

A Matter of Tradition

By DORA MOLLAN

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Alicia jammed her wide-brimmed shade hat on a inch farther down on her well-shaped head and toiled on through the blistering sun, up the grass-grown lane and through the knee-deep sorrel and daisies. It was with a sigh of grateful relief that she gained the shade of the pillared porch of the old Caverly house. The door stood ajar.

Opening it, she peeped into the deserted mansion and was tured by its cool shadows. Picking her way carefully over the uneven flooring, she passed through the stately colonial entrance into a wide hall, thence up the somewhat rickety but beautiful staircase and into a great empty front chamber.

Here, on a built-in seat by one of the many-paned windows, from which the glass had long ago fallen, Alicia seated herself, removed the wide shade hat and laid it on the window sill. A cool breeze from the water ruffled her fine brown hair. There was no sound but the drowsy hum of an occasional bee and the soft swish-swish of tiny wavelets on the beach below.

There is a certain sleep-inducing quality in the early afternoon air of a midsummer day that is difficult to resist when one is alone and feebly broods over one's eyes. Alicia didn't try very hard.

Presently she was thinking in a confused, half-conscious way of the things that must have happened in this old house, abandoned now, she had been told, for twenty-five years. This old front chamber—how many lives had it welcomed into the world; how many ushered out? How many young brides had looked out of this very window down onto the sparkling ocean?

Alicia's eyes were closed now; she didn't trouble to open them to see just how that sparkling ocean must have looked to the young brides. The hot midday air was an easy vector.

The soft purring of the waves on the pebbly beach became more insistent; the tide was rising. With it came a stronger breeze.

It lifted Alicia's shade hat and wafted it gently down to a resting place amid the sorrel and daisies. Several bees investigated its wreath of gay-colored flowers with disappointing results—and flew away, muttering, as doubt, on their particular version of the aphorism "All is not gold," etc. Alicia slept on.

Somewhere in the direction of the very rough road from which branched the grassy lane a new sound originated. It was an alien, mechanical sound. If the sleeper had awakened she would have identified it and wondered a little, perhaps.

A powerful car was passing over—or, rather, through—the abandoned thoroughfare. A quarter of a mile from the house it gave up the undertaking and the driver picked his way up the lane like one unfamiliar with his surroundings yet not unprepared for them.

Gaining the level plateau where an unobstructed view of the old mansion could be had the young man paused, and with folded arms stood deep in the sorrel and daisies. Through wide-set, humorous gray eyes he took in the scene before him. "Poor Dad!" he sighed at last, and made his way toward the house.

"Why, even some of the poppies still growing in front of the house," he exclaimed. Alicia's hat played its practical joke for the second time. But not with such disappointing results this time to the be-fuddled. For Piny Caverly the fourth decided instantly that he would like a girl who wore a hat like that—and there might be reasons why it was important that he should.

Holding the hat gingerly in his hand Piny stood still and studied his ancestral home at close range. The windows over the porch would be in that front chamber where he was born and where—but somebody was sitting near one of them. Just a glimpse of fine brown hair and a broad forehead, that was all; but it was rather tantalizing to Piny—for the reason.

Could it be the girl of the poppy hat, sitting up there in that historic front chamber where dad had first seen his mother, when she had come from boarding school with dad's sister for a vacation, the chamber that had been a sort of upstairs sitting room in those days? He'd see, would Piny, right away; it was important he should know. He thought he liked the soft brown hair and it certainly was a well-modeled forehead, but he knew he liked the hat and what the hat whispered of its owner.

It was very still, that well-shaped head of which he could get but a glimpse. Evidently its owner hadn't noticed his approach. Would it be possible to gain that room unheard? he wondered.

Surely it would be no trespass—it was his house, at all events. Piny tried it, and succeeded. He reached the doorway on tiptoe, the shade hat still in his hand. There the intruder stood motionless, drinking in the picture before him, the slender girl in a frock of delicate green, the girl with fine brown hair blown lightly about by the ocean breeze.

The girl of the poppy hat, undoubtedly. The right girl, the right girl of

all girls. And sleeping quietly on the window seat. So motionless she seemed, so very still, that suddenly a panic fear smote Piny. He took a hurried step forward, and Alicia opened her eyes. They looked, first, straight into Piny's, and then dazedly about the old, dismantled room. "I was thinking of the people who must have lived and died here; and of the brides—why, I must have fallen asleep! You?"

"Yes," interrupted Caverly. "I found your hat on the grass. And I was thinking of brides, too. Brides—and this room. You see?"—Piny went on like a race horse, giving the girl of the poppy hat no chance to speak. "There is a tradition in the Caverly family that the eldest son always meets his bride for the first time in this room. It held true for three generations."

The girl raised her right hand to her cheek and deliberately pinched it so hard that the red mark, staining the fair skin, was visible to the young man across the room.

Quickly he crossed and sat down beside her. Boldly he did the presumptuous thing of grasping, quite gently, the hand responsible for the blench. "Why did you do that?" he demanded sternly.

"To make sure I was not dreaming," answered Alicia, drawing away her hand. "Who, pray, are you—when you walk into the Caverly mansion, spying on sleeping girls and talking about the traditions of the place?"

Piny arose and bowed low before Alicia. "I am Piny Caverly the fourth," he said, "and at your service, fair lady, forever. I was born in this room and on the same day my young mother died. The next week my dad took me away and I've never seen the place I'll now. Poor dad! He never could bear to come back."

"But I'm here at last, and just in time to find you here. So the tradition is fulfilled for the fourth time. Let's put the house in order and live happily ever after. What do you say?"

Alicia gave the fourth Caverly just one instant's glance, and there was the faintest, tiniest, remotest suggestion of the shadow of a smile at one corner of her mouth. But she looked hurriedly at her watch, jumped to her feet and replied:

"I say that I'm due at a garden party at five and it's half after four now. It's very interesting nonsense you talk, but I can't stay to listen."

"Oh, you don't have to," briskly answered Piny. "I'll just go along with you. You see I'm going to always go along with you, through life. The Caverly traditions, you know, always come true."

Just taking things by and large, what, think you, were Piny's chances?

SOME EXCUSE FOR FAILURE

But Civil Service Candidate Who Could Not Place Goofusburg Did Not Pass His Examination.

Now that the government department has begun to cut down their forces, examinations are the order of the day. Incidentally, the civil service commission is finding that many grades are unusually high, for about half the woman war workers who came to Washington originally left jobs of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Hence, they just naturally tie the average civil service question into a bow-knot and hang the whole works on the line in no time.

Every now and then, however, the commission manages to dig up a question that no one can answer. Such a one was found recently for a constituent of Representative Ayres of Kansas. Drivag through Maryland, a few days ago, with this particular constituent, the congressman was somewhat befuddled when his friend pointed out one ramshackle house, standing in the middle of a cornfield, and asked:

"Can you name that county seat for me, congressman?"

"No, I can't," Ayres said, "and I don't think any one else can."

"Oh, yes, it can be done," came the reply. "That is Goofusburg."

"Well," responded the congressman, "that may be true, but it doesn't appear that Goofusburg has been functioning for some time."

"Quite right," continued the unfortunate constituent. "It went out of business as a county seat right after the Revolutionary war, I believe, but that didn't prevent the civil service commission from asking me to locate it recently. I failed."

Had Fallen Down.

When the Los Angeles boys got in the other day, the papers said for was unconfined, but they were wrong. At least there was one doubt about whose face was not wreathed in smiles.

Yes, the folks were there, and so was the one and only girl, but, especially with the girl, the doughboy seemed embarrassed.

"Get with it," whispered a buddy in his ear, "why the shyness? She's crazy for you to kiss her."

"Nix," yelled our hero, "she'll be off me for life in a minute. When I went away I promised her the Kaiser's helmet, and I ain't got it, see?"—Los Angeles Times.

Valuations.

"Why does a woman value pearls and diamonds so highly?"

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corn-tossel. "I guess maybe it's for some thin' of the same reason those summer girls think more of a four-leaf clover than they do of a whole load of hay."

VIENNA'S AGED DYING ON FEET

Most Austrians Suffer From Ravages of the Many Wartime Maladies.

CHILDREN ARE EMACIATED

Scrawny, Limp, Listless From Malnutrition and Seldom Smile or Play—American Red Cross Is Helping.

London.—Dr. Ethel Williams, a New-castle doctor of 30 years' experience, recently has returned to England from Vienna. She attended the Woman's International conference at Zurich, where she heard so much about the conditions of disease in Austria that she decided to see for herself what those conditions really were. She spent a week in Vienna, visiting the hospitals and the school kitchens, studying medical statistics, interviewing representative people, and seeing as much as she could of the city. Speaking to a Manchester Guardian representative, she said:

"What impressed me most was the appalling condition of every old person I saw, and of 95 per cent of the children. The old people were like walking death's heads. There are so many things that persons over sixty cannot digest. The mortality among the old has increased by 150 per cent."

"What struck me most, when walking about the streets, was that there were no toddlers. Children of three and even four years were carried by their mothers. The children did not run about, or shout, or quarrel. It was four days before I saw a child playing."

Most Children Emaciated. At least 95 per cent of the practically well children were painfully emaciated, with discolored circles around their sunken eyes and the tendons of their necks showing like those of old people. Even middle-class children have these scrawny necks, and when they run their cheeks flap like those of old people. But they seldom run. They are all limp and listless.

"The scene in the out-patients' department at the biggest state children's hospital was pitiful—no sound or attempt to play. The children sat quietly on their mothers' knees or against a wall."

"I saw several cases of osteomalacia, a disease so rare before the war that the only two cases I had ever seen had been shown to me as a curiosity. It seems to come from lack of fresh food, and there have been 250 cases in Vienna, and I heard of another epidemic in a German town."

"The bones soften and become distorted, the pelvis bones fold inward. In early stages it is curable, but a bad case never will walk again, and a rather bad case always will have difficulty in walking."

"The cases were those of older children and adults. They told me that the hospitals were receiving about 15

cases a day, and those they had to turn away inevitably must become worse. I used to test the condition of the children I saw by feeling their fleshless arms. When I touched one child the father said: 'Don't touch him. He has this bad new disease, and it hurts him so much.' I realized, if I had hurt him, but the child was too listless to shrink from the pain."

"The doctors could do practically nothing for the out-patients who could not be taken to the hospitals. The mothers were in despair. The doctors said the greatest want of all was for cod liver oil. Funds raised in England had sent a supply, but it only lasted two days. Practically every child under two is rickety."

Suffer From Starvation. "It is extraordinary how little Vienna has suffered from war epidemics such as typhus. The enormous increase in sickness is due to starvation disease. Almost all of its child population is stunted, starved, left without vitality, vigor or energy. An enormous number are tubercular and a considerable proportion of these will die. Another considerable proportion will for all their lives probably be stunted in mind and body, and all will be handicapped."

The children of school age provided with one meal of soup and bread in the day by American Red Cross workers at a special kitchen she visited were watched lest they should take the bread home. "You must eat the bread," the workers told them. "All that we can do

FAMINE IN MEN TO FIGHT FIRES

Shortage Makes Forest Fire Situation in the Northwest Desperate.

FEARLESS MALES SOUGHT

Husky Man Who Is Willing to Work Looks Good as Million Dollars to Officials of United States Forestry Service.

Spokane, Wash.—One of the biggest "industries" of the northwest this summer is the fighting of forest fires.

A good, husky man, with two strong arms and a willingness to work, looks as good as a million dollars to the officials of the United States forestry service, and the big lumber concerns, who are losing vast values in timber.

There is a famine in men. That is the great reason fires, started by careless campers or lightning storms, have been able to spread over many miles of America's richest lumber lands and cause damage that will not be replaced for a generation.

NEW COMMERCE CHIEF



Philip B. Kennedy, newly appointed chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, says that trade restoration in Europe, including that in enemy countries, is dependent upon the return to work of the different peoples.

is to help you to keep well and strong." The American Red Cross is opening more of these kitchens, and hopes to feed 40,000 or more children, but that only means food for one section of the people, the children of school age—and even then only one meal in the day.

FAMINE IN MEN TO FIGHT FIRES

One large fire in the Pack river district, northern Idaho, burst entirely beyond control and spread over forty-five square miles of territory without showing the least signs of dying down. Men to fight it were few and far between.

War Against Flames.

In Spokane as well as the coast cities the forest service is waging recruiting campaigns similar to those carried on during the war. It is a war—against flames almost as destructive to America as the flames that broke out in Europe.

Lumberjacks, those big-shouldered veterans of the forest life, make the finest fire fighters. This summer they have had little chance to engage in their regular work of cutting timber, and have bent all their efforts to saving the forests that house the nation.

The forest service maintains a ceaseless lookout. As soon as smoke is discerned the news is flashed to headquarters; a crew is hastily recruited and equipped, and sent into the burning area with full supplies of food, tools and bedding.

But they have little chance to use the bedding. Fire fighting is an all-night all-day job.

How Fire Is Beaten.

The only successful method of stopping a fire is to get in front of it, clear a wide trail, and widen it by backfiring.

A slight change of wind will make the back fire cross the trail and endanger the workers' lives.

Blazing trees frequently fall with the wind, across the trail, and undo the work of a day. One result of the epidemic of fires in the present summer will be a vigorous effort, on the part of lumber companies and forestry men alike, to secure from congress a greater appropriation for the forest service than ever before. America's forests are no longer so numerous and well-grown that the trees can be sacrificed without national suffering.

Bells for City Dogs.

Asheville, N. C.—As unreasonable as it sounds the city authorities have announced that every canine resident of this city must wear a bell during the next year, and to prove their earnestness they have purchased a large supply of the necessary ornaments for distribution among the owners of dogs here.

KEEP BEEF CALVES GROWING

Ensilage, if Available, is Best and Cheapest Feed When Pastures Have Become Short.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Beef calves on pasture should be kept in a thrifty, growing condition. If the pasture becomes short the cows should be fed, otherwise the development of the calves may be checked. Ensilage, if available, is the cheapest and best feed. Good hay is an excellent supplementary feed, and, even on a fairly good pasture, seem to relish a small quantity of dry feed. Soy beans, cow peas, or other pasture crops may be used. If it is not practicable to supply supplementary feeds to the cows the calves should be fed a little grain. This can be done easily by placing a small quantity in a creep in the pasture. A mixture of one-third corn, one-third oats, and one-third bran or wheat is a good feed for this purpose.

Philadelphia.—Shipments of anthracite for July as reported to the anthracite bureau of information aggregated 6,002,334 tons, an increase over June of 432,743 tons.

Compared with July, 1916, the latest normal year in anthracite production, the shipments last month showed an increase of 613,456 tons.

The shipments for the first four months of the coal year, beginning April 1, amounted to 22,008,533 tons, as compared with 21,146,536 tons for the corresponding period in 1916, an increase of nearly 1,000,000 tons.

USE TACTICS OF QUAIL

How Villa and His Men Foil Pursuit.

andits Scatter and Hide as Federals Appear—Brown Uniforms Aid.

Juarez, Mex.—Francisco Villa's method of evading pursuit by Mexican government troops is almost identical with that used by a covey of quail to escape the hunter. Even the detail of protective coloring has been applied by Villa, for his men always wear brown cotton clothing which blends with the desert landscape and dust clouds through which they travel in campaign.

Hunters know that the quail's instinct directs it to scatter when danger approaches and seek cover in the nearby landscape. Villa and his re-

el bands do the same thing when a superior federal column approaches.

Often Villa's band will number 2,000 men under his chiefs, Angeles, Lopez, Diaz and Garcia. They make a column which coils across the plains like a giant snake and leaves a great dust cloud in its wake.

But let General Castro's government troops approach with artillery, machine guns and cavalry mounted on former American army horses and the column will break up into little bands of 100 under petty chiefs, will disappear in some mountain canyons and go into hiding until the federals pass.

Once the danger of attack is over the column reassembles, occupies some town in its path and again disappears with its host.

Villa's men have been known to hitch their horses to plows in the fields of the irrigated districts and be industriously plowing when the fed-

LIVE STOCK

SPECIALIZE IN FEEDER HOGS

One Hundred Carloads of Cholera-Free Animals Shipped Annually From South Dakota.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Feeder hogs, perfect as to specification and designed to satisfy the most discriminating purchaser, are exported annually from the Belle Fourche reclamation project, South Dakota. Approximately 100 carloads of cholera-free and alfalfa-raised porkers are shipped each season. The output for the last few years has been purchased by Nebraska farmers who fatten and condition the hogs for the central markets. A special advantage about such shipments is that the animals need not be held in quarantine while vaccinated to satisfy the requirements of interstate shipment, and the purchaser does not have to bear added expenses, such as yardage and feed costs, which he would have to pay if he bought his stock hogs on the central market.

The Belle Fourche project was recently declared free from cholera by



Dakota Farmers Specialize in Feeder Hog Production.

the state live stock sanitary board. The hog growers of that section have decided it is most profitable for them to produce feeder hogs because the high price and limited quantity of corn in their vicinity available for feeding purposes make the fattening of hogs a hazardous undertaking. On the other hand, alfalfa hay is grown in abundance, and the pasture afforded is keenly relished by the hogs. Hence the project farmers are limiting their operations to feeder-hog production.

A co-operative live stock shipping association has been organized on the Belle Fourche project to market the hogs in unique fashion this fall. The plan is to secure carload orders for these hogs so that they may be shipped out in small train loads for delivery to points east of the Missouri river.

The idea is to have about fifteen cars of hogs in each train, these cars being loaded at Newell and Nisland on the project and to be carried to destination, without stopping for feed or water, within the 36-hour limit. Information is being promulgated among the prospective buyers along the route regarding the freight rates on a minimum car of feeder hogs so that they can estimate accurately the gross cost of such a load of quality feeders delivered at their destination. The hogs sold during the fall of 1918 ranged from 16 to 21 cents a pound f. o. b. cars, some of the loads being sold above the market quotation and some of them under.

The Belle Fourche plan of marketing feeder hogs should be of interest to other stock raisers and feeders in various sections of the country, illustrating, as it does, a new method of feeder-animal distribution. Handling through a co-operative shipping association directly from the producer to the purchaser makes it certain that the buyer will receive the hogs at his station at a minimum cost for handling in transit. Furthermore, the fact that the animals come from a cholera-free country is positive insurance against losses from that disease, if the hogs are not exposed to infection in transit or subsequent to their delivery at their new homes. Prospects are that in the future many South Dakota farmers in the eastern part of the state who raise considerable corn and make a practice of feeding the grain to hogs will rely to a certain extent on the animals coming from the Belle Fourche project.

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