

## WORK OF PATIENCE

Difficult to Produce Films on Natural History Subjects.

Observation Chambers From Which the Pictures Are Taken Must Be Cunningly Constructed to Deceive the Wild "Subjects."

Little is known of the difficulties encountered in producing films on natural history subjects, writes Ernest A. Dench in Popular Electricity. A producer-operator to succeed in this particular line must be endowed with a considerable amount of patience, for before he begins the actual work, he has to spend many tedious hours finding where the animal lives, its habits and the prey it is partial to. All these things he studies from a cunningly-built observation chamber. This accomplished, he has all his material at hand for a film, but his difficulties are by no means at an end.

The animals and birds that inhabit our countryside have a great sense of hearing and an unusual noise greatly disturbs them. The clicking noise of the motion picture camera is what the operator must get the animals or birds accustomed to. Besides, he must conceal both himself and the machine.

Usually an artificial cow or tree trunk is employed for the purposes of concealment. Such a structure is hollow inside and usually made of cardboard and cork, with the painting of the cow or tree trunk outside. The operator enters the structure from the rear. To provide for the long hours of waiting, the concealing structure has a special compartment containing refreshments and a stove. All the time he watches through the peep-holes and as soon as his quarry comes within range, he sets to work taking the motion pictures of the subject.

But for days previous to this, the clock-work mechanism, the noise of which resembles the clicking of a camera, has been constantly working for the purpose of getting nature's creatures accustomed to the sound.

In the case of filming beasts of the forest such as lions and tigers, the work assumes a dangerous aspect. Instead of a "cow" or "tree trunk," a dummy camel or elephant is brought into use. However, these animals possess such a keen sense of smell that they can detect a human being a long distance off. In order to disguise the presence of the operator, this individual covers himself with some vile smelling liquid. It is of utmost importance that the carefully laid plans should not fall during the photographing of the animals, for if they did the operator would have to fight for his life.

## BABY WADE



"Baby" Lillian Wade, the darling of Selig's forces in Los Angeles, has become so attached to the baby elephant, Anna May, that the two infants are enjoying many romps together. And when Anna May romps it is a sight for all beholders. In consequence of this youthful attachment, it is planned to put on a film feature soon, in which "Baby" Lillian and "Baby" Anna will "play opposite each other."

**Players Get Automobile Bug.**  
The automobile bug has invaded the Eclair western studio, at Tucson, Ariz. Webster Cullison has abandoned his roadster for a seven passenger touring car, Norbert Myles is burning up the Silver Bell speedway with a new six cylinder bear cat, and dainty little Edna Payne has added a bright red roadster to her wardrobe. Not to be outdone by the adult members of the company, Baby Clara Horton has purchased a burro who answers to the name of Dooley, when he feels like it, and has a record of a mile a week.

**Popular Actress Recovering.**  
The sickness of Bess Meredyth, the bright little actress, has been much more serious than at first imagined. She tended a sick dog whose death she disclosed, and has been taking treatments since. She is getting along famously, which is good news to everybody who knows her.

## PICKED UP IN THE ORCHARD

Dressing of Wood Ashes Beneficial to All Fruit Trees—Bones Promote Growth and Vigor.

A dressing of wood ashes around the fruit trees and grape vines is a benefit. It supplies the loss of the alkalis, which are largely consumed by fruit, destroys the acidity in the soil and tends to sweeten all kinds of fruit.

Bones, old leather, refuse plaster and soap suds, all constitute good fertilizer for the fruit trees.

Bones appear to be the best of all to promote permanent growth and vigor in a tree.

A handful of bone dust mixed with the soil at the roots of a tree or grape vine will show its beneficial effects for a number of years.

When grapes or berries are too tender and will not stand up in first class condition to pick and market, it shows that the soil on which they grow is deficient in potash.

The custom of summer pruning of



Taking Care of Orchard Trees.

young trees so as to ripen the fruit early is not approved by the most skillful fruit growers and is only allowable when the intention is to throw the whole force of the sap into those particular branches that it is desired to train in some particular direction.

No fruit ripens so well nor has so fine a flavor when the foliage is injured by summer pruning. This fact is observable in our apple, peach, and pear orchards when the worms have consumed the leaves on a limb. You will always find the fruit on such a branch of poor quality and inferior flavor.

The leaves are the lungs of a plant and are required to perform an important function in ripening the fruit.

**Skim Milk for Pigs on Alfalfa.**  
Experiments at the New Mexico station indicate that skim milk is a valuable feed in connection with alfalfa pastures, being worth 12 cents per hundred pounds when fed alone, and when corn is worth 56 cents per bushel; and that it is worth 25 cents per hundred pounds when fed with corn at the rate of two to three pounds of skim milk to one pound of corn. Compared with wheat, when fed alone, seven to eight pounds of skim milk equaled one pound of wheat.

**Source of Disease.**  
This is the season when lice and other vermin and parasites, internal and external, seem to multiply marvelously, and as the animals are weakened by hot, dry weather and defective water supply and unsanitary conditions of pens and lots, we have a combination of dangers that every intelligent breeder appreciates and every careless man ought to neglect no longer. Filth and vermin are prolific, a source of unthrif and disease.

**Preferred Fertilizers.**  
Commercial fertilizers should always be bought on a guarantee of analysis, so the percentages of the various elements may be known, and so the grower may know what forms the plant foods are in. Preference should be given to fertilizers where the composition is definitely stated, because intelligent plant feeding is not possible without knowing the source of the various components of the fertilizer.

**To Keep Silage.**  
A good way to make the ensilage keep at the top of a silo when it is filled, is to put part of a load of straw through the silo filler just before it is through the job. Then sow a pall or two of oats on the straw covering and dampen them. This covering does away with about half of the spoiled ensilage, to be thrown out after the ensilage settles.

**Fighting the Red Mites.**  
The little red mites which trouble poultry are small, but they are one of the worst pests which poultry keepers have to fight. They do their greatest havoc during the hot weather, and they are extremely happy when they find a dark, damp, dirty hen house.

# The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of  
Alice Bradley's Play  
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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### SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife falls to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Wesley Merritt, editor of a local paper, threatens to fight Slade through the columns of his paper and Slade defies him.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Suddenly Slade's eyes lighted with the fire of decision. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as the resolve to win Katherine Strickland became fixed in his mind. He longed to hurry after her—to tell her of his decision to fight, if not with, then for her. He was eager to show her just how much they two together could make out of life, a big, fine fight for position and power.

Even the thought of being governor was left in the distance as plan after plan raced through his mind, of greater conquests and bigger achievements, possible only with a woman like Katherine Strickland for his wife. So absorbed and intense were his thoughts of the future with her for the moment he forgot completely the woman who for 30 years had kept her place as his wife. In all his dealings he had never considered obstacles, except to sweep them from his path. As he remembered the present and Mary, he never hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further considered never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her value would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself. In spite of himself, traces of the parvenu occasionally showed through the veneer of bluff and arrogance. With a wife like Katherine he would soon come to know all the fine points of the social game. A wife like Katherine would cover up a multitude of his little sins of commission and omission.

### CHAPTER IV.

Slade wanted Katherine Strickland for his wife much the same as he would have desired a wealthy, clever, influential man for a partner. It was to be a union of ambition. There was no tenderness in his thoughts of her. He was actuated purely and simply by the lust for power and the greed of glory. All the softer, better things in the man's nature were swamped by this torrent of craving for worldly success that was sweeping him on to commit the most dastardly act in his long career of trampling over the heads and hearts of adversaries and opponents.

Even when he was a boy Dan Slade had always set his teeth at "You can't do it," or "It can't be done." The very difficulty of a thing strengthened his determination to do. All his life long his success had been punctuated by the ruin of other men. He had not advanced so far without pushing other men back. Now that a woman instead of a man stood in the way, the result was the same. His methods might be quieter, more merciful, but the answer would be the same. Mary's sterling worth, her long years of devotion and sweet tenderness counted for nothing once he became convinced that Mary's softness, her standpat policy and her arrested development were stop-gaps in his own opportunity for progression. He ignored the fact that the little brown-eyed, patient woman was as much a part of him as were his eyes or his arms or any other very essential part of his being.

It was at just this point in Slade's pitiless reasoning that Mary, peering over the baluster and seeing him alone, hurried down the stairs.

"Thank goodness, they've gone," she declared as she came into the room. Then seeing the numerous side lights burning she hastened to turn one after the other down to a glimmer. "I'm so glad you're not going out," she went on, coming over to him and rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. The little movement was a pathetically mute appeal for some caress. "What'd

they say?" she asked, suddenly, as she realized that her tender yearning met with no response.

But her husband was in no communicative frame of mind. "You're not mad with me, are yer?" she questioned, wistfully, very much like an eager child who has been repressed.

"No," Slade replied, briefly and without much interest.

Mary breathed a quick sigh of relief. "Ah, then, we'll have a nice, quiet, pleasant evening," she declared, adding coaxingly: "Let's go upstairs and have a game of euchre. We haven't played for ever so long."

Slade looked at her, his eyes drawn into a deep frown. It was true he wasn't angry with her, but he was angry at the thwarting circumstances that were hemming him in. Her very manner irritated him now—her quiet contentment, her calm acceptance of her place as mistress of his home maddened him. He was all the more determined to fight for something else—to begin his campaign for a governorship and another woman that moment.

"You can amuse yourself after I'm gone," he answered over his shoulder. "Then you are going out?" Mary's voice echoed the disappointment she felt.

"Yes," Slade continued to be monosyllabic. "But I want to have a talk with you. Mary—we've got to come to some understanding."

"Why, what?" Mary began, and then stopped. For the first time she noticed his changed manner and his averted eyes. She started to fumble with her workbasket.

"I can't put it off any longer. I—er—" Slade stopped short. He was finding this attempt at an "understanding" much more difficult than he had anticipated.

"What is it you're trying to say, Dan?" Mary's voice was firmer than his. "What's in your mind? You keep hinting at something lately and you never finish it. What is it?"

"You're a rich woman in your own name, Mary. Are you satisfied with what I've settled on you?"

"Why, yes," came the quick response, as Mary's puzzled eyes searched his for a reason for the strange question. Then she added: "You've been mighty good to me, Dan."

"How would you like to go and live in the country, Mary?" Glad surprise filled the woman's eyes. Her thin cheeks flushed as she clasped her hands excitedly.

"Oh, Dan, you know I'd like it. You're awfully good, father. I knew you'd back down and give in. This is no place for us."

"You leave me out of the question." And to his credit the man became shamefaced.

"I can't leave you out of the question," she protested quickly, not an inkling of her husband's real meaning having entered her head. In her perfect love and loyalty she was impervious to any hint of neglect or disloyalty from him. Had she known his thoughts her first care would have been to soothe him as one whose brain, overtaxed with affairs beyond her understanding, had suddenly clouded.

For an instant the man was silent. His face was turned from hers and he was looking out the doorway through which the stately figure of Katherine Strickland had just passed and through which he hoped to walk some day—governor.

"I—I wouldn't go with you, Mary," he finally turned and looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Why—where would you be? Where would you live? Where would you?" She stopped and then finished. "Pshaw. That's all foolishness, Dan."

"Mary," Slade was firmer now. His voice had a ring of finality, but Mary didn't understand. "I can't go on apologizing for you eternally! You can't have a headache every night! I must either have a wife who can be the head of my household or none."

Into the woman's heart there leaped a sharp fear, followed by the childish idea that perhaps, because she wouldn't go to the opera, she was to be punished—sent away alone—until she was forgiven.

"You're tired of me," she suggested. "If that were true and you filled the bill, we could put up with each other," he returned brutally, "but it isn't so."

"Don't you love me?" she half-breathed the question timidly. For a brief instant something caught at Slade's heart and tugged and tugged. He turned with a look of infinite tenderness and said, simply: "Yes, Mary, I do." His tone was genuine and sincere.

Mary laughed a little, happy laugh. At the sound Slade's mood changed like a flash. It grated on his already overwrought nerves. It seemed to dismiss the controversy, to end the argument, to ring the death-knell of the dream that had come to him. The careless way in which she apparently dropped the discussion of going away nettled him. Prompted by a sudden impulse, he snatched her workbasket from her lap and flung it the full length of the room. "D—n that basket!" he exclaimed. "Can't I ever see you without it?"

"Dan!" Mary's gasp of amazement

was the only sound in the room. It was the first time he had ever been harsh with her. She shrank back hurt and frightened. "Why, good Lord, Dan, you never did that before."

Then, with quiet dignity, she began to pick up the basket, the hated darning cotton, the needles and scissors, and the little worn thimble. Slade, watching her slight, stooping figure, ought to have been ashamed, but his anger was firming hot and he didn't as much as offer to help.

Mary's mood changed, too. "I believe you're doing it to get your own way," she sputtered, "but you ain't going to get it. I've got as much right to my life as you've got to yours."

As she came up to him, he stood grim and silent, suddenly determined that if she wouldn't go he would. If she refused his offer of a home in the country, then she could have this great house to herself and he would live at the club.

"There ain't anything you could ask of me I wouldn't do—except—" Mary's troubled face was looking into his.

"Except what I ask," he finished, sarcastically, and hurried from the room, curtly ordered his dressing bag packed and then, hat in hand, his overcoat on his arm, came back into the room.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that you're a mule?" he asked. "You're sweet and good tempered and amiable but you'd have given the mule that came out of Noah's ark points on how to be stubborn."

"How often have I failed you in these years, Dan?"

"You're failing me now. You won't look at things with my eyes."

"We're not one person, we're two, Dan," she reminded him, quietly.

"Well, that's the trouble, we ought to be one. That's just what I'm getting at. We ought to be of one mind."

"Whose? Yours?" and Mary's sweet mouth puckered into a very little smile.

"I'm done," Slade decided, hopelessly.

"I can remember the time when you would have thought that was cunning," she reproached him.

"I'm going to my club, Mary," he announced, disregarding her playful attempt to smooth things over.

Mary gazed at him, bewildered by his swift changes of mood, hurt by his attitude, almost angry because he was so unreasonable.

Then love came rushing up into her heart. After all he was her Dan. What did this crossness or his nervousness matter? She went up to him, pulled his scarf a bit closer round his throat and as he turned away with a muttered word, waited patiently. Then, laying her hand on his arm—such a thin little hand, with his wedding ring hanging loosely on it—asked: "Shall I wait up for you?"

Slade's face worked convulsively. She didn't understand, poor little soul. He was going away for good, for all time, and she was asking if she would wait up for him. More than once before she had asked that question of him, the question that from a wife's lips, carries with it unspoken, tender pleading. For a space he was torn with emotions he could not define, had hardly expected himself to feel. Something bade him turn back upon ambition and pride and clasp into his arms this little woman who had worked for him, with him, who had had faith in him when he was poor, and who had struggled and cooked and slaved for him that he might rise to his present position.

But he struggled against the feeling, fought it back and conquered.

"No, don't wait up for me." "All right," Mary agreed. "I won't, if you don't want me to," and then, with a roguish smile, "but I will wait up for you all the same."

Slade was touched, but he stiffened his shoulders. Wealth he had won, honors he meant to have—and Katherine Strickland.

"Good-night, Mary," he called, coldly, as he hurried out of the room.

Left alone, Mary stood watching him, a forlorn little figure.

"Why, he didn't kiss me." She hurried to the door. "Dan, you forgot something, Dan!"

Slade, hastening to the door, halted, hesitated, turned back.

"You come right back here and kiss me," Mary demanded, affectionately.

"Such dildoes; You kiss me." She raised her face for the kiss she thought was "good-night" and which he meant as "good-by."

Slade stooped and laid his lips on hers, gently, reverently, then hurried out, almost as if he were afraid to stay a minute longer.

"Such dildoes," Mary laughed to herself. She looked around the great empty room. It suddenly struck her that she had never really been happy in this room. Riches had proved a burden rather than a pleasure. They had robbed her of Dan's devotion, his confidence, his gaiety. She hastened to turn out the lights, shuddering as she did so. She grabbed her workbasket from the table and suddenly overcome with fright in the great silent shadowy room, fled to the lighted hall, calling: "Susie, Susie—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Trade Secret.

"Now the first thing to learn about the shoe trade is this. As soon as a customer comes in take off his shoes and hide 'em."

"What's that for?"

"Then you can wait on 'em at your convenience, my boy. They can't walk out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Man and His Age.

After a man reaches the age of fifty he begins to see insults in the newspapers to the effect that he is an old man.—Topeka Capital.

The first use of asbestos was in the manufacture of crematory robes for the ancient Romans.

## CHEAP POULTRY FEED

SUBURBAN-POULTRYMAN HAS ADVANTAGES OVER FARMER.

Much Waste in Cities in Form of Garbage, Stale Bread, Buttermilk and Skim Milk Available at Very Low Prices.

(By ISAAC NOTES.)

While the farmer-poultryman at a distance from the city has some advantages over the near-city poultryman, the latter is not as badly handicapped on his home acre as you might think.

The farmer can, of course, raise most of his feed, and his chickens have plenty of room to rustle their foods in the fields, orchards, pasture and barnyard, but on the other hand the suburban poultryman is much closer to market and can take advantage of rush orders from merchants either for eggs or dressed poultry, and he is thus in position to get top market prices for the product of his flocks.

And the near-city poultryman can get cheap feed if he knows how, for there is so much waste in cities in the form of garbage, stale bread, buttermilk and skim milk. In a city containing a number of bakeries a poultryman can get large quantities of stale bread merely for hauling it away, or if he pays for it, it will be only a nominal sum.

I have in mind now a woman in my city who owns a restaurant, not a very large one, either. She also has a chicken farm about 12 miles from the city, and she sends out to the farm once a week from six to ten potato sacks of waste bread for her chickens—bread which but for utilizing it thus would be thrown away. The result is that she makes a big profit on the chickens and eggs she sells.

This bread is exceedingly fine for chickens, especially when soaked in warm skim milk, slightly sweetened. And it is as good for fattening chickens as for brood hens and young chickens. It is also fine for hogs.

Another kind of chicken feed which the near-city poultryman can get in large quantities is fresh buttermilk in cities where there are creameries or butter companies.

Such companies sell a great deal of buttermilk, but nothing like as much as they could sell, and a great deal of it is turned into the sewer, so if a poultryman with 200 or 300 chickens wished to buy it in say five-gallon lots he would be able to get it very cheaply—perhaps for five cents a gallon, for the buttermaker would surely prefer selling it even at this price to throwing it away.

This buttermilk is especially good for chickens cooped up to fatten for market, for the acid in the milk is good for their digestion in the winter when they cannot get green stuff, and also while they are cooped up where they cannot take exercise.

Very few things are as fattening as slightly sour milk curds, sweetened, heated to blood heat and with some refuse grease or meat drippings from the kitchen added. Such fat-making food is better for fattening chickens, however, than for hens with broods.

Another advantage the small poultryman has near the city is that he is accessible to dairies where he can get skim milk from separators, which is also exceedingly good for fattening chickens, in making up mashies of different kinds. The butter companies have a great deal of it for sale, and



Blue Orpington Hen.

the price is low, while in country neighborhoods there is little or none of it for sale.

This skim milk is also fine for pigs and calves, and every near-city poultryman should have at least one pig fattening in a little pen with a concrete bottom somewhere on his premises. It is easy to keep such a pen clean and sanitary in a city where it can be flushed with a hose and washed out every day or two.

A pig will fatten on stuff which otherwise is thrown away, just as 100 or 200 chickens can be kept on the acre lot at an absurdly small expense.

### Piggery Sanitation.

The sanitation of the piggery should be guarded as carefully as the sanitation of a hospital. Damp and ill ventilated sleeping quarters are fatal to pigs and unless the owner will see to it that hogs always have a dry and well ventilated place to sleep he had much better keep out of the business.

### Ducks for Market.

Don't keep any ducks that are intended for market after they are twelve weeks old. If you do, you lose many rapidly. Begin to fatten them when they are eight weeks old and they will be in good condition when ten weeks old.