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Felicia's Furs

By Virginia Blair

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Sinclair loved her. He knew it, and he knew, too, that he wanted her for his wife.

She was so different from the women of his own family. His mother was a gracious gentlewoman, dispensing her bounty, her time, unselfishly to others. From her he had drawn his ideal of the perfect woman.

He was sure that Felicia's soul was beautiful, yet she hid her depths beneath a light manner, and sometimes he wondered if there were depths. Did Felicia ever think about anything but her own good time, her own interests, her own desires?

But he put all doubts from him when he met her at the station. She had been away for a week-end at her uncle's—a rich old bachelor, who contributed to her love of ease.

"Uncle Bob is a dear," Felicia told her lover as they walked toward the house. "What do you think he gave me this time, Sinclair?"

Sinclair smiled down at her. "More than I can ever give you, I'm afraid. If you hadn't really said 'yes,' Felicia, I should expect you to trim your sails and fly straight for some other port. You ought to have anchored to a millionaire."

Some of the brightness went out of her face. "What makes you say that?" she asked quickly.

"Oh—your love of pretty things—of good times."

She flashed a glance into his face. Then she said, lightly, "Poor Sinclair. Is he afraid he's going to have a butterfly wife?"

He smiled back. "I'm afraid you will spread your wings and fly away."

She shook her head. "You know I won't," she said, confidently. Then she opened the silver bag which hung on her wrist. "Look at this," she said. "Isn't Uncle Bob generous? I



"You Look Lovely in Your Red Fox Furs, Felicia."

shall buy furs! Sinclair, there are the loveliest ones—with long tails and a big muff—and with my new blue suit—and my hat with the plume—you'll be proud of me."

"I'm proud of you now. It doesn't take fine feathers to make you a beautiful bird, Felicia."

But in his heart he was saying, "Why should she spend all that for furs?" He really thought she looked well enough in the old set of mink. And he wondered again what she would do, as his wife. But he forgot his forebodings for a time as she chatted of her trip.

A week later, as they walked home from church together, he said, "You look lovely in your red fox furs, Felicia."

"Aren't they dandy?" she demanded.

As she walked by his side in all her beauty, there were glances cast at her of which she was perfectly conscious. "Isn't it nice," she said, gleefully, "to have people think I look well in my red fox?"

"Yes, it's nice," said Sinclair absent-mindedly. He was thinking of the future. Would she be happy when there were no lovely things for others to admire?

He spoke to his mother about it that night. "I'm afraid I can't give her the things she will want, mumsie."

"Don't worry," said that wise lady. "Felicia will be glad to be shabby for your sake."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"I know it," was her decided answer. "She has a side you haven't discovered yet, Sinclair. She won't show it to you, but now and then she lets me get a peep at it."

The next Sunday, when Felicia walked home from church with her lover, she wore her old furs.

"Where are the new ones?" Sinclair demanded.

"Oh," Felicia said, carelessly, "I didn't think you'd notice. Don't you think I look nice in my mink?"

"Lovely," he hastened to say. "But why not the red foxes?"

"I—" she began, then hesitated, and stammered, "I'm—I'm tired of them."

He gazed at her in amazement. "Tired?"

"Yes. Don't let's talk about it any more."

After that she wore her old mink,

ford to buy furs and not wear them?

He made himself unnecesarily miserable over them. It seemed to him that Felicia was more frivolous than ever. He couldn't get in touch with her.

He came home depressed and tired after a five o'clock call on her. His mother was out, and he sat down in front of the fire.

When his mother came she found him in the darkness.

"Dear boy," she said, "why so early?"

"I went to call on Felicia—and—"

"Oh, Felicia!" she broke in. "I have something so lovely to tell you about her. I heard the story this afternoon. Such a lovely story. Wait till I turn up the lights and I'll tell you."

"Sit here in the dark," he begged.

He drew a low chair up for her and threw himself on the rug with his head in her lap. "Now tell me all the lovely things you can about Felicia."

"Well, you know the dear child's uncle gave her a check and she bought some red fox furs."

Sinclair sat up. "Yes," he said quickly, "go on."

"They were very expensive, and she felt a bit extravagant over them, she told me. Well, suddenly she stopped wearing them—"

"I know."

"And we all wondered what had become of Felicia's furs. But she wouldn't tell us."

"Yes."

"The lady who told me bound me to secrecy. She said she wanted me to know because my son was to marry Felicia, and she thought he ought to hear."

In the darkness Sinclair was tense. "Well?" he demanded.

"This woman knows a young girl who used to go to school with Felicia. Her name is Mary. She is very poor, and this winter she has had the shabbiest clothes. And one day she met Felicia in a downtown shop and Felicia insisted that they should have hot chocolate together and over the cups they talked. The girl had such an awful cold, and now and then she shivered. Felicia spoke of it several times, and when at last they came out of the store, she said, 'Oh, you're not warm enough, take my muff—please,' and she thrust it into her hands. She insisted on putting little Mary on the car, and just as she was bidding her goodby, Felicia slipped off her beautiful fur collar and laid it around Mary's neck. Then she ran away laughing, and little Mary had a note from her the next morning, saying that she was to keep the furs."

"But why," Sinclair was on his feet, "why shouldn't she tell me?"

"Ask her," said his mother promptly, "just as soon as dinner is over you must go to her."

"The dear," said Sinclair.

He said to his sweetheart that night, "Could anyone but you have done such a lovely thing, Felicia?"

"Oh," she hid her face in her hands, "I was afraid to tell you."

"Afraid?"

"I thought you'd think me—silly."

He looked down at her gravely. "Why should you think that?"

"Because I know you don't like to have me extravagant—but—I—I couldn't let little Mary go cold, Sinclair."

The tears were streaming down her cheeks, and suddenly she was sobbing in his arms.

"Why, Felicia, darling," he said, "it was a beautiful thing to do—and I love you for it."

Dissertation About Don't.

Don't say don't.

Don't is negative, and no person ever attained to success by the use of the negative, except, possibly, the photographer, and even he would surely say, "I am positive that my success is something other than negative."

More is due the gospel of do than is due all the don'ts that ever were. Don't say don't to anybody at any time for any reason. Say do. And don't fail to do it!

Don't is the personification of the ego, the holier than thou spirit, the I know and you don't. Persons who are always saying don't don't seem to realize that the objects of their remarks, in the vast majority of instances, don't desire to be reminded of what they don't do. And I don't believe that the philosophy of don't amounts to much, anyway.

Don't is a contraction of two words—do and not. Do it all right; not is not. And because not is not, it follows that you don't want anything to do with it. You will admit this yourself.

And last, but not in the least least, don't do as I do; do as I say, and don't do.

Don't forget.—Women's Home Companion.

Nervy Miss Blank.

The two girls just in front were discussing, quite audibly, Miss Blank. Miss Blank, they said, found a valuable diamond ring at a reception last winter, and never so much as put an advertisement in the papers about it.

"She wears it all the time," said one girl. "I shouldn't think she'd have the nerve, would you?"

"Mercy no!" answered the other. "But, then, she'd do anything. I found a pearl ring once, but, of course, I never wore it."

"Oh, did you really find one?" exclaimed the first. "What was it like? What did you do with it?"

The other girl merely put her hard to her throat, where a pearl set as a pin held her dainty collar. "That's it," she said.

And then they went on talking of how shockingly nervy Miss Blank is.

The Soul in Command.

All our limitations are of the body, but in our diviner moments, when the soul takes command, it makes but small account of them.—Amelia Barr.

As a Result.

"Progressive light is breaking in on China after all these centuries."

"Yes; as far as politics is concerned, the Sun is rising there."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Great Temple of Jupiter



The great temple of Jupiter, or of the sun, was the largest and most famous of the temples. It was sacred to Jupiter (Baal), with whom were associated Venus and Mercury. This magnificent building formerly boasted 54 columns, of which these six remain. The pillars were formed of three blocks and are 60 feet high. Note the man standing beside the pillar.

LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD



This is the latest photograph of W. T. Brinson of Waycross, Ga. He recently weighed 600 pounds, but through dieting and training has greatly reduced his weight, and now tips the scales at 585 pounds.

WIVES OF SAVAGES

Some of the savages in South America exclude women folk from every sort of public amusement, such as dancing, feasting, celebrating and other outside carrying-on. At such times the women are kept busy serving the savages with roasted monkeys, stewed turtles and crude intoxicating drinks, which the women make by primitive processes of fermentation. If they can afford it, the savages have several wives each, some of the men carrying on the custom of stealing young girls from neighboring tribes. The savage explains his having several wives this way: "This one does only garden work, and does it so well I keep her at it." Of another, he will say that she is fine at making intoxicating beverages, and so on.

GIRL MARRIED THREE TIMES

Though only 17 years old, Mrs. Mary Luther Smith, the bride of Cary Smith of Shelbyville, Ind., has been one of the principals three times in wedding festivities. She was divorced from Andrew Luther, with whom she has twice gone through the marriage ceremony. The first time she and Luther plighted their troth through the aid of the girl's mother, Mrs. Charles Hoover, who assisted them in obtaining the marriage license. The girl then was only 14. After the couple had lived together a year it was discovered that the man who had performed the marriage ceremony was not a minister, as he had claimed to be, and they separated.

MASTERPIECE IN PEARL

An exquisite bit of work has just been completed in southern California by a 17-year-old lad, Nicola Alfana, who come from Bethlehem, Palestine, a year ago with his mother and brothers. It is a reproduction in mother-of-pearl of the famous painting: "The Last Supper." In a recess of this work of art, which is carved from 50 pearls, are the disciples sitting at a table with Jesus in the center. Each disciple is carved out of a pearl, as is the principal character at the supper scene. Just over the recess, on the top edge of the frame is shown a mold, in the center of which is the tomb from which the Christ has risen and also the two Marys weeping. On each side, in separate forms, are the angels. The whole is wonderful. Its value is $20,000. The boy will place it on exhibition at the Panama-Pacific exposition. He commenced the work when slightly over 13 years of age, and has devoted eight hours a day since then to it.

HOW TO TELL AGE OF FISH

Until within recent years there had been ascertained no trustworthy way of finding out the age of fish. It has been shown that mere size does not indicate the age. Reibisch, Heincke and others have discovered that many of the bones, scales and otoliths of fishes have annual age rings, resembling those in tree trunks, and by means of these Professor Wallace and others have now determined the rate of growth of plaice, showing that some specimens attain the age of twenty-five, or even as much as twenty-nine years. Age can now be correlated with size and weight, although it appears that the sexes have different rate of growth.

FOREST ON ICE

One of the world's most wonderful forests stands on ice. It is in Siberia in the region between Ural and the Okhotok sea. When a well was dug in the vicinity of the forest, it was found that a depth of 300 feet the ground was still frozen.

GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT



The illustration shows the hole made when Mayor Gaynor of New York pressed the key which fired by electricity the charge designed to "hole through" the Hudson river tunnel of the Catskill aqueduct, and thus practically complete an enterprise which has been claimed to be second only in importance to the Panama canal. To perform the "opening" Mr. Gaynor had to stand in a rocky cavern 1,100 feet under the bed of the Hudson river.

Copying Indian Writing



These inscriptions are carved more or less deeply upon the smooth sides of cliffs or boulders by the Indians of the southwest. In reproducing the inscriptions a matrix paper, such as is used by stereotypers, has been employed. The paper is prepared in the same manner as for making a matrix of a type form and is then applied to the face of the rock over the inscriptions and beaten into place until every cavity in the surface has been filled. It is then allowed to set, and when stripped off the paper shows a perfect reproduction of the inscription and even the texture or grain of the rock.

HOLES IN HIS HEART

The post-mortem examination of the body of a man who recently died of a ruptured heart, in Wimbledon, England, revealed that he had two holes in his heart, one the size of a two-shilling piece and the other the size of a shilling. The walls of both auricles were particularly thin, and in the left there was an opening.

AGE OF MAN

It has been known during a long time that in western Europe man existed during the glacial epoch. We now know that the great ice age consisted of different glacial times separated by inter-glacial times. In glacial times the snow line dropped 3,000 or 4,000 feet below its present level in the Alps, whereas in interglacial times it lay about 1,000 feet higher than at present. Thus the temperature seems to have been higher in the interglacial period than it is now. There is abund-

some reason for thinking that at least 20,000 years have elapsed since the last glaciation, and that the man whose jawbone was found in 1900 near Heidelberg lived 200,000 years ago. How slow is the evolution of man's higher faculties!

SEA'S SECOND THOUGHT

A fisherman of Grimsby, Lincolnshire, was recently washed overboard from the steam trawler Greenock during a North Sea gale. His companions thought he was drowned, but a great wave threw him back on the deck. He was losing consciousness when he felt himself bumped on the deck, but he clutched at a rope and was saved.

CATS DESTROY TABLE LEG

A table has been in the possession of a Dulwich, Surrey, family for over eighty years, and during this time the various cats they have possessed have

TURKEYS IMPROVE CROP

The man who proposed to make a million in a hurry by raising cats and rats, feeding each to the other, is beaten by an Oklahoma farmer, who has added several hundred dollars in value to his cotton crop and raised $200 worth of turkeys besides, by simply turning some young turkeys into his cotton field and letting them go it.

EQUINE CUSTOMS

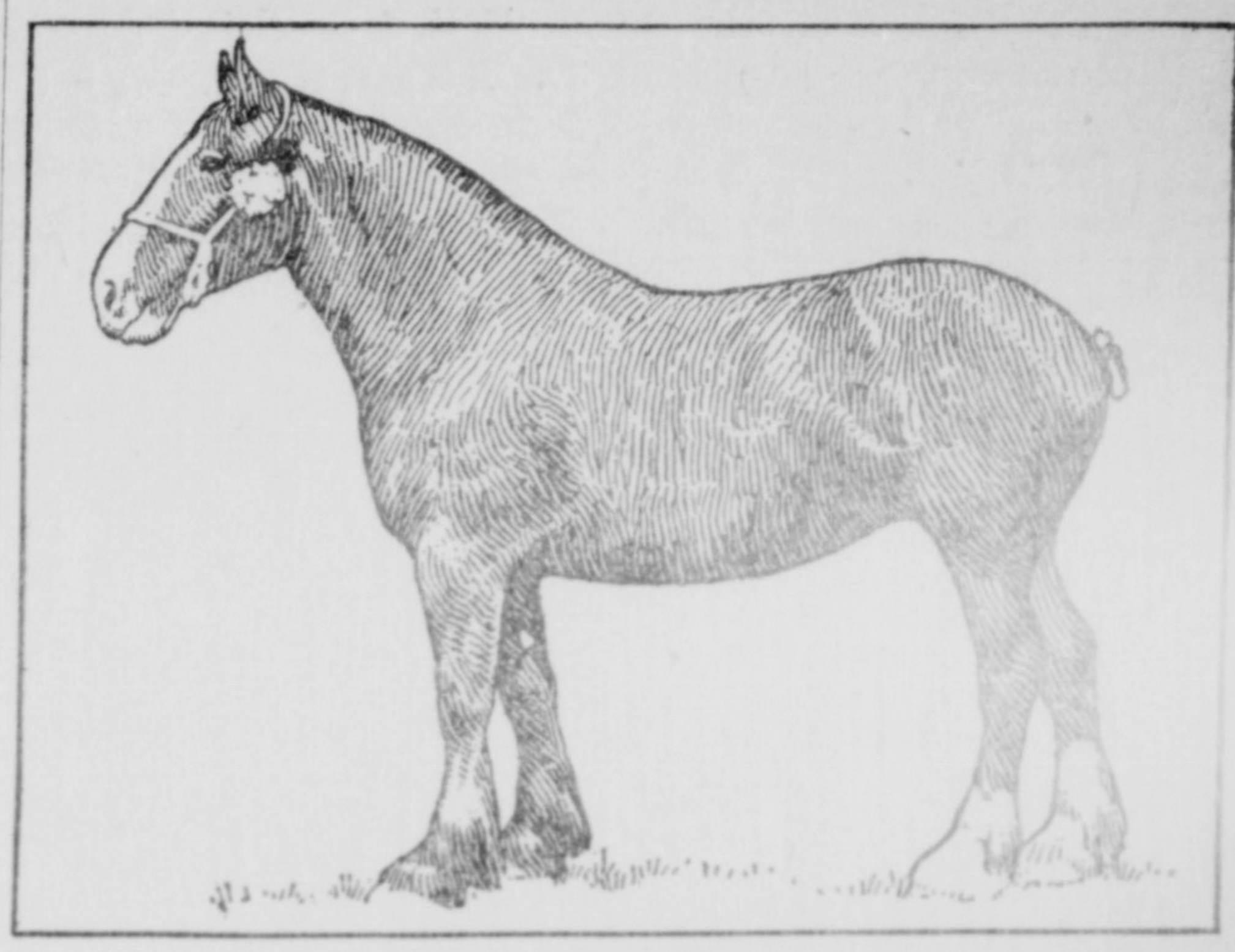
A strange difference between the habits of the wild horses of Arabia and South America is that the former will not admit a tame horse into their herds, whilst the latter will do their utmost to decoy the domesticated equine from its mater, seeming eager to welcome an addition to the herd.

CAN STOP HIS HEART

An Australian athlete who is giving

BREEDING HORSES SUITABLE FOR GENERAL WORK ON FARM

English Clydesdales and Crosses Resulting From Use of French or German Coach Animals Make Excellent All-Round Team—Pull Almost Any Load Within Reason.



Clydesdale Filly "Thelma Second."

Farmers in the south still cling to the light breeds of horses, mainly because there is more horseback riding done, and the average farmer wants a horse for all-around purposes.

In the north, the heavy breeds, such as the Percherons, Clydes and Shires are most generally used.

The wise farmer will raise the type of horse best adapted to his needs. Generally speaking, where only one team can be kept on the farm, the horses should be sizeable enough to pull a plow or draw a heavy wagon load with comparative ease, and at the same time light enough to get along over the road with a surrey or light rig at a fairly good gait.

If a farmer keeps a number of horses he will, of course, use the heavy type for plowing and other heavy farm work, and keep a light harness team for the road.

It is a great mistake to attempt to plow with a team of horses of the harness type. Farmers are plowing deeply these days, and it is distressing to see a light team struggling with a heavy plow.

The general tendency, therefore, is, when a light team is used, to allow the plow to skim the ground in order to ease up on the team. If a team of sturdy draft horses, weighing 1,300 to 1,500 each is used, they walk along with a plow, running from six to eight inches deep, without the slightest distress.

The English Clydesdales and crosses resulting from the use of French or German coach horses make a good all-round farm team. The infusion of the French or German Coach blood produces a horse of good action, while the blood of the Clydesdales, Shires and Percherons keeps him heavy enough, and close enough to the ground to pull almost any load within reason.

Selection of Animals.

Success in beef production is due, as it is in any other branch of farming, to close attention to the business details, chief among which is careful selection of a well-bred and mature sire from one of the beef breeds, preferably from that breed most commonly reperesented in the neighborhood. Such a selection is likely to result in a good grade of stock of a kind and quality in regular demand, with satisfactory prices attached.

Raising Early Lambs.

The sole object in raising early lambs is to produce a fine animal of good size and flesh and get him to market at the earliest possible moment. To do that requires good feeding, good care and good management from the time he is born until he is sent to market.

Silage Needs a Balance.

Cows should never be fed exclusively on silage. They need some dry forage to go with it; besides, silage is a carbonaceous food, and needs some more nitrogenous food to go with it to make a well-balanced ration.

FEW HINTS ON SKUNK FARMING



Many attempts have been made to raise skunks for their fur, but the enterprises have usually been given up as unprofitable. According to the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture, the chief causes of failure have been cost of fencing inclosures, cost of maintenance or lack of experience, leading to overcrowding and overfeeding the animals. In many cases, where the animals were successfully reared, it was found that the expense of feeding them to maturity exceeded the value of the fur, while in other instances the antipathy of the neighbors led to the abandonment of the experiments. At present the value of the best black skins would probably allow a margin of profit in rearing this class of skunks. The survey gives the following hints on skunk farming:

In the matter of food, the chief aim should be to supply a suitable and sufficient diet at reasonable cost. A certain proportion of meat is necessary, but the animals eat also bread, green corn, clover, tomatoes and many other vegetable substances. Butcher and table scraps given when fresh are the main reliance. The food should not be salted, and fresh water should be supplied regularly.

Skunks are especially fond of insects, and if the pens are large enough and favorably placed, the animals will forage for a part of their food.

At least an acre of ground should be inclosed for each fifty skunks, and even then there is danger of cannibalism unless there are plenty of separate dens for the females. The fence should be made of poultry netting 1½-inch mesh. The posts should be set in ditches 18 inches or more in depth, which should be filled with broken stone or concrete. Another plan is to extend the wire netting underground. The fence should be three or four feet high and have an overhang at the top to keep the animals from climbing over.

Skunks breed once a year and produce from six to eight young. They are born in May or June, and mature by December.

FEEDING RULE FOR DAIRY COW

Give as Many Pounds of Grain Per Day as Milk of Animal Contains Butter Fat Per Week.

One of the most recent feeding rules that has been suggested is to feed as many pounds of grain per day as the milk of the cow contains pounds of butter fat per week, or one-third to one-fourth as much grain as the cow gives pounds of milk per day, varying the grain fed according to the richness of the milk. If a cow gives 30 pounds of milk testing 4.0 per cent. fat the amount of grain she may be fed per day according to this rule is either one-third or one-fourth of 30, when the calculation is based on the amount

equals 8.4 pounds of grain. When fed by this rule a cow is supposed to be given all the coarse feed she will eat. By regulating the amount of concentrated feed according to the milk she gives, the cow is presumed to satisfy her appetite on the coarse feed and thus use her own judgment as to the amount of feed she needs.

Cooling Cream Immediately.

Farmers all know that cream is a perishable product, but some do not realize the importance of cooling from the separator, and the failure to properly cool cream immediately after it comes from the separator is the principal cause of the poor quality.

Handling Lambs.

There is a vast difference in handling lambs intended for breeding and for the market. The first should be