Toodkins' Interference

By SUSANNE GLENN

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Evelyn," said the young man, leaning anxiously over the veranda rail toward the girl in the big rocker, "I want you to marry me, right away!"

"You are standing on the violet plants," said Evelyn Foyler, with a distressed wrinkle on her brows.

The young man stepped back, apologetically.

"I—I hope I haven't injured them," he stammered.

Then, with renewed determination, he mounted the steps, and sat down squarely on the rail itself.

"You haven't answered my question yet," he remarked, as coolly as herself.

"I did not know it was a question, Richard."

"Then I will make it a question. Will you marry me at once?"

"But we were not even engaged," persisted this exasperating young woman.

"I have asked you every full moon for the past eighteen months, without fail, though I had to travel three hundred miles once in order to do so!"

The girl laughed.

"Still, we are not actually engaged, you know," she suggested gently. "There has to be an announcement, and a ring, and endless 'showers' before one may seriously consider getting really married!"

"Then announce it tonight, Evelyn, and I'll have the ring here tomorrow morning as soon as you are up!"

"That would be 'at once,' Dicky!"

"But why this unwonted haste? Is there some dark secret you wish to hide from me?"

The young man leaned over and took possession of two hands that lay listlessly in his ardent grasp. "I may as well tell you the truth—I am miserably, maddeningly jealous!"

Miss Foyler drew up a little haughtily.

"And you wish to marry a person whose conduct would leave room for jealousy?"

"I wish to marry you, certainly. Can you doubt it, Evelyn?" He laughed, a self-deprecating little laugh.

"I can doubt anything after such an extraordinary declaration."

"But it is because I love you, dear, that I am jealous. I do not say there is any real cause. I only want you where other fellows will know their limitations."

"Do you think," she asked crisply, "that I would know—mine?"

"Evelyn! Do you suppose I do not know you are the soul of honor? If you will say you do not care, I will leave off bothering you; but—think how I feel being held off at arm's length, watching the other fellows making the innings! It isn't fair, Evelyn."

"You may as well tell me what you really mean," said the young lady in a displeased manner. "There is something behind all this!"

"Why do I find young Holden here every evening?" demanded Richard Robinson sharply. "That is precisely what I mean."

"I find him most charming," murmured Miss Foyler demurely. "Such polished manners; it is really quite delightful and restful to associate with someone who never blunders, or—or—or neglects one!"

"If he loved you as I do," returned the young man, dropping her hands reluctantly, "he might not be so sure of himself in your presence."

"No, no, Toodkins!" a little sharply, as a huge white cat, walking leisurely round the board rail toward them, presented a friendly head to an immaculate coat sleeve. "You are too generous with your whiteness!"

Miss Foyler reached out solicitous hands for her rebuffed pet, and buried her face in his fluffy neck, producing a delightful song from the complacant Toodkins.

"Never mind, dearie, so long as I love you!" she murmured with reflective accent.

"Then I need not bring the ring in the morning?" inquired the young man with the utmost cheerfulness.

"No, Dicky, save your money," she answered, giving him a friendly hand in farewell. "But," she added, when he was safely down on the gravel walk, "you certainly are the dearest boy in the world for all your blundering!"

"I suppose it has become a sort of habit," she murmured, watching him stride down the moonlit street. "But he did it unusually well this time!

"And how much," she inquired of Toodkins who perched wisely on the arm of her chair, "do you suppose he really meant about poor Harold Holden?"

Next evening as Robison turned in at the gate to call upon the mistress of Toodkins, he encountered Holden on a similar errand. In the porch they were met by a distracted young lady.

Toodkins had disappeared!

"He will easily be found, I can assure you," cried Holden when they had listened to the distressing details, clapping on his hat, as he hurried away on his errand of mercy. Robison, rejoicing in the turn affairs had taken, sat down in a comfortable porch chair.

"Why don't you go look for him, too? Do you not see I do not care to talk?" demanded Miss Foyler, much annoyed.

"But it isn't good for you to sit here alone, thinking all sorts of dreadful things," he protested. "Suppose you come with me?"

"That is a good idea," she acknowledged, "but I should feel much more comforted, Dicky Robison, if you would show a little more concern over the fate of poor Toodkins!"

Nearly a week passed, with no trace of the missing pet. Then one evening, as his mistress sat in her piazza chair, she beheld a smiling young man stride up her walk with a fluffy, white object in his arms.

"Toodkins!" cried the girl.

"Oh, Dick, sit down and tell me about it. I had given up ever finding him, and here he is, happy and fat and as white as snow. Oh, the dear, dear Toodkins!"

"I suppose you mean expensive?" observed the young man, sitting down comfortably in a swing seat near. "I owe every policeman and small boy in the city. In that sense, Toodkins is a very dear cat!"

The girl laughed mischievously.

"But tell me, Dick, all the particulars. Oh, but you will get a long mark for this day's work. If this could have happened last Thursday there is no knowing what 'the full of the moon' might have brought you!"

"I'm going to change to the new moon for luck," observed Robison, swinging thoughtfully, "so be prepared. And I'm going to wear a handkerchief over my left eye so I'm sure to see the crescent over my right shoulder. Oh, it's a sure thing this time, Evelyn, so you may as well give up the struggle! I've ordered the ring, and I stopped in to tell several of the girls on my way up here to hustle up the showers as it is to be a very hurried affair."

"Will you tell me about finding Toodkins?" asked Miss Foyler with frosty precision.

"There isn't much to tell. I had about given up finding the poor fellow, when I chanced to see him in a window of a comfortable looking house. The family had to admit it was not their cat; so I bore him away in triumph! Toodkins himself will have to furnish the particulars."

"How very singular," observed Evelyn. "I never saw Tood go to a stranger before!"

"Stranger! Good Heavens, child, am I not as good as one of the family? Have I not rescued Tood from a homesickness and regret for his lack of geographical knowledge; and you from the depth of a black sorrow? Am I not merely waiting for the moon's omen, to proclaim you mine to the world?—you and Toodkins!"

There was a long silence on the shadowy veranda, broken only by the song of the animated ball of white fur on Robison's knee.

"Come over here, Evelyn, and sit with me," begged a contrite Richard, at last. "The cat shows more gratitude to me than you do."

Miss Foyler allowed herself to be persuaded.

"I may be a blunderer. And I did not bring any blue roses—but I brought the cat back!" he observed.

"Yes, you are a blunderer," she murmured in a voice that caused the young man to take her suddenly in his arms.

"The dearest blunderer in the world, Dicky," pressing her cheek contritely to his. "You haven't been here once in the past week that your coat was not sprinkled with—white cat hairs!"

Senator Frye as a Humorist.

Senator Frye had a splendid sense of humor and fund of anecdote. His reminiscences were most entertaining. His characterizations were singularly accurate. It was he who spoke of Martin Maginnis of Montana as the senator who had more certificates and and fewer chances to sit down than any one else he had ever known. When Buffalo was represented in the house by a flighty and erratic youngster, who must be nameless, and a severely prim elderly statesman, Mr. Frye expressed his wonder that so flourishing a city should desire to be served by "a corpse and a lunatic." He told, on his return from Paris, of his fruitless efforts to acquire French. Schooling himself so as to give directions to his barber, after repeated efforts, he heard the tonsorial artist exclaim: "Oh, if you could only speak a little English!" And Mr. Frye liked the story.

Wedded Glooms.

"The Neverbegays appear to have brought their troubles with them to the hotel."

"Poor things! How did you hear?"

"I overheard them myself on the veranda. He began to talk about having to attend to the furnace next winter and she reminded him that they have no coal in the cellar yet."

Solid With the Waitress.

"Grace, that waitress gives you all the best portions."

"She's a college girl, earning some summer money."

"But why should that make you so strong?"

"Oh, we belong to the same sorority."

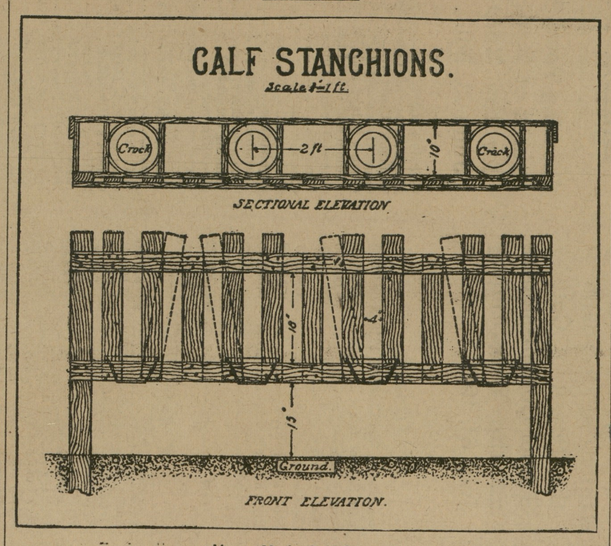
Remarkable Work.

"What do you regard as the most remarkable work in the English language?"

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "the most remarkable work in the English language that I know of is the way some Englishmen pronounce it."

DEVELOPMENT OF CALVES BY HAND FEEDING IS PROFITABLE

One of Most Desirable Conveniences in Connection With This Work is Handy Stanchion Shown in Illustration Herewith—Built Into the Fence Surrounding the Pasture.



Home Made Calf Stanchion.

There is money in calves raised by hand. If one is equipped for it or will equip himself, it is believed to be more profitable in every way to raise calves by hand than to let them run with the dams. This has been demonstrated over and over, but because of the slightly additional amount of work necessary it is not practiced so often as would really be profitable, says the Kansas Farmer. There are many cases, of course, where emergencies demand that the calf be raised by hand. There are more cases where this could be done profitably if it were undertaken in the right way.

One of the conveniences which is desirable in the development of calves by hand feeding is the stanchion shown in the accompanying cut. It does not require long to train the calves so that they will go of their own accord to their proper places and the stanchion is so easily and so cheaply built that it does not pay to do without it.

As shown in the cut, it is intended to be built into and as a part of the fence surrounding the calf pasture. The materials necessary are some 2 by 4s for the frame work, and some barrel staves for the upright pieces which enclose the calves' heads. These barrel staves are placed in such a manner that one of them which fits about the calf's neck is movable at the upper end. The lower end is held in place by a 20-penny nail driven through the center of the stave so that it may act as a hinge and allow the upper end to move freely for the insertion and removal of the calf's head.

On the outside of the stanchion, which is a part of the calf's pasture fence, is placed a rack as shown in the lower part of the engraving, which is intended to hold ordinary milk crocks for feeding the calves. In these crocks can be placed the skim-milk for the calves and with it any grain ration that may be desirable to give them. The particular stanchion from which this picture was taken was owned by a man who had great faith in Kaffir corn as a grain ration for his calves. His custom was to place the feed of Kaffir corn in the crock with the milk, and let the calves do the rest. These crocks are easily emptied and easily cleaned, while the calves are not using them they can be left in place for the sunshine to purify and cleanse.

The estimated cost of this calf stanchion where all materials must be purchased, is about $2.50. This provides for a stanchion large enough to accommodate six calves, though the cut shows provision for only four. Of course, the stanchion can be made as long or as short as may be desired and on most farms the material necessary is already at hand. In such cases the cost would be nothing more than the labor of construction. The drawing is so clearly made that perhaps no further details are necessary about the method of building, and any man who is handy with tools can construct this stanchion in a very short time and have it in operation.

The results of experimental work in calf feeding at the Kansas experiment station have been published in the form of bulletins, and may be had by addressing that institution.

Feed for Milk.

To get the milk it is necessary to stuff the cows. Find out what is best for them, then stuff them with feed.

TRUE FRIEND OF GARDENER

Toad Consumes Angle Worms, Snails, Sowbugs, Spiders, Ants and Various Caterpillars.

(By H. A. GOSSARD.)

The toad is a very valuable friend to the gardener. Toads live for several years and by preference remain on the same feeding grounds from year to year. About 98 per cent. of the toads' food consists of animal matter.

Among the forms regularly eaten are angle worms, snails, sowbugs, thousand-legged worms, spiders, ants, grasshoppers, crickets, cutworms, beetles and various caterpillars. From 60 to 80 per cent. of injurious insects and a small per cent. of beneficial insects go in with its customary ration.

The stomach is filled and emptied about four times in each 24 hours. Upon the basis of stomach examinations, it has been estimated that during the 90 day period extending over May, June and July, a grown toad will consume 2,160 cutworms, 1,800 thousand-legged worms, 2,160 sowbugs, 3,240 ants, 360 weevils, and 360 ground beetles, the last being beneficial insects. The total sum therefore, for the 90 days is 360 beneficial insects and 9,720 injurious ones destroyed.

The Garden Toad.

English and French gardeners appreciate the value of toads and as high as $25 per hundred is said to be often paid for them.

Owing to the dislike of the creatures for new and unfamiliar surroundings, it is advisable in many cases to provide a breeding pool for them in order that the young may establish themselves where they are wanted. A shallow pool of cement, having a small but constant water supply is sufficient. Stagnant water is better than running water from the standpoint of the toad raiser.

The young toads will leave the water by midsummer or before mosquitoes become abundant, and the pool should then be drained to prevent mosquito breeding. A small indoor acquarium protected from mosquitoes by screens, may prove more satisfactroy than an outdoor pool. Supply with fresh water plants and clams, and feed the toads with bits of dog biscuit or chopped fresh meat as needed. Do not feed more of any food than the toads and tadpoles will consume, or the water will become contaminated. The outdoor pool can be screened against mosquitoes, if desired, provided the toads are fed. For garden shelters, make shallow holes in the ground and cover with flat stones or boards. The toads will retire into these in the daytime and come forth at dusk for their nightly forays.

Toads are especially valuable to greenhouse men, keeping down slugs, snails, sow bugs, plant lice and such destructive insects.

Government Hog Tonic.

The United States department of agriculture recommends the following mixture as an excellent hog tonic:

"Wood charcoal one pound, sulphur sodium bicarbonate two pounds, sodium hyposulphate two pounds, sodium sulphate one pound, antimony sulphide one pound." These substances are thoroughly powdered and mixed. A dose is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds of hog flesh. It is most conveniently given in a thin slop.

Mule Fifty-Two Years Old.

The oldest mule in Tennessee is owned by Robert Mitchell, near Camden. The mule is 52 years old and still does a little work. He helped to pull the first steam flouring mill into the country 40 years ago.

CHIP OFF OLD BLOCK

Young Gates Very Much Like His Father.

Has Already Shown the "Plunging Spirit" on a Small Scale—Some of His Escapades in the Field of Chance.

New York.—Like his late father, but necessarily on a smaller scale, Charles G. Gates has been known for several years as a spender. Now, with upward of $30,000,000 in his control, will he prove to be a spender to an extent proportionate to the reputation he has gained as an embryo, or as "the son of John W. Gates?"

Several transactions in which young Gates has figured and which may be regarded as significant are recalled here. While they perhaps no more than verge on the sensational, they disclose, it is pointed out, a character that in time may develop true "bet-you-a-million" proclivities.

It is recalled that in 1901 Charles Gates decided he wanted a seat on the New York stock exchange, and to get it wrote a check for $52,000, the record price paid for a seat up to that time.

On one occasion John W. Gates went to Texas on a shooting trip and left his son in charge of his Wall street brokerage office. One day the latter went out before the books closed on Colorado Fuel & Iron, borrowed about 10,000 shares and had it transferred into his own name. After the books closed he returned the certificates, but gave proxies on them to Mr. Harriman.

By a strange coincidence, George J Gould owned all of this stock. He had planted it about Wall street to see what would happen to it. When Mr. Gould saw the clever move made by young Gates—for the Colorado Fuel war had just begun, and such moves counted—he let Harriman go ahead

Charles G. Gates.

counting the stock until the next day, when young Gates was overwhelmed by having served on him legal papers by the numerous brokers from whom he had borrowed the stock, ordering him to send the proxies on it to them and telling him that if he attempted to vote it at the Denver meeting they would bring suit for damages. Gates had run head on into the law and had to back out.

When John W. Gates was in his prime he was a familiar figure and a heavy plunger at the race tracks. So was his son. The latter's best record of winnings was made at Los Angeles, when he took $28,000 from the Santa Anita bookmakers. Returning to the city on the last day of the meeting, young Gates much elated, paid $500 for a dog worth $50. He then gave it to the cashier of the Alexandria hotel Next he procured a $50 puppy, but, meeting a young woman who liked the animal, pup No. 2 vanished in oblivion. Then the young plunger found a handsome bulldog and parted with $8,500, but kept the animal.

"Charlie" Gates has also taken occasional flings at roulette and faro and a fortune usually changed hands one way or the other. One night, after a banquet on Broadway, he fell in with Arnold Rothstein and William Shea, both notorious gamblers, and spent the night at their place of business. In the morning Rothstein accompanied the young plunger to his bank, where Rothstein cashed a check for $40,000 which Gates had written at daylight.

If the father was possessed of a whole-souled sense of humor, so is the son, and it has been amply evidenced several times. Again big sums were always involved, at least in the stories that found their way to the public print.

The following is a sample:

"Turn me a trick in the market, will you? I need the money badly."

This request came over the telephone to young Gates one morning. Mr. Gates immediately bought 200 shares of Louisville & Nashville. In less than an hour the stock had been sold at two points profit.

"I've got $400 for you," shouted Gates over the telephone. "How do you want it, cashier's check?"

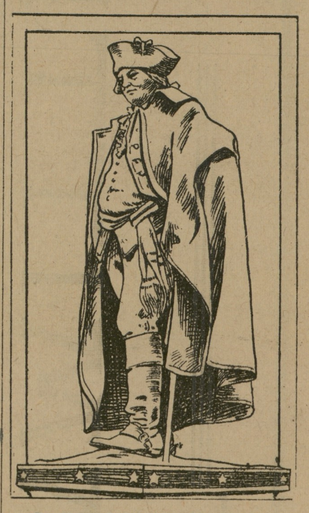
The clerk, who thought Mr. Gates was joking, replied: "Oh, send it over in pennies."

Two strong porters were dispatched to the sub-treasury, 40,000 new pennies were procured and delivered to the amazed customer in a bushel basket.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO KAISER

Replica of the Washington Monument to Von Steuben Unveiled in Potsdam.

Berlin.—At Potsdam a replica of the statue erected in Washington to Gen. Baron von Steuben, the drillmaster of the American revolutionary army, was unveiled in the presence of representatives of the United States and of Germany. The American representatives were Congressman Bartholdt, of Missouri, and Mr. Wolfram, of New York, who presented the statue to Emperor William on behalf of the people of the United States. After the Steuben statue was erected in Washington the



Replica of Steuben Monument.

Kaiser expressed a desire to have a replica of it and congress appropriated the necessary funds to carry out the emperor's wish. The replica bears the following inscription:

"Dedicated to the German emperor and the German nation by the congress of the United States of America as a token of unbroken friendship. This statue is a copy of the original memorial of Gen. August Wilhelm von Steuben, born in Madgeburg, 1730, died in the state of New York, 1794, erected in Washington in grateful recognition of his services rendered in the American nation's war of Independence."

Baron von Steuben, a Prussian army officer, was enlisted in the American cause through the efforts of Benjamin Franklin. The baron made a trained army of the disorganized American forces.

BORES HOLE THROUGH ROCK

Swirling Action of Water and Stones in Age-Long Struggle Forms Channel at Niagara.

Buffalo, N. Y.—After the ice which covered the northern hemisphere during the glacial epoch had all melted there was left along the northern border of the United States those vast bodies of water now known as the great lakes. At first the flood of water found an outlet down the Mississippi valley, according to those who have made this feature of our country a study, but later the flow changed to the Mohawk valley and finally to the St. Lawrence, that lordly river of the north.

Thus came about that world-famous fall—Niagara, whose beauties have delighted admiring thousands each year since modern methods of travel made it easy of access. The descent from

Queer Tunnel at Niagara Falls.

Lake Erie to Ontario was steep and as the rushing water splashed downward over its new course it began to wear away the rocks underneath. Gradually a channel was formed which deepened and slowly crept back year by year toward its present position, several miles south of the starting point.

This wearing away process has done some curious things. The accompanying illustration shows a natural tunnel bored by the water of Niagara river, which is about 12 miles below the present location of the cataract. Nothing could more clearly show the retrogression that has taken place. Various theories are advanced concerning the why and the wherefore, but it is generally conceded that the tunnel was bored out by the swirling action of water and stones in an age-long struggle with opposing forces.

Risks Life for a Pig.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—In trying to save the life of a pig, Louis A. Hitzfield, 80 years old, nearly lost his own. The pig fell into a cistern and Hitzfield tied a rope at the top and lowered himself into the cistern. He couldn't get out, and neither could the pig. He stood in water up to his neck for eight hours while the pig swam around him until help arrived to pull both of them out.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_9_1-0800.jpg