LOCATING THE BREAK

New Linesman Repaired Two; One in Wire, the Other More Important.

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY.

"It's do the work, get a substitute, or discharge, I'm sorry to say," announced Forman Perkins of the Midland Electric Light company.

It was in the office of the Midland plant that he said it, and the man he addressed, Robert Cole, looked dismally out across acres on acres of huge snow drifts, sighed desperately, and arose to his feet with the words:

"Rules are rules, Mr. Perkins, and I've always tried to follow the company's here, but I give up this time. In the first place, that soaking I got in the rainstorm last week has left me chills and fever, and I haven't the strength to work. In the next place, there's a new baby at our house, and I'm needed there."

The speaker's hectic face and harsh, racking cough told that he was making no pretence. He went to the window to hide the tears coursing down his cheeks and gazed out at the fast darkening landscape.

Besides himself and the boss, there was only one other occupant of the little office. He was a stranger to both of them, outside of the fact that he was the new man sent from headquarters that day. Young, bronzed, athletic, he was a vigorous contrast in physical health to the poor fellow

I Must Reach It Some Way.

who now saw his life chances fading away from him, with no position to guarantee comfort for the dear ones at home. The stranger had been registered as "Dale Tyler, linesman." He glanced twice at Cole after he had made his plea. He seemed studying the situation. There were lines in his face that showed hard contact with the world, and these did not indicate any deep sympathy. His accustomed cynical expression changed, however, as some good impulse stirred him. He arose, went over to Cole, placed his hand on his shoulder and said tersely.

"You go home—I'll take care of the job."

At the words the foreman turned sharply upon him.

"Why, you're not scheduled for work until tomorrow," he said.

"That so?" retorted Dale Tyler nonchalantly. "All right, I'll do it anyway, and you can credit it to this man here, who faces death if he goes out in such a howling blizzard as this."

The speaker resented the expressions of deep gratitude attempted by Cole, and went over to where the foreman had opened the order book. He reached into a corner, took up a repairing outfit, and swung it carelessly over his shoulder.

"It's the line between here and Hampton," announced the foreman. "It's down somewhere, the transformer end reports."

"How shall I locate it?" inquired Tyler.

"I should say it was the old trouble—pole 585 or thereabouts. Last week the rain made a sag in two of the poles near it and a break in the wires. The distance is about—"

"You needn't tell me," interrupted Tyler, with a frown. "I knew this district pretty well—once."

"Oh, you did?" asked the foreman. "Well, you can't miss it, following the line. If the break is serious, reach the nearest telephone and we'll send help some way or other."

"All right."

"There's an extra fee if we get the connection before eight o'clock," advised the foreman. "You see, there's a big wedding at Hampton. They want to get the lights on at any expense. It's the rich Miss Norton, going to marry—hello!"

The new man was a strange man as well, decided the astonished foreman as the former bolted from the place as suddenly as if shot. As the mention of that name—Miss Norton—Dale Tyler shrank as if his informant had drawn a red hot iron over a raw wound.

He left the place muttering strange words, his eyes fixed ahead in a pained, intense stare, heedless of the roaring wind, the cutting sleet, the great snow drifts.

"What did I come back for," he cried bitterly—"more torture? Lights for the wedding! And I, of all men, to add to the grandeur and brilliancy of the occasion! Is it Fate or—Retribution?"

This man's soul was a seething volcano. No marvel that he disdained the cold, the discomfort, the hardship! A storm of emotion, of anguish, was sweeping through his brain with rushing, devastating force. That name—Miss Norton—had unlocked the most secret chamber in his heart of hearts.

Two years before Dale Tyler had been engaged to Miss Lucia Norton, of Hampton. There had come a lover's quarrel. He was impetuous, and she was just. In a fit of pique he had gone west. Losing his ambition, from work as an engineer he became a practical linesman on account of the bustle and exercise of outside work. All that time his life was embittered by his rash act, but he was proud, and—long since he had decided that Lucia must have forgotten him as he deserved, he told himself.

And now—transferred nearer to his old home, his first task had been to repair the broken wires for the wedding of Miss Norton. Oh, the cruel, bitter irony of it all!

It was a fearful task breasting the storm, mastering with grim desperate resolution that rigorous tramp six miles along a lonely, snow-clogged highway. He counted the poles. The fever in his blood defied the intense cold. He found pole 585. Within thirty minutes he had repaired the break, but as he started to descend the pole he found himself frozen to it.

The reaction had come, and he reached the ground coated with ice, chilled to the marrow. He swept the frost from his face and leaned against a tree to steady himself. A light showed in the distance.

"I must reach it some way," Tyler told himself. "I must phone the office. Besides, I must get to shelter somewhere."

It was his hardest experience in two years' service in a hard line. It was a staggering, slipping, falling progress all the way to the source of the light, a small cottage. He knocked at its door.

So blurred was his sight, so chilled and numb was he, that he made out a feminine form in dim outline only.

"I am a linesman nearly perished with the cold, and must telephone to headquarters," he faltered out.

Tyler was conscious of a cry of some kind, and that his hostess stood aside. He staggered across the threshold, fell to a chair and nearly fainted from the abrupt transition from the intense cold to heat. Life was a blur for some moments. Then his vitality came back to him.

"I must beg pardon," he began, arising and removing his cap—"Lucia!"

It was a gasp of wonder, that name. Before him was the woman he had so loved, still loved with sorrowful, regretful emotion.

"I thought," he stammered out—"they told me about—of the wedding of Miss Norton, at Hampton."

"My cousin," was all that Lucia said. She said more, however, when under those strange unforseen circumstances arose the pleading, remorseful story of his wanderings, and her own story of change of fortune and the silent patient grief of a loyal soul.

And the wild ringing of the storm became as happy as joy bells to two united hearts.

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BEATS THE LAWYER'S LOGIC

Uncle George Not a Skillful Cross-Examiner, but He Helped His Case a Lot.

Hon. Walter Evans, United States judge for the sixth circuit and western district of Kentucky, has to attend to a great many offenders against the United States revenue laws. Recently he had an old negro before the court for selling whisky without a license. Uncle George had been in jail for six months awaiting trial. He was very long, and thin and gray, and generally dilapidated in appearance. The district attorney made out a complete case against him. The old negro had no attorney.

"Do you want to ask the witnesses any questions, Uncle George?" inquired the court.

"Yaasir, jedge; I'd like to ax a few ob dat nigger ober dere," indicating a small, chunky negro man with coal tar complexion. Whereupon Uncle George nervously cleared his throat.

"Say, boy, how's your ma?"

"She's well, Uncle George."

"Is the res' of yo' folks well?"

"Yes, Uncle George."

"Is you well?"

"Yassir, I'se tolerable, Uncle George."

"I believe dats all, jedge."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, "since George has refuted so much of the damaging testimony against him, we will waive a fine in this case and just give him six months' more rest."—Popular Magazine.

Good Advice.

"Would you advise a young man to go into any business where he saw an opening?"

"Yes, unless he was sure the opening wouldn't get him into a hole."

CONVINCING CIRCUMSTANCE.

First Politician—You are sure that prize fight was on the level?

Second Politician — Absolutely. When the referee counted ten the defeated candidate for the championship was too much exhausted even to demand a recount.

It Comes Off.

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!
A fellow seldom laughs.
Why don't we wear the smile that we
Use in our photographs?

Its Use.

Warden—We have a fine laundry in this prison.

Visitor—I suppose that is where you wash and iron the convicts.

GOVERNMENT TO HELP DAIRYMEN

Ready to Assist Owners of Herds in Controlling Infectious Diseases Among Animals.

ASSISTANCE RENDERED FREE

Members of Several Cow-Testing and Bull Associations Have Accepted Offer and Report Good Results —Herd Lists Issued.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Any herd of cattle built on a foundation of diseased stock cannot survive profitably for any length of time. The wise breeder who is establishing a herd, therefore, will see that his original stock comes from herds known to be free from disease and that the animals have not been otherwise exposed. More than that, the established breeder, to safeguard the health of his herd and meet the increasing demand for healthy stock, should use every means at hand to maintain a herd known to be healthy.

Government Asks Co-operation.

The dairy division, United States department of agriculture, co-operating with the tuberculosis eradication division, is ready to assist members of cow-testing and bull associations in controlling infectious diseases among

Dairy Herd on Southern Farm.

their animals. This assistance is rendered free in associations whose members request it and who will co-operate with the bureau of animal industry in maintaining healthy herds.

In several cow-testing and bull associations the members have already accepted federal assistance and report good results. Practically all members submit their herds to the necessary tests and in this way start tuberculosis-free communities, which are expected eventually to grow to counties, then to states, and finally the entire United States may be freed from bovine tuberculosis.

Accredited Herd Lists Stimulate Sales.

Accredited herd lists will be issued at suitable intervals. These lists contain the names and addresses of the owners, and a statement of the breed of cattle maintained by those owners whose herds are found to be free from tuberculosis.

Already approximately 50,000 copies of the first list have been distributed among breeders, state officials, extension men, breed associations, and others. Breeders whose names appear on this list state that as a result they have received numerous inquiries from prospective purchasers, some buyers even desiring to purchase the entire herd.

Certain communities have become unfavorably conspicuous for the large number of tuberculous cattle found in them, and purchasers of cattle both for breeding and slaughtering purposes are shunning those sections. On the other hand, when sections become noted for their healthy cattle, buyers obviously will seek animals from the breeders in such tuberculosis-free localities.

PROPER SOIL FOR SOY BEANS

Crop Does Not Require Much Drainage for Best Development—Too Much Water Harmful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The soy bean does not require a well-drained soil for its best development, although it will not succeed where water stands for any considerable length of time. Swamp and peat soils, after being drained and limed, have usually been found to produce this crop very well. Soy beans will thrive on soils that are too acid for the successful culture of red clover.

BEST AS A DORMANT SPRAY

Lime-Sulphur Is Effective When Applied of Proper Strength—Kills Egg Clusters.

Lime-sulphur answers practically all purposes as a dormant spray, being effective, when applied of proper strength, for San Jose and other scale insects. It also kills many egg clusters of insects and serves as a fungicide, killing the spores of many of the diseases that injure the trees and fruit.

Kitchen Colloquy.

"Is de left hind foot of a rabbit a sign of luck?"

"'Tis," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "if you owns de rest of de rabbit."

A Proof.

"They say she is wildly wasteful."

"So she is. I counted three lumps of coal lying on her pavement after the coal cart had driven off."

HIS MISSING FORTUNE

Its Hiding Place Brought to Light Through a Kind Act.

BY FLORENCE L. HENDERSON.

Because John Davis was hungry and had to work, and because a big wind storm had blown down some barns and fences and nearly half the trees in Glenville, thereby offering that individual an opportunity to labor, sunshine came suddenly into the life of pretty, patient Ethel Moore.

She needed it, poor girl, and more than deserved it, if ever a loving, helpful daughter and a true and earnest sweetheart did. Ever since her mother had died Ethel had led a hard, slave-like existence. They had not always lived at Glenville. It was the lure of change and a fortune that had induced William Moore, her father, to abandon a fairly prosperous store business in a city fifty miles distant, to fill out, as he anticipated, the glowing dream of his life. He had always longed for a farm, and when he was wired urgently to the bedside of his dying brother, Robert, he felt certain that at last the coveted acme of his ambition was in sight.

Robert Moore, reputed a rich man, died before his brother reached him. In his will he left William everything. When "everything" was materialized into coherency, to the surprise of his neighbors and the bitter disappointment of the legatee, the estate comprised only the old home, with its weather-beaten porch and boarded-up cupola, dreary and gloomy in the extreme.

"The place will do to live in," moodily decided William Moore, "but what has ever become of the stocks and bonds and money everybody knew my brother had six months before he died?"

That was still a question unsettled two years after the Moores had taken up their abode at the great, rambling

Drove Her to Her Feet With a Shock.

house, whose original owner had built it as a mansion nest for a lady who on the bridal eve had run away and married another suitor: William Moore's wife died, he sold out his business and then lost his cash in an unwise speculation.

Then the shoe began to pinch. He had a small house in the city which brought in a certain income, but not enough to cover living expenses. Ethel learned to do dressmaking and how to trim hats in season at the village millinery store, and her little earnings helped to keep the wolf from the door.

It was when Archie Winston came into her life that the days seemed worth while and the nights were filled with sweet dreams. He held a clerical position, where any pretentious salary income was in the future, and when they talked of the wedding day they referred to it as very far ahead. Ethel was loyal to the comfort and interests of her father, and Archie honored her for it and encouraged her in her course. The old man had grown sour and selfish, and would not hear of a change in their domestic relations.

"I may get something yet out of my unfortunate investment," he was wont to say. "If I do I'd feel more certain of things," and then dolefully he would finish up with the remark: "If we could only find out where all Robert's fortune went to!"

It was several days after the big storm and the fallen and hanging limbs of the giant trees surrounding the Moore homestead had not been cleared away. William Moore was too engrossed over his life disappointment to think of mundane things. Ethel had dragged the light, stray branches to the rear of the lot. The larger ones Archie had promised to try and get out of the way Saturday afternoon.

When John Davis came along one morning, however, saw, rope and pole in hand, Ethel listened to his application for work with interest and sympathy.

"I've been sick for a long time, Miss Moore," he declared, "and not able to take a steady job for some time ahead. About all I'm fitted for is a little spading or grass mowing, or something like cleaning up yards. I'll trim out that hanging stuff up around the house for fifty cents and burn all the stray brush."

Ethel had a little surplus savings, very limited indeed compared with the old days of affluence. A dollar now was of vast value. She had intended to buy some lace to the extent of just the amount her pensioner named to trim up a last year's hat.

"Very well, Mr. Davis," she agreed after a moment or two of wavering thought. "It isn't much to pay, though."

"It's a lot to me," sighed Davis, thinking of the hungry mouths at home. "You'll get a blessing for this," he added, poking a stray tear from his eye. "I know that ready money isn't over plentiful with you, and that is why I appreciate the work the more."

Ethel went into the house with thoughts of the struggling brood of children of John Davis' in her mind. She remembered an old trunk in the attic filled with odds and ends, and wondered if she would be likely to find anything of service to the Davis household.

Several old garments, she discovered, might be utilized. She was kneeling by the trunk, engrossed in her task, when a most unearthly hubbub drove her to her feet with a shock.

There was a loud cracking crash and the plaster rained down. Then some object of jarring volume appeared to sweep the slanting roof thunderously. She heard a cry, a second crash, then another cry.

"Oh, dear! what can have happened?" gasped Ethel breathlessly.

She ran down the stairs as fast as she could. Her first thought was of her father. She glanced into the sitting room. He was not there. Then, as she dashed outside, she saw him standing in the garden, waving his arms frantically.

"You've ruined the looks of the house!" he was storming at John Davis.

The latter sat on the ground staring vacantly at a mass of wreckage near by. It was the shattered remnants of the old cupola.

"It's a good thing I dodged," he observed. "When I sawed that big limb it just swept that old cupola off the top of the house clean as a whistle. Sorry, Mr. Moore, but honestly, it was so battered and wobbly the house looks better without it."

"I think so myself," remarked Ethel, immensely relieved to find no one seriously injured. "Are you hurt, Mr. Davis?" she inquired solicitously.

"Oh, no—slid only a few feet with the limb," answered Davis. "I'll get the truck out of the way right off. The cupola will make good kindling."

Mr. Moore advanced to where the ruins of the cupola lay. He poked the shattered boards around with his cane. Then Ethel heard him utter a strange cry. She ran towards him as he stooped over and picked something up.

It was a tin box. Her father lifted its catch, threw back the cover and nearly fell over as a great conviction illumined his mind.

"Quick, daughter!" he panted, "Papers—and money! If it should be my brother's missing fortune at last—!"

It was, at last and in full. The hiding place of the missing fortune had come to light through Ethel Moore's kind deed. It meant so much to William Moore that he seemed to grow younger in an hour. He sent John Davis home feeling rich, and he told Archie and Ethel that evening that they might arrange to have the old homestead renovated for a wedding.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

BROKE IT TO HIM GENTLY

If Papa McStubbins Saw the Point, He Should Have Appreciated Daughter's Cleverness.

It was only a short time after Lulu McStubbins was married that the startling truth was forced upon her that her young husband was not exactly a teetotaler. One evening a few weeks after the wedding that strict old cold water man, Papa McStubbins, dropped in to call. He found his daughter all alone. After a while he asked:

"Where is Christopher?"

"Well, the fact is, Christopher isn't feeling very well this evening."

"Is that so? What seems to be the matter?"

"Well—er—the fact is—er—Christopher is suffering from a bad attack of—of—propinquity."

"Propinquity—Propinquity,' repeated the puzzled old gentleman. "That's a disease I never heard of. I guess you must be mistaken, daughter."

"Oh, no, father. Let me explain. Propinquity means nearness, doesn't it?"

"I guess so."

"And to be near is to be close, isn't it?"

"Em—yes—yes."

"And when we speak of a man as being close we mean that he is stingy, don't we?"

"Sure."

"And when a man is stingy we call him tight, don't we?"

"I believe so."

"Well," she concluded with a sigh, "that's what's the matter with Christopher."—London Fun.

A COMPLEX SENTENCE.

A teacher in the North Vernon schools was grading some manuscripts from a recent examination. One of the questions asked ran like this: "Define and give an example of a complex compound sentence." In answering the question one pupil gave the following sentence as an example:

"The only saw that I ever saw saw was a buzzsaw down in 'Arkansaw.'"

The teacher is under the impression that the answer was somewhat complex.—Indianapolis News.

Fear Effect on Soldiers.

Emperor William of Germany has forbidden any paintings dealing with the Franco-German war to be included in the forthcoming jubilee art exhibition at Berlin, and in particular those of Anton von Werner, whose brush was employed to glorify the leading incidents of Sedan and the proclamation of the German empire at Versailles. But the emperor has not yet gone so far as to cease holding his annual review of the guards at Berlin on Sedan day—which continues to be a thorn in the flesh of the French. When Vereshchagin, the Russian painter, had an exhibition at Berlin of his realistic scenes from the campaign of 1877 the old kaiser forbade his soldiers to go and see them on the ground that they would inspire a horror of war.

Valuable Improvement.

"What do you think of this proposed telephone attachment to enable the talkers to also see each other?"

"It will be fine. Then I can call up my husband to tell me if my hat is on straight."

THE UNSEEN SYSTEM

THE telephone that you see before you is a very small part of the telephone system—one of the finger tips, as it were. Most of the telephone plant is invisible.

THOUSANDS of dollars in telephone plant are hidden underground, strung out along the streets and roads and tucked away in central offices. When you talk over a telephone line you have thousands of dollars worth of equipment at your service.

IT is the unseen telephone plant that enables you to send your voice where you will.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

HASH IS HASH.

In one of her famous "Rebecca" stories, Kate Douglas Wiggin had written this sentence:

Rebecca sat by the window, chopping hash.

The proofreader put an interrogation mark after it, and added, in pencil:

"As hash is the finished product, was she not, instead, chopping meat or potatoes?"

When the author rallied from the effect of the comment, she wrote her answer under the question:

"There is a psychological moment when the meat and the potatoes blend into hash. It was this moment I had in mind!"

Shrewd Guess.

"For half an hour Gadspur has been standing at the telephone saying, 'Uh, huh; uh huh!'"

"Who do you suppose is at the other end of the wire?"

"It must be his wife. He would feel in duty bound to be more polite to anybody else."

Calling Attention to It.

Miss Pslymme—It's a beautiful present and so original. I never saw a watch on a necklace before.

Miss Ponderosa—That remark may have been catty or merely stupid. That is not a necklace; it's a bracelet.

Leaders of Opinion.

"What's your opinion—"

"Can't tell you now," replied Senator Sorghum. "I may have to go back home and interview my constituents personally to find out what my opinion about anything is."

A Wonderful Debate.

"William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon were two of the smartest men that ever lived."

"Yes. I wish there were some way of hearing them get together in an argument on the Baconian theory."

A Cheap Start.

"I don't know, Harold; it seems such a serious thing to be married. Have you counted the cost?"

"Cost? Why, there will be no cost; my clergyman will marry us for nothing."

EASY.

"I'd bet a nickel you don't know your lesson!"

"Gee! You're cheap! Not bettin' more'n a nickel on a sure thing."

If.

How wealthy we would all become
If Fortune tried a different plan
And loudly thumped upon each door
Insistent as the instalment man.

A Vain Conclusion.

He—Then you think men are conceited. Why?

She—They always say a girl hasn't any heart when they fail to win it.

Kaiser's Sublime Vanity.

Of the innumerable stories told of the ex-kaiser's vanity none surpasses one concerning a little incident that took place on board a British warship a few years ago. The recently deposed emperor was being entertained at dinner during a visit to the British fleet, and when smoking began took up a cigar and looked around for a cutter. One not being handy, an officer immediately offered him a penknife, which William used and returned with the solemn remark, "Keep it and guard it well; one day it will be historic."

SUGAR BEET SEED

The estimated production of sugar beet seed grown by beet sugar manufacturers and sugar-beet growers associated with them for 1918 is approximately 6,000,000 pounds. This estimated production is from 6,014 acres reported in the seed survey of July 1, 1918. In addition there are several hundred acres of sugar beet seed grown by independent growers which are not included in this report.

FARMING IN ALASKA IS NOW PROFITABLE

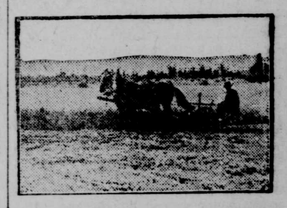
Experiment Stations Developing Important Feed Crops.

Strawberries Can Be Grown Successfully and Made to Bear Fruit Where Season Is Short—Potatoes Are Big Money Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many Americans think of Alaska as a land of perpetual snow, comparable with "Greenland's icy mountains," and from an agricultural standpoint of little value. But the United States department of agriculture is demonstrating, through the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, that many crops can be successfully and profitably grown in the territory.

Hardy hybrid strawberries, developed at the Sitka (Alaska) agricultural experiment station, can be grown successfully and made to bear fruit where the growing season is short.



Cutting Grain for Hay on the Tanana Bottoms, Alaska.

Several thousand plants resulting from crosses are now under observation at the station. At the experiment station at Fairbanks, last year, in spite of unfavorable weather conditions—a cold spring followed by severe drought—more than 1,200 bushels of spring wheat, oats, and barley were produced. Average yields of over 12 bushels an acre were obtained for spring wheat, the seed for which was obtained in 1914 from a Siberian experiment station. Other varieties yielded from 12 to 15 bushels an acre, and yields of from 38 to 40 bushels of oats an acre are reported. Most of these grains were from pedigree strains developed from the Rampart station.

In an attempt to grow leguminous plants for forage or green manure, it has been found at the Fairbanks station that red clover, which winterkills badly, can be grown successfully as an annual crop when seeded early in May.

Potatoes are the principal money crop of the Tanana valley. Yields of 92 to 162 bushels an acre were produced at the experiment station.

The stations at Fairbanks and Rampart are giving special attention to the production of improved seed for Alaskan use. In addition to grains, seed of peas, turnips and other crops were grown in considerable quantity for 1918 planting.

Egg Production.

The average production of eggs by hens of all kinds and ages in the United States is 85. Unselected White Leghorns, however, produce an average of 130 eggs for the first year, 120 for the second, 110 for the third, 85 for the fourth, and fall off about ten a year up to the eighth. These figures are from a bulletin of the Utah experiment station. If the first year production be low the second will be high and vice versa, the total production for three years being about the same.

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