

One Grand Man!

By
Frances Elizabeth Lanyon

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Finders keepers, you know, Rex?" "Not in this instance, father. Those eleven turkeys are somebody's property. My moral duty is to locate that somebody and restore to him his property."

"Reckon you're right, son," observed old Gabriel Parsons. "Queer where they came from, though, eh?"

"Yes, for I don't know a neighbor within 10 miles in any direction who is raising fowls."

The fowls in question were young, handsome, with a profusion of electric sheen coloring that indicated a rare and valuable brood. Rex Parsons had awaked one morning to find the 11 turkeys roosting on a scintillating flowerbed guard. They looked tired and travel worn, but when he fed and watered them and drove them into a lean-to in one corner of a two-acre fenced-in grazing lot, they seemed at home and domesticated forthwith.

Rex advertised his find, but no results came. He grew interested in his acquisition; and proud, too, for neighbors were attracted by the unusual prettiness of the fowls and admired them greatly.

They got through the summer famously, despite their limited runway, and as fall grew on fattened and promised rare eating by the time the year was out. Holiday time approached when Mr. Parsons expressed a pertinent sentiment.

"Some money in those birds, with 30 cents a pound quoted, with feathers counted in."

"I'm not going to sell them, father," remarked Rex seriously.

"Ain't it?"

"No. In the first place, they're not mine to sell. Next, they came free, they're going free. Here's the point, and I've been working on it for some time. The season is soon on when turkey tastes best. I've been making



They Looked Tired and Travel Worn, up a list of the poor people in the town. There's ten who hardly ever have meat. There's over ten more who never taste turkey. I wish I had enough of the fowls to go around, but I haven't, so the first class get the birds."

"And one left for ourselves?" prompted Mr. Parsons, anxiously.

"Sure, that," replied Rex blithely. "We're entitled, having housed and bred the whole brood for nearly a year."

It was nearing the festive season and Rex was brushing the snow from the woodpile, when a farm wagon drew up and a stranger jumped out. He was a brisk, pleasant-looking, middle-aged man, and his swift roving glance took in the 11 turkeys strutting about 50 feet distant.

"Ah! the right tip," he exclaimed, his face beaming with satisfaction. "I've had a long chase, neighbor. Those are my turkeys."

"Yours?" questioned Rex dubiously, and yet with a faltering optimism.

"Sure, they are. I live over the hills, west. They trooped away one night, eight months ago. Only yesterday a traveling tinker chanced to speak of a brood he had seen hereabouts, so I drove over. They are my peacock-brooded, sure enough. And, say, you've taken wonderful care of them."

It did not take the visitor long to substantiate his claim. He was Dudley Marsh and made a specialty of raising turkeys.

"Make out your bill for expense and trouble," he directed expansively. "I'll not be nagging. Those are an imported species and worth fifty dollars a pair."

"Oh, I shall charge nothing," said Rex. "It's been only neighborly to care for them until the owner came along," and he smiled, but it was a dreary sort of a smile. "I've cherished a dream," he proceeded, and quitted sorrowfully. "What I feel worse about is that I'll have to disappoint some good people to whom I promised a rare turkey treat the coming holiday," and Rex told the story entire.

"I say," observed Marsh, his face expressing some wonderment and considerable interest, "you're about the most honest man and the best man I ever met. Going to give those poor people a treat, eh? Well, you shall! I've a proposition to make to you, but first I want you to make out your bill."

"Not ever," insisted Rex strenuously. "I've learned enough about turkeys by bringing up yours, to start in raising

some myself. Well, I suppose you want to get them loaded up for home?"

"My daughter Nella will be mighty glad to see them back, I can tell you," said Marsh. "They were her special pets. She's a smart girl at figures. I'll give her the proposition to calculate and send you a check. Oh, yes, another thing: You promised ten people turkeys? And ten more if you had the birds? I'll send you over ten of another brood—just as good eating as these, in fact, better, I think, for these fancy fowls run to finery, rather than flavor."

It was the next day about noon when a light farm wagon drove up to the Parsons' place. Rex was just starting for town and was glad that he wore his best clothes, for the prettiest, most attractive young maiden he had ever laid his eyes on alighted with a graceful spring and stood awaiting his coming up.

"I'm sure you are Mr. Parsons," she said brightly. "I am Mr. Marsh's daughter. He was away this morning and asked me to bring over the turkeys he promised."

"Why," observed Rex, as he glanced into the coop in the wagon box, "there's more than ten—there's fully twenty."

"Oh, yes, with my contribution," responded Miss Nella. "Father told me all about your splendid plan. He said you were one grand man and—I think so, too," added Nella, with heightening color. "I want a share in your good work, so I've brought some of my own fowls to make your holiday gifts go all the way around."

The turkeys were removed from the coop to the grazing patch and Miss Marsh assisted in the transfer in a busy, helpful way that evinced the admiration of Rex. Her blooming health, her volatile chatter, her radiant smile each moment increased his interest in her.

Mrs. Parsons came out and became acquainted with Nella and invited her in to have a cup of tea. The young lady drove Rex as far as the village. He could almost have kissed her as she leaned from the high driver's seat to speak a parting word.

"If you wouldn't mind, that is, I wouldn't," she laughed brightly—"if I wouldn't be in your way I'd have father come over with me Saturday when you're going to distribute those turkeys and donate a barrel of cranberries to go with the gifts. I'd like to do some good in the world, you see," she supplemented naively.

"You've done me some good, I can tell you that," declared Rex with honest enthusiasm—"you and your father, both. You are rare people and you never did a better thing than give these poor people the good time you're going to."

Then he waved his lovely visitor a cheery adieu and thought of her and dreamed of her all the rest of that week.

Pretty Nella entered into the distribution of the turkeys with zest and delight. Nella and her father stayed to supper at the Parsons home. Reciprocal hospitality was tendered, accepted, and within a month visits between the two homes was a routine event.

"Oh, those lucky turkeys," softly insinuated Nella, after a proposal.

"And, oh, lucky me," rejoined Rex Parsons, fervently.

Mr. Rattlesnake's Habits.

The rattlesnake thrives best in a region where deep recesses and cavities in the rocks afford refuge from its implacable enemies, men, deer, road runner and peccary. Would it be sacrilege to suggest that Ireland's shortage of snakes may be due as well to her "longness" of hogs as to the beguilements of Saint Patrick? On many western ranches pigs are kept for the common protection of both biped and quadruped; for the knifed hoof is as effective for tearing and cleaving flesh as an inquisitorial weapon, and at the sound of its approach Mr. Rattlesnake discreetly withdraws to a deep cleft in a hillside, or to the subterranean passages of the prairie dog or gopher. As to warfare, rattlesnakes are like the Mexicans and ourselves—they prefer not to fight until the situation becomes "intolerable." The best known species in the southwest is the red rattlesnake (Crotalus atrox). These are most dangerous during July and August, when shedding the skin. Being both blind and deaf at this time they sound no warning, and are more liable to be stepped upon than at other seasons.—Exchange.

Water Hole Is Dry by Day.

A curious form of water-hole is found in the deserts of western Australia, dry by day but yielding an abundant supply of water by night. The flow of water is preceded by weird hissing and sounds of rushing air. On examination it was found that the water supply occurred in a long, narrow trench, at the bottom of which was a thin plate of gneiss (a species of rock arranged in layers), separated by a cavity from the main rock mass beneath. Apparently the heat of the day causes this plate to expand in the form of a depression, in which the water retreats. When it cools and contracts at night it forces first air and then water back into the trench.

Byron in an Ugly Mood.

I have not yet read Byron's Conversations, but there was an anecdote in one of the extracts which confirms what I heard long since, but which I could not depend on before, he had an aversion to seeing women eat. Picon-dilly, Lady Byron in the room, and luncheon was brought in—veal cutlets, etc. She began eating. Byron turned around in disgust and said: "Gormandizing beast!" and, taking up the tray, threw the whole luncheon into the hall. Lady Byron cried and left the room.—Told by Haydon, the Painter.

Great Men Often Poor Talkers.

The art of conversation was not always possessed by literary men. Coleridge and Macaulay were said to absorb so much time on an interesting subject that they were generally regarded as bores, whereas Robert Browning, with all his cumbersome poetry, was fascinating in his talk.

Labor the Greatest Blessing in Life

By REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Work is not the consequence of sin, but the triumph of man. Labor instead of being a curse is the profoundest blessing in life.

Human labor then is no commodity, a thing to be bought and sold like cotton or corn. Back of the hand is the directing brain, behind the sweat are human longings, the love of human hearts, and the thirst of human minds. Capital, the exploiter of labor, is but the labor of yesterday. It is canned industry.

The unholy combination the world has ever known is the selfish combination of the toil of yesterday, dehumanized under the name of capital, against the throbbing, thrilling toil of today, the uncanned wealth held in solution in the sweat of today.

Peace between labor and capital will come only in a larger combine, a higher fraternity, that will recognize the common interests between the section man with his pick and the president with his pencil and his "Ready Reckoner" of percentages.

FAVORITE OF THE FILMS



Dorothy Donnelly.

Movie actress who has won high favor among patrons of the silent drama.

POULTRY POINTERS

The practice of poultry feeding, while governed largely by circumstances, should as far as possible be confined to the regular routine.

A hen eats approximately three to four ounces a day, or about six pounds a month. The amount fed each day varies with the appetite of the bird.

The success of egg production depends largely upon the activity of the bird. The reason the Leghorns excel in egg production is largely because they keep themselves in good physical condition. They exercise.

It has been found that a few thorough applications of crude petroleum to the interior of poultry houses will destroy completely the common red mite infesting chickens.

It will pay the poultry keeper to nail up cracks in the back, sides and roof of his henhouse.

Some birds have the disposition to take exercise, others have to be forced. This is especially true of the heavier breeds.

Overfeeding causes inactivity, which will be manifested by no holes being dug in the straw.

The skill of the poultry feeder is tested by the manner in which he compels the hens to exercise.

Egg production is quite largely dependent upon keeping the birds in condition.

It is not the large turkeys that are so desirable, but the medium-size ones that are pretty and smooth.

There is no danger of overfeeding, providing the birds are compelled to take sufficient exercise.

The hen that is inactive and shows long toenails is seldom a good producer.

Honors for Potatoes

There never was a time in all its comparatively short history when the potato had so much honor thrust upon it as at present. In many countries, widely separated, its yield and its prices are subjects of eager discussion.

And yet it is only since the beginning of last century that its value as a food product has been recognized. For nearly 200 years after Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England the potato was subjected to a "cold neglect" and failed to obtain any serious recognition of its many virtues.

Where Thrift Is a Passion

Robert Rogers, speaking on Canadian trade during and after the war, urged the necessity of thrift.

"Among certain countries of the old world thrift is a passion," said he. "It takes the place of riches and is better for the people. In Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden nothing goes to waste. The women know how to economize and they practice economy as a fine art. The people of these little countries hate waste, and you will find no happier people in all the world. The women practice thrift in their clothing by buying sensibly and wearing seasonably, and they conserve their food so that everything counts. A farmer in Holland will take more out of five acres than multitudes in other countries take out of 100 acres."

The Unborn Truth.

In every obstinate error there lurks, usually, an excellent truth that awaits the hour of birth.—Maeterlinck.

Secretary of Labor Wilson began his career as a coal digger.

Art of Papermaking Given To the World by Captive Chinese in Eighth Century

In a communication to the National Geographic society, issued by the society as a bulletin, John Oliver Lea Gorce says:

"How much we deplore the stringency in raw material for the paper market brought about by the European war, it should not be forgotten that to the beneficent results of a battle fought nearly twelve centuries ago can be traced the introduction of the art of papermaking to the western world. China is credited with having nurtured the genius who first conceived the idea of a writing material made from fibrous pulp, and some investigators profess to have found evidence that paper existed in the celestial kingdom at least two centuries before the Christian era. Whether these claims of centuries of priority will endure the light of further research, or whether they will be discredited just as have been the same nation's claim to the invention of the mariner's compass and gunpowder, the fact is fairly well established that when the Arabs defeated a raiding party of Christians before the gates of Samarkand, in the middle of the eighth century, they captured a party of Chinese who were skilled paper makers. It was from this city of Russian Turkistan, once the capital of that ruthless of Mongol princes, Tamerlane, that the art of these captives spread throughout Asia Minor and northern Africa, into Moorish Spain and finally into Italy, where the first extensive factories were established in 1276 at Fabriano, still a center of the paper industry in southern Europe.

"Up to the closing years of the eighteenth century all paper was made by hand, sheet by sheet, but in the same year that Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids, Louis Robert, a humble workman in the paper mill of Didot, at Essonne, south of Paris, invented a machine for making paper in an endless web. The invention was developed in England by the two Fourdriniers, who lost a fortune in their pioneer work. Their names, however, are perpetuated in the papermaking machines of the present day.

"The first American paper mill was established by William Rittenhouse in

half teaspoonful of salt, a pint of milk, a quart of water, a yeast cake and whole wheat flour. Mix the cereals, add salt to the boiling water and stir in the cereal; cook about two hours, rub through a sieve, adding water to make three cupsful of gruel, then add the milk, previously scalded, and the yeast cake, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water. Add sufficient whole wheat flour to make a soft dough, mixing thoroughly with a spoon, beating for five minutes. Let stand well covered in a warm place to rise until very light. Add more flour, mix again and pour into well-greased pans to stand until light. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes.

Apple Roly Polys.

Chop two cupsful of apples very fine, add a half cupful of raisins and place on a thinly rolled sheet of pastry. Fold up with all the laps on top and place in a deep saucepan, adding a cupful of boiling water, a cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. Serve with a sauce made from brown sugar, water and butter boiled to a thin sirup, or with sweetened whipped cream. This pudding may be made in individual puddings if desired. Warm gingerbread with cream, either whipped or plain, makes a most wholesome dessert.

Cereal Bread.

Take a cupful of whole oatmeal, one-half cupful of barley flakes and one

absorbing part of the battering averages, whereupon he wrathfully seizes his hat and goes to seek a sociable benefactor who will defend the Ty Cobb side of a debate all night, if need be. Before very long the bride is weeping her tragic tale into the ear of some sympathetic friend, while the bridegroom is afraid to go home because he is in fee simple possession of what is sometimes flippantly referred to as a "bun." Then it's her for the divorce court and alimony.

Wanted One More

A large manufacturing concern sent frequent and urgent demands to a certain delinquent dealer and, being unable to get as much as a response, sent a representative to personally wait upon him.

"Why haven't you paid your account, or at least written us concerning the matter?" the representative asked.

"My dear sir," responded the delinquent, smiling, "those collection letters from your firm are the best I have ever seen. I have had copies made and am sending them out to the trade, and it's wonderful the number of old accounts I have been able to collect. I haven't paid my bill, as I felt sure there was another letter in the series. I have some hard customers to deal with, and I need the last letter."

When Stamps Are "Stuck."

When stamps stick together run a warm iron over them, and the glue will soften, allowing the stamps to be easily separated.—Mother's Magazine.

Wise and Otherwise

Rest spoils many a man who was willing to work.

A skeptic is a man who doubts some of his own stories.

Lambs oft rush into Wall street where old sheep fear to tread.

Fortunately there is seldom any need of brains in a love affair.

Oh, Liberty, what a lot of divorces are applied for in thy name!

Never kick a dog to which you have not been properly introduced.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but give us the bark, please, just the same.

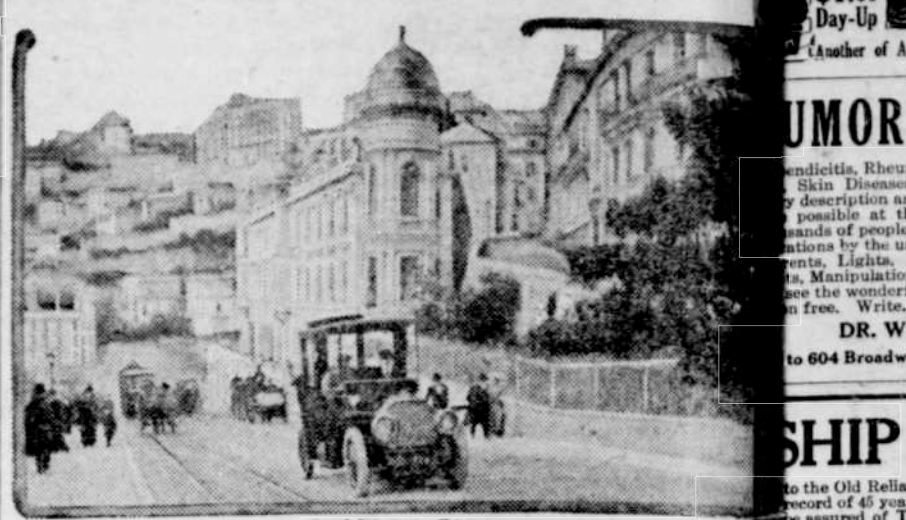
It's a fortunate thing for some men that their ancestors left them an honored name.

The man who considers himself a brick never boasts of being a common clay specimen.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

When a man is found guilty of love in the first degree he should not kick if he and his accomplice are given a life sentence.

The Riviera in War Days



IN MONTE CARLO

"LIFE on the Riviera in war days?" You would say, on first thoughts, that there could be no such life: the Riviera must be dead—wiped off the map. Yet a life, strange, new, burning with interest and romance, was born in the French Riviera August 2, 1914, writes C. N. and A. M. Williamson in the London Graphic.

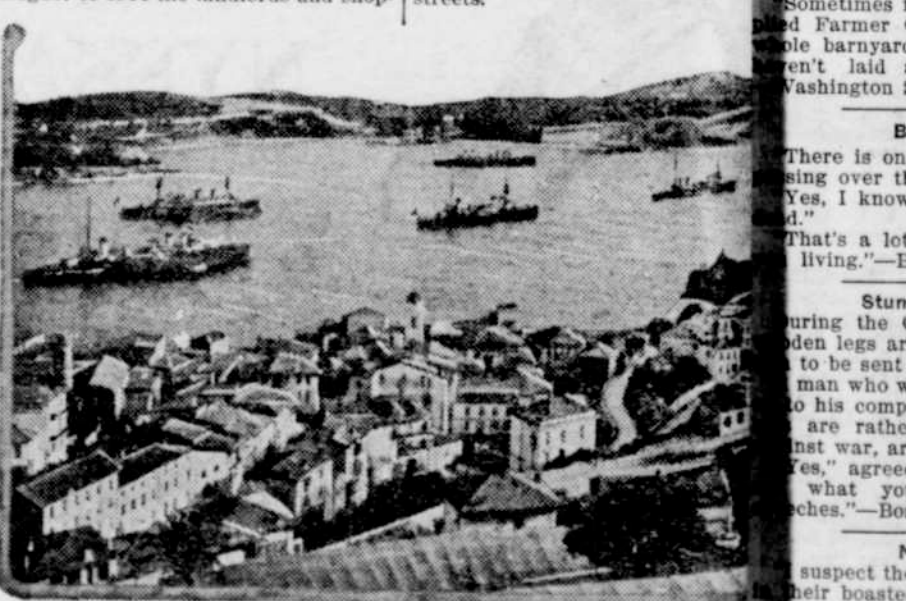
Of course, the Riviera was struck the same sweeping blow that struck all France across her brave, astonished face. At the clang of the tocsin, the men of the Midi ran out into the streets of picturesque rock villages along the sea, as the men of the North were doing. But the Riviera thrived under the menace of a peril all her own. Just across the beautiful Gorge of St. Louis lived a friend who might in an hour become an enemy. Italy was there, with her mountain forts looking towards the forts of France.

Lazy, summer-time Mentone and Monte Carlo and Nice, with "nothing doing" except for bathers and baskers on the beach, or faithful lovers of a quiet game of roulette, waked up to a horrid start. Would Italian guns begin battering the Cote d'Azur? Officers motored secretly by night up to the quadrilateral of forts in the mountains, taking ammunition in automobile vans commandeered from the big shops of Nice, those charming shops where any thought of tragedy would have seemed ridiculously out of place.

Flight of the Working-Folk.

Panic-stricken, the Italian working-folk settled along the coast from Mentone to Marseilles started to scurry across the frontier. They feared internment and a hundred vague horrors. Under the blinding sun of August, along the dazzling roads of Upper and Lower Corniche, marched an endless procession, and those who can imagine only processions of smart automobiles between Mentone and Cannes would have thought themselves dreaming that long black line. It was a line of men and women, old and young, tottering children and babies in arms—in arms because the perambulators were piled with the family baggage, and there were donkey-carts, wheelbarrows, caravans, every sort of vehicle.

Despite the tragedies of the march (children dying on the way) it had its humorous side, because, as it turned out, the whole business was unnecessary. The next phase through which the Riviera passed, however, was far from funny. She doesn't really fall as fast asleep in summer-time as those who know her only in winter seem to think. There is always the wonderful "Passion Play" at Roquebrune. There is always a delightful bathing season, and in August the Azure Beauty is quietly, almost stealthily, busy in planning her winter campaign. In that historic August of 1914 the landlords and shop-



VIEW OF VILLEFRANCHE

Of Course They Would.

Election time was drawing near and an enthusiastic politician was addressing his constituents in a frenzied speech. Not a few of his assertions, reduced to cold thought, were diametrically opposed to one another, but each proposal was received with applause. A judge turned to his companion and said: "This reminds me of the Irish leader who was cheering his men on to battle. 'Min,' said he, 'ye are on the verge of battle, an' I want to ask ye before ye start, will ye fight or will ye run?' 'We will,' came a chorus of eager replies. 'Which will ye do?' says he. 'We will not,' says they. 'Aha, thank ye, me min!' says he. 'I thought ye would.'"

Defiance.

That of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon is defiance. I like that every chair be a throne and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much agreeable.

Love and Happiness.

Your happiness will be found very much in proportion to the number of things you love, and the number of things that love you.

MULTI PORT LARGI HOTEL 550 Rooms \$1.00 Day-Up

JUMOR

SHIP

THE CO

DES, PEELS

ARE YOU

Machines

Sore Eyes

But

There is one

What's a lot

Stump

Why H

Very

For Co

Headache

Safe a

P. N. U.