msa_sc2901_scm1628-0403 ©Maryland State Archives

A Modern Wise Woman

* * *

By M. DIBBEL

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"And you would really pine away and die of a broken heart, before giving the man you loved the least little hint—even if you knew he adored you, and it was leap year?" asked Nattie Adams disconsolately.

"Yes, indeed, I should—there would be something grand in such a sacrifice, but how could I ever look him in the face after boldly betraying my feelings?" Virtuous decision spoke in Mollie Bennet's voice, but little Nattie sighed.

"I am afraid you have more strength of character than I have, Mollie. I am quite sure I should never have courage to live in misery when a few words might make me happy."

"But consider the principle at stake—what do one's personal desires matter when the dignity of all women is to be weighed in the balance? Would you be the one to trail that dignity in the dust?"

"I don't see how it could trail in the dust if you were weighing it, and—bother the dignity anyhow; if I haven't sense enough to take happiness when I know it is waiting for me I don't deserve it, that's all." To Mollie's intense surprise, after delivering this heretical opinion, her usually meek and unassuming friend rose and left the room, slamming the door in a most forceful manner.

"Good gracious, what has got into the child?" thought Mollie, "I never saw her act like that before, and I was only trying to give her a true idea of what counts in the character of the ideal woman."

Nattie Adams walked rapidly homeward, with a bright flush on her cheeks and an angry light in her blue eyes; her thoughts, if spoken, would

He Isn't a Bit Like Himself Lately.

have answered her friend's self interrogation.

"I wish uncle Carl had left his money to some orphan asylum instead of to me, just because I have it I suppose I must remain an old maid. I wish Mollie wouldn't talk such rubbish—the idea, as if it mattered when you knew that some one loved you, and wouldn't tell you because you had more money than he did—but I know I shall never dare say a word now."

Six months before her uncle had made her his sole legatee, and his fortune was an ample one. At first Nattie rejoiced over the legacy, for now she thought all obstacles between herself and Wallace Kendall could be removed. But Wallace thought otherwise; he believed it to be the man's place to furnish his family's supply, and as he had not actually obtained Nattie's promise to become his wife before she was made an heiress, his sense of honor forbade his asking for it now.

Nattie's heart had given a throb of hope when she remembered that the coming year was leap year, and she had become more and more determined to take matters into her own hands and do something desperate when it arrived. And now, as if Mollie had read her unwomanly intentions, she had received a straightforward lecture on the subject.

In reality Mollie was utterly innocent of any personal application of her remarks; she had not known that anything deeper than friendship existed between Nattie and Wallace and knew nothing about the tangled state of their affairs.

Her eyes were opened shortly after the New Year arrived, in an unexpected manner. A cousin of Wallace Kendall's had been calling on Mollie with increasing fidelity since the winter set in, and one evening he seemed to feel so despondent that Mollie at last inquired:

"What makes you look so gloomy? Have you had anything dreadful happen to you?"

"No, but I'm worried about Wallace. He isn't a bit like himself lately. Blest if I would let a little money part me from the woman I loved."

"What do you mean? I did not know that Wallace was in love with anybody."

Russell Kendall seemed surprised. "Why—she is your closest friend! Do you mean to say you did not know that Wallace was in love with Nattie Adams?"

"I surely did not have any suspicion of it, why I have never thought of Nattie as anything but a child. And actually her coming into a fortune has parted them?"

"Yes, for Wallace is such a chump that he thinks the man should do all the providing, and unless he can duplicate her cash, he has no right to marry a woman with money."

Mollie had a long period of meditation after Russell's departure. To her disquietude she found that she was not so certain as to preferring to die in modest silence rather than speak the word for happiness, as when she preached that doctrine to Nattie. Suppose Russell—but Mollie hastily changed her line of thought, and began to ponder on how she could help the two who were in such an unfortunate predicament.

At last a smile came to her lips. "I am sure that will bring matters to a crisis—I mean to try anyhow."

Next evening she said to Russell, "Will you tell Wallace that I would like to see him tomorrow when he comes from the office—there is something important I have to tell him?"

Late the following afternoon Wallace Kendall stopped at Mollie's door, and the maid who admitted him informed him that Miss Bennet was expecting him and would come at once.

As Wallace seated himself, he became conscious that some one was sobbing in the adjoining room, and noticed that its door stood ajar. Before he could determine whether or not it were best to make his presence known, he heard Mollie Bennet speaking in soothing, but remarkably distinct tones:

"Don't cry, Nattie, I assure you that Wallace is not worthy of one of those tears—I am positive of what I say, that he has been paying attention to Clara Royce for several months; in fact they are reported engaged, and I thought it only right that you should know."

White with wrath Wallace strode to the partly open door and threw it wide. "It is a lie!" he fairly shouted. "I hardly know Miss Royce by sight, and I never loved anyone in the world but you, Nattie—I think Miss Bennet might be up to better business than telling you deliberate falsehoods."

Mollie gave an amused laugh and said pleasantly, "Now, will you use the common sense with which Providence provided you, and tell Nattie like a man that you want her for your wife?"

Without awaiting an answer she passed swiftly through the door Wallace had just entered, closing it tightly behind her, and leaving two very blank looking young people confronting each other. But they soon forgot everything else in the joy of being together, and Wallace followed the advice he had received.

"Goodness," thought Mollie, with a sigh of relief, as she sank into a chair in the outer room, "I hope I may be preserved from going through such an experience as that again—I should never have dared attempt it if I had not known that Wallace was like clock work in his movements, so that I could time him to the minute, and even then my hair fairly stood on end until I heard the door bell. Now I hope the two little geese will be happy—and properly grateful to their benefactress."

Later she whispered to Nattie, who clung to her lovingly, "You see, I preserved the dignity of woman after all—leap year did not have a thing to do with bringing Wallace to his senses."

Where Honor Counts.

She—Oh, yes; she married a man with a highly honored name.

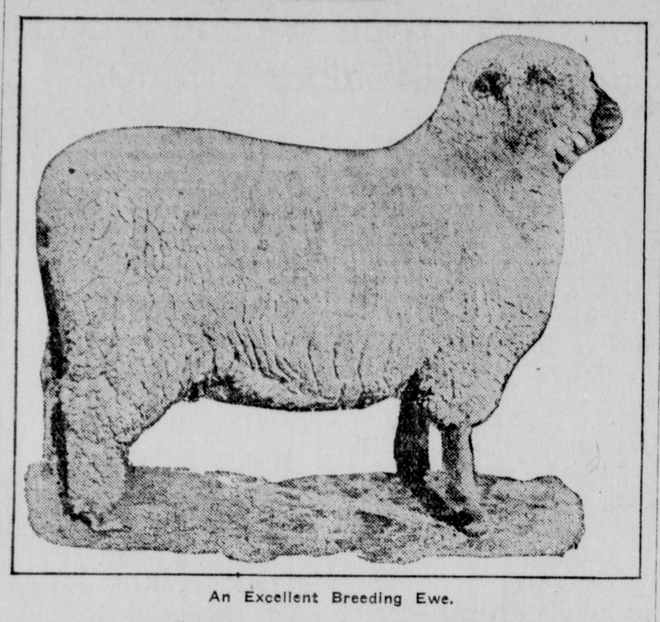
He—Why, I never considered Sploggs a highly honored name.

She—Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank.—Tit-Bits.

If a wife can induce herself to submit patiently to her husband's mode of life, she will have no difficulty to manage him.—Aristotle.

GOOD MANAGEMENT OF EWES IS OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE

Exposure to Cold and Lack of Milk Causes Estimated Loss of 35 to 40 Per Cent of Lambs—Shelter Must be Provided on High, Well Drained Land—Feeding Hastens Growth.



An Excellent Breeding Ewe.

(By J. M. BELL.)

The chief losses to the flock during the lambing season are from cold and exposure and from lack of milk. The first cause can be remedied by proper shelter and the latter by adequate and nutritious food for the ewes at this critical season.

It may safely be estimated that from 35 to 40 per cent. of the loss of lambs occurs from the above causes. To remedy them to a great extent is in the reach of the sheepman.

Regarding the question of proper shelter, the farmer must have his built on high, well-drained land; must have it well protected on the north east and west, and must be particular to give his flock sufficient room for a damp, over-crowded shelter is almost, or just as bad, as none at all, and the losses of lambs will be nearly as heavy as where the flock are not housed, but left to shift for themselves.

Where sheep are crowded in this way the ewes will drop their lambs outside of the shelter, and when this occurs in cold weather the little fellows die of cold and exposure before they are strong enough to suck.

Too many have the idea that the wool of the sheep provides all the protection needed. In reality, sheep are about the most tender of the various kinds of stock, and were it not for the liberal protection provided by Nature more protection would be necessary than for any other stock; hence the ewes should have comfortable quarters—warm, but not too close—and liberally supplied with clean, dry bedding to prevent dampness and to insure cleanliness.

Confine the sheep every night, especially if the weather is disagreeable, and when the lambs begin to arrive keep the ewes that have dropped lambs separate from the flock.

Build a dog-proof fence around the sheep yard, and under the shed partition off a place for the young lambs to go in. Have a trough for them and by the time they are two weeks old they will eat cracked corn and oats.

This feeding will hasten rapid growth and at the same time will make them more independent of their dams. Good feeding troughs should also be provided for the ewes.

This brings us to the all-important subject of what sort of a ration the ewes should have just before and after lambing time; in fact, until spring grass comes.

Just here let us take the case of a sheep owner whose loss of both lambs and ewes was very heavy during last winter and spring. The loss of ewes was 25 per cent.; that of lambs 37 per cent. Before lambing the flock was fed cut fodder and timothy hay; after lambing their ration was bran and cut fodder, no succulent food, or food that contained enough protein to produce the amount of milk necessary for the lamb after it was born.

The man said: "If I had had 500 bushels of turnips I should have saved my sheep and lambs also."

It is a great mistake to feed sheep merely timothy hay or corn fodder before and after lambing time. Many of the heaviest losses can be prevented if care is given to the ration, as it is an exceptional case where a ewe has not sufficient milk to at least keep her lamb alive if she has been properly fed a month before lambing.

The feed need not be expensive, nor necessarily succulent, although that is a great advantage; but it should be rich in protein, palatable, digestible and given in liberal amounts and at regular intervals, twice a day.

Clover, cow peas or soy bean hay, corn silage, turnips, sugar beets, and some well cured (not moldy) corn fodder may constitute the greater portion of the bulky ration, together with a grain ration of corn, oats, bran, and a small percentage of linseed oil meal or cotton seed meal.

It is best to mix these grains together, but if any are to be fed alone let it be oats.

Corn alone will prove unsatisfactory, as it has a tendency to weaken the lambs and lessen the flow of milk.

Be sure to have sufficient feeding room, as the danger from crowding and pushing when ewes are heavy with lamb is very great and likely to cause some cases of abortion.

In conclusion it may be said that every dead lamb or ewe means a loss of about five dollars to the owner, and it behooves him to give the best attention to his flock during the lambing season.

DAIRY PLANS OF DANISH FARMER

Great Aim Is to Keep Largest Number of Efficient Cows Possible on a Given Area.

The aim of the Danish farmer is to keep the largest number of efficient cows possible on a given area, a cow to 2½ acres or less. Enough young stock is raised to keep the herd supplied with cows.

From their feeding of oil cake and meal and the stall feeding of green crops, an immense amount of manure of fine quality is made, and with their careful methods of husbanding the solids in a covered manure pit and the liquids in a cistern, and applying in small quantities at frequent intervals during the rotation, the producing power of their land is increasing from year to year.

The price of cows is from $80 to $90. Only the best heifers are raised and with the record of the dam and the quality of the sire known, their selection is comparatively simple.

The soiling crops used are rye, oats and peas, oats and vetch and clover and grass. These are hauled to the barn and fed green, or pastured off by tethering the cows along the edge.

In the cool European countries the soiling season of the crop is much longer. The cows are seldom turned to pasture in Denmark, but tethered by means of a halter on the head and a rope or chain twelve to twenty feet long, which is attached to a ten-inch pin driven into the ground.

Water is hauled twice a day to the tethered cows. Many small dairymen take the cows to the stable to be milked three times a day.

The cows are moved five times a day from three to six feet depending upon the amount of feed.

Thus the crops are grazed off even when two or three feet high without waste from tramping. This is the Dane's chief point of economy in the summer feed.

Practically no grain is fed while the cows are on grass. A few dairymen feed a little oil cake to their best milkers.

They are stabled all winter, fed all the straw they will eat and on the average of four pounds of hay, 40 to 100 pounds of roots and about six pounds of grain per day, consisting of oil cake, bran, barley and oats.

The "FIGHTING ALLENS"

WHAT IS the genealogy of the clan of the "fighting Allens?" What are the racial strains and what the physical and social environment that have combined to produce this race of fearless fighters that has terrorized Carroll county, Virginia.

The question is an interesting one entirely apart from the academic theories of heredity. It is a question thousands of law abiding Americans doubtless have asked since the commission at Hillville of one of the most astonishing acts in the criminology of a civilized country.

No man is better qualified to answer the question than Judge David W. Bolen. He is a leader of the Carroll county bar, was a delegate to the Virginia state consolidation convention, and is one of the most thorough students of Virginia history to be found within the borders of the Old Dominion. A neighbor of the Allens from boyhood, their attorney and counsellor in many of their civil and criminal bouts with the law, he has personally known the Allen clansmen of three generations.

CROWD AT COURT HOUSE WHERE TRAGEDY OCCURRED

COPYRIGHT BY G.M. BUCK

FLOYD ALLEN

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING WASH. D.C.

As counsel for Floyd Allen, he stood beside his client when the latter opened fire upon the court officers and jury, and Judge Bolen himself narrowly escaped death from the bullets intended for the convicted man. He escaped by prostrating himself upon the court room floor until the rain of lead had spent itself.

It is not without reason that the Carroll county Allens are referred to as the members of a clan. The first of their forbears who settled in this vicinity in Colonial times came of Scotch-Irish stock—a strain often of sterling worth, but ever with a touch of clannish family pride, and usually with more than a touch of pugnacity, impatience of restraint and fighting courage.

In Revolutionary days what is now Carroll was Montgomery county, Virginia. One of the members of the Montgomery county militia who left his plow and his ax to march across the Blue Ridge in time to take part in the battle of Guilford Court House, N. C., was William Allen. The militia detachment marched across the Ridge by way of the Fancy Gap road, the same thoroughfare over which armed scouts have been scurrying to and fro in search of this Revolutionary soldier's scion, on whose head the outraged law has put a price.

As William Allen marched to battle he observed that the rolling land on the far side of the Fancy Gap was attractive. When the Revolutionary war was over he and one of his fellow soldiers settled there and so the Allens became established in the quarter within which they have ruled ever since like feudal barons.

Tradition says William Allen was a good soldier. He was destined to be the progenitor of many good soldiers. He had two sons, only one of whom, William Allen, Jr., concerns this narrative, for the second, William, was the father of two sons, Bailey Allen and William Carr Allen.

Bailey Allen had four sons—Lemuel, William, Carr and Bailey Allen, Jr. Of the four three were gallant soldiers in the Confederate service during the Civil war. Lemuel was killed in a charge during the second battle of Bull Run, or, as is generally designated in the south, the Battle of Manassas. William, who was a private in the same company, saw his brother fall, paused long enough to lift his stricken form and to note that he was dead, and then went on in the charge upon the Union position.

Carr Allen survived four years of active service. He was a soldier whose dash, courage and gallantry were uniformly praised by his officers. As a Confederate veteran and a good neighbor, he lived until about ten years ago, when, at a good old age, he was shot any killed by Mack Howlett, and Howlett was lynched, after a band, believed to have included members of the Allen clan, had taken him from the Hillsville jail, the keys of which were surrendered by the jailer, who was a cousin of "Jack" Allen's wife.

Of the four sons of Bailey Allen the black sheep of the family was Bailey, Jr. Judge Bolen was called upon to defend him against numerous criminal charges, and he was finally sentenced to a long term in the state penitentiary for housebreaking and burglary.

William Carr Allen, the other son of the second William Allen, was the father of Jeremiah, Robert and John. Jeremiah also was a loyal soldier in the army of the south. He married the daughter of one of the most famous of the old trappers of the Blue Ridge mountains, "Uncle Billy" Combs. The Confederate veteran and the daughter of the old trapper raised a large family of boys. Their sons were Anderson, who died a few years ago after having served as a member of the Virginia Reserves during the last ten months of the war; Washington, who was killed by the fall of a tree; Victor, who is the highly respectable and respected keeper of a country store a few miles from Hillsville; Garland, who is a preacher among the Primitive Baptists; Floyd, whose refusal to accept sentence of imprisonment caused the Hillsville massacre; Jasper, generally called "Jack," whose son Freel is the youngest of the clansmen now imprisoned on charges of conspiracy and murder, and finally Sidna Allen, who is regarded not only as the most wealthy, but also as the master mind of the clan.

A sister of the seven sons of Jeremiah Allen is Mrs. Edwards (now Mrs. Mundy), whose sons by her first husband were Sidna and Wesley Edwards, the first of whom surrendered himself to his uncle "Jack," while Wesley preferred to share the hardships of the mountains with his uncle Sidna. The other members of the younger generation who are directly involved in the Millsville affair are Claude and Victor, who are the sons of Floyd Allen, and Freel Allen, who is the son of "Jack."

"A study of the genealogical tree of the Allens," said one who knows them well, "shows that, while many of the clan have been fighting men, it is only those of the present generation who have been what is commonly known as gun fighters. Old Jeremiah was a hard fighter even after the war was over, but he fought with his fists.

"All of the seven sons of 'Jerry' Allen were men of strong personality and of fierce, imperious temper, but Anderson, Washington, Victor and Garland learned the important lessons of restraint and self control, while Floyd, 'Jack' and Sidna have never brooked restraint nor tolerated opposition.

"To students of heredity it might be interesting to speculate to what extent the soldier strain of the Allen family was tinctured by less noble, more primitive influences engrafted into it from the maternal side. The mother of the seven Allens who are the middle aged men of the present generation was the daughter of 'Uncle Billy' Combs, the toughest old woodsman and trapper known to the history or traditions of the Carolina mountain border. 'Uncle Billy' died at the age of 104.

"He tramped the mountain fastnesses habitually in his bare beet, the heels and soles of which had become so calloused and hooflike that he thought nothing of killing diamond back rattlers by tramping upon them.

"Like other mountaineers of his day, 'Uncle Billy' not only trapped or shot the wild beasts of the mountain, selling their pelts, but he made a respectable income by domesticating the wild honey bees and by raising droves of mountain hogs, which, until the advent of warm weather, would run wild and fatten upon the chestnuts and acorns of the forests."

Judge Bolen remembers "Uncle Billy" Combes in his later years. "I recall," said the lawyer, "that he once showed me a spot on the mountain where a panther had leaped out from cover and seized one of his mountain hogs as his prey. 'Uncle Billy' went to his cabin, got his dogs out and then summoned one or two of his nearest neighbors. For two days and nights they stalked the panther, until the dogs finally ran the beast into a tree, where 'Uncle Billy' shot it and skinned it for its pelt."

"Uncle Billy" Combes stood six feet three inches tall and was muscled like a lion. He always wore buckskin breeches and a fur trimmed roundabout jacket. On his head a coonskin cap was poised rakishly, and until his death, about 45 years ago, he never was seen without his shot pouch and powder horn.

"Uncle Billy," though phenomenally strong, was a peaceable man among his fellows, and died much beloved and respected. His son "Jed," however, endowed with much of his father's physique, was a noted bully of the mountainside. "Jed" had met and conquered many rivals, but he had never tried conclusions with Ike Beamer. Ike was, like "Jed," a giant in strength and with sinews of steel, but Ike was neither quarrelsome nor ambitious to shine as a bully. "Jed" determined to force him to fight, trumped up some imaginary debt and went to Ike under pretense of collecting it.

"Jed" knew it probably would give him the opening he and his satellites had been craving. Ike listened calmly. Then he remarked: "Jed, you know I don't owe you no such sum, but folks is saying I do owe you a tolerable good thrashing. Are you prepared to collect that debt, too?"

"Jed" needed no urging. The two mountaineers went at it, and tradition says it was a battle of giants. Time and again the men, evenly matched, had to cease from sheer exhaustion. Then they clutched each other while they panted for breath. It doubtless would have been fought to a finish, but friends of Beamer interfered. Neither man had "squealed." According to the mountaineer code of pugilism, it had been a drawn fight. Beamer had lost the index finger of his right hand, which "Jed" Combes had worried in his teeth until he chewed it off at the middle joint. Ike had thrust his thumbs so remorselessly into "Jed's" eye sockets that the bully was blinded, and did not regain his sight until weeks afterward.

New Theory as to the Gaels

Since the Gaelic league in Ireland set about its vigorous campaign for the extensions of the ancient language of the Irish, learned men have been studying more closely than before the original of the Gaels. The central contention that has emerged is that the Gael and his language owe their origin to the intermarrying of Scots and Celts in Ireland in the third and fourth century of the Christian era.

"The Scots, who were Teutons when they went to Ireland," says W. C. Mackenzie, one of these wise men, "married Celtic wives. They had just to do what their better halves told them, and this involved the adoption of the Celtic speech."

Mr. Mackenzie has delved deep into his subjects. He declares ethnologists are wrong in classifying Celts as fair and dark. He holds that the short dark people described as Celts are pre-Celtic and pre-Aryan in origin, and tany is no proof of preponderance of Celtic blood. He is convinced that Cymric or Welsh is a pure Celtic language, and that Gaelic, though overwhelmingly Celtic in structure, contains a Teutonic element.

A Woman's Way.

"My dear," said the bacteriologist's wife, "did you remember to order the coal?"

"Doggone it!" growled the bacteriologist, "every time I count up to nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand three hundred and forty-five germs in this spoonful of milk she comes in and interrupts me and makes me lose the count!"

Closing the door with a slam, he begins again, "One, two three," etc.—Judge's Library.

Why Wood Is Seasoned.

The effect of seasoning wood is to bring into the same space 10 per cent.

RAISING CROPS FOR THE SILO

Ground Should be Selected on Which to Grow the Largest Possible Yield of Corn.

Now is the time to make arrangements for the silo. Ground should be selected on which to grow the largest possible yield of corn, and as conveniently located as possible, for it costs money to haul green corn long distances.

If the old alfalfa sod was plowed last fall for planting to corn this spring, so much the better; if not, plow as early as possible this spring, and plow deeply, using a dressing of well rotted manure to plow under if it can be had. Corn is a crude feeder and will give good account of any fertilizer you may have.

It is not too much to expect twelve to fifteen tons of green corn per acre be built to accommodate the area of corn grown! but be sure and build large enough; for when once used it will grow in favor, and the chances are the area of corn planted and the number of animals fed will be increased when the practise is once established.

Keeping Farm Accounts.

Farm accounts, to be practical, must be of the very simplest possible nature, and require a minimum amount of time for their up-keep. Accounts are valuable only as they are carefully kept. The occupation of the farmer is naturally not conducive to bookkeeping habits. When one works hard in the field all day, he does not, as a rule, feel like working a great deal over books. With some simple and practical system of keeping track of various items each day, in some sort of day-book, one can later take time in the winter when other things are less rushing, and work up his balances. Young people, especially, should be encouraged if they show any desire to try to keep farm ac-

ARTIST AND COURTIER, TOO

The painter is likely to be brusque. Even when he possesses a bit of tact, he is not wont to waste it on "Philistines"—even if they are customers and persons of distinction. No such charge, however, can be brought against an eighteenth-century painter named Chandler.

He was commissioned by William IV. to paint the attack commanded by the sovereign, when Duke of Clarence, on a fortress on the Spanish coast. The attack took place at night, and with the view of relieving the somber veil of midnight, the artist took the liberty of introducing seagulls skimming the clouds.

"Hello!" exclaimed his majesty, when he first saw the painting. "It will never do to have the birds flying about at night. They were all gone to roost."

"So they were, your majesty," artfully agreed the artist, "but you gave such a rousing broadside with your guns that they all woke up and flew

"Ah, so I did!" assented the royal critic, with more than royal naivete. "I forgot that. Very good! Very good!"—Youth's Companion.

Judging Races by Camera.

Now that running races are about to commence, further attention will be given to a highly practical invention for automatically judging the position of horses at the winning post, particularly in cases where close finishes occur, says London Answers.

Briefly, the mechanical race judge is an ordinary photographic camera. Across the course a fine woolen thread is stretched, breast high to the horses. The moment this thread is snapped the shutter is opened and a photographic record results.

The actual development of the negative is but the work of a few moments, and prints can be actually distributed in quite a short time.

The chief utility of the invention lies in the fact that it eliminates the when a race is a very close thing. Not long since, an absolutely perfect dead heat was recorded with this instrument.

Early Chimney Pots.

Silk hats were known in France some years before John Hetherington frightened Londoners by wearing one. They came in with the French Revolution, when all patriotic citizens abandoned wigs and had their hair cut short. Engravings printed so early as 1790 depict sans-culotte dandies wearing top hats. In a rare print of the trial of the Girondists, which took place in 1793, all the judges appear crowned with silk hats.

Although the silk hat is not much more than a hundred years old, hats of that shape were worn hundreds of years before. In Elizabethan times a cylindrical hat with a brim rather similar to that of the "fifties," and with the addition of a plume, was worn by the nobility. According to Raphael, it was worn very much earlier than that. A red top hat appears in the cartoon "Paul Preaching at