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The Cinderella Fellow

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

"IT'S the most tiresome thing in the world, not having a man in the family," sighed Mrs. Denry. "There are all sorts of little things they can do. I could ask Molly to prop a ladder against the side of the garage and climb on the roof and find out what that object really is, but she might leave."

"Well, it's your own fault," declared Ruth Denry, her daughter. "I mean not having a man in the family. You've had suitors enough, goodness knows. But I can climb up and get that mysterious object."

Ten minutes later the charming auburn-haired Ruth scrambled to the top of the garage and found the "mysterious object" to be what had once been the rocker of a chair. Besides this she found an out-of-date motor guide book and a brass candlestick. From the vantage of the garage roof she looked about to see from whence these missiles might have come. Thirty or so feet away stood a neighboring house, all but the roof of which was hidden from her own place by the thickly set hedge and row of poplar trees that stood at the back of her garage. Ruth hadn't an idea who had moved into the house, nor had she wondered until now.

"Here's exhibits A, B and C," she said, climbing down and laying the articles before her mother. "Seem to come from the house in back. But, really, why would anybody throw things at a poor, unoffensive garage?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Denry with decision, "on account of Tut-ankh-amen. And he has such a musical voice, too."

Ruth put the objects collected from the garage roof in a corner of the cellar, and the matter might have been forgotten then had it not been that the very next day Molly came in from the backyard bringing a shoe.

"Look a-here," she said, dropping the shoe on the floor of the living room. "That's what they're firing at Tut now."

Mrs. Denry regarded the shoe with considerable suspicion, and then asked Ruth to put it down cellar with the other missiles directed at the musical Tut-ankh-amen. But Ruth protested. Of course the man who owned such a good shoe would want it back. They'd better send it around. But the mother objected.

"Anyone rude enough and ill-bred enough and unfeeling enough to throw things at a cat who was simply singing like any other cat deserves no consideration."

It was that very evening that Ruth saw a strange young man crawl through the tangle of privet and poplar trees.

"There's the Cinderella man," said Ruth. "I must run out and tell him we have his shoe."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said her mother emphatically.

It happened that Mrs. Denry went away for a short visit the next day, or that would have been the end of it. Ruth hit upon the idea of watching developments from the vantage point of the garage roof, and fooled herself into thinking that her mother would not object if she were home. So eleven o'clock found Ruth comfortably seated on a pillow and a steamer rug. She had kept the cat in all day and had only let him out before she climbed to the roof. He was sure to be in fine voice. The town clock had just rung midnight when Tut began. For full five minutes he warbled forth his feline melody. Then a screen was raised with something of a bang in the house behind the garage. A figure leaned out of the window, and Ruth could see the features in the dim moonlight. Another missile came sailing through the window, this time curving toward the garage roof. It seemed headed straight for her. Ruth ducked down, hiding her head behind her pillow, and said, "Oh, oh," and then realized that the danger was over, and a shoe was lying on the roof beside her.

"Did I hit some one?" asked the deep voice.

"It wasn't your fault if you didn't," answered Ruth.

"How did I know you'd be out there?" he countered. "It's most unusual. I was just trying to frighten off that miserable cat."

"It can't be done," called Ruth, and then, thinking that the voice was rather pleasant, "now I've both shoes. If you want them you might come around—56 Green avenue. And there are some other things besides. But you'll have to apologize for the way you've been treating our cat."

So it was that Roger Todd made his first call on Ruth Denry. He had made three by the time her mother returned a week later.

A week after that, when Ruth told her mother of her engagement, her mother's eyes shone with tears of contentment.

"I am so glad it's Roger," she said. "At first I was just a little afraid he was the Cinderella man that was so unkind to poor Tut—living just behind us—and his shoes really do look precisely like the one you found in the garden that day. But Roger's so considerate to Tut. By the way, what became of that odd shoe?"

"I gave that back to the Cinderella man while you were away," said Ruth truthfully, not wanting her mother to be disconfited with the thought that her future son-in-law had once been so ill-disposed toward her precious cat.

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The Letter From "Old Top"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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DICK TRAVERS, successful business man, glanced over the little string of pictures at the foot of his morning paper and sighed. "Bringing Up Phyllis" had been running as a "comic strip" for some three years and a half, and only in the last few weeks had begun to show the effect of pure brain fag.

"Poor 'Old Pop,'" sympathized Dick, "these pictures are being wrung out of a brain already squeezed dry of ideas. I know what it is. Didn't I do the same sort of thing for five years?"

The outcome of Dick's line of thought was that a letter found its way to the desk of a young lady who was even then rumpling a head of glorious red hair in an effort to think out an idea that was not entirely eaten by moths. Of late her "Bringing Up Phyllis," signed "Old Top," had been giving her brainstorm after brainstorm, and this morning it seemed as if she must just quit the whole game and go to chicken raising or some less nerve-racking means of making money.

She opened the letter listlessly, and while she read it every type of emotion known to a red-headed girl swept over her.

"Dear 'Old Top,'" the letter ran, "your work in 'Bringing Up Phyllis' has been decidedly stale of late. It shows the signs of a brain garnered of every vestige of fruit. I am sending you some ideas for pictures. I did this kind of work for five years, and at the end of three was looking for the nearest and deepest canal into which to toss my weary body and brain—so great was the strain. Most of the funny men go potty or take to absinthe, if they can get it, so you just buck up and use these ideas. I have far more money now than sense, so don't suggest any fifty-fifty buncomb."

The letter was signed, "Yours in sympathy, Pal."

Old Top's ladylike heart flopped. Pal was the name of a cartoonist who had given her more laughs than all the rest put together. She had often wondered what had become of him.

She scanned the ideas swiftly and then grasped her pen and swung in some powerful strokes for an hour or two. After sending them in to press she donned a most bewitching wee hat of scarlet and dull blue and went out for a walk in the park. It was the first time she had felt free for some time.

Before she returned to her small flat in the evening, Old Top had found out from one of the editorial offices that Pal had cast the roar of pressdom from his ears and was out on a small farm on Long Island raising prize cattle and his name was Dick Travers.

Next morning when Travers opened his mail there was a letter from Old Top. He read it with amusement and huge interest.

"Dear Pal," it ran, "I cannot thank you for your kind interest in my moldy cartoons. I was not only looking for the nearest and deepest canal, but was also seeking a big revolver and a gas pipe, but from all these methods you have saved me. Would you, if you are not too awfully attached with wife and such like, come and have dinner with me Thursday evening. Come in tweeds, if that is what you have on at the time, but there isn't room in my small flat for any of the prize cows."

Old Top gave the address and the flat number, and thitherward in brown tweeds drove Dick. He was generously armed with a basket of new-laid eggs, fresh butter and a bottle of thick cream.

"These city chaps don't often get the real thing," he told himself by way of excusing the perhaps too human side of his nature.

When he found himself in the artistic wee flat and confronted by a big genial type of man Dick was delighted that he had accepted the meeting.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Old Top," he said by way of greeting.

"I say," laughed the other, "don't accuse me of anything like that. Here's Old Top." And with that he turned to a diminutive girl with a shock of red hair who held out a most warm and cordial hand to the astonished Dick Travers.

"It is certainly good of Pal to come and have dinner with us," she was saying with a mischievous smile, and Dick knew that things were happening to his heart right then and there.

But with an awful fear in his mind he wondered if the big man was Old Top's husband. With all his soul he hoped this wonderful girl had not been snatched into the matrimonial net, and therefore was not eligible to be dragged swiftly out to his farm, and there, among the prize cows, draw cartoons to her heart's content, and also his own.

"My brother," said Old Top sweetly seeming to divine his suspense, "and I have always wanted to meet you."

"Then that's that," laughed Dick happily, and unburdened himself of butter, eggs and cream.

Phyllis would certainly be well "brought up" after that.

A Day of Plenty

Tommy—What didya have to eat at da picnic, Kim?

Kim—Fried chicken, lemonade, two kinds of pie, ice cream and Reverend Douglas' cake when he was returnin' thanks.

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Produce Superior Lambs for Market

Breeding, Feeding, Castration and Docking Among Important Factors.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Producing desirable lambs for the market is dependable to a large extent on the three following principles of management, namely, good breeding, proper feeding, and castration and docking of the lambs. Of these three factors, the latter is probably more abused than any of the others, **especially when it is considered that docking and castrating are easily done and add much to the desirability and value of the lamb carcass. The most desirable, and thus the most profitable, lamb carcass cannot be produced from lambs which have not been docked and castrated, says the United States Department of Agriculture.**

Hinge Real Profits.

The farmer does not market his bull calves as bulls, nor his boar pigs as boars, says the department. Why, therefore, should he market his male



Docked Lambs Look Better and Sell at Higher Prices.

lambs as ram lambs rather than as wethers? The correction of this neglect by castrating and docking the lambs is vital, and upon a more general observance of the practice in the farm flocks hinge the real profits and more general success. It is conservatively estimated that 80 per cent of the native lambs—those marketed from farm flocks—which reach the markets come undocked and uncastrated, and that the percentage of ram lambs among the offering during the last year has been as large as ever before.

Universal in Range Flocks.

On the other hand, the custom of docking all lambs and castrating the males is almost universal in the range flocks, and to this practice in a large measure may be attributed the fact that lambs produced on our western ranges outsell native or farm-raised lambs at the market on the average of from $1 to $1.50 per 100 pounds. These operations have been found profitable, and that is the big reason that they have become so commonly practiced on the western range. They are likewise applicable to the farm flock and just as necessary for the production of the best lambs and consequently the most profit.

Take Drastic Measures for Controlling Crows

Drastic measures for the control of crows include the use of strychnine in corn, in hens' eggs or in meat, trapping by means of specially designed steel traps, the destruction of nests, and shooting at winter roosts. Beef heads or fresh carcasses of animals may be treated with strychnine and placed in trees or places frequented by the crows with good results. Great care must be exercised in the use of poison corn to prevent the poisoning of domestic animals.

Three Great Things in Keeping Farm Accounts

Three things should be kept in mind in keeping farm accounts. First, enter every expense or receipt item. Second, enter each item in its proper place—expenses on the left hand pages and receipts on the right hand pages. Third, make the entry clear and complete so that you can tell exactly what it is when you refer to it later and have forgotten the details and possibly the entire transaction.

Soy Bean Rotation Will Increase Soil Fertility

A rotation that is being used to a considerable extent, is soy beans, wheat, clover and corn, the corn being used either one or two years. This has the advantage that the wheat can be sown in the soy bean stubble. The rotation also increases the soil fertility and gives a more economical distribution of labor.

Use Carbon Bisulphide to Kill Bean Weevils

Carbon bisulphide is the correct remedy for bean weevil. After the treatment is given the beans should be aired for some time and after that there should be no harm in eating the sound ones. An easy way to pick out the sound ones is throw all of them in water. The ones containing the weevils will rise to the top and float.

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Great Skill Required in Training of Hawks

Various kinds of hawks were trained for the purpose of falconry. Each bird had its own style of flying and its own particular method of taking the quarry, opinion as to which specific kind of hawk was the best being divided.

But of them all none was more generally popular than the noble peregrine—a first-rate flyer, docile, tractable and extremely courageous, says Capt. C. W. R. Knight, M. C., in the pastime which once played so great a part in the lives of the English, and to which reference is made in the works of such authors as Shakespeare and Scott.

For grouse hawking the female, being a heavier, stronger bird than the male, is generally used, for she is better fitted to take and hold a strong old cock grouse. She it is who is called "falcon," the male being known as the "tiercel" because he is one-third less in size than the female.

The art of falconry consists in persuading a naturally fierce, wild bird to do for her owner exactly what she would do in any case in the wild state—in short to display at close quarters the amazing powers of flight with which she has been equipped by nature.

If she should be so successful in her flight as to strike her quarry, she dispatches it immediately—and in most professional manner—a sharp bite at the base of the skull and it is all over. On the other hand, if the hawk fails to come up with her quarry—is perhaps outflown, beaten in the air—she fails completely. The intended victim disappears, doubtless rejoicing, into the blue, and it is up to the disconsolate falconer to recover his erring charge as soon as he can.

Farmer Has Advantage Over Dweller in City

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home.

How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources, he has—his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operation with the clouds, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost!

Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.—John Burroughs.

Cassandra of Troy

Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, king of Troy, and was regarded as a prophetess. She, during the long siege of Troy, uttered various predictions of impending calamities which were disregarded at the time but verified in the event. During the plunder of Troy, B. C. 1184, she took refuge in the temple of Minerva, where she was barbarously treated by Ajax. In the division of the spoils she fell to the lot of Agamemnon, who brought her home, where she excited the jealousy of Clytemnestra. In consequence, Cassandra and Agamemnon were both murdered by Clytemnestra and her paramour.

Cassandra is said to have been surpassingly beautiful and to have had many suitors in the flourishing times of classic Troy.—Chicago Journal.

Toadstones

Certain black pebbles, known as toadstones, which toads were reputed to carry in their heads, though of little beauty as ornaments, were highly esteemed during the dark ages because of their alleged power to heal various kinds of digestive disorders and for their supposed protective influence over children. The wearer of one was thought immune from toothache; they were held as antidotes for poisons and believed to warn of the approach of a venomous reptile by imparting a stinging sensation to the flesh.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Early Days of Boxing

In the early days of boxing there was no time limit to the length of a round, which might last for one second or one hour. It ended only with a knock-down, and not more than thirty seconds was allowed for rest and recovery. The knockout blow had not then been invented. Consequently, contests were likely to be prolonged far beyond what is the case nowadays, when championship battles that are counted in terms of seconds are by no means uncommon.

Imperative of Happiness

All high happiness has in it some element of love; all love contains a desire for peace. One immediate effect of new happiness, new love, is to make us turn toward the past with a wish to straighten out its difficulties, heal its breaches, forgive its wrongs. We think most hopefully of distressing things which may still be remedied, most regretfully of others that have passed beyond our reach and will.—J. L. Allen.

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