

# THE TWO PATHS.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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A gentleman with an artistic cut of beard crossed the famous Signoria square in Florence, Italy, and turned into the entrance of the Uffizi gallery. Passing through the rooms, he stopped to look at the half finished copy of a Titian. The copyist, a shabbily dressed man, looked up and, divining that the visitor was a capable critic, asked in good American English for his opinion of his work.

"You being a fellow countryman of mine," replied the other, "I will give you a truthful opinion. You are making a botch of it."

The copyist sighed.

"Let me take your seat, and I will help you out."

In half an hour under the visitor's touch the copy was an exact replica of the original painting.

"There!" said the man who had finished it. "Come and dine with me this evening at my hotel. Nothing remains to complete the work but to take the freshness out of it."

The stranger accepted, ate the first good dinner he had had in a month, drank a quart of wine, lighted a Havana cigar and asked:

"To what do I owe this interest from a stranger?"

"Sympathy. I was once a struggling artist myself."

"And how, may I ask, did you come to prosper?"

"By painting pictures."

The guest removed his cigar from his lips and looked at his host in astonishment.

"Your name?"

"Tom Barrons."

"I confess I never heard of you."

"I have a great many aliases, all of which you have heard often. Listen and I will tell you the story of my success. Having a fancy for art, I became a painter. Having struggled for recognition for ten years without getting it, I began to ask myself why. The answer was that I could originate nothing. Then I started in to make a living copying noted pictures in foreign galleries. I discovered that I could not only copy; I could imitate."

"Not long after this an art dealer in Paris announced that an original Glotto had been discovered in a secret chamber of a building that was being torn down. He had purchased it and offered it for sale. I shall not mention the exact price he got for it, but it was a fortune for any man. One day an Italian from Florence arrived in New York with a Titian—a head of a girl, stiff as a fourteenth century girl, but lovely under a head of sunny hair. He sold it to a merchant prince for a fortune. Still later one of the London picture shops stumbled on a Guido Reni. There was no one in England rich enough to buy it, and a subscription was started to keep it in the kingdom. The critics vouched for its genuineness, and thousands of pounds bought it. An art journal published a long article by a struggling critic enumerating twenty-four points in the picture that were found in all Guido Reni's pictures. This critic is now the Ruskin of Europe."

"This wine is not to my taste. Let us try champagne. That's better."

"At intervals original Correggios, Rembrandts and pictures of other famous artists were found in out of the way places, most of them incrustated with the dirt of centuries and the names of the painters partly illegible. They were always approved by critics, though on some these gentlemen differed. Nevertheless they were snapped up at enormous prices."

The speaker paused.

"And you are?"

"Glotto, Guido Reni, Rembrandt and a lot of others who lived before men had learned how to paint."

"And you perpetrate these?"

"Only as necessary before the fact. I painted the pictures, the dealers did the rest."

There was a long silence between the two, after which the seedy man said:

"I have a garret across the Arno with a number of my unsold pictures in it. Will you go with me and look at them?"

"With pleasure."

Arriving at the room, the occupant displayed one painting after another on an easel. When the last had been seen the rich man said:

"You have what I lack, originality, while I have what you have not, the power of imitation. Besides, you are a genius. Possibly had you been born in some village near Munich or Dresden you might have been one of the great modern painters. As it is you must continue to be a bad copyist. Fine pictures to be paid for in America must bear a foreign stamp. To produce a fortune they must bear the name, genuine or forged, of an artist who has been dead three or four centuries."

"Give me an opportunity to soothe my conscience by accepting a gift from me."

"What gift?"

"It may not be too late for you to achieve that success which your abilities are enable of producing. I will furnish funds to introduce your wares."

The seedy man drifted away into thought. Finally, returning to his surroundings, he said:

"I do not condemn you for following the path you saw before you leading to success. It is the path of a man of business rather than an artist. As for me, my path, though it leads to failure, is the one for me. The good God has given me a gift that neither the critics nor the public can take away—the gift to enjoy the beautiful and some power to portray it."

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

**SOMETIMES** the loan of \$10 is a cheap way of getting rid of a troublesome acquaintance.

Some people really think that it is better to have gone dead broke than never to have gone at all.

Men that go on a vacation fishing trip sometimes trip a good deal in their fishing.

There are girls who know how to cook beautifully according to cooking school rules and still others who understand just how to cook according to a man's appetite.

If there is no possible excuse for buying a new hat a woman can very quickly invent one if the material for it is in her husband's pocketbook.

The woman who never knew why and never could understand probably never tried to understand, but most men would be willing to go ball that she didn't neglect to ask why.

Emergencies have a way of disappointing those who are ready for them and making flying visits to those who never thought of them.

A very clever and certain way of keeping out of debt is to be sure that you have no credit.

Don't take so much credit to yourself. You probably have had many a boost that you never even said thank you for.

The man who marries for money probably thinks there are easier ways of earning it that he would now be willing to try.

#### The Aftermath.

Drifting back home from vacation. Busted and weary and sore. As for the rest they were after—

Needing it worse than before. Back from a time that was sunny. Back from the lake or the woods. Feeling for labor no friendship. Hardly on hand with the goods.

Oh, it looks pleasant in prospect! Nothing but resting and ease. Looking in flower studded meadows. Wading in joy to the knees. Sitting around in a hammock. Waving a hand painted fan. Or in the sand on the beaches. Picking up freckles and tan.

Nothing but rest on the program— That was the word in advance. Anything looking like labor. Stood not a ghost of a chance. No heavy lifting or moving. Boxes as large as a shed. And about standing in water. Never a sentence was said.

Still, what's the use of complaining? If it was work it was fun. And, on the whole, we are sorry. That it is over and done.

But it would be so much better. Filling the bill pretty sleek. If when vacation was over. We could rest up for a week.

#### Explained.

"Why do men marry?" queried the curious one.

"Self sacrifice!" snapped the crusty bachelor.

"Don't see how you make that out," protested the c. o.

"Don't? Doesn't it show to the rest of us what not to do?"

#### A Mystery.

"Perhaps you can tell me."

"What is it?"

"Well, I only go to the woods once a year, and I have been wondering what the mosquitoes live on in the meantime."

#### Reckless Extravagance.

"Jones is having a hard struggle."

"I thought he was a millionaire."

"He used to be."

"Took a flier in wheat?"

"No, took a ride in a taxicab."

**Bright Prospect.**

"When are you going to pay me that \$50?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"What is it?"

"I have joined the Don't Worry club."

#### Very Sad.

"The Bermuda onion crop is a failure."

"Pathetic, isn't it?"

"Does the onion tale bring tears to your eyes?"

#### Affected Him.

"You giddy thing?"

"Horrid! Why do you say that of me?"

#### Puzzle.

"Are you going fishing, John?"

"Yes, I am going fishing."

"What for?"

#### Two of a Kind.

That water will not run uphill is a truth that with meaning is said. But neither will a fat man. Unless he's purged by a bull.

## COB CHARCOAL FOR HOGS

An authority on hogs writes as follows: Charcoal should be kept before the hogs at all times. Most farmers know this, but few practice it largely because of the extra effort required to secure the charcoal. Charcoal made from corncobs is probably liked best by the hogs and is not difficult to make. To make this coal no kiln, pit or covering with earth is necessary. And yet the work must be so done that the result will be coal, not ashes. A still day in a dry time must be selected. Start three or four fires as near the supply of cobs as may be. When they are well started gather the cobs from the pens, lots and cribs and keep piling them on the center of the burning mass by basketfuls. Care should be taken not to put them on so fast as to smother the flames too much.

When the piles have been completed by using all the cobs, shovel up the edges on the heap that all will be burned. Allow it to burn until all blazing stops and the whole mass is in bright red coals. Then put out all fire by sprinkling at first and afterward dashing on water until no steam escapes and no hissing sound is heard. It will require more water than the inexperienced would be willing to believe.

It is best to burn about ten or twelve bushels in each pile, as a heap of this size can be managed much better than when very large. If the coal is to be stored for future use it must first be allowed to dry out thoroughly. The shrinkage from burning will be rather more than one-half.

It is a mistake to pile all the cobs up first and then set fire to them. The fire will run all over the outside of the heap, but will penetrate into the center very slowly, and before this is reduced to coal the outside will melt into ashes. By the method here described the fire is always in the center, which is sure to be well burned. It will not be reduced to ashes, as it is shut off from the air somewhat by the fresh fuel that is thrown on all the time.

It is wasteful and unsightly to allow the cobs from all the corn fed pens and lots to lie there and rot. They might be gathered up and taken to the manure lot, but not one farmer in a hundred will take that trouble. Besides, their value as a fertilizer is small compared with their worth as

an aid to digestion when reduced to coal. The work and trouble are little, and the pay is big.

The man who has never fed this cob charcoal will be surprised at the amount the hogs will eat. For each ten or twelve hogs it will require a common sized pailful each day. The cobs from the corn fed then will just about furnish the coal they will eat, no more, no less.

In addition to this cob charcoal, they should have all the salt and ashes they want, but the three should never be mixed. No one can mix them in the right proportions. They should have ashes lying by them, but of these they eat but little. They should be salted twice a week. They should be fed each day what coal they will eat.

If the hogs are well and thriving don't be silly enough to feed them drugs. How can it make them better? It may and often does do great harm.

#### Study Each Cow.

The only way to reap the maximum of net earnings from the dairy is to study each cow kept as a milker, familiarize yourself with its likes and dislikes and endeavor to please all, no matter how notional or how varied their tastes. Some dairymen claim that it does not pay to raise cows—it is cheaper to buy. This is true with some men who have no patience with the calf and do not know how to feed and care for it, but to the pains-taker the only thoroughly satisfactory way of getting a good herd is to raise the calves or, rather, the cows, from calfhood. Then they will feel at home, be acclimated and will be all ready to work for you when the time comes. If you are not in the habit of keeping salt, hay and water before your calves all the time, just try it for a month and you will notice an improvement in their appearance that will surprise you.

#### Pen For the Bull.

Many build a pen for the bull. This is an excellent means for the animal to get sunshine and air, but he will not exercise in a pen. The pen should be used in connection with the tread power.

#### Exercise For Sows.

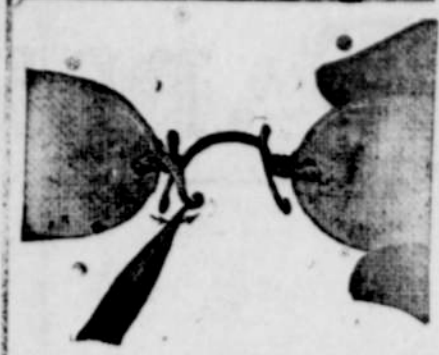
Force the sows to take a moderate amount of exercise before farrowing. A twice a day slow walk of fifteen minutes or more will keep them in good condition.

#### Food in the Trough.

Food left in the trough by the hogs is the best kind of evidence that you are feeding too generously. Feed only what will be eaten up clean.



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