

An Amateur

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

She was the dearest girl in the world, but a little cold-hearted. Freddy thought could not disguise that from his knowledge. But he had learned it against her virtues when she had her to be his wife, and it did weigh a great deal.

She had known Freddy had known her since they were tots. They had lived in one of those old-fashioned squares that are rapidly disappearing before the march of progress.

Only a few of the old families remained in the vicinity, and they were a sort of aristocracy of birth, and a few of them had any money.

They had always been understood that Freddy and Cyrilla were to marry. When Freddy came home from college he looked at Cyrilla and wondered.

There he had been out in the world, as he had come to him, tasting the joys of companionship, and Cyrilla was going to be some old round of missionary meetings, library committees and visits among a select and exclusive old-fashioned set.

Freddy was shrewd enough to know that a wife must be chosen for her bearing qualities. And Cyrilla undoubtedly did wear well.

It came about at the annual dinner party that, finding himself alone with Cyrilla, Freddy took her hand in his.

"Will you marry me soon, Cyrilla?" he asked.

"I will," answered Cyrilla.

"How I love you," answered Freddy.

"I love you well enough to look



Struggling, Shrieking Throng Was Having a Glorious Time.

at taking you into the world, and we shall live our own life—a life of our own."

He stopped abruptly. It would never let Cyrilla realize that he had views of his future than living in the Square. And if a little came into Cyrilla's eyes Freddy noticed it.

They were to be married in early May. That summer Cyrilla behaved in an unprecedented manner; she accepted an invitation from a friend to go to a week up-country.

He thought, Freddy pined in his law office. When his vacation came he decided not to take one. He was hoping. Somehow Cyrilla's letter seemed awfully cold. Did Cyrilla love him well enough to become his wife? That was the question he put to himself.

"That was the answer that his inner business thundered out one afternoon. 'No! And I am going to fight for her freedom. And I am going to take her away!'"

He told his father that he would spend his vacation after all. He went to the Catskills and selected a little place filled with shoghriffs and men from the stores at eight a week. And there he plunged, sense of awful wickedness, into life.

The region was simply dotted with every forest glade one came upon a couple. On every lake there were the voices of hilarious young people.

Freddy flung himself into it with a zest. He made desperate love to a little girl who sold perfume at the store, and had apparently abstracted a good deal of the stock to pour herself. He spent the mornings at the afternoons with a ladies' department girl from Isaac and ways, and the evenings he went up and down with a waitress.

He discussed the relative merits of the breakfast cereals. He liked it. He was growing and more entranced with the life of it. He felt a regular Don Juan when the hotel gave the announced ball and the carousel set up Freddy was the gayest of

boys. He swung round giddily upon his side by side with a shrieking thing in black, whom he kept unsteady seat at intervals by the source of his hand against the

back of her waist. Then masks were donned, and a perfect whirl of pleasure followed.

Introductions are not considered essential at that sort of Catskill hotel. Freddy spun in the giddy mazes of dance after dance. The struggling, shrieking throng was having a high and glorious time when some wag cut the electric light wire.

Instantly terrific confusion followed. Girls shouted that they were going to faint, and fainted in the arms of the men nearest them. Freddy, embracing an unknown creature, who lay like a dead weight upon his shoulder, felt a regular devil. He thought of the Square with a profound sense of the irony of life.

"Help! Make way for a lady what's fainted!" shouted the landlord's stentorian voice through the darkness.

And somebody appeared, a dimly described shadow, supporting the figure of a girl, petite and slim, with a black mask covering what might have been an uncommonly pretty face.

"I'm the boy," shouted Freddy—he had learned that phrase the day before—and snatched the lady from her escort. The escort, not owning her, turned his attentions to the nearest girl. And the struggling mass gradually made toward the doors.

The girl had really fainted. Freddy carried her, but when he reached the entrance he felt a sudden disgust for the crowd. He picked her up bodily in his arms and made toward the lake, some fifty paces distant. The moon had not risen, it was almost pitch dark, and he could see nothing but the shadowy trees and in the distance the level top of what must be the water. The shouts behind him had died away, and Freddy for the first time began to be frightened.

He tried to arouse the girl, but her unconsciousness was profound, and only the least catch of the breath reassured him that she was alive. He decided that the proper thing to do would be to dash water into her face. He set her down at the margin of the lake and plunged forward to scoop up some water in one of the tin cans that lay in numbers among the rushes.

He got his can, and, as he stooped to fill it, the soft, marshy ground gave under him, and he stumbled forward into the water, falling flat on his face. A minute later a gurgling, puffing figure, composed, according to appearances, principally of slime and mud, arose from the bosom of the lake, still clutching the can of water, and struggled back up the ascent. For several moments Freddy hunted disgustedly for the girl, cursing himself for a fool. Why hadn't he been content to stay quietly in his room?

He loathed himself just then, and in the reaction, thought of Cyrilla for the first time in a week almost.

Then he came upon the girl, and forgetting his condition, he knelt down beside her and raised her head on his arm, and dashed the tepid water into her face.

She sighed, and suddenly opened her eyes. At least, Freddy imagined so, for he could see only the black shadow of the mask. He removed it from her face.

"Where am I?" she whispered in terror.

"It's all right, miss," said Freddy—he had learned that mode of address too. "Somebody cut the wire and you fainted. We'll have you back to your place in half a jiff."

The girl was quite silent. Suddenly the Don Juan mood came over Freddy again. Deliberately he bent forward and planted a kiss upon the girl's unresisting lips.

They were as cold as ice. Suddenly, with a dreadful sense of horror, Freddy leaped forward. In the light of the lanterns which had been swung from the hotel porch, Freddy could see that it was Cyrilla!

And she knew him! She got up and surveyed him. Her face was inscrutable.

"You're rather muddy, Freddy," she said quietly.

"Yes, dear. Fancy meeting you here. I knew it was you, as soon as—"

"Don't be untruthful, Freddy. You kissed a girl whom you didn't know from Adam."

"From Eve, you mean," said Freddy.

"Well, and will you tell me what brought you here, Cyrilla? How do I know what you've been doing?"

"I wanted some fun," Cyrilla said defiantly.

"Well, so did I," said Freddy.

She took a step forward. "You wanted fun, Freddy? Why, you're the last person in the world who ever looked like fun to me. If you knew how I wanted to break out—"

"My lord!" cried Freddy. "Cyrilla, you mean—? I never thought. But who's kissed you, anyway?"

"Nobody but you," she answered. "They've tried to, all of them, but I wouldn't let them. O, Freddy, you are human, after all, then?"

He clasped her fiercely in his arms. "You bet I am!" he shouted. "Why, Cyrilla, this is the happiest day of my life, to find you out. And we'll make our marriage a dream of happiness."

"And you—you won't kiss any other strange girls, then?" asked Cyrilla.

"How many, Freddy?"

Freddy held up one finger. "Only you, dear," he answered. "My, what a peach you looked, too! Say, what do you think of getting married here to-morrow?"

"And—starting now?"

"Right away. But not at this hotel. A little place I know where there won't be anybody around but you and me."

"All right," said Cyrilla. "Good luck to the Square when it discovers that it has stood for a couple of years."

"I guess we'll turn it into a parallelogram with mortification," answered Freddy, embracing her again.

SALONIKI: A VIGNETTE



SALONIKI AND ITS HARBOR

TIER upon tier of crowded eastern roofs rise from the blue bay up to the old Mohammedan town. There on the summit delicate minarets and cypresses stand out against a lemon sky. One's eye turns gratefully from the clamorous Greek boatmen and jostling porters which crowd boat and quay to the lovely lines of the sailing boats, which bring back from the past many an old classic tag. In just such a boat did the old Greeks set forth on their adventures, perhaps even to the quest of the Golden Fleece, writes Constance Brooke in London Graphic. And what a contrast they must have been, those grand men, to the modern Greek with his supple fingers and voluble tongue, and anxious efforts to compromise! The luggage is at last extracted from the hubbub by force. A very small boy wheels the barrow under a stream of instructions from a rabble, who would not lay one lordly finger on it to help, but find huge delight in directing the weak one, and shouting chaff and information to everyone we meet, convey me to the hotel. Soft voices pur in my ear. "You go Delphi?—I good guide." "Sirree your boat gomorre? Where come from? Engleesh? Yes?" "Hotel Rome, good hotel!" "You come Paris hotel me!" A persistent shoeblack backs in front of me the whole way like the lord chamberlain, pointing to my boots. Who that has been there does not connect Saloniki with shoeblacks and long-robed, stately Jews? At every corner, from every alley, there darts out a small alert figure, pointing its accusing finger at your feet. "S-s-s-t, S-s-s-t!" And, indeed, for the sake of peace it is better to resign oneself, or there is, indeed, no peace from these gaddies.

While dust rests on your shoes—that figure will rise up, that finger will point, that hissing whisper sound in your ear. I have been haunted by my recollections (somewhat willingly, I must confess) of a Turkish boy with a winning smile, bare feet for an artist and a red sash round his waist. I defy anyone to resist his pleading brown eyes and that flashing smile—certainly I cannot. This was, or is, his mode of business. He first wiped the dust off with a rag. He then smeared on liberally, from a bottle, a very greasy oil, and then proceeded to polish, while still soaked in oil, with some unguent out of a box. Therefore is one's boot a most cunning dust catcher and the role of shoeblack a profitable one at Saloniki! I myself used to give my boots ten minutes' respite; but this was according to the attractiveness or otherwise of the shoeblack.

Still a Turkish Town. Saloniki has only been in Greek occupation a couple of years or so, and is still a Turkish town. The richer Turks, not liking their masters, migrated to Turkey; only the poor ones, not allowed by the Greeks to leave, still remain. The lower part of the town is a maze of tangled streets and of hurrying foot passengers. Only the stately Jews are unhurried. They are bearded, and wear long black robes, fur-edged (for it is winter), and black or fur caps on their heads, and most are singularly good looking. Their womankind—seldom seen—has picturesque head dresses of emerald green silk, with long streamers flowing out behind, covered with Hebrew characters. I loved the Turkish eating shops open to the street, their counters filled with pyramids of fruit, dates and a gray-colored sweetmeat which looked like putty. Strange odors of cooking came from the inner regions.

The bazaar is cobbled underfoot and glass-roofed above. It is full of Greek money changers (where you also buy tobacco and stamps), bootshops and the usual open shops of the East. A strange mixture of West and East, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Here in the bazaar you see only Greeks and Jews. But go farther up the hill toward the old town and the country roads, or rather tracks, and you will see Macedonians in white caps drawn over their ears, a knife in their red sash, or Albanians striding disdainfully along in their native dress, like all mountaineers, upright and stalwart.

One day, in a quiet street, I came upon a country cart drawn up in the shade of a great wall. Its wheels had been roughly sawn out of the trunk of a tree. The two magnificent black oxen had red tassels and red cloth on their harness. Under great spreading horns their beautiful eyes gazed

wonderingly all ways (and upward) as they waited, chewing the cud. To add to the picture, their driver, a Turk, leaned gracefully against one of the glossy beasts, lazily rolling a cigarette. Besides the fez, he wore the short white coat embroidered in black of the country, loose white trousers and leather slippers. It was hot, and the color, light and shadow were sharply defined. Here and there in the town, turning out of some narrow street, are small market places, full of stalls and baskets and sorrow-stricken donkeys, where girls from the country wear handkerchiefs wound over their heads and thrown gracefully round their chins, and small boys lie chattering in the shade. I shall never forget one figure which came clattering out upon me from the shadows—a crouching figure smothered in white sheepskins, a white drapery over his head, beneath him a poor little donkey, staggering under the added load of many sacks and baskets. (Oh! the cruelty of this Near East to animals! an ignorant, unheeding cruelty.) Flashing eyes peered at me; a strange wild figure, which one would rather not meet if alone on a hill path.

In the Mohammedan Quarter. Waiting one day for the Greek boat, which may come today, or in three days, or in a week—who shall say?—I wandered up the hill to the old Mohammedan town. Such a strange quiet drowns here, after the hurrying, "chattering" crowd below! The narrow road, worn by the rain, winds between high blank walls and latticed windows. As the hill steepens, broken steps help the traveler here and there. Not a dog, not a living thing is to be seen, only a funny little tub of a boy standing at my feet, peering up at this queer woman, so unlike his own womankind. A great wide red sash holds his fat little person together, and his trousers are so wide I wonder why he does not catch one leg in the other.

He has kicked off his funny little slipper, and rubs one foot against his leg, wondering whether to run or to cry. So I give him a lepta (Greek sou), and he decides to smile; and we sit down together under one of the delicious aromatic cypresses, on a square platform of what were the old fortifications. He sucks his thumb, and I look out dreamily over tangled roofs to the blue, blue Aegean, and watch the pigeons circling round a minaret above my head. The sound of clattering slippers makes me turn to see two Turkish women veiled in black from head to foot, accompanied by their servant, basket on arm, going to shop in the town below. Two or three Turkish men, going home, no doubt, or to the cafe for food, come lazily up the hill, their sashes, red trousers and tarboosh making a lovely bit of color against the yellow walls. There are hills outside the town; a year ago they were covered with tiny delicate flowers, now, alas! I fear, destroyed by the camps and trenches of the allies.

The consulates are in the aristocratic suburbs of Saloniki, where wide roads and pretty gardens abound. Here the Greek merchants, too, have their villas. Beyond these, again, on the left of the bay, hills and greenward stretch out to the sea. The large villa out here where Abdul Hamid was interned until his very sudden death, must have seemed a cell to that poor thing, accustomed to great palaces. And the garden, beyond which he was not allowed to stir, is small for ordinary mortals. Greek women drive out to these open spaces to take the air, and the bourgeoisie go to a well-known cafe to eat giacourt (sour milk) or the delicious sheep's milk cheese of Greece.

Prosperity in Japan. Japan's golden tide from the manufacture and sale of war munitions and supplies continues. The foreign trade of Japan for the second ten days of February, it is reported, was valued at \$1,117,500 worth of exports, and \$8,953,500 imports, a balance of \$2,160,000 in favor of exports. Compared with the corresponding period of last year, exports have increased by \$7,360,000.

The Family Favorite. "I hear that you have been mentioned as a favorite son." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but being a favorite son generally means that you're expected to be polite and not act too greedy when the pie is being passed."

BREEDING PLACES FOR FLIES

Treatment Recommended by United States Department of Agriculture to Control Insects.

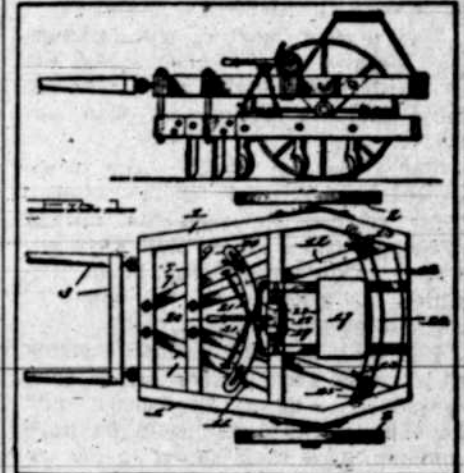
Manure piles are flies' favorite breeding places. If farmers will keep manure and stable sprinkled with a solution that will kill the larva, flies need not become numerous. The following treatment, recommended in United States department of agriculture bulletin 118, will control flies and will make a noticeable reduction in the number around a given place: Dissolve three-fourths of a pound of borax in two or three gallons of water. Spray or sprinkle manure piles and stables with the solution about twice a week.

This will kill the larva which hatch from eggs laid in manure. The danger to human health from flies is sufficient to make the wise farmer take these precautions, but if he looks for further justification it can be found in the protection of live stock. Human diseases are spread by flies and live stock are worried by them. The danger to human welfare must be conceded, but the loss to live stock is not so easily seen. Animals which are pestered by flies will lose flesh, and stable flies rob them of blood.

NEW PATENT ON CULTIVATOR

Extra Blades Travel in Advance, Cutting Sod, Weeds or Crust That May Have Formed.

John S. Smith, a Racine county (Wisconsin) inventor, sends in a description of his new patent cultivator to the Farming Business. This cultivator has extra blades that travel in advance and parallel to the cultivator blades for the cutting of sod, roots, weeds and any crust that may have formed, leaving the cultivator blades to do their work of stirring the soil. One lever manipulates both knives and cultivators. This relieves draft, as it



Improved Cultivator.

is not necessary to tear into the soil so deeply to do both the breaking of the sod and crust and the cultivation with one set of blades. Any one of the four beams used to carry the knives and cultivators can be adjusted independently so as to meet all kinds of conditions of soil and vegetation.

MANURE LOSES BY LEACHING

When Rains Fall, Much of Soluble Plant Food is Carried Away—Moisture Holds Plant Food.

Farmers have been so accustomed to throw the manure from the stable in a pile in the barnyard, and leave it until it is convenient to haul it to the fields, that they do not give the matter of loss by washing and leaching any consideration. Usually but little of the value of the solids of the manure is lost in the stable, but great losses occur after it is thrown in a pile. The manure in the stable, saturated by the urine, contains more than 50 per cent water.

The moisture in the manure holds in solution the greater part of the plant foods which the manure contains. When the rains fall upon the manure the leaching process carries away much of the soluble plant foods and it is lost beyond recovery, for it is either carried away in the water as it flows on the surface to the streams, or sinks into the ground where, for all practical purposes, it is wasted.

TESTING FERTILITY OF EGGS

If Trouble is With Male Fowl Replace Him—Make Sure Feeding Ration is Not Responsible.

Those who make a specialty of selling hatching eggs from selected matings should keep a careful test on the fertility of eggs produced, so that poorly fertilized eggs will not be sent out to customers, necessitating replacing the eggs later and causing delay in getting young chicks started toward the showrooms.

If the fertility is not good replace the male bird with another or make sure that the feeding ration is not responsible for the trouble.

TO STORE PERISHABLE FOODS

Every Farm Should Be Provided With Cellar, Storehouse and Refrigerator for Crops.

Farmers lose much every year because their facilities for storing perishable foods are poor.

Every farm home should have a cellar, storehouse and refrigerator so the surplus foods may be saved till such time as they may be consumed.

The fact that producers have inadequate facilities for saving perishable products gives speculators advantages over them.

LAY OUT HOME GARDEN

Field Methods Should Be Used in Preparing Land.

Preliminary Work Done in Fall Saves Much Time, and Labor During Spring Rush—Liberal Use of Manure is Favored.

(By J. W. LLOYD.)

In planning the home garden, it is well to arrange the vegetables in the order in which they are to be planted. This facilitates the preparation of the land for planting, and makes it possible to maintain the unplanted portion in a good friable condition with the least expenditure of labor. In order that the vegetables may be so arranged, it is necessary to know the proper time for planting each crop. This depends primarily upon the temperature and moisture requirements of the particular crop in question.

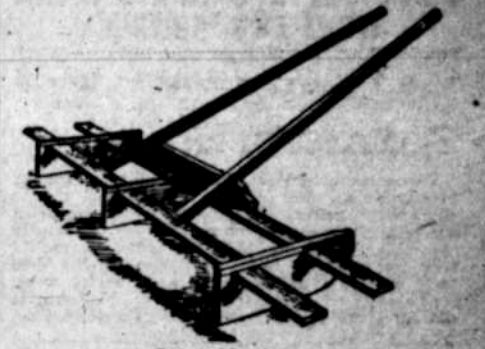
The arrangement of the garden as to length of rows and time of planting, is not the only labor-saving feature that should characterize the typical



Planter.

farmer's garden. Field methods should be practiced in preparing the land for planting, and as much preliminary work done in the fall as is possible, for the sake of both securing an early garden and reducing the amount of labor in spring. After the land is cleared of refuse from preceding crops it should be heavily manured and plowed in the fall. The amount of manure to be applied will depend somewhat upon the fertility of the land, but more largely upon the truthness of the farmer's conception of the plant food requirements of garden crops. The best gardens are possible only where plant food is supplied much more liberally than is considered ample for field crops.

If the land has been manured and plowed in the fall, and is worked at the proper time in spring, very little labor is necessary in the preparation of a seed bed for the early planting. Soil containing sufficient humus to grow vegetable crops advantageously, can be fitted for planting without the use of hand tools, if the precaution is taken to work it at the exact time it



Sled Marker.

reaches the right degree of firmness. It will then crumble readily and a seed bed can be prepared by the use of a disk, harrow and planter. A sled marker is also very useful. The use of these tools saves an enormous amount of labor, and is a vast improvement over the old method of using only a hoe and a rake.

EXACT MEASURES IN FEEDING

Practical Way is to Weigh Definitely What Each Vessel Will Hold—Guess Work Unprofitable.

It is always best to be exact in feeding. Too much "guess work" is done on the farm. That is one reason why some of us find farming no more profitable.

In computing rations and feeding, the various feeds should be weighed. It is not always necessary to weigh every feed, as this may take considerable time. It is not always practical to weigh every feed, as feeding is sometimes done after dark or before dawn. The practical way is to weigh a definite quantity as the amount a measure will hold and estimate each feed.

A quart measure is a convenient vessel in which to estimate grain and other concentrated feeds. A quart of the following common feeds weighs: Cottonseed meal, 1.5 pounds; wheat bran (coarse), .5 pounds; wheat middling, coarse (shorts), .3 pounds; wheat middling, fine, 1.1 pounds; corn meal, 1.5 pounds; oats, 1.3 pounds; gluten meal, 1.7 pounds; gluten seed, 1.2 pounds.

FEEDING MILK TO CHICKENS

Has Most Favorable Influence on Growth of Young Fowls—Abundant Exercise is Urged.

The feeding of milk to young chicks has a most favorable influence on the growth, and on lessening the mortality average.

Sweet and sour milk are of equal value in chick feeding. The degree of sourness does not affect the nutritive value.

Chicks fed milk freely should have abundant exercise. This applies particularly to earlier hatches or brooder chicks.

No way is milk injurious, but whether you feed sweet or sour milk, the same should be fed consistently until the end of the milk feeding period. whichever is most convenient, adhere to consistently.