipments be officially inspected.

All growers of trees and plants who desire to offer them for sale must secure a certificate-license good for one year, at a cost of $10. Tags are furnished by the state inspector, and must be attached to each package of trees or plants sold. All agents selling trees within the state must obtain and carry at all times a duplicate agent's license like the original issued to the firm which they represent. These agent's licenses cost $1.

The purpose of the law is to protect the farmer from unscrupulous persons who would sell diseased or insect-infested trees or plants. Any person having nursery stock for inspection should write to the state nursery inspector, Agricultural Experiment station, Madison.

Use of Drugs.

Do not be constantly drugging your live stock with the idea that something is wrong with their health. When convinced that the animal is out of condition and that medicines are needed have a veterinarian prescribe the medicine and give it under his direction. Much harm can be done by the constant use of condition powders, as they usually contain drugs having diuretic properties. As a consequence the kidneys become accustomed to stimulation, and when the medicine is stopped the kidneys, not having the accustomed stimulant, become sluggish and inactive, and consequent ill condition of the animal follows.

Sand For Ducks.

Some people have a notion that ducks and geese do not need grit because they are not seen picking up large particles of stone. They do not need as large a size of grit as hens do, for they get sand when puddling in the bottom of the creek and streams where they forage for weeds and fish. Ducklings should be provided with plenty of sand, which takes the place of grit. So thoroughly do some duck raisers believe in grit that they mix sand in the feed that they give their young ducts.

Milking.

Milking with wet hands is a filthy practise. The clean milker uses clean hands and is sure before he begins that the cow's udder is clean and that no falling dirt can get into the milk. Using lard on the hands to make milking easy will aid in making hard milkers. It will also help to keep the cow's teat very tender. Dampening the teats with milk also has the same effect.

Food For Chicks.

A handful of grain dug into an ant hill will bring the chickens to it, and then good-by to the insects.

A plant of Swiss chard sown adjoining the poultry yard will supply greens all summer provided the fowls are not allowed to eat it more than an hour a day.

PLAY ON APE'S FEAR

HOW SHREWD KEEPERS MANAGE UNRULY ANIMAL.

Cowardice and Curiosity, Its Two Weak Points, Are Utilized When Force and Persuasion Alike Have No Effect.

The superintendent of a western zoological institution has taught his employes to manage animals by indirect methods, akin to those by which nervous children are controlled by wise parents. A rhinoceros had an abscess in its face. The question was: Did it come from a bad tooth, or did it only need lancing? The superintendent simply said to the keeper: "Give him a new birch broom.'" The rhinoceros at once ate it, grinding up the bits with great gusto. "Ah! You see his teeth are all right," said the superintendent, and the next day the abscess was lanced with a sharp bill hook.

The diagnosis was as ingenious as his method of managing Billy, a refractory chimpanzee. The big ape needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey house, instead of remaining in a side room, before the visitors came. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own compartment at this hour, the ape used to climb to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down.

As he could not be tempted with food, the superintendent appealed to his mind by working on what he had noted to be his weak points, curiosity and cowardice.

The superintendent went to the keeper and, touching him gently on the shoulder, directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the gas pipe that traverses the house, pretending to point out some horrible unknown creature, using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: "Look out! There he is! There he is!" At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas pipe.

The monkey, on such occasions, would come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, and just then the superintendent and the keeper in unison would shout: "He's coming out! He's coming out!" and would rush away in the direction of Billy's cage. The monkey would dash for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them.

The monkey has never learned the deception; but is taken in by it whenever the time comes to finish his morning's airing.—The Sunday Magazine.

Couldn't Come Back.

"Servant girls must all look pretty much alike to men," said the woman with the twinkly eyes. "At least they do to my husband.

"I had been without one for nearly two weeks, and I couldn't seem to convince my husband of the difficulty of getting one worth having. Finally he got very cross about it one evening, and picking up the paper he pointed to the 'Situation Wanted' column and announced that there were scores of girls advertising for places. 'I'll get one for you this very evening,' he announced.

"He copied off several addresses and went out. Did he come back with one? Indeed, he did, in about half an hour. And who do you think he had in tow?

"That impudent, nasty Delia, the girl I discharged only two weeks ago. Of course he hadn't recognized her, and she came in as impudent as you please, with all her bundles, prepared to stay. But you can gamble she didn't, and my husband has decided to leave those matters to me in the future."

His Inspiration.

"Isn't inspiration a queer thing?"

"I suppose so. What about it?"

"Why, a few weeks ago I had a red-hot squabble with my wife over a dressmaker's bill, and when I came down to the office I was mad enough to chew spikes. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote a little poem on 'Help the Erring Brother With a Single Kindly Word!' And say, those verses, born of bitterness and nourished by anger, have been copied in the leading newspapers all over the country! How's that?"

"Fine. Why don't you improve on the idea?"

"How?"

"Why, get mad enough to beat up your wife, set fire to the house, shoot a policeman—and then write an epic that will go thundering down the ages."

Too Much for One Ear.

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted.

"Just a moment, Guy!" she said.

"What is it, Fleda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wary Vestryman.

Mr. Church—Whew! how it's raining, lend me your umbrella, dear? I've got to run over to the vestry meeting.

Mrs. Church—But why not use that umbrella you've been carrying all week?

Mr. Church—What! to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it.—Catholic Standard and Times.