In Safe-Keeping

By ANTHONY REIMERT

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WHEN Armand went away on his fur-trapping he left Armine behind, with the promise that she would marry him if he had a successful season.

Jean was his rival, but Jean was no better off than he, and Armine had promised him: "I shall never marry Jean."

Then there were other, lesser suitors. But Armand was not friendless.

"I shall watch over thy interests, my friend," had said old Pierre Leveque, the rich man of the village, the money lender. He was reported to be worth $10,000. "I shall see that Armine is not tempted by others when you are away."

Blithely Armand set off on his trapping expedition, which would carry him into remote regions. He would be gone all the winter.

And it was spring when he returned, without many furs, but happy in the thought that Armine was to be his.

It was true that they would be very poor at the beginning, but there would be enough money, when he had sold his furs, to last them until winter, and then enough to last Armine until the following spring, while he was away. And surely there would be more furs the following winter than there had been. A poor season, a good season—so it ran.

He had suffered incredible hardships. And how he had worked, always with the thought of Armine. He had been lost in the wilderness, he had spent two days in a snowstorm. He had lain down three times and felt the deadly languor of death creeping over him. But always there came to him the thought of Armine.

And it was not until March that he had obtained the blue fox skin that had assured his marriage. How happy he had been to find that beast in the trap!

Such thoughts were his as he strode happily into the village. The first person he met was Jean. He saw Jean look slyly at him. And suddenly his heart beat hard.

"Armine!" he gasped.

"Oh," Jean leered, "she is married these three months past."

"You—you—" Armand's fingers were itching to get at his throat.

"No, no, you mistake me. It is Monsieur Pierre Leveque whose wife she has become."

The world suddenly went black for Armand. Then a devilish hate filled his heart. He looked down the village to where Pierre Leveque's house stood, bright in its new paint, at the end of the street. He drew his knife.

One thrust through the throat, and then away into the wilds, where he would be safe and free, and his honor avenged.

It was still early morning. Few people were stirring in the village. Armand made his way to the rich man's house. He looked through the window. Pierre Leveque lay in his bed, and his face was yellow as a dying man's.

Beside him sat Armine. Listening, Armand heard him speak.

"Beyond doubt our good Armand returns soon, little one," he said. "Do not cry for him; he has come to no harm."

Armand could hardly believe his ears. Pierre telling her not to cry for him—and yet Armine Pierre's wife!

"I know he will return, my husband," answered Armine fondly, addressing old Leveque.

The mystery bore heavily upon Armand's heart. He thrust the gate open, knocked, and strode into the little house. With a cry of joy Armine ran toward him—hesitated, and looked back.

"'Tis all right, my wife—embrace him," chuckled Leveque.

But Armand flung the girl aside and strode up to him. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

Old Leveque chuckled. "Eh, Armand, I shall tell thee. Keep cool. I am a dying man, and I am not unwilling to go to a better world than this. But Armine—how could I keep my promise to thee to take care of her? And so—she marries me to take care of me, and inherits my money, friend, and at the same time I guard her from our friend Jean—eh, Armine?"

Armand pressed his hand. "My friend—" he stammered. "But—but you must live—"

"I have a month or two only," answered Leveque. "It was the best I could do for thee. But—is she not worth a little longer waiting for, Armand?"

Looked Seedy.

A stranger was holding forth in front of the corner grocery about notable race horses, past and present, fast time, slow tracks and other turf topics. A callow bystander was visibly impressed.

"That gentleman," ventured the youth, "seems to know a heap about horse racing."

"I wouldn't wonder if he does, son," declared old Uncle Pennywise. "I wouldn't wonder a mite if he does. He looks seedy enough."

Probably.

The cat was shivering when Mr. Tempet left for the office, and the baby was blue. So, as soon as he arrived he got his wife on the phone.

"Hey, dearie."

"Yes?"

"Did you call up the janitor about the radiators?"

"I did, and I was pretty rough with him."

"Did he respond with heat?"

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner

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LITTLE WHITE DOG

"I'm only a little white dog. I'm not very large. In fact I'm really little, really small.



He Studies Lessons.

"I'm not particularly beautiful. In fact I don't believe I'd even be called pretty.

"My hair is shaggy and somewhat curly though it is more apt to look snarly than curly.

"Still, my master does the best he can with it. It is difficult hair with which to do anything.

"But it doesn't matter to me that I am not a big creature. It doesn't matter to me that I am not beautiful. It doesn't matter to me that my hair isn't pretty.

"Nor does it matter to my master. That is the best of all.

"My master is a fine boy. He goes to school. He studies lessons out of many books. It is surprising to see how many books he studies and surely he will be very wise when he grows up.

"He always comes home from school with an armful of books.

"I wonder then if he is going to pay attention to the books and not to me.

"But no, he doesn't bother about his books until much later on when it is dark and when I curl up in his lap or lie by his feet and rest while he studies.

"I'd be glad to help him with his lessons, but I know I can't. I am not a student. I never was and I feel sure I never will be.

"And so I don't bother to try for I know I'd only be a nuisance to my master if I tried to look at the books and see what they were all about.

"When I was only a wee dog, no more than a puppy, I believe I tore up a school book once and chewed some of it.

"Probably I swallowed some knowledge then. But it has never been of any use to me and it has never been of any help to me.

"I don't know about anything because of that book. What I know I have learned because of my master and my own good sense which has been handed down to one dog after another for generation after generation.

"Of course, I do not mean that learning has been handed to us in our paws. I mean that as an expression to let you know, if you don't already, that dogs 'inherit' as they say, certain qualities.

"We used to have some wolf ancesters years and years ago, they say, and the way we bury bones and find them again comes from the old wolf strain in us which bids us save some food for a rainy day.

"Now I don't mean an actual rainy day.

"That is just an expression which means a day when things aren't at their best and when it is well to have a little something saved for such a time.

"But, oh, the best of all is the way my master loves me and treats me.

"In the summer time he goes to play in a park nearby. In that park there is a little drinking place. My master puts his head down over a spray of water which is always coming up and has a drink.

"But he doesn't forget about me. He holds me up in his arms and he takes the water in his hand and I lap it up from his hand.

"Of course, I can't get a great deal at a time this way and so he holds me in his arms, under his left arm, to be exact, and I am given all I want.

"My tongue is so refreshed. He dampens it for me. And he doesn't think that just because there isn't a regular place for dogs to drink that I must wait until we get home.



Doesn't Bother About Books.

"And everyone loves to see my master's devotion to me. I can see that they think it is very sweet.

"No one minds if I have a drink from my master's hand at this little fountain for the water keeps bubbling up fresh all the time.

"But, oh, it is such a wonderful thing to be loved! It is such a wonderful thing to be looked after and cared for and petted and treated so well and so affectionately.

"It is so wonderful never to be forgotten!

"What does it matter if one is only a little white dog, not very large and not beautiful and not even pretty and whose hair is not the nicest in the world so long as one is the pet of a perfect young master?

"It doesn't matter in the least! That's what this little white dog says."

POULTRY

Efficiency of Flocks Is Increased by Standard

Poultry keepers are finding that the efficiency of their flocks is increased by having a standard to guide the monthly egg production. A high production in early winter may result in a heavy mortality and a long rest period during the last of winter, and a very low production will produce a low yearly average, resulting in small profit.

An average of 160 eggs per bird per year for the flock makes a good standard. This is the yearly production most egg-laying contests in the country have averaged during the past ten years, and records from successful New Jersey poultry farms indicate it to be an average attainable where good stock is kept and good practices followed.

The average number of birds kept each month should be known and a record kept of the daily egg production. By dividing the number of eggs laid during the month by the number of birds kept, the number of eggs that the flock averaged per bird for the month will be obtained. If this is done for each month the yearly average can be determined. Comparing the production of the flock with the standard will help in managing the flock to prevent a winter molt, thus inducing better production.

The standard of eggs per month given by the State College of Agriculture is: November, 8; December, 10; January, 10; February, 10; March, 12; April, 21; May, 20; June, 18; July, 16; August, 13; September, 7; October, 6. Total, 160.

Different Meat Breeds and Winter Egg-Layers

After repeated trials with different breeds a poultryman has become convinced that where a person wishes to cater almost exclusively to a meat market, as well as a winter egg trade, he will make no mistake in keeping three varieties: Light Brahmas for large-sized roasting fowls; Plymouth Rocks for medium sized roasting fowls and spring chickens; and White Wyandottes for small sized roasting fowls and broilers. Should a summer egg trade also be desired, then the Leghorns could be used principally on account of their non-broody traits. They will be laying when the American and Asiatic classes are thinking of raising families. In case where the market does not call for large-sized roasting fowls, it is advisable to cut out the Brahams and keep the two others mentioned. If the market is not a good one for broilers, then either the Plymouth Rocks or the Wyandottes should fill the bill, and in that case it would be best to keep only one breed. In mentioning these particular breeds it is not done to convey the idea that they are the only ones fitted for that class but rather to show what class of fowl is needed. The Rhode Islands Reds or the Orpingtons, for instance, might suit the fancier better.

Meat-Scrap Ration Safe for Egg-Hatching Feed

Tests conducted at the Ohio experiment station show that the amount of meat-scrap fed in rations to laying hens does not materially influence the hatchability of eggs.

In separate rations which contained approximately 2, 13 and 24 per cent of meat-scrap, the hatchability of eggs averaged almost 70 per cent.

Even in the rations which contain much more meat-scrap than was necessary to produce the maximum number of eggs, the hatchability was higher on the average than from hens receiving minimum amount of meat-scrap.

Some poultrymen have held that the eggs from hens fed heavily on meat-scrap would be inferior for hatching.

POULTRY NOTES

Thirteen eggs properly constitute a setting, though many poultrymen prefer fifteen.

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Rather large comb and wattles for the breed are considered another characteristic of a good layer.

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Expert poultrymen designate a male bird over one year old as a cock and have no place in their vocabulary for the farmyard name, "rooster." The female bird of like age, of course, is called a hen.

• • •

To have good laying capacity, a hen should have three fingers' width between the pin bones, but if the bird is in good condition she should in no event have less than two fingers' width.

• • •

A male goose is called a gander, a male duck a drake and a male turkey a tom. A turkey in its first year is a poult.

• • •

As the weather becomes warm place the drinking water in the shade as cool water seems more appetizing to the chicks.

• • •

A bird weighing two pounds or less and from six to twelve weeks old is called a broiler. When it weighs over two pounds it is called a spring chicken.

DAIRY

Improve Palatability of Roughage for Dairy Cows

The farmer who has much low-grade and unpalatable roughage which he must feed may find in molasses a means of greatly improving the ration for his live stock. It has been found when roughage is moistened with diluted molasses animals greedily consume it.

Ordinarily cane molasses contains about 65 per cent sugar, 3.2 per cent protein, 6.1 per cent mineral matter and 25.7 per cent water. Being low in protein, it should be used in place of corn or similar feeds. It seems to have practically the same feeding value pound for pound as corn, where it replaces a part of the corn in the ration, in spite of the fact that it contains more water.

This is probably because cane molasses has characteristics lacking in corn. It is even more palatable and more digestible than corn. In addition, it is slightly laxative and is frequently used as an appetiser and conditioner. Like linseed oil meal, it has the power of putting the sleek, glossy coats upon animals which are a sure indication of good health and vigor.

Cane molasses can be fed to all classes of farm live stock except young calves. With them it causes scouring. Its best use, however, is for animals adapted to eating roughage, especially cattle and horses.

For these animals, the molasses may be diluted in proportion of one part by weight of molasses to three parts of water and then sprinkled over the roughage or silage. Corn fodder should, however, be chopped first. Feeders avoid the chief difficulty in using molasses by feeding it in this manner. When given undiluted, the thick, sticky nature of the molasses causes practical difficulties.

No benefit will be obtained from feeding molasses to cattle or horses unless each receives from one pint to one quart, or from one and one-half pounds to three pounds a day. A larger amount can be fed, but usually not more than five or six pounds should be given; otherwise it loses its superiority over corn as a feed.

Dairy Cows Need Water in Sufficient Quantity

The failure to supply cows with plenty of water is responsible for many a poor milk yield. Milk is largely water, regardless of all the pleasantries that have centered about the dairyman's pump. A cow must have water in sufficient quantity to produce milk just as a steam engine must have water with which to make steam. It is shortsighted dairy economy which skimps on one of the least expensive of the many essentials that contribute to the making of milk through processes that center in the bovine anatomy. A western dairyman, whose pump got out of order, was unable to supply drinking water in the stanchion cups in the stable for about a week. Milk production from his herd fell off 3,700 pounds, representing a loss of over $100. Another dairyman, whose equipment did not include stanchion cups, tried the experiment of giving his cows an extra drink of water while they were in the barn. In five days his cows were making six cans of milk daily instead of five. The extra labor was well spent and showed a handsome profit.

High producing cows in particular need a great deal of water. Experiments have shown that for each 100 pounds of milk produced some cows will consume from twice to almost three times this weight of water.

When a fowl sneezes, waters slightly at the eyes and nostrils, and the face puffs up, this indicates a common cold. When accompanied by a rattling in the throat, the trouble is bronchitis. Difficult breathing indicates pneumonia. Canker in the mouth means diphtheria.

When Duck Eggs Don't Hatch.

When the eggs from a certain pen of ducks do not hatch well, the trouble often may be corrected by changing the male to another pen or by introducing a new leader.

Good Farming Helps in Eradicating Many Pests

That good farming helps greatly in fighting insects and diseases is shown by a comparison of farms where the best methods are used and those where they are not, says the New York state college of agriculture at Ithaca.

Some of the things that are a part of good farming the college lists as rotation of crops, fall plowing, cleaning up trash on fields and destroying remnants of crops, grubbing out hedgerows, using good seed in well-prepared soils, and intelligent use of proper fertilizers. Good farmers find that land, as well as persons, kept healthy are in better shape to resist disease and insects.

"I Got Real Mad when I Lost My Setting Hen," writes Mrs. Hanna, N. J.

"When I went into our barn and found my best setter dead I got real mad. Also poisoned 2 other fellows did the trick. Poultry raisers should use Conkum." Causes hens to clean up. No smell. Kills dead rats. Three sizes. Prices, 35c, 65c, $1.25. Sold and guaranteed by

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New Fashions in Foods

By KARINE HOLMES

"A woman can throw away more with a teaspoon than a man can bring home in a wagon."

Sometimes we get oranges which are sour or have little of the flavor that we enjoy most in oranges. Try squeezing the juice of one or two until you have at least half a cup of juice, then make a pie.

Line your tin with pastry as usual. Beat 3 egg yolks with 1 cup of sugar or more if the oranges are sort of tasteless. Beat this till light, add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, two thirds cup milk, grated rind of orange with the juice. Place in double boiler and stir until it thickens; then pour into crust and bake 30 minutes. Cover top with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs and sweetened with 3 tablespoons sugar and flavored with 1 teaspoon orange extract. Place in oven to brown a light color.

Cornstarch Pastry

1¼ cups cornstarch
1¼cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup fat
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 yolk of egg
Milk to mix

Rub your fat, or cut it lightly into cornstarch and flour; add salt, baking powder, beaten yolk of egg and sufficient milk to mix to correct consistency for piecrust. Roll out lightly. Sufficient for two large pies.

Double Pie

Top layer:
1 cup sugar
1 cup sweet milk
2 eggs
2 cups flour
½cup fat (butter preferred)
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ tablespoon flour
Under layer:
1 cup molasses
1 cup brown sugar
1 pt. hot water
1 lemon
1 egg and 2 tablespoons flour

Line a large pie plate or rather deeper pan. For under layer—Mix sugar with flour, add molasses, egg well beaten, grated lemon rind and hot water and pour into prepared pie plate. For top layer—cream fat and sugar together, add egg well beaten, milk, salt and flour and baking powder. Spread mixture over the under layer and bake in hot oven 35 minutes. Sufficient for 2 good-sized pies or one deep pie.



KARINE HOLMES

Dessert Biscuits

1 cup confectioners sugar
1 cup crisco or other good fat
1 cup flour
5 whites of eggs
½ teaspoons vanilla extract
1 teaspoon salt

Cream fat and gradually add sugar, mix thoroughly and incorporate one by one the whites of eggs. Now add flour, salt and vanilla. Mix well, then place in small piles on long greased tin. Bake in cool oven to pale brown color. Sufficient for 60 biscuits.

These take the place of pie and may be served as soon as done or after they are cool. Many use them for children's luncheons because they will carry well.

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