

MAKER OF PEACE

By FRANK FILSON.

When Uncle Will came back from the West at forty-five, with a wad of money, we were delighted that he should think of spending the winter in the old homestead, where he had not put in an appearance for ten years.

"But what gets me," he said, "is the way you folks here quarrel. Seems to me as though you hadn't any time to do anything else, and liked it."

I flushed. "If you are referring to George Bailey, uncle," I began.

"Lydia," answered Uncle Will, "if you talk easy like that you won't get any more candy from me. What do I care about George Bailey? He isn't half good enough for you, and I'm glad you had a falling out."

"He is!" I cried indignantly. "He's the finest boy in Surbiton." And then Uncle Will gave me one of his maddening smiles and walked away.

It was true enough what he had said, though. We did have trouble in Surbiton. It was what you call a spinners' village, and everybody said I was a fool to let George go. But he humiliated me so, dancing with red-headed Miss Florence Smith twice that night, and only giving me eleven dances. And we had just become engaged, too.

Uncle Will was a Surbiton man. They said in his young days he had been engaged to Miss Barrett, the school teacher. If he had, nobody was the wiser. He and Miss Barrett greeted each other just as calmly as though they had always been acquaintances and there had never been anything else between them. And what puzzled me was how Uncle Will could want to put in so long a time at Surbiton, instead of making for the white lights of the city, with his wad to spend.

Now I come to my story. It was about three weeks after Uncle Will returned that Surbiton was electrified by an itinerant peddler who came along the street. Peddler is perhaps a wrong way of describing him, for he had nothing to sell. He drove a broken-down horse and sat inside a buggy with a closed top. When he reached Hi Perkins' vacant lot he unbuckled the horse and turned it out to



"I'm the International and Intercolonial Peacemaker!"

graze. Then he took down the top of the buggy and hoisted his sign:

WILLIAM ITT

International and Intercolonial Peacemaker of America.

Naturally half the village was around Mr. Itt's wagon in about ten minutes, gaping.

"What's it mean?" asked Hi Perkins, who didn't like peddlers pitching on his lot, though he was too kind-hearted to shoo them away.

"I'm the International and Intercolonial Peacemaker," says Mr. Itt, who was a little, sandy, dried-up man. "I make peace. Bring on your quarrels. Now!"

"Why don't he try to make up between Jim Barnes and his wife?" shouted one of the wags. But Mr. Itt took a serious view of the situation.

"This ain't no joke, ladies and gents," he said. "It's a respectable profession, mine is. It's a necessary one, too. There's far too much quarrelling in these days. I made peace only last week between the mayor of Deedles and his lady, and the town's been clean of graft ever since. Now, ladies and gents, my fee is a dollar, and my tent's open by appointment at any hour after dark, when you can come in quietlike and nobody will see you."

Well, that raised a laugh, but would you believe it, Sadie Roach, our maid, declared that she saw Mr. and Mrs. Barnes stealing away out of Mr. Itt's tent, looking as pleased as a courting couple the next morning. And as the days went by and Mr. Itt remained, it certainly seemed that an improvement had come to Surbiton. Folks who hadn't been on speaking terms for years began to say "Hello!" to each other, and spite fences were taken down, and nobody

complained when the neighbors' chickens got into his garden any more.

Well, what happened next scared me. I was strolling near Mr. Itt's tent, just by chance, you understand, when the little man came out and accosted me.

"Mademoiselle," he said, executing a bow—for that is the only word suitable for the absurd little bob he made, "can I be of service to you?"

My heart went into my mouth and I couldn't find any words with which to answer him.

"If you was to come to my tent about eight o'clock tonight," said Mr. Itt, "I might be able to help you know yourself. You have trouble in your heart, mademoiselle. I can trace it in the third line of your right hand, running from the Mount of Hercules to the Oasis of Luna."

And with these enigmatical words he beat a retreat into his tent, leaving me decidedly annoyed and a little humiliated.

I knew he couldn't possibly have heard about me and George, because our engagement had been kept a profound secret outside the family, and only the relations and the servants knew about it, and they wouldn't have breathed a word to anybody. However, I began to get piqued by Mr. Itt's words, and about eight o'clock that night, finding myself—quite by chance, you understand—in the vicinity of Mr. Itt's tent, I thought I would drop in to see whether there really was anything in what he had said about the Mount of Hercules.

Though it had begun to dawn on me that I had had my hands in my muffs and that he hadn't seen them at all.

Mr. Itt seemed to have been waiting for me, for hardly had I drawn near his tent when he was outside, seizing me by the hands.

"You have come," he said. "I am glad you have come. Mademoiselle, you remind me of my dear friend His Excellency Ching Poo, the grand vizier of Tartary, who had a fearful quarrel with his wife last week over the spending money. He came to me."

"Mr. Itt," he said, "I have had a row with my wife and I wish I were dead. She wants a hundred yen a week to buy her own clothes with. What would you do?"

"Give her two hundred," I answered, and he saw the justice of it and went away happy. They're reconciled now."

Mr. Itt's views seemed sensible to me, but all the while he was repeating this absurd patter he kept glancing back nervously over his shoulder, as though he were expecting somebody. And as he ended he made an abrupt little dive into the tent and pulled the flap to. I heard a murmur of voices inside, and I wondered whether I had happened along when another couple was there.

And I was still wondering when, to my amazement, somebody put his hands over my eyes.

And now my heart began to pit-pat. Yes, it was George.

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart," he said. "I see how wrong I was to dance twice with Florence Smith. I'll never look at her again. Mr. Itt persuaded me that I had been a fool. Won't you forgive me, dearest?"

Well, I was considerably hurt, but then I felt something being squeezed over my finger, and it felt like that half-hoop of diamonds, which I had loved so much, and which I had intended to have enlarged the day before I gave it back to George. So what could I do?

We had the happiest time there, and then we decided that we ought to thank Mr. Itt. It seemed too wonderful to be true. So we went up to the tent and called.

Mr. Itt seemed to be scolding somebody, I thought, and he didn't hear my voice. I wanted to thank him and so I opened the tent door. And who do you think were inside? Uncle Will and Miss Barrett.

Uncle Will was on his knees before her, and her face was as hard as stone. Just then Uncle Will saw us, and he sprang to his feet, looking rather foolish.

"Go away, you young vipers!" he bellowed. "What do you mean by intruding upon—why, it's little Lydia! And George!"

Somehow instinct told me just what to do at that moment. I went up to Miss Barrett and kissed her and placed her hands in Uncle Will's.

Suddenly Miss Barrett's face softened, and a minute later she was crying in Uncle Will's arms. Uncle Will said afterward that it must have been the force of our example. I think this was correct. But would you ever believe that Uncle Will had hired Mr. Itt for the performance? That's what Aunt Rose Barrett Templeton says. And Uncle Will doesn't deny it. He says he's got such a good wife he doesn't want to remember the trouble he had in getting her.

Strangely enough, George said something like that to me yesterday. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Mother Cat Bested Hawk.

In a fight with a hawk on a farm of Northumberland, Pa., a big Maltese cat worsted the bird of prey and saved her family from destruction. Taking her brood from a manger to the barnyard, tabbie was giving them a sun bath when the hawk swooped down and seized one of the kittens. Like a flash the mother cat was on the back of the big bird, and a battle ensued. Feathers flew and the pair rolled around and around. Finally the hawk rose into the air and darted rapidly away. An examination of the kittens found that the mother cat had won the battle.

At the Tomb of Jonah

AS A BOY—when I read of Jonah and the whale—I never dreamed that one day I was to stand at Jonah's tomb and see Arabs worship him as a saint, writes Frederick Sisupich in the Los Angeles Times.

The famous old prophet who rode in the fish is buried at Mosul, in far-off Mesopotamia. Mosul itself, from which our word "muslin" came, stands on the foaming Tigris opposite old Nineveh. And here is a sketch of what life is like today in the town where Jonah rests.

It is a dirty, crowded town, is Mosul, with 50,000 people jammed inside its medieval walls. Its narrow, warped streets are no more than crooked alleys that wander aimlessly through the town—dusty in summer and seas of mud in winter. So narrow are these passages that two loaded donkeys, if they chance to meet, cannot pass till one donkey has been backed into a doorway.

Mosul's houses are Moorish style—two stories, few windows, an open court inside and flat roofs with parapets—so that the family may sleep on the roof in summer. The main door to each house is a huge affair, studded with great bolts and barred at night like the gate to a fortress—suggesting the old days of Mongol invasions.

To accommodate its important caravan trade, Mosul has built up many caravanserais, or "resthouses." With Naomi, my Bagdad boy, I spent my first night at Mosul in one of these singular khans, as the natives call them. The khan is a sort of compound or stockade of mud walls, without a roof. Around the inside of the walls runs a row of little cells, to which travelers are assigned.

In the middle of the inclosure is a great platform, on which are piled the bales of freight taken from the pack

days warriors used to cross the Tigris, even in heavy armor, by swimming on inflated goat skins; but I had no idea that the practice still survived. So I was astonished on arriving at the river bank to see an old man walk calmly down to the water's edge, blow up a goat skin which had hung over his shoulder, wade out into the river waist deep and then lie down on the inflated skin and begin to paddle leisurely across. While I still watched him, two women came down, carrying skins, already blown up, and followed the old man's course across the Tigris; somehow they seemed to keep the bobbing skins easily balanced under their bodies, and thus supported swam slowly, without tiring.

Mosul Washerwomen.

And all up and down the river banks were hundreds of round-limbed Kurdish women washing clothes. There must have been half a thousand, all shouting, plunging and wringing a multitude of garments. With skirts tucked high above their knees and no sign of yashmak or veil, they were a noisy, easy-going set, dispelling the illusion that in the East all women are secluded or eternally draped from head to foot.

Long strings of pack donkeys, driven by noisy, swearing Kurdish muleteers, came down to the river to drink, and fusillades of jocular abuse passed between these ruffians and the washerwomen. Higher up the river bank, and all along the waterfront, ran a long row of coffee shops, dance halls and other resorts. Till late at night these places are running full blast, the din of tomtoms, native fiddles and the harsh voices of the painted women who dance and sing, making amusement for the men of Mosul. They like excitement, these Kurds and Arabs, and crude and amateurish as their methods seem to us, they have



IN A MOSUL COFFEE HOUSE

animals, and around the edge of this platform runs a mud manger, from which the beasts are fed.

These historic caravanserais form one of the most picturesque features of middle eastern life. No traveler, from Marco Polo down to date, has crossed Mesopotamia without recording his impression of the unspeakably filthy and noisy "khans."

Naomi and His Sisters.

Next morning early Naomi and I left the pesthouse that had sheltered us, and started out afoot to do Mosul. Naomi hunted up his Telkafi relatives, whom he had not seen for many years, and of course the master then became the servant's guest, for a few hours at least. We ate preserved sweets, pistachio nuts, manna, nougat, and many such delicacies for which Mosul is noted; we drank sweetened rose-water and smoked countless cigarettes, and I gave away to these curious, prying, but polite people all the secrets of my family for three generations back.

Naomi's numerous sisters, unveiled and good to look at, came shyly out and sat cross-legged on the rug he placed for them at a proper distance from me. Being native Christians, they could show their faces without being disgraced. They wore baggy blue trousers long Mother Hubbard gowns of some dark color, yellow stockings and fancy slippers all covered with beads. Their big brown eyes gazed steadily at me with that luster that is bought in western worlds at the price of belladonna, and their white teeth glistened in beautiful perfection—in a land where no dentifrice was ever seen.

From the main bazaar I wandered on through the town, followed by the usual crowd of curious Arabs and Kurds, and then continued on my walk toward the river. And here I beheld an odd spectacle.

I had read that in early Assyrian

never seen anything better and hence are pleased.

Over Odd Bridge to Jonah's Tomb.

A unique bridge spans the Tigris at Mosul for which a parallel cannot be found anywhere in the world. It is built partly of masonry, partly of wood, and for some distance is of the pontoon type. First comes a 100-foot stretch of masonry pier, then a bridge of boats 400 feet long and crossing the main channel; then comes another stone pier of 150 feet, leading to an 800-foot stretch of brick arches, followed at last by another stone pier nearly 200 feet long. It seems as if the builders changed their minds several times before finishing the odd structure.

It is across this bridge that one goes to explore Nineveh, where Botta and Layard made their sensational discoveries 50 years ago. The whole dry, brown plain about Mosul is a vast forest of ancient mounds, thick with signs of long-forgotten inhabitants.

Nineveh is not even a memory with the wild, ignorant tribes who roam the desert of old Assyria. At one edge of its ruins stands the little village of "Nebi Yunus," and the reputed tomb of Jonah. The identity of Jonah seems alone preserved—and he was one of the least in his day.

At night I walked back to Mosul. I looked back once, and the setting sun was reflected from the dome of Jonah's tomb. What fame this man won, by riding in a fish! Sennacherib is forgotten, but all the natives know "Yunus" and the tale of the big fish. On the morning of the Great Day, Jonah may be put in the dock with Doctor Cook. But for the present, the people are with him and he wears his medals unchallenged.

Telephones in Chile.

Chile has 8,000 miles of telephone operated by an English company.

SAVE ALL POULTRY MANURE

Farmer Can Add Materially to Profits by Properly Caring for Droppings of Various Farm Fowls.

A recent bulletin of the Maine agricultural experiment station shows that the poultryman or farmer can materially add to the profits of his business by properly caring for the droppings of his fowls. For example, it is shown that the droppings from 1,000 fowls if preserved without needless loss are worth at least three hundred dollars a year, and this estimate is based on the assumption that less than half of the droppings, or only 30 pounds per hen per year, can be collected.

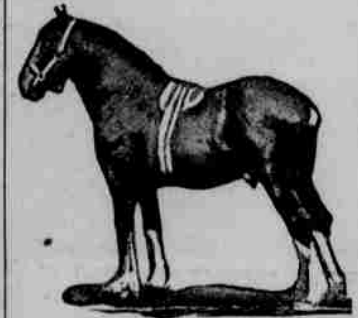
According to the Maine station, the droppings should be collected daily and mixed with substances which will (1) prevent loss of nitrogen, (2) add sufficient potash and phosphoric acid to make a better balanced fertilizer, and (3) improve the mechanical condition of the manure so that it can be applied to the land with a manure spreader.

This can be done as follows: To each 30 pounds of the manure add ten pounds of sawdust, good dried loam, or peat, 16 pounds of acid phosphate, and eight pounds of kainit. Such a mixture will contain about 1.25 per cent of nitrogen, 4.5 per cent of phosphoric acid, and two per cent of potash, which, used at the rate of two tons per acre would furnish 50 pounds of nitrogen, 185 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 80 pounds of potash, and at the present price of fertilizing ingredients is worth about \$10 per ton. The mixture would furnish a well balanced stable fertilizer, which, although not fine enough to work well in drills, can be successfully applied with a manure spreader. The treated manure should be well sheltered until time to apply to the land—that is, shortly before plowing.

HORSE IS A POOR REASONER

Great Difficulty Experienced in Breaking Animal of Trick When Once He Has Learned Lesson.

The horse is a poor reasoner. Mentally it is the weakest of all our domestic animals except the sheep. Therefore, when once taught a trick or allowed to do a certain act not



Superior Draft Type.

wanted it is with great difficulty that the horse can unlearn an account of mental weakness.

A horse kicks his master to death when turned upside down with foot in stirrup, because in that position the horse does not know what his master is, and suffers from imaginary fear. He kicks the shafts of a buggy until his legs are broken because he does not know that the shafts are harmless and that he himself is doing the damage. He runs away in the saddle or in the harness because he has not sense enough to know better.

WINTER GARDEN IN CELLAR

Rhubarb Will Do Well With Temperature of Fifty Degrees—Other Vegetables Can Be Cultivated.

Several garden vegetables can be successfully grown in the cellar during the winter and will furnish fresh material for the table when such things are most appreciated. Rhubarb and asparagus roots are easily forced into growth. Take up vigorous roots just before freezing, then allow them to freeze and remain in that condition for two weeks. Put them in boxes of earth in a cool cellar and they almost immediately begin to furnish a supply of beautifully blanched stalks. A temperature of about fifty degrees is desirable. Rhubarb will do well at even a lower heat and should be kept in absolute darkness.

Cellar windows that face east and south are good places to grow lettuce that has been previously started outside. Roots of parsley taken from the garden will thrive and furnish a supply for salads and garnishes all winter. Clumps of chives are also easily grown. These are doubly welcome in winter for soups and anything requiring a mild flavor of onion.

Spearmint plants will grow abundantly in a cellar heated by a furnace or they may be taken to the kitchen window. The fresh leaves are much better than dried ones for making mint sauce or anything requiring this particular flavor. Belated pepper and egg plants taken up before frost and potted will continue to bear fruit all winter if kept in a warm room.

Ideal Farmer.

The ideal farmer is first of all happy that he is a farmer; and then he is happy because he can be and do all he can be and do because he is an ideal farmer.

Milk-Producing Machine.

The cow is a machine for the production of milk; but, like other machines, to be efficient she must have good care.

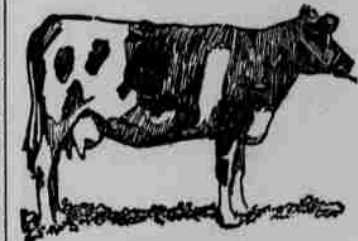
FEEDING DAIRY COWS

Grow Feeds Which Are Adapted to the Farm.

Get Succulence into Animal's Ration and There Will Be No Trouble in Getting Her to Eat Enough—Silo Solves Question.

Common sense in cow feeding is the growing of feeds best adapted to our fields and feeding them in such a way as to get the greatest amount possible of milk. By this it is not meant that the purpose of commercial feeding stuffs should not be considered. It is more profitable to buy what concentrated feeds can be used profitably than to have the mistaken ideas of economy and go without them.

Many men feed with poor results even when they feed liberally. This is because they do not know how to handle the feed to get the greatest quantity of milk. The cow that is full of food is the one that is comfortable and will therefore make the best user of the food she gets. Palatability is the consideration—that which the cow likes. A cow will never fill up



Splendid Dairy Type.

on wheat chaff, because she does not like it, not because she does not consider it of high nutritive value and digestibility.

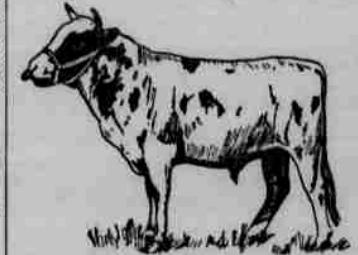
With this point in view a dairyman will have in his mind which feeds to grow. Grow the feeds most adaptable to the farm which are most palatable, writes W. W. Carrothers in Orchard and Farm.

The most important consideration in palatability is succulence. Succulence is juiciness. Get succulence into the dairy cow's ration and there will be no trouble in having her eat enough. Succulence in summer, when alfalfa growing is in full swing, is easy. In late fall and early winter when everything is dried up and we are waiting for the rains, succulence is hard to get.

The silo solves this question. The day is coming when no progressive dairyman will be without a silo to supply winter feed. The cost of erecting a silo is now down to the place where almost every man can have one, nevertheless many of our dairymen cannot afford enough silo room to feed their herds the entire fall and winter through.

A thousand pounds of roots is worth a thousand pounds of ensilage for cow feed. Roots cost more to produce and are not as certain a crop. The production per acre is also considerably less.

Another way to get succulence is dampen straw with water and 20 per cent of feed molasses. This is not as good a method of getting palatability as with ensilage or roots, but it has its advantages. Inferior hay can



Right Kind for Head of Dairy Herd.

be disposed of by mixing with roots, ensilage or feed molasses. Good molasses can be purchased for less than twenty cents a gallon. It is worth 25 cents a gallon for its nutritive value only. Successful dairymen consider it a profitable food, and where inferior roughage is to be disposed of, its value is hard to estimate.

Practical dairymen do not advise the feeding of poor ensilage alone; they prefer to have it mixed with hay or good straw. This seems to modify the flavor and causes the mixture to be eaten with greater relish. This mixture is especially advisable when ensilage has been cut in an immature stage. Corn cut too early never makes ensilage of the highest quality.

POOR HAY IS QUITE COSTLY

More Noticeable in Dairying Than Almost Anything Else—Checks Milk Flow and Injures Flavor.

Too little attention is given to quality in hay. More feeding value has been wasted in that way than any other farm loss. Hay is spoiled by allowing it to become overripe, by too much weathering and by exposure to sun, dew and rain. It may also be spoiled by putting up in such condition that it becomes mowburned.

With poor hay poor results are obtained in feeding, not always because stock do not eat it readily, but rather because it is not so digestible. This may reduce the feeding value by 50 per cent. Low grade hay always gives poor results, poor growth, a staring coat and unthrifty appearance. It is more noticeable in dairying than almost anything else, as it checks the milk flow and injures the flavor. In aggravated cases it develops heaves in horses and causes retention of afterbirth in cows.