

# Only a Clerk

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)  
"I can't stand this any longer, Dick. I'm going to leave you."

Edith Kane faced her husband of eighteen months defiantly. The setting for the tragic outbreak was commonplace; a city flat. In the tiny living room the two clashed in that age-long conflict.

"Because I am poor?" inquired Kane quietly. He had long expected the culmination; now that it had come he felt cooler than he had thought would be possible.

His wife looked with contempt upon the little figure in the shabby clothes. "Because you are a clerk," she answered. "Because you are content to be a clerk. You have a clerk's soul, and I—was born for something better than to be a clerk's wife."

"You knew my occupation when you married me," said Kane.

"I did," she answered. "And I thought I'd make something of you. But you're satisfied to work for Jerrold day after day, on thirty a week, while he piles up his millions. Oh, I'm tired of it all."

She sank into a chair, put her face in her hands, and burst into hysterical weeping. Kane stood for a moment watching her. Then he walked to her and raised her head from her hands, flinging it back almost brutally.

"How dare you use violence to me!" "Never mind that. I want to ask you a question. Are you leaving me for Jerrold?"

"What if I am? Have you any right to ask, you who have made me slave for you, slave for a clerk?" Her breath came and went quickly, she rose to her feet and looked at him with all the disdain she felt.

"I insist on knowing," answered Kane.

"You insist? Well—yes. For a better man. For your employer, Mr. Jer-



"Yes, I Have Your Money, Jerrold."

rold. The man who has thousands where you have pennies."

"Thank you," said Kane.

He left her and went into his room. Immediately, before the defiant anger had left her, she began hurriedly to pack a suitcase. She cast away contemptuously the few things her husband had been able to buy for her, and went out. Kane, in his room, heard the door of the hall slam behind her.

II.

Harvey Jerrold, the millionaire broker, was quite willing to see his underpaid employee in his bachelor apartment on the drive. He knew why Kane had not been to the office for three days. Edith had telephoned him from her hotel the next morning, telling him about the quarrel. He had wanted to go to her, but she had refused to see him till he had his quarrel out with Kane.

They had autographed and dined together, the man and his employee's wife, but Edith Kane, despite her worldliness, was prudent and, in a way, honorable. She had held Jerrold at arm's length, and, even when he began to talk about her divorce she had refused to let him embrace her. Besides, as every woman knows, if you really mean a man to marry you, you must go about it with discretion. And, though she cared nothing for Jerrold, Edith Kane was resolved to have the spending of his millions.

Jerrold had been on pins and needles because Kane did not appear. He had even meditated going to him; therefore, when Kane was announced by the Japanese butler, he felt his heart leap triumphantly. He had squared all accounts with money, and he had no doubt that he could square Kane in the same way.

He stood in his room waiting for him with an uneasy but yet confident smile. And Kane wasted no time in coming to the point.

"You know what I have come about," he cried, an absurd little figure confronting the six-foot college athlete. "About Mrs. Kane?" inquired Jerrold blandly.

"I'll have it from your own lips," cried Kane. "She has left me because she loves you—your or my money. What are you going to do about it?"

"I can't catch her and drag her back to you, can I, Mr. Kane?" drawled the other, with a contemptuous smile. "Are you going to marry her?"

"That depends largely on the decision of the Reno court," said the millionaire.

"I guess there won't be any difficulty about that," said Kane. "Your money will get anything. Are you going to marry her when the court has decided?"

"I hope so," answered Jerrold. "See here, Kane, I'm—sorry. But in this life the riches and the women go to the strong. You've lost her. But I'll make good to you. I'll give you"—he

hesitated—"thirty thousand dollars for your wife. What do you say?" "You scoundrel!" shouted Kane, shaking his fist at the other's face. "You contemptible blackguard!"

"It's more than any court would give. Take it or leave it, Kane," said Jerrold quietly.

"I—I accept," said Kane suddenly.

III.

Three years later he saw his wife again. They met in an elevated train, going north after the day's work was over.

He was shocked at the woman's appearance. Jerrold could not have been as kind a companion as she had expected, to judge from the sadness of her expression. There was a haunted look upon her face.

They looked up and saw each other across the aisle. He got off at the next station, but, when he reached the platform, she had followed him.

"I want to tell you, Dick, that I—I am sorry," she said in a low voice.

At the remembered tone he felt the old longing sweep over him; he longed to take her in his arms, but he only bowed and stood aside.

"I want to give you my address in case—" she began.

"Thank you, but I can find Mr. Jerrold any time I wish," he replied. And she shrank from him, crimson with mortification.

She had handed him the pasteboard, and automatically he had extended his hand. The letters burned themselves into his brain like fire. He knew he could never forget that place. All the way home he saw 313 Mortimer street graven against the heavens.

So she was tiring of the new love! He wondered whether she had heard—had heard that he, with the price of her shame, was now well established in Wall street. He had put the thirty thousand into a broker's business; with his knowledge acquired in Jerrold's office, he had soon become wealthy. But she could not know that the one purpose for which he lived was nearing accomplishment.

Step by step he had dogged Jerrold. He had pursued him remorselessly, had hammered his stocks, had learned the secrets of his private speculations and made good use of them. The month of wild speculation that had just ended had been a hard one for Jerrold. It had left the little clerk a millionaire.

IV.

Jerrold sat in his office, utterly broken. Everything had gone up in smoke, and at last he knew the name of the man who had ruined him.

He had learned too late. His own place of power had fallen to the clerk. He had lost seven million dollars, and Kane must have made three times that sum. A sense of irony was stronger than his rage.

"A gent, sir, wants to see you—" "I'll see nobody."

"I think you'll see me, Mr. Jerrold," said Kane, who had followed hard on the heels of the office boy. "It's five years since you saw me before," he added, quietly.

Jerrold sprang up with a snarl. But the clerk did not flinch; he seemed transformed, and it was he who possessed the ease, the confidence.

"Yes, I have your money, Jerrold," he said. "In this life, Jerrold, the riches and the women go to the strong. You blackguard," he burst out fiercely. "I've brought you your seven millions, your dirty millions. Now take them to your wife and tell her that's her first husband's wedding present to her second."

And he flung a check upon the other man's desk.

Jerrold stared at it, stared at the man who had bested him, who was already going. Suddenly he felt himself choking; he realized that the tragedy had eaten into Kane's soul, had branded it indelibly with shame.

"Kane!" he muttered huskily. "See here! Didn't you know?" "Know what?" cried Kane.

"Why—that she didn't marry me! I haven't seen her since that day. She went West and—thought better of it, Kane. Lord, to think you didn't know! The money—" "Damn the money!" yelled Kane, rushing from the office.

And in the heavens, dancing in lurid red on their blue background, he saw the number of the house on Mortimer street.

Anthrax a Malignant Disease.

Anthrax is a disease propagated by a spore which lives in the soil, and it is almost always contracted first by domestic animals. It is most fatal to sheep, but it also causes a regular annual mortality among cattle and horses.

The anthrax spores may live in the soil for as much as twenty years, so that they are very difficult to eradicate. About the only successful method of disinfecting a region where anthrax has gained a hold is to flood the land. The spores will float away and may be disposed of by this method, provided the drainage ultimately reaches a large river and is carried to the sea; for they remain active a long time, and if allowed to settle and dry will become actively infectious again.

Artificial Sausage Skins.

A German butcher has recently patented in this country a process for making artificial sausage skins from fibers of animal sinews. According to the inventor these fibers, which may be purchased very cheaply from abattoirs, may be cleaned more thoroughly than the intestinal skin. The sinews are digestible, and it will do no harm if pieces of the skin are swallowed.

Comforting Topsy.

My four-year-old brother is fond of Topsy, the horse, and is always at hand when she is put in the barn. Lately he saw the hired man slap her lightly with a small flat board and told mother of it. He declared it hurt Topsy, and when mother asked him what he said to the man for slapping the horse, he replied: "I didn't say anything, but I winked at Topsy."—Exchange.

Cameras in Military History.

The Crimean war saw the camera first used as a recorder of military history. The device was but 18 years old at that time.

# The Hague in War Time

THE first thing I did when I arrived at The Hague was to jump into a low-decked cab to see if the Peace palace was still there, writes Karl K. Kitchen. I found it was, and looking quite new and clean, despite the fact that it is unattended. I'll confess I wasn't much impressed with the huge pile of brick and stone built by my fellow townsman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and I'm sure I caught my cabbie laughing at me because I asked so many questions about it. However, the caretakers were positively enthusiastic about the building, and after I had paid a fifty-cent fee two of them assured me that it would be used for its intended purpose.

As I was in a hurry to reach the Hotel des Indes, I gave its empty marble corridors and yawning council chambers the "once over" and returned to my cab.

"Sehr nett, nicht wahr?" said the cabbie, who thought I was a German. I was tempted to say "nit," but I restrained myself with an effort.

Few people I met abroad spoke of the Peace palace seriously, and in The Hague the mere mention of Andrew Carnegie's name invariably provoked smiles or laughter. For Holland is in a position to know that peace in Europe is a remote possibility. And her own position, geographically and every other way, is a very difficult one.

What The Hague Is Like.

The Hague is one of the smallest and least distinguished capitals in Europe. It is really only a suburb of Rotterdam, for it is but twenty-five minutes' ride by electric train. It has a population of about 300,000. Its most imposing pile is the unused Peace palace. The Royal palace looks more like a barracks than a queen's residence.

However, The Hague gives one the impression of being quite an impor-

tant little place, especially in the early hours of the evening. Then the narrow little streets in the heart of the city are thronged with people and the hotels and coffee houses are filled to overflowing. Of course, there are plenty of uniforms in evidence, but what is even more noticeable is the large number of Germans, Belgians, Austrians and English who are on every side. Like all neutral capitals on the continent, The Hague is a clearing house for spies. All the Germans, Belgians, Austrians and English one sees are not spies, but many of them are. They do not keep to themselves, as one might expect, but chat with each other across the tables in the coffee houses and bars.

German, Belgian and English newspapers are sold in the streets, and in large numbers, for the reason that there is nothing in the Dutch papers but rumors. Two Belgian papers, l'Echo Belge and La Belgique, are published in Holland, but the Berlin and London papers, especially the Berliner Tageblatt and the London Times, have the call because a larger proportion of the population reads and speaks either English or German.

The Hotel des Indes, which is the best hotel in Holland, is the mecca of the members of the diplomatic corps. Its prices have advanced slightly since the war owing to the increased de-

mand for accommodations. In general, however, restaurant prices are the same as they were two years ago, and one can have a Dutch treat for very little money.

A French opera company is playing at the leading theater—giving performances of "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "The Jewels of the Madonna" to good houses. In addition, there is a play house devoted to musical comedy where "The Marriage Market" is the bill, and a variety theater where a fairly good revue is being forth I dropped in to see a portion of the revue. It was played in Dutch, but there was enough German in it for me to catch a few of the jokes, which were about the war.

After the theater I went to the Cafe Central, which is the principal rendezvous for the well-to-do Hollanders, wealthy refugees and international spies. If one is fond of gin and biters—the national drink of Holland—the Cafe Central is not half bad. But I was particularly bitter against the English because the ships of his line had been held up for weeks, with the result that the annual dividends were cut in half.

"Our sailings are regulated by the British admiralty," he said. "Of course they can wipe us out if they choose to do so and we can't do anything. Literally, we are between the devil and the deep blue sea. And I tell you we'll all be glad when the crazy nations stop killing each other."

"Which side will be victorious?" he repeated. "Well, you can bet on it that peace won't be made here in The Hague. Peace will be dictated either in Berlin or London. You can take



IN THE MARKET PLACE.

your pick. Personally, I pick Berlin, for I don't believe the entire world could crush Germany, let alone the allies, as they are lined up today."

It is interesting to know that conscription is in force in Holland today. Before the war the young men of each district drew lots to determine who should serve and who shouldn't. Today every youth must serve in the army unless physically unfit. Nevertheless, the people of Holland are very well satisfied with their present form of government. The queen is very popular, and is frequently seen walking about The Hague attended by a single companion. The Socialists make a little noise from time to time, but they are in the decided minority. Little by little the country is regaining its former prosperity, and a big boom is expected after the war. No one was able to give me any real reason for their optimism, but the fact remains that they are optimistic.

Two Found.

Visitor—"I suppose you have taken a great deal of pride in your farm." Farmer—"Yes; I was as proud as man can be when I bought this farm. I don't expect to be that proud but once more in my whole life." Visitor—"When will that be?" Farmer—"When I succeed in selling it."

"Painless" Dentists.

Of course you recall the day when your first "baby tooth" was discovered to be loose and mother offered to pull it out with a string. No, indeed, this was no mollycoddle job. No one except a dentist, with forceps and gas, should remove that tooth. And so, leaving mother at home where she belonged, you and father went to the dentist. And the dentist, who was just leaving his office, met you in the hall, and seizing your chin, opened your mouth. When you indicated the loose tooth he took his thumb and gave a little push. And you spat the tooth out on the floor and bawled with rage and humiliation. No gas, no forceps, didn't even put you in the chair. No wonder you feel like smashing every window you see bearing the letters "D. D. S."—Kansas City Star.

Child Problem.

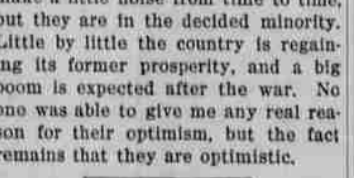
No mother, through the passing of the ages, has been able to discover why bad manners are so catching and so fairly permanent when caught, while you may leave your sweet-spoken, grammatical child with a

USE FOR POCKET FLASHLIGHT

May Be Made to Serve the Purpose of the X-Ray When Minor Operation Is in Question.

James M. Kane of Doylestown, Pa., sends to Popular Mechanics Magazine an account of how a splinter may be found under the finger nail. To remove a splinter in that position is usually a matter of guesswork, for it cannot be seen unless it is exposed.

Putting the finger over a pocket flashlight in a dark room makes the



splinter show up as if it were under the X-rays. Many surgeons use the flashlights now for illuminating the throat, pharynx and mouth.

Want Kisses Sterilized.

The New York health board is out for the sterilized kiss. "You've got to stop kissing while the present gripe epidemic is on," says the director of the bureau of public health education. "The deadly gripe bacilli love nothing better than to spring from the depths of a lover's throat, speed across the bridge made by a kiss and jump with clinking tentacles down the throat at the other end of the kiss. If you kiss when you have gripe you are almost certain to transmit the malady with your affection." Gripe or no gripe, Broadway celebrated the New Year with promiscuous kissing. Five minutes before midnight every glimmer in the restaurants were put out, and the order was "let kissing be unconfined." And it was.

Just So.

"Your work must be rather annoying." "Why so?" asked the man who published a city directory. "No sooner do you get an issue completed than somebody in town goes and moves."

Gentle Hint.

Tom—I kissed her just as I was leaving. Dick—What did she say? Tom—Better late than never.

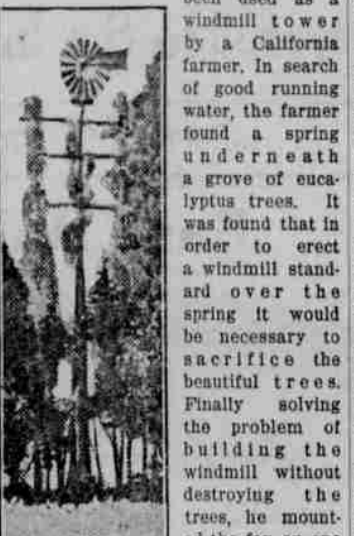
The Penalty.

"The Harvard students say it is of feminine to wear a watch on the wrist." "Do they? Somebody ought to slap them on it."

## MADE TREE SERVE AS TOWER

California Farmer Solved Windmill Problem in a Peculiar but Satisfactory Fashion.

A growing eucalyptus, partially cleared of leaves and branches, has been used as a windmill tower by a California farmer. In search of good running water, the farmer found a spring underneath a grove of eucalyptus trees. It was found that in order to erect a windmill stand over the spring it would be necessary to sacrifice the beautiful trees. Finally solving the problem of building the windmill without destroying the trees, he mounted the fan on one of the central trees. Clearing away much of the foliage on the nearest trees, he ran braces to the windmill and secured a machine which has given him entire satisfaction.—Popular Science Monthly.



ONCE A GREAT STRONGHOLD

Kaminiets Polish Fortress That Protected Europe Against the Barbarians of Asia.

Kaminiets Podolak, the city upon which the latest large-scale Russian offensive was based, that against the Austro-German lines in eastern Galicia and Bukovina, was at one time the greatest fortress in the kingdom of Poland, the stronghold that held back the wild hordes of Asia through many years of battle, says a war geography statement given out by the National Geographic society. The Tartars struck time after time against its high, rocky bluff in vain, and many skirmishing parties of Poles and Russians left the fortress to carry terror into the steppe around the southern Dnieper.

The town lies but a few miles from the Austrian frontier, and is built over a peninsula formed by the Smotritsch river, an affluent of the Dnieper. Odessa is 235 miles in the southeast, and Kief about an equal distance in the northeast. Kaminiets is the seat of administration of the Podolian government, and since the war, it has become important as one of the larger supply depots just back of the Russian front. It is divided into two parts, one, the old town, spreading over the hills, while the other nestles around the base. Across the river, the ancient castle still frowns defiance upon the country, though its war-worn walls could offer but little resistance before the power of modern guns.

"But, the cruel leader of one of the waves of Mongol buccaneering against Europe, laid Kaminiets waste in 1240. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, storm after storm of Tartar, Turk and Moldavian invasion broke upon its walls, and the principal industry of the people of this outpost became that of fighting and weapon forging. The adventuresome from all parts of Europe found their way into garrison there, and took part in the great drama in which the East was finally turned back upon itself. The city passed to Russia in 1795."

## GOOD RULES FOR MARKETING

Every Farmer Growing Small Grains Should Have Fanning Mill—Refuse Good for Stock.

Prices of all farm products are now very remunerative. Grain of all kinds is not as high as formerly, yet prices are fairly profitable; there is a good foreign and home market for wheat, corn and oats, with a prospect of further advance in price before the new crop can be harvested. Every farmer growing wheat and corn for market should have a good fanning mill. Wheat as it comes from the thresher usually has considerable cockle, garlic and other weed seeds and also many small and shriveled grains of wheat. This refuse when ground makes excellent feed for stock, but is not fit for market. Run your wheat through the fan once or twice and aim to get the best price; it will pay handsomely. Shelled corn needs cleaning before being shipped. Hay and fodder are high.

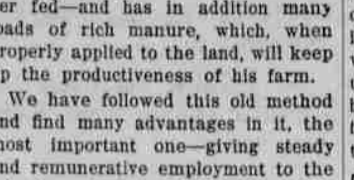
There has been a great rush of half-fed cattle, sheep and hogs to market. Those who have the feed and can hold on to animals intended for slaughter will no doubt get well paid. While the feeding of cattle in the eastern states is not as profitable as in the West, yet taking one year with another, the careful farmer can get very fair prices for the corn and fodder fed—and has in addition many loads of rich manure, which, when properly applied to the land, will keep up the productiveness of his farm.

We have followed this old method and find many advantages in it, the most important one—giving steady and remunerative employment to the help throughout the year, says a writer in Baltimore American. If you have reliable help, pay them well and hold on to them. Each farmer must exercise his own judgment when to sell. As a rule it is best to sell when a fair price can be had.

PROTECT ALL USEFUL BIRDS

Arkansas Kingbird Lives in Open Country, Avoiding Forests—Eats Many Injurious Insects.

The Arkansas kingbird occupies during the breeding season the western portion of the United States from the Pacific ocean eastward as far as Minnesota, Kansas, and Texas, though stragglers have been taken at points much farther east. In winter it retires southward entirely beyond the boundaries of the United States. It is a bird of the open country and avoids forests. A hilly country with frequent trees for nesting appears to be the most satisfactory location. It is said that it takes kindly to civilization and will live in the vicinity of gardens. For the investigation of the food of this bird, 109 stomachs were available. The food was found to con-



The Arkansas Kingbird.

sist of 90.61 per cent of animal matter to 9.39 per cent of vegetable. The harmful insects eaten far outweigh the useful beetles, and the bird should receive the fullest protection wherever found.

FINISH HOGS WITHOUT CORN

Oregon Farmer Used Sorghum and Kafir for Summer Pasture—Pigs Clean Up Wheat Fields.

Hogs can be raised and finished without corn. What corn is doing for the hog in the middle West, wheat and barley and kafir corn are doing in the Northwest.

A farmer in Oregon used sorghum and kafir for summer pasture and fed the matured kafir for fattening. In three tests, he claimed that 100 bushels of kafir seed equalled 83, 84 and 90 bushels of maize, respectively.

By combining tankage with barley, another feeder put good and economical gains on to his hogs.

In the wheat-growing districts it is getting to be the practice to let the pigs clean up fields of poor wheat and eat the leavings from threshing machines. In poor wheat years, it has been found more profitable to let the hogs harvest the grain than to harvest it by machinery and feed it to the porkers afterwards.

Only a short time ago an eastern Oregon farmer topped the market with two carloads of hogs fattened on the waste of a 700-acre field of wheat stubble.

Use Standard Package.

For packing small fruit only standard quarts, pints, half-pints or multiples of a quart should be used, packing them in slatted crates or boxes. Strawberries and blackberries are usually packed in quart baskets and raspberries in pints as the former are firm enough to stand the greater bulk, the latter because of their hollow center, mash more easily under pressure.

Gypsy Moth Larvae.

The maximum known distance that first-stage larvae of the gypsy moth have been carried by the wind is 13 1/2 miles. It is probable, however, that there are unrecorded instances in which this record has been exceeded.

Heated Horse Chills Quickly.

A heated horse will chill quickly if stopped in a cold wind. In the few minutes of the chill the mischief is done, and you have an unsound or a dead horse. It is costly in either case.

## TIME TO BREED SWINE

Litter Obtained Later Than August Seldom Is Profitable.

Blood Sow Should Be Fed Liberally Until Time for Parturition Approaches—Wean the Pigs at About Eight Weeks.

The best months for breeding swine are April, July or August. A litter of pigs obtained later than August has much to contend with and seldom proves profitable. It is not a good policy, however, to throw anything away. If you should at any time have a late litter leave them with the sow, stimulating food and you can by so doing have good pork, with which to meet the market when that article is at overabundance and high prices, consequently profitable.

The period of gestation in the sow varies. The most usual period during which she carries her young is four lunar months, or 16 weeks, or about 113 days.

The run of litters, as to numbers, is from eight to 12 pigs, though they sometimes exceed the maximum number named. The sow, however, cannot give nourishment to more pigs than she has teats; and as the number of teats is 12, when a thirteen pig litter is one of the 13 does not fare very well, as he or she has to wait until someone of the more fortunate brothers or sisters shall have had their fill. The sufferer under such conditions is, of course, the smallest and

weakest. A too numerous litter is generally undersized and weakly and seldom or never profitable. A litter not exceeding ten will usually be found to turn out most advantageously.

So long as the sow in carrying her young feeds her abundantly, and increases the quantity until parturition approaches within a week or so, when it is well to diminish both the quantity and the quality, lest the acquisition of fat should be productive of danger; but while she is giving suck the sow cannot be fed too well. The pigs may be weaned at eight weeks, frequently, abundantly and sufficiently—not more—on moist, nutritious foods, and particular attention should be paid to their lodgment. A warm, dry comfortable bed is of fully as much consequence as feeding, if not even more.

FACTORS IN PRODUCING MILK

Not Entirely Dependent on Amount of Feed Consumed—Dairyman Should Grow Some Clover.

Every dairyman should grow as large acreage of clover as possible, both for feeding and as a means of improving the crop-producing resources of his soil.

Too frequently dairymen have the idea in mind that milk production is directly dependent upon the feed consumed and the more feed that can be got into the cows, the more milk there will be produced. This is not altogether the correct view of the proposition. There are other factors involved in maximum milk production, other than feeding a properly balanced ration, that must be taken into account. Large consumption of feed does not necessarily result in a heavy milk production. Every dairy cow has inherited tendencies. These tendencies must be developed and encouraged by proper handling and feeding.

Very frequently good cows are injured from overfeeding, the caretaker believing that in order to increase the milk flow, more feed must be got into the animals. There is a limit to every good dairy cow's profitable consumption, and when this limit has been reached every precaution should be taken to preserve the health of the individual and also to maintain her at a high level of production.

ADVANTAGES OF LIVE STOCK

Farmer Has No Fear of Dry or Wet Seasons—Animals Will Thrive on Thick Fall Grasses.

Be the season wet or be the season dry, the live-stock farmer has the better of the break, in the opinion of S. A. Baird, president of the Wisconsin Live Stock Breeders' association.

In dry years, he says, their crops do not suffer so much because their soil is better able to hold its moisture. In the very wet years, when crops are damaged by frequent rains, he can feed them at less than would come from selling them at the elevator market and can add to his bank account by grazing off the rich, thick crop of fall grass that comes.

Pruning Helps.

Don't expect to do in one year what has been neglected for ten. Don't let a tree be lopsided. Don't fail to cut the under side of large branches first. Don't climb the trees. Use a ladder. Don't fail to cut the highest branches.