

"And then the whining school-boy,  
with his satchel  
And shining face, creeping like snail  
Unwilling to school."  
—Shakespeare.

—Denver Sun.

## The Factory Foreman

It was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day, the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerald Blake, the foreman, sat behind the desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, beady-black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by



"A FEEL FOR WHAT?"

one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety-blue eyes, and a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mlle. Annette," said Mr. Blake, "and how do you like factory life?"

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but four dollars," she said. "It was to be eight dollars by the contract."

"Humph!" he grunted; "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee—"

"A fee! For what?" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"For getting you the situation, mademoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way. "Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks

naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duvette.

"Oh—well—all right. Because you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I don't pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a percentage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?"

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake. "He hasn't much to do with it. I am master at the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and—responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you've any more questions to ask—"

"I have none," said Annette, quietly.

"But—I want this money myself. I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. How can I afford, and how can the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him.

"I will not pay it," calmly concluded Mlle. Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good-evening, Mademoiselle Whatever-you-may-call-yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Annette Duvette's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Annette as she came out with the four dollars which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

"You've lost your place, ma'mselle," whispered Jenny Purton, a pale, dark-eyed little thing who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her meager earnings.

"And he'll never let you in again," added Mary Rice. "He's as vindictive as possible!"

"It matters not," said Annette. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jenny. "Look here, ma'mselle, come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll make you welcome till—till you can write to your friends."

Annette turned and impulsively kissed Jenny on her lips.

"I thank you," she said, "but I do not need your kindness. My friends are nearer than you think."

And Annette Duvette went back to the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of the woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the

man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to eat his supper.

"One-sixth I have to pay him," said Simon, with an involuntary groan, as he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, miss, he's a villain; but the world is full of such. And I find it a pretty hard world to get on with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives abroad; in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now," said Annette. "I intend to write to him."

"'Twon't do no good, miss."

"Yes, it will," said Annette, quietly.

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a plink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the Dapplevale works wore their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly brightened engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Ma'mselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant; "cause they say the master's kind-hearted in the main, and she might have spoken up for herself."

Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, and mustache newly dyed, stood smiling in the broad doorway as the carriage drove up to the entrance, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome, blonde-haired man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored traveling suit, to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said, with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books, Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively.

"My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dismissed."

"But, sir—"

"Not another word," cried Mr. Elderslie, with a lowering brow, and Gerald Blake crept away, with an uncomfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elderslie turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love," said he. "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Burton and the working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale Calico Works.—Waverley Magazine.

**Proposed in Record Time.**

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

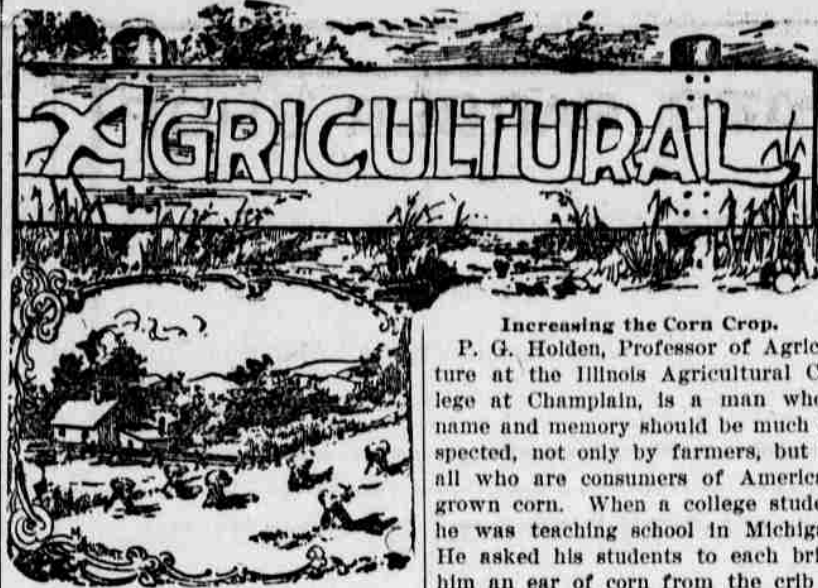
"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girls' eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."—Tit-Bits.

If we were a railroad conductor we would like to haul the pay car around and meet happy people all the time. They are always happy for a few minutes after they draw their pay.

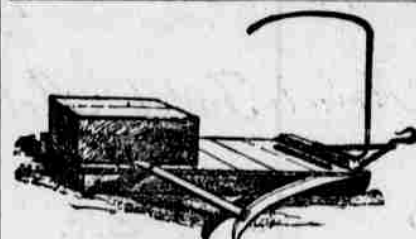


### Increasing the Corn Crop.

P. G. Holden, Professor of Agriculture at the Illinois Agricultural College at Champaign, is a man whose name and memory should be much respected, not only by farmers, but by all who are consumers of American-grown corn. When a college student he was teaching school in Michigan. He asked his students to each bring him an ear of corn from the crib at home. They did so, and he showed them the different grades, from very good to very poor. Then he asked each one to plant three seeds from the best ear in a box, and water it. The result was an excellent crop of large, well-filled ears. The parents became interested, and soon began to plant only the best corn for seed, much to the advantage of their crop. After he went to Illinois, he began to talk the benefits of selected corn for seed to the farmers, and soon not only were most of them converted to his ideas, but the farmers of Iowa and Missouri were looking for better seed. Later on he became director of a farm near Bloomington, where they usually planted twenty thousand acres of corn, with an average yield up to that time of forty to fifty bushels per acre. The first year he increased the yield by ten thousand bushels above the best previous season. On some acres he brought the products up to seventy bushels per acre. This year he had a special train from which to talk about corn to the farmers of Iowa, and if we have this year the largest crop of corn ever grown in the United States, Professor Holden is entitled to the credit of having added millions of those bushels to the crop by his advocacy of the doctrine of using only the best seed.

### Home-Made Corn Cutter.

This idea of a corn cutter comes from Australia where the machine is used in harvesting sugar cane and sorghum, as well as corn. The implement has been tried by a number of farmers in this country and pronounced a success. It is made by bolting the blade of a strong heavy scythe to a sledge or sled, as shown in the illustration. A rod of wrought iron about one inch in diameter is



HOME-MADE CORN CUTTER.

bent to former fowler, as shown. One of these machines is expected to cut about 2½ acres per day. After cutting, the crop is less easily handled than when cut by hand, but the total saving in labor is considerable.

### Wire Chicken-Catcher.

A chicken-catcher is made from many farms which can be made from No. 8 wire. Five feet of wire will be long enough. Bend a loop at one end for a handle, with a shepherd's crook at the other end, bending the crook small enough, of course, to hook around the leg of a chicken while it is eating. If the hook is made the least bit flaring, but closed up about a half inch, it will hold the chicken securely by the foot. This is the best way to catch a chicken when wanted on short notice. Many farmers train a dog to catch chickens, but this causes a commotion among the fowls and is one way to make them wild. Uneasy, frightened fowls are not thrifty, like quiet, contented birds.

### Pulverizing the Soil.

Considering the pulverizing of the clods that turn up in the most heavy land after plowing, prevention is the best method. If the field is well drained and not plowed when wet, there may be no clods. It will, however, take two or three seasons to thoroughly fine the soil that has been injured by previous mismanagement. Fall or winter plowing, turning the land in ridges and leaving it as rough as possible, so as to expose the moist surface to the frost, will do the work, but unless there are underdrains to carry off the water the plowing may do as much harm as good.

### Large Requirements of Celery.

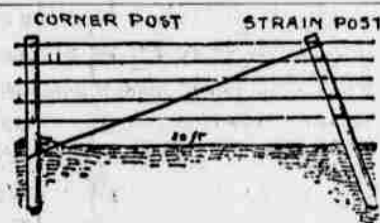
Celery grows best in a soil of high humus content, is a great user of water and a large consumer of plant food. Quality suffers when there is a lack of ample food and drink, the crisp and sweet qualities giving way to stringiness and bitterness.

Half the secret of keeping a pleasure garden in proper condition consists in duly regarding the little things that ought to be done and doing all work at the right time.

### Posts for Wire Fences.

There is probably a greater mileage of wire fence in Texas than any other three States, and Texas people ought, therefore, to be the best judges of how to make them permanent. About "strain posts" a Texas stockman in Farm and Ranch says:

Numerous plans have been given for making secure corner posts for wire fences. I have tried many plans, and have found every plan to make a corner post bear the strain of a long fence to be a failure. The strain continues without intermission, and finally the corner post gives way. With short fences the difficulty is not so great. I have built some hundreds of miles of wire fencing. My plan now is to use what I call a strain post, instead of putting the strain on the corner post. I put down a good corner post; and at least twenty feet from this put down another good post, large and deep into the ground.



POSTS FOR WIRE FENCES

At the ground, I run wires to the top of the strain post, and stretch these wires tight. This puts most of the strain on the strain post, and all the strain placed on the corner post comes at its bottom. Again, the strain post is not put into the ground straight, but leans to the corner. The effect of this is that the strain tends to force it deeper into the ground, instead of drawing it out. It will be found easier to put in a good corner post and two strain posts than to put in one corner post in the way often directed. I show the plan in sketch sent herewith. It will be best first to stretch the wires around the strain post, making them secure to it, and then to complete the fence by building a short fence at the corner. Of course, such care is not needed for short lines of fencing.

### Wagon for Fruit Barrels.

Professor Waugh, of Massachusetts, says in a report: In handling the fruit in the orchard, between the trees and the storage-room, or later between the storage and the shipping station, some suitable wagon ought to be provided. A stone boat is sometimes used and is not the worst thing that could be found, especially for short hauls and small loads. It is better, however, to have one of the low-down wagons made especially for handling fruit. In the illustration one is shown as it was actually made up at home. Some sills were hung by



WAGON FOR HANDLING FRUIT.

strap irons from the front and rear axles of a common wagon frame, and on these some boards were laid, making a floor for carrying the barrels. Handling barrels of apples in and out of the common high wagon is hard and expensive labor, and it is apt to damage the fruit.

### The Dairy Barn.

The dairy barn, as built in the near future, may not have so much loft room, but instead a number of structures in the form of silos, but not air tight or so solid. Into these several months' or the entire winter's supply of roughage may be cut.—Inland Farmer.

### "Worming" the Peach Trees.

"Worming" the trees to destroy the peach borer is in the routine of the peach grower, and the present is the season for it, provided precautions have not yet been taken earlier to make it unnecessary. But with every precaution examination is needed to find out if the vigilance was to no purpose. Whether the one or the other, now is the season for it. The external evidence of the presence of the peach borer is the gum exuded by the tree and the sawdust.