South Wales' Coal Wealth.

The South Wales coal field, covering approximately 1,000 square miles, is the largest in the British isles, and supplies more coal for export than any other British coal field.

Mark of Breeding.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

Smoking in Church.

Smoking is common in South American churches. A visitor to Peru records that at a church in Lima he noticed one of the congregation enjoying a cigar during service and the bishop indulging in the same luxury.

Stationary.

Some fellows can't "come back" because they have never been anywhere. —Boston Transcript.

THE BOX WITH THE RED LABEL

By BELLWOOD C. HAWKINS

WRIGGLING forward on his stomach through the prickly pear thicket, his beady, snake-like eyes gleaming evilly in the starlight, Pedro Sanchez, greaser and desert-rat, glided noiselessly up to the edge of the water hole.

Beyond the still, black pool a camp-fire glowed, while over it squatted the old German prospector. And inside the little tent, full in the glare of the fire, was that fascinating black box with the flaring red label.

It was to gain possession of the box that Pedro had come to the water-hole. That it contained treasure he never for a moment doubted. From the summit of the ridge that overlooked Lizard gulch at the base of the distant Spy Glass range, he had watched the old prospector as he toiled with pick and shovel in the canyon's bed. Ever with him, as he worked, had gone that little box. At night, securely tied in a barley sack, it hung suspended from the ridgepole of his tent, while its owner slept across the opening.

The desert-rat would have had the box long ago if his puny courage had not failed him each time at the crucial moment. Sneak-thievery in all its branches was an open book to him, but so far, in his checkered career, he had managed to steer clear of murder. And murder he would have to commit before he could hope to secure the treasure box, for the old prospector slept with his hand on his gun and one eye open.

His supper finished, according to his invariable custom, the greaser's quarry placed the coveted box in the barley sack, suspended it by a light rope from the ridgepole, wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down across the tent opening. Soon the sounds of his heavy breathing reached the watcher in the pear thicket.

It was now or never! With trembling fingers Pedro pulled a half-filled flask of brandy from his hip pocket and drained it at a draught. As the liquid fire of the stimulant coursed through his veins, the desert-rat's courage revived until he was able to work himself up to the state of frenzy required to accomplish his dread design.

His yellow fangs showed in an animal snarl as he drew an ugly looking knife from his belt and crept up on his unsuspecting man. A sudden vicious plunge, a choking gasp from the sleeper, a brief, half-hearted, struggle and the old German lay still.

A few minutes later, Pedro had carried the box, still inclosed in the sack, to the spot where he had left his little buckskin pony in the shelter of the pear thicket. Tying the sack to his saddle horn, he mounted the pony and set out at a brisk gallop across the desert, star guided, in the direction of the Little Mojave water hole. He hoped to reach there before morning, water his pony, refill his canteen and hide for a day in a nearby washout. The following night he would be able to reach the Panivah water hole, or with good luck, the town of Panivah, itself. Once there, among the hundreds of Mexican railroad laborers, he would be safe.

As the effect of the stimulant wore off and the deadly reaction set in, the murderer began to develop a set of nerves. Every mesquite bush and cactus stump became endowed with life to rise up and point an accusing finger. He tried to whistle to regain his composure, but through his fright-stiffened, leathery lips, no sound would come. Even the little buckskin seemed to realize that something was wrong with his master, for he tossed his head impatiently from side to side and shied nervously as little desert creatures, aroused from their midnight lethargy, scuttled across his path.

One thing alone served to soothe him. He had the box with the red label! Of that at least he was sure, for it lay snugly tied to his saddle horn. At the little Mojave water hole he would take time to examine its contents. . . . How much gold would it contain? It had been heavy for so small a package. It might hold, perhaps, as much as ten pounds! Two thousand dollars! More than he could earn in two years of blood-letting toil on the railroad. Enough for a dozen grub-stakes. Ah, it was worth the risk after all!

Though the night was cold, a tormenting thirst began to trouble the greaser. Several times he drank deeply of his canteen, but the relief was only temporary. Long before daylight his meager supply of water was exhausted.

His interest in the contents of the mysterious box diminished as his thirst increased. By the time he reached the dry washout that he knew would lead him down to the little Mojave water hole, he had but one idea—to reach that water hole and drink.

The first glow of coming dawn was just visible on the horizon as he reached a little patch of mesquite and cactus that represented the last shelter before reaching the water hole. Dropping the reins over his pony's head, he walked softly forward alone, crouching close to the ground.

As he came suddenly around a bend in the washout, a savage, half-stifled oath escaped him, for there, a pistol shot ahead, dimly limned against the gray sky-line, were two horsemen, tense, alert, like sentinels posted to watch for someone—for him, perhaps!

Even his consuming thirst was not sufficient to prod him forward in the face of this unexpected peril. No doubt the murder had already been discovered and these men were on his track! He stumbled back to the thin shelter of the mesquite and cacti, tied his pony firmly to a projecting root, stretched out full length on the sand and lapsed into a sort of stupor.

The desert sun came up and shed its pitiless, scorching rays on the recumbent man; a hot wind filled his mouth, eyes and ears with acrid, choking alkali dust, while innumerable buzzing, stinging flies added to his torment.

At regular intervals through the day, he would arouse himself and creep painfully down toward the water hole, but these two men seemed to have established a permanent camp, for their tent was pitched in the shade of a friendly cottonwood, while their horses were tethered to a limb of a nearby willow tree. Sadly though he needed it, Pedro dared not go after water, so after each disappointment he would return doggedly to his retreat. Not once in that whole miserable day did he bestow more than a passing thought on the box with the red label.

It was near sundown when the two strange men packed up and left the water hole. With stolid patience, Sanchez watched them until they had passed out of sight in the vibrating heat waves. He had just enough strength left to crawl down the bank to the life-restoring liquid. When several deep draughts of the tepid, stagnant water, had restored both strength and reason, Pedro once more thought of the box to procure which he had stained his hands with human blood.

He must have a look at that box! With eager steps he returned to his recent hiding place. He did not even stop to water his patient, long-suffering pony, but tore wildly at the enveloping sack, removed the box and set it on the sand. The red label flaunted in his very face, but Pedro could not read. This worried him not at all, for it was not information, but the contents of the box that he was after.

It proved to be unlocked. A simple catch secured the top and a moment sufficed to throw it back. But underneath was a second cover of fine-woven wire netting with a narrow opening in the center, like the lid of a fish basket. Into this opening, the greaser thrust his arm almost to the elbow. Then, suddenly, the look of satisfaction on his sinister face changed to one of intense horror. A loud yell of mortal agony broke from his lips and he recoiled from the box as from a thing accursed.

There is a well established legend among the human denizens of the desert that when a Gila Monster bites its victim its jaws will remain clamped to the flesh after life is extinct. When Jim Medford, a prospector from Panivah, stumbled onto Pedro's dead body, he found a case in point, for to the greaser's left hand there still clung the severed head of one of those hideous reptiles, which the desert-rat had cut from the body in a last desperate attempt to free himself. Medford shook his head gravely as he perused the red label on the fatal box:

"Poisonous reptiles for Banks' circus. Handle with care!"

English Writer Talks of "March of Progress"

"'Nothing in this modern life of ours,' said Mr. Hammond, 'is more significant than the attitude of the good and respectable towards Sunday evening. Places like this night club are the signs of the change that has taken place in the life of the English family. Twenty years ago a man of my decent stodginess and unblemished reputation would never have dreamed of moving out of his home on Sunday night.

"'Twenty years ago I would have spent the concluding hours of the Sabbath surrounded by my loved ones beneath my own roof-tree. There would have been supper, consisting of rather red cold beef, rather wet salad, cold clammy apple pie, blancmange, and a very big, very yellow cheese. This would have been followed by hymns in the drawing-room—or possibly, if our views were a little lax, by some round-game played with pencils and pieces of paper. The fact that I am here, and strongly tempted to drop a sardine on the head of that bald gentleman down below, is due to what they call the march of progress.'"—From "Bill the Conqueror," by P. G. Wodehouse.

Odorless Skunks Raised

Near Dartmoor in England a successful experiment in breeding and raising odorless skunks has been carried on with some success. Capt. D. Pigot and C. Johnstone are in charge of the farm with the object of producing fine furs, free from odor. The secret is a surgical operation on the baby skunks, for the removal of the scent glands, which are two in number.

"Bottled Sunshine"

London has a municipal clinic where anemic and malnourished children are given "bottled sunshine" treatments by means of ultraviolet rays, and one of the doctors recommends that all school children should have the benefit of such treatments two or three times a week.—Science Service.

POULTRY

MOTHER HEN DOES BEST WHEN COOPED

It is not good poultry management to allow the mother hen to range unrestricted with her chicks. With such freedom the hen frequently takes her brood through wet grass and, as a result, some are chilled and die, especially the weaker ones which are likely to be left behind. The loss of young chicks which follows such a practice is large and mainly preventable. Furthermore, the food which a brood allowed to range with the hen obtains goes very largely to keep up the heat of the body and the chicks do not make as good growth as they otherwise would.

Chick losses of this nature can be largely prevented by shutting the hen in a coop. Any style of coop which is dry, ventilated, and can be closed at night to protect the brood against cats, rats and other animals, and which, while confining the hen, will allow the chicks to pass in and out freely after they are a few days old, will be satisfactory. The hen should be confined until the chicks are weaned, though a small yard may be attached to the coop, if desired, to allow the hen to exercise. The fence can be raised from the ground far enough to allow the chicks to go in or out, but not high enough for the hen to escape. By using the coop the chicks can find shelter and warmth under the hen at any time and the weaklings, after a few days, may develop into strong, healthy chicks.

When chicks are raised with hens, they are likely to become infested with lice. If the lice get very numerous, they greatly retard the chicks' growth and may even cause their death. The hen should be powdered thoroughly with some good insect powder before she is put in the coop with the chicks, and at intervals of several days or a week thereafter. The baby chicks should be examined for lice, particularly on the head, under the wings and about the vent. If any are found, a little grease, such as lard, should be rubbed in those places. Apply grease moderately, as too much will injure the chicks. The chicks should be examined frequently and the treatment repeated if lice are found on them.

Young Chicks Need More of Mineral Constituents

Young chicks need more of the mineral constituents found in wheat bran than do mature fowls, and the mashes fed them are accordingly, usually made to contain more of it. With this change and due regard to the size of the particles of food that baby chicks can eat, there need be little or no difference between a growing chick mash and one fed to laying hens. The chick mash recommended by the New Jersey experiment station consists of three parts of wheat bran to one each of sifted ground oats, cornmeal, flour wheat middlings and finely ground meat scrap. With one part of bran, instead of three, and no necessity for sifting the ground oats or finely grinding the meat scrap, this would make as good a laying mash as could be compounded. The above would make a very good mash to be fed with equal parts of cracked corn and wheat. After four to six weeks chicks will eat coarser cracked corn and whole wheat and do not need to have the hulls sifted from ground oats. An excess of meat scrap or of green food might cause some looseness of the bowels. Whatever the cause, it should be corrected; added amount of wheat middlings would not avail.

Green Feeds for Fowls During the Entire Year

Fowls need green feed of some kind all the year round. It should be supplied to hens confined in small yards and to all hens during the winter when no natural green feed is available in the yards. Free range or large yards will furnish ideal conditions for green feed, and this factor is one of the most important in raising poultry profitably on farms where the birds are supplied from cheap, natural sources.

Where smaller yards have to be used, they should be divided into two parts and used alternately, planting the vacant section two or three times yearly with quick-growing green crops of rape, oats, wheat, rye, or barley. This furnishes green feed and also helps to keep the yards sweet, clean and sanitary, which is perhaps the most important consideration in making poultry pay.

Good kinds of green feeds are sprouted oats, alfalfa, meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages, and mangel beets. In ordinary cellars cabbages do not keep so well as mangel beets, so they should be used up first.

Why Little Chicks Die

Chicks die in the shell because of lack of vigor in the breeding stock, lack of moisture, overheating or chilling of the eggs and other causes which are hard to explain. It is a fact that most poultrymen find the eggs running close to 90 per cent in fertility, and even then have to be satisfied with 50 per cent hatches on the average for the season. A lot of chicks seem to die in the shell during artificial incubation in spite of the best of management.

Of French Origin.

The term "tailor" comes from the French tailler, to cut. At one time the tailor, or cissor, made clothes of all descriptions, including underwear and the padding and lining of armour; hence the name "Taylors and Linen Armorers" which figures in the early charters granted to the Merchant Taylors' Company of the City of London.

Terms Carries Stigma.

Cashier, which, by the way, is not an official term in the United States, is commonly construed among military men as having a more disgraceful significance than dismissal, although there is no analogy or precedent in the use of the word by leading English authors to support this construction.

Time to "Take Stock."

Many a man who boasts that he is self-made wonders why his fellows do not share his admiration of his creation. Such a man should go farther and give serious thought to his achievement. Introspection might reduce his conceit.—Grit.

Flowers' Preferences.

There seems to be something about certain persons that violets really dislike, and not only will they withhold their perfume but they will droop as well. Much the same kind of thing has been observed in the more delicate sorts of roses.

German Boy Wonder.

Johann Baratier, who died in 1740, at the age of nineteen, is one of the world's most striking instances of precociousness. He read and wrote German and French at four, Latin at five, Greek and Hebrew at seven.

Dogs in Glass Cages.

At the Kennel's club show at Alexandra palace, London, this fall, some dogs were wrapped in rugs and others kept in glass cages.

Famous Portrait.

The portrait of Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci in the early part of the Sixteenth century. It is probably the most celebrated portait in the world. The subject was the wife of a Florentine, Francesco del Giconda.

Wise Youth.

While the worry may kill some people, the office boy observes that most folks who need killing seem to do very little worrying.

Heavy Tax on Tea.

In 1660 an act of the English parliament imposed a duty the equivalent of 35 cents per gallon on all tea made for sale.

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

Use Mirror to Teach.

By the aid of a polished brass mirror which catches the sun's rays and generates steam to run toys, pupils of schools in Germany are taught the principles of heat, energy and engines.

She's Right.

No man ever got married without some one calling him a fool. Yes, and nine cases out of ten it's his wife who does it. Yes, and in nine cases out of ten she's right.

Bacillus Tiny, but Prolific.

A bacillus is less than one five thousandths of an inch long, but it multiplies under normal conditions, at a terrific rate and duplicates itself every 20 minutes. In one day it could have a progeny that if you can read the numeral, would be 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.