

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Juvenile Who Studied Mankind and Laid His Plans Accordingly.

Once there was a Kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too Soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Fash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel. He had stood in the private Lair of the Sure-Thingers when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had stood by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gague, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perturbed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social



With a Comrade in Misery.

Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss Carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tunnel.

One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery. As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Cocoa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor, but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society, and I have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

MORAL—A little learning is a dangerous thing and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

The New Fable of the Cousin Who Became Cognizant of Our Short-comings.

On the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined on his Cervical Vertebrae with a Plaid Shawl around him and roasted Our Native Land.

He told the American in the next Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the usual Hour and out in that place called Minnie-Apples the stupid Walter never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again after placing them outside the Door in Chicago.

The Houses were overheated and the Railway Carriages were not like those at Home and the Reporters were Forward Chaps and Ice should not be added with the Soda, because it was not being Done.

He was glad to escape from the Wretched Hole and get back to his own Lodgings, where he could go into Cold Storage and have a Joint of Mutton and Brussels Sprouts as often as desired.

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of ambitious Albion. He said we were a new and crude People who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese and our Politicians were corrupt and Murderers went unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Isling, S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because Good Opportunities were being overlooked.

He said he could Tip any one in England except, possibly, the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sponge Cake with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Busses, and thought they were Living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain in any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for those who never tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Patee."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

MORAL—No Chance.

The New Fable of the Two Brothers, The Even Start and the Contrasting Termini.

In a Flag Station the Job of Telegraph Operator is about the Limit of Earthly Ambition.

Therefore two Boys living in a weedy Hamlet began to hang around the Depot and learn the Morse Alphabet.

In due time each became a regular Railroad Man with Calico Sleeves and a Tooth-Brush in his upper Vest Pocket.

They were transferred to the Junction and began to have dealings with the Old Man himself and cuss when No. 6 balled up the Schedule.

Being quick on the Trigger and good at sizing up Men, they got into the Operating Department and each had a Card-Case full of Annuals.

One accepted an Offer to go up into Canada and crack the Whip over a Line being projected by British Capitalists who were too well-bred to get out in their Old Clothes and prod the Help.

The other remained in the Land of his Birth to push an Extension into the Northwest.

Each delivered the Goods in his own Ballwick—spanning the turbulent Streams, filling the deep Hollows, boring through the Hills and bringing a new Empire out of the lone-some Wilderness.

When the Gauk who had been transformed into a Canuck cleaned up on the big Assignment, the Directors gave him a Dinner and the King sent for him to come up to the House and kneel on one Knee and be dubbed the Earl of Saskatchewan.

The Brother wanted to attend the ceremony, but he had to send his Regrets as he was in Jail at the time. Moral: Only a few receive Titles but many are Indicted.

Floor-Walkers.

Bacon—I see a reasonably active man walks about 297,200 miles in 84 years, just walking about his house and place of business.

Egbert—Of course, that doesn't include men who have had to care for restless children at night.

THOSE "MOVIES" AGAIN

BEING THE STORY OF HOW A TALE ANGERED A MAN.

Began Well, and Really Got Quite Interesting, but the Ending Made Him Resolve to Read the Last First in Future.

You pick up something to read in the train and you come across a story something like this:

"Are you a brave man?" "Smith stared and looked at the speaker, who was clearly a Frenchman. We say 'clearly a Frenchman,' because he shrugged his shoulders ten or fifteen times a minute, and if that isn't clear enough for a short story writer, nothing is.

Smith being stranded in Paris, the question interested him, as there might be a franc or two in sight. "Am I brave?" repeated Smith. "Well, I'm moderately brave at five francs, and for twenty I'm as brave as a lion."

"Good," said the stranger. "Twenty francs for you. And le boxe—can you use your fists?" "Surest thing you know," said Smith. "I used to box with Jeffries."

"You must ask no questions. Just go into a house I shall point out to you. Defend yourself if attacked."

By that time you are becoming interested. Here, you think, is a story of the old-fashioned romantic kind. Good. Nothing about eugenics, suffrage, psychology. All mystery, fighting, adventure—love, probably.

"Right," says Smith, "give me the 20 francs and show me the house." The mysterious stranger leads Smith to a gloomy house, which, of course, has "something sinister about it."

"Enter. Fight if you are attacked. Be brave."

Smith enters the dark hallway. Sounds of barbaric music are heard from behind hangings of oriental splendor. (Getting exciting now. It's about this point that you become interested so that you ride past your station.)

Pushing aside these hangings of oriental splendor, Smith walks boldly into a big hall. A sultan of oriental ferocity is on a throne, a sultana of oriental beauty by his side. Dancing girls of oriental freedom are before him. Black slaves (probably "gigantic Nubians") stand behind him. The sultana throws Smith a bulbous blossom. "Off with the Glaour's head!" roars the sultan. Smith clinches with the gigantic Nubians. Some scrap! Whir-rr!

Of course, "after a gallant fight," Smith is borne under and the scimitar is about to disconnect his head from the rest of his system, when the mysterious Frenchman enters and says:

"Some film, boys, some film."

It was all in the movies, you see. You throw the periodical out of the window; possibly you curse. You get out at Louthurst, take the village cab and resolve never to look at a story again until you have glanced at the finish and make sure you won't be faked.

Woman Soon to Be Bald. The future Eve will be bald. So says Dr. Broig in the Bulletin Medical of Berlin.

"In the 30 years of my practice," says Dr. Broig, "I can say as a result of close observation that the physique of the new generation of women is slowly but surely undergoing a change. The breast is sinking in, the shoulders becoming more stooped, cold feet are becoming a normal manifestation, the hands are showing tendency toward a violet or purplish color, the face is becoming smaller, deep wrinkles in the forehead more frequent, and the digestion getting worse. And that is not all; bloodlessness is affecting the face and skull. The elasticity of the pores is decreasing, and the nose is developing more and more."

"This decrease of vitality is affecting the scalp. Women today are losing hair as never before. Women are marching rapidly toward baldness."

Gold Mine Under His Feet.

George Sharp, a miner of Pedro Creek, Alaska, lived over a fortune over nine years before he knew that the fortune existed.

Sharp, when he first came to the Fairbanks district, located a claim on the right limit of Pedro creek, opposite No. 2, and prospected for gold on the claim at different times ever since.

He spent most of his time searching for the yellow stuff on his other holdings, apparently neglectful of the possibilities right under the floor of his cabin. A few weeks ago Sharp sank a shaft near his cabin, got some prospect, and then tunneled on bed rock for ten feet or so.

He encountered coarse gold, some fair-sized nuggets being included in the dust obtained after sluicing a small dump.

Applied to the Wrong Man.

Two lawyers representing much the same interests in the Clafin suit are bitter enemies, and this threatening to make needless bother for all concerned, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien was requested to use his good offices to effect peace.

"Sorry," said the Judge, "but I guess you have made a mistake. Who ever heard of a man named O'Brien interfering to stop a fight?"—New York Tribune.

BUILDING WIRE FENCE

EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOUND FOR RAILS AND BOARDS.

Not Expensive When One Considers Lasting Qualities of Good Heavy Galvanized Wire and Indestructible Cement Posts.

(By P. K. EDWARDS, Copyright, 1914.)

Pigs and the board fence were the bane of our existence as boys, for no matter how securely we fastened the old boards the pigs would get out just when we were starting for the swimming hole or going berrying. Now concrete posts and wire fencing have become substitutes for the boards and rails and once set up are fortunately there to stay.

"But wire fencing is so expensive!" the reader will say. The reply to that is, "If you do not consider the lasting qualities of good heavy galvanized wire and the indestructibility of cement posts." The writer remembers putting a fifty-five inch woven wire fence around his garden some nineteen years ago, using chestnut posts set twenty feet apart. This fence is still standing and is to all appearances in excellent condition. Regarding the spacing of the posts around this garden, which bordered the highway and required 400 feet of fencing, if we had used a board fence with eight-foot post spacing, thirty more posts would have been required, and as these cost even in those days 15 cents each, a saving of \$4.50 was effected. In this particular case the posts being of chestnut (eight feet long) the butts were painted with a creosote preparation and set three feet in the ground.

In using cement posts, which are easily made at home, be sure to have the butts of the corner and end posts extra heavy and then no anchors are needed; also provide for two bolt holes in each post, one near the top, the other near the bottom, to be used for the bolts which hold the wooden strip to which the wire is stapled.

In setting some 800 feet of poultry fencing this past year the writer used modern heavy woven wire, with six foot cement posts set three feet in the ground. To these short posts were bolted five-foot wooden strips three by four inches, to which the

CULTURE OF ALFALFA CROP

Success Reported Upon Soils of Great Diversity Should Be Encouragement to Make a Trial.

The matter of alfalfa growing is now of widespread interest, and the success which is reported upon soils of great diversity should be an encouragement to make a trial, if only upon a small plot in order to experiment for future benefit. If good stands can be secured it means everything to the middle and eastern sections of the United States. Stock fed upon it keep in prime condition and need little or no grain. Also it is a permanent crop when yearly fertilized in the above named sections. We know of instances in California and New Mexico, where the same fields of alfalfa have been used for several generations, says a writer in an exchange.

In the matter of fertilization, we must remember that alfalfa draws its own nitrogen from the air, which it stores in nodules along its roots, but it is a heavy potash feeder. Chemical analysis has shown that nearly as much potash is required in its production as nitrogen, and nearly four times as much potash as phosphoric acid. This fact bears some relation possibly to the matter of luxuriant growth in the far West and Southwest, where the soils are rich in potash in available form. We have not these conditions, but frequent experiments in many sections have given very satisfactory results with commercial fertilizers.

Some lands require a heavier application of minerals than others. The Indiana experiment station in circular No. 34—"How to Grow Alfalfa"—recommends 300 to 400 pounds per acre of a fertilizer containing 8 to 10 per cent of each, phosphoric acid and potash. They also advise inoculation and liming.

Brace for Corner Post.

Many of the cement posts in this case had to have extra large butts on account of the hollows in the ground, which had a tendency to pull up the posts. During this time of the year, when the ground is very dry it is sometimes very troublesome while building wire fence to keep the post from turning at the corners. Anchor the corner post about four feet, then dig a trench the same depth toward the second post, nail a two by four scantling to the corner post at the bottom, have the scantling about four or five feet in length, now attach a two by four three feet in length to the scantling, tamp the dirt over this securely and the post will never slip or turn if properly braced at the top. To properly brace the post at the top the brace should be fitted in the post two and one-half feet from the bottom and top, this brace should be of good material with a cross brace of wire as shown in the illustration.

GROUND GRAIN FOR FEEDING

Oat Grain Should Be Crushed and the Ear Corn Ground into Coarse Meal for Horses and Cows.

A popular grain feed for cows and horses is provender—corn and oats ground together. Corn on the cob and oats for cows is fully as good as shelled corn and oats, and the labor of shelling is saved. Probably the finer they are ground the more completely they will be digested, but there is a point of fineness beyond which the cost of reduction will be greater than the gain secured. Just when this point was reached would depend upon so many things, the price of the grains, the cost of grinding and the value of the dairy product, that no definite statement can be made. But this much may be said, the oat grains should be crushed so as to expose the kernels to the action of the digestive juices, and the ear corn should be ground into a coarse meal.

Experience Essential.

No farmer who has not tried it should engage in the cattle-feeding business on a large scale at the start. He will find, and generally at pretty high cost, that experience and good judgment are needed as much as corn to lay the fat on a bunch of steers at a profit.

Time for Thinning Apples.

When thinning apples thinning should be done when the little apples are about one inch in diameter. Do not leave any apples nearer together than four inches.

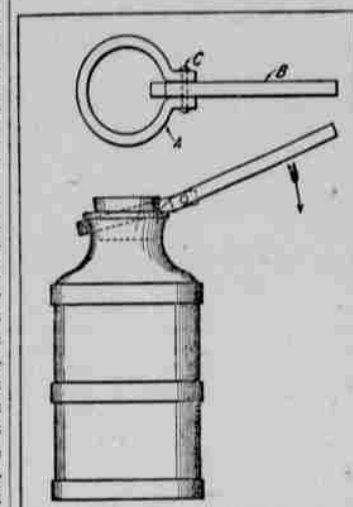
USEFUL TOOL AROUND DAIRY

Plug or Stopper Removed From Milk Cans Without Tugging or Hammering as Done Hitherto.

A very handy tool to have around where there are milk cans to be opened is shown by the accompanying illustration, says Popular Electricity.

This consists of a steel ring A, and a bar B, which is drawn to an edge like a chisel, these two pieces being held together by a pin C.

To remove the plug the ring is placed over the top of the can with



Handy Dairy Tool.

the edge of the bar against the plug and the top of the can as shown, when by pressing down in the direction of the arrow the plug is pried out of the can.

This is much superior to the method often applied of knocking the plug with a hammer or tugging at it, for the plug is removed with very little effort.

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Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

THE SHOE.

Napoleon, probably the greatest military authority the world has produced, is quoted as stating that "An army travels on its belly," but modern military authorities have discovered that an army needs feet fully as much as food to be an efficient fighting machine.

The records show that over 30,000 German soldiers were incapacitated for duty during the first few weeks of the Franco-Prussian war on account of injuries to the feet; and exorciations of the feet figure as the cause of one-third of all exemptions from active service among young French soldiers during campaign.

Under date of February 5, 1914, the acting surgeon general, war department, Washington, D. C., writes as follows:

"Many examples might here be cited, but the following instance which occurred in the experience of the shoe board is sufficiently typical.

"In 1908, a battalion of United States Infantry took a practice march in shoes which the men had themselves selected. It marched eight miles, went into camp for 24 hours, and then returned by the same route to the post. The members of the board examined the feet of all the men of the battalion at the end of the first day and on their return. On the first day 30 per cent, and on the last day 38 per cent of the command were found to have severe foot injuries, some requiring hospital treatment."

The shoe board above referred to was a board of officers of the United States army detailed to locate the source of and remedy for foot troubles, which have been the bane of all armies since shoes have been worn. The army board went at the problem with a thoroughness never before practiced in any country by the military authorities. The feet of thousands of men were measured, photographed, and X-ray pictures of the bones were taken, in all sorts of positions and under all kinds of conditions. And after four years of such thorough investigation the board has reported its remedy—a perfect fitting shoe. Surely, a simple and fundamental solution—correct the cause and there can be no trouble.

Secretary of War Stimson accepted the report, and so important do the military authorities regard this matter that the shoe recommended is the only type which officers and enlisted men are permitted to wear with their uniforms.

More than 75 per cent of the people have trouble with their feet. "Their shoes don't hurt them, it's their feet"—this being one of those peculiar intellectual quibbles we are all guilty of when forced to admit a stupid standpoint.

The shoe is shrouded in all the prejudice, the tradition and the mist of antiquity, and is therefore a subject on which the majority are exceedingly opinionated and touchy. The very high heel was invented by the ancients. They distinguished their actors who represented gods and heroes by making them wear shoes with very high heels and thick soles. Of course, the women of short stature were not long in grasping the idea, and it quickly became fashionable.

Pound for pound of normal body weight, the Anglo-Saxon woman has approximately the same size and shaped foot as the man, and it is a long and narrow foot; but you never would suspect it from the foot prints made by the two walking side by side the two sexes. We know something from our recorded army experience of what even an approximately correct shoe will do to strong, well-trained men. What is happening to millions of American men and women as the result of incorrect shoeing staggers one's imaginative powers to try to comprehend.

In all industrial establishments the records show a steadily increasing percentage of accidents hour after hour until the noon rest. Then, beginning some below the noon maximum, the afternoon record advances progressively to the maximum for the day. Obviously lack of alertness due to exhaustion is responsible for this phenomenon. How much longer will these blood sacrifices be made to the god of fashion and convention? This is a condition not to be reached by legislation however wise, nor by safeguards however numerous—it can only be reached by individual intelligence and alertness, by education.

This is an age of industrial war. Nations are but a collection of individuals, and each individual is or should be an asset. By the certain action of the law of the survival of the fit only that nation most wisely developing its resources can survive. This being true, the subject of correctly fitted shoes becomes of paramount importance to any people who hope to win in the coming struggle for industrial supremacy.

More Cows Needed.

More cows are needed on our farms. No animals are better for soil improvement and the conservation of human food than cows. More cows should be kept and more homes abundantly supplied with milk and butter. A few pounds of butter a week or a few hundred pounds of butter fat per month would mean more cash in the home.