A Blundering Matchmaker

By LOUISE J. STRONG

Erma peeped through the curtain and watched the automobile out of sight; then she began to pack in a fever of haste. Her eyes gleamed with repressed tears and her cheeks burned. A short time ago Mr. Edwin Morrill had been so devoted to her that it had taken all her skill to prevent a declaration from him. She had not been quite sure of herself, and wanted a little more time; but his intentions and desires had been plain.

She had believed him sincere, yet with the advent of pretty, piquant Cousin Bessie, he had transferred his attentions to her. And now Erma had suddenly discovered that the handsome trifler was more to her than she had dreamed any man could be.

"But, thank heaven, he doesn't know that!" she breathed with hot face. "He shall never suspect it. I will go home at once—but first, I'll write to Billy as I promised I would if I ever changed my mind. I can't say that I care for him, but he knows all about that, and we'll be married as soon as we can arrange it—I'm determined to be married before Ed—they are."

She wrote her letter, telling herself that she was an engaged girl the moment it was finished, for Billy could be depended upon to jump at the chance; then, in traveling attire she descended and asked to be sent to the station.

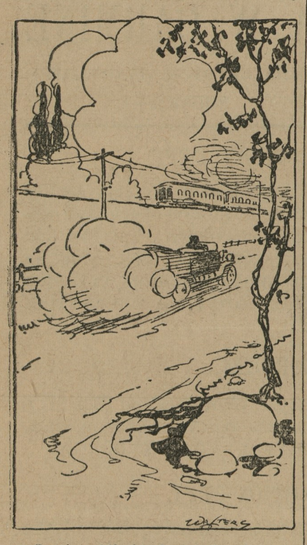
"Why, you're to stay another month!" Grandpa Morrill cried in astonishment.

"Oh, I really must go, Grandpa," she declared, adding coyly, "I will not have any too much time to get ready for my marriage in September."

"Your marriage!" Grandpa shouted. "You engaged all this time and never hint it. I consider that you have treated us very badly, Miss!"

"I beg your pardon, Grandpa," Erma apologized, "but as you are not acquainted with Billy there seemed no necessity for me to mention it."

Grandpa would be sure to repeat the conversation, and that would show Mr. Edwin that she had been merely



Getting All the Speed Possible.

playing, too. Grandpa was much chagrined, even a little angry, and contrary to his genial custom, sent her to the station alone, vowing that she had deeply disappointed him.

"He ought to understand why I must go," Erma thought impatiently, wondering at his blindness. But then, Edwin was his favorite, privileged it seemed, to any conduct.

She did not mail her letter at the station after all, she found that she shrank from irrevocably committing herself, thaugh she fully intended that her marriage with Billy should be announced before that of Edwin and Bessie.

At one of the way-stations a rural bridal party waited, and Erma noticed with a thrill of sympathy the adoring pride with which the bridegroom looked down into the happy eyes of the little bride. This was marriage as it should be, loving and beloved, and in a sudden repulsion of the loveless union she had contemplated she tore up the letter and scattered the fragments to the winds.

Leaning from the window to clear her eyes, she observed an automobile tearing down the highway which at this point ran nearly parallel with the railroad. The lone driver seemed to be getting all the speed possible out of it, and it soon became plain that he was trying to reach the station before the train. People noticed the race and leaned out, shouting and waving encouragement.

The train halted at the platform, the automobile shot forward and Erma smothered a shriek, for it was Edwin's and the reckless driver Edwin himself. He glanced up at her as the train stopped, bumped across in front of it, threw on the brake and leaping out dashed into her car.

"You might have been killed!" she shuddered. "What in the world does it mean?"

"It means that you must not go away in this manner," he began, gathering up her belongings.

"My movements do not concern you at all, sir," she asserted, too much offended at his apparent arrogance to wonder at his motive.

"They concern me so much that I have driven like mad across the loop to intercept the train and ask you to return with me. There is an explanation you must hear—so much is my due."

"Nothing is your due from me!"

"I hope you will think differently," he replied gently. "Come, be good enough to go back with me."

People were listening with broad smiles.

"You are making me ridiculous," she snapped.

"Come, then, else I shall stay until you are willing to go with me." He dropped into the chair beside her.

There was a quiver of the train and Erma bounced up and dashed out, conscious that the spectators were grinning and chuckling over her defeat. Blazing with indignation, she sat bolt upright, with averted face. He had, virtually, kidnapped her, compelled her to accompany him, but he could not compel her to accept his explanation, or excuse. She braced herself to meet it with mocking indifference, and the gay announcement of her coming marriage with Billy.

But, instead of plea, or explanation, Edwin maintained an utter silence, giving his undivided attention to getting over the ground as swiftly as the law allowed; and Erma was in a very bewildered state of mind when they finally entered the hall.

Grandpa met her with such evident embarrassment that she instantly assumed that it was his scheme as a sort of punishment to her; while Bessie regarded her with an amusement that, under the circumstances, was perfectly insulting. She bristled, meditating resistance, but Edwin hurried her to the old gentleman, saying sternly:

"Now then, grandpa, I have brought her back, and you must make plain to her the game you put upon me. It is your business entirely, and I have held my tongue, though I had to bite it to do so. Tell her everything! I must be fully vindicated, though there is no chance for me, for I did and do love her, and I had hoped to persuade her to marry me, not knowing of her engagement to another!"

Erma whirled around to him, but Grandpa interposed, taking her hand, looking very downcast and ashamed. "You see, little girl, I've always wanted to leave the old Morrill place to you and Edwin, and I've blundered along trying to make a match between you. I expected this summer here would settle it all right, but you seemed contrary and wouldn't give Edwin a fair show, and I thought if you saw that some one else was likely to—to land him you would appreciate him more yourself. It was my scheme, Edwin didn't even imagine it. I got Bessie—she's to marry Harvey, which you didn't know—and together we've managed to make it seem as if Edwin was——"

"Was a contemptible saphead who deserved a good cow-hiding!" Edwin interjected wrathfully.

"And O, Erma, you should have seen what a bear he was when I so coolly appropriated him as if I had the right to, and he just couldn't shake me. He tried it enough, but I was as dense, and sweet and sticky as molasses taffy," Bessie gurgled at the memory.

"But I didn't know you were going to marry some one else, or I never would have undertaken it, of course," grandpa sighed.

"But I—I wasn't engaged till I wrote to Billy, and I—I didn't send the letter, Grandpa, I—I couldn't bear to," Erma stammered, glancing shyly at Edwin.

'Erma!" he shouted, and grinning broadly, Grandpa drew Bessie away.

Spooning Censors There.

Flirt cops, or more politely, spoon censors, will be Santa Monica's latest innovation in the direction of beach purity if present plans are realized. It is proposed to detail special police officers to patrol the sands and have for their particular duty the regulation of the Lulu and Leander stuff, for which Santa Monica strand has become justly famous. A further function on the part of this detail will be the enforcement of the newly passed ordinance touching upon skirts for men's bathing suits and at least knee length for costumes of women bathers. The policemen are to be given plenary powers in the matter of what is too turid ccurting and will be empowered to make arrests at their discretion.

As He Understood It.

A Portobello (Scotland) schoolboy has produced the champion howler of the season. The passage for paraphrase was from Kingsley: "For men must work and women must weep, though storms be sudden and waters deep, and the harbor bar be moaning." "Men and women," said the youngster, "must keep on working though the inn at the harbor is groaning for its customers."

Faith From the Devil.

A school master, when reading from the church catechism, asked a boy, "Where do we get the articles of our faith from?" The boy hesitated—a girl answered—"from the bible. "Quite right," said the master. "Now, William, where do we get the articles of our faith from?" The boy, having only indistinctly heard the sound, answered—"from the devil!"

FRUIT STORAGE HOUSES FOUND TO BE OF GREAT CONVENIENCE

Keeping of Apples is One of Important Economic Factors Concerned in Disposition of Season's Product. There are Many Advantages in Storing Them on the Farm.

(By PROF. L. C. CORBETT, United States Department of Agriculture.)

The immense quantity of apples annually produced cannot be immediately consumed. In fact, large quantities of fruit can only be profitably handled through a long period, as the markets demand a continuous supply. Fortunately, most of our best varieties can be kept for a considerable period under favorable conditions. The storage of apples is, therefore, one of the important economic factors concerned in the disposition of each season's product.

The question is, shall fruit be stored on the farm or in the city, for stored it must be. The answer to this question will depend upon whether the producer or the middleman is to hold the fruit. If the producer, it may be safely said he had best store it on the farm; if the middleman, he will naturally store it in or near the city. There are two sides to this question, but I believe that where the producer is to hold the fruit, it will be best to have the storage house on the form. The advantages of storing on the farm are: 1. The fruit can be picked, barreled and immediately stored; 2, the grading can be done leisurely and at less cost during the storage period, or as the fruit is withdrawn for shipment; 3, with natural ice at one's disposal apples can be as economically stored on the farm as in the city; 4, it sometimes happens that the fruit when placed in commercial warehouses is in the wrong city. The cost of withdrawing and shipping to another city will seldom be justified, but if the fruit is on the farm it can be placed in the best market.

There are some drawbacks to the farm storage idea, chief among which is the time required to transport the product from the farm to the market. Second, there will be seasons when the weather is too severe to permit the safe withdrawal and transportation of the fruit from farm storages. It is doubtful if these objections are very serious, but they must be given due consideration in deciding the storage question.

What type of house shall be used for storing fruit on the farm? In northern localities, where long,, cold periods occur, cellars are used with good results. These are provided with ar-

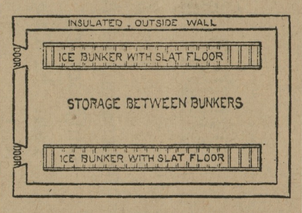


Fig. 1—Upper Story of Fruit House.

rangements for admitting cold air through underground openings to lower the temperature at harvest time. The air is taken in at night and the store kept closed as much as possible during the day. The intake pipes are provided with dampers or lids, as are also the ventilators, which are arranged for carrying off the warm air. This is the simplest form of storage, but it cannot be said to be the best, although it has proved exceedingly profitable in many localities. In other sections brick and stone warehouses are constructed above ground and successfully used for storing apples from October until April. These houses can be successfully employed only with the best keeping sorts.

By other growers similarly constructed buildings are provided with inside linings of matched boards to provide better insulation and are equipped with ice chambers in which to store ice to lower the temperature below or between the ice bunkers. Sometimes these houses are really icehouses above and fruit storage houses below. In other cases ice bunkers are arranged above the lower story and between the bunkers is used for fruit storage. When the upper story of the building is an ice storage, it is filled with ice during the ice harvesting period. The construction is such as to preserve the ice and still maintain a circulation of air around the ice and through the storage room. Houses of this type are expensive to

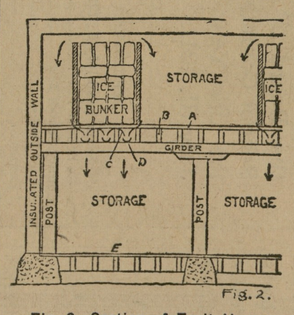


Fig. 2—Section of Fruit House.

build, for they need to be as perfectly insulated as houses equipped with artificial refrigeration. Houses where the ice is placed in bunkers for cooling the storage are more satisfactory, if thoroughly insulated, but they do not need to be as well built as ice storage and fruit storage houses combined. The ice for use in the bunkers can be stored in an inexpensive structure and preserved by being packed with sawdust.

These types of houses are all adapted to sections where cold winters prevail and where natural ice can be harvested. A section of a combined ice and storage house is shown in Fig. 1, and the plan for a house with ice bunkers in Fig. 2, A and B. In constructing such houses the number of barrels to be stored should be multiplied by nine to get the number of cubic feet necessary to construct a room with inside measurements 30x30 x10 to accommodate 1,000 barrels. All the above described houses have been employed for fruit storage, but the plan shown in Fig. 2, or one modified so as to have one ice bunker through the second story, is believed to be most practicable. This house is not an ice storage, as the ice is not placed in the bunkers until required to lower the temperature of the storage.

These buildings are always provided with means for taking advantage of normal cold during frosty nights and, therefore, require only sufficient ice to cool the building during the spring, the ice meantime being stored and held in icehouses built for the purpose.

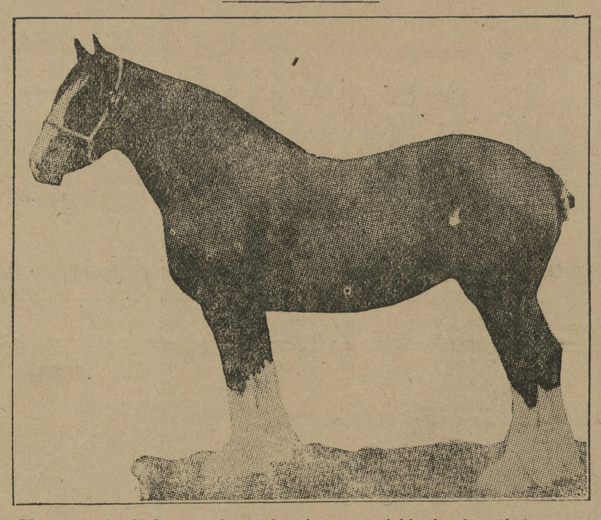
Squirrel Destroys Moth.

It is reported that the red squirrel destroys the nest of the brown-tailed moth. This discovery was first made at Brunswick, Me., and experts are investigating the matter.

Liquid Manure.

Don't apply liquid manure when the soil is dry. If the soil is dry and you do not wish to wait until it rains, soak the soil with water, and then apply the liquid manure.

PURE BRED SIRES NECESSARY



The sires should be pure bred of a recognized breed of draft animals. He may be a little shorter and more compact than the mare, otherwise the description I have given of the mares applies to the stallion also. Do not breed the largest horse, but select the best one. Do not cross-breed if you can help it, especially do not mix the breeds indiscriminately.

Having selected a sire of a certain type, stick to that breed if possible. If you must change, change to the breed that has the most good sires in your neighborhood so that you can keep up one line as long as possible. The best time for colts to come is in April or May.

If the colts are properly fed and well cared for until four or five years old, and then carefully broken, they will sell readily at a good profit. It pays to raise heavy draft horses, and I am sure that every farmer who has tried it has found this to be true.

The illustration shows Boquhan Lady Peggy, a champion English Clydesdale.

GIRL'S LONG SLEEP

Young Woman in State of Como for 100 Days.

Physicians Attribute Miss Hazel Schmidt's Experience to Work Which Overtaxed Her Nervous System.

Vandalia, Ill.—Hazel Schmidt, after a sleep of 100 days, recently awakened, and is picking up the loose threads of life, reading the newspapers and marveling at the infinite number of things that can occur in so short a time.

This remarkable sleep of a young and handsome woman is said by the doctors to be unprecedented in authentic cases of a similar nature. To be sure Rip Van Winkle was made to sleep 20 years by Washington Irving, but that story is fiction, while Hazel Schmidt's sleep is attested by hundreds who saw, and no one in this city will doubt its truth.

It was on April 25 that she entered on the long sleep. The permanent awakening did not occur until Thursday, August 3, making it exactly 100 days that she was practically withdrawn from the world.

During that 100 days the longest time that she could be kept awake was a period of two hours, and the longest period that she was asleep continually was 61 hours.

Despite the fact that during these 100 days, and for four weeks before they began, and for two or three days after they were ended, she did not leave her bed, she looks and feels just as well today as when she entered on this record-breaking sleep.

Her intellect appears just as keen as ever; she is interested in the world's doings, is eager for information, but is so sensitive about the remarkable experience that she has undergone that she will see no strangers, and she is loathe to discuss her case with even her closest personal friends and is even reticent when talking with her father and mother regarding it.

Hazel Schmidt is 21 years old and is remarkably pretty. She is a trifle

Girl a Rip Van Winkle.

above the medium height, is slender, weighing about 125 pounds, and is of a graceful carriage and figure.

Five years ago she accepted a position in the telephone exchange in Vandalia, and for five years she was employed there. She became the chief operator, and had charge of the long-distance wires. At first the work did not appear onerous, but during the last months those who knew her best could not fail to detect she was decidedly more nervous than she was when she undertook the work.

Her father observed this, and he prevailed on her to abandon the work. She was ambitious, and after at first demurring she did give up the place, but accepted a clerkship in the office of the county clerk, and was employed on the arduous task of making out the tax books.

Her nervousness increased to so alarming an extent that a doctor was called, and he diagnosed her condition as a weakening of the nervous system, and that a complete rest and no mental exertion was necessary to restore her to her normal condition. She gave up work altogether and remained at her home and went into society but little. During the latter part of March her condition became such that her family was alarmed. "There is no cause for apprehension," the doctor said. "It is purely hysteria, and with careful treatment she will eventually recover, but it may be a long time."

During the first week of her strange sleep the girl was never awake to exceed a few minutes at a time. She appeared to suffer none. Her awakenings were calm and peaceful. They were preceded by no nervous manifestations of any alarming character. She would open her eyes and calmly ask some question, and apparently did not realize that she had been asleep to an unusual extent. The fact that she had slept so long was kept from her for fear that it would frighten her.

"Dad, bring me a glass of water," was the request and first intimation that George A. Schmidt received that Morpheus had relinquished his grip on the sleeping daughter.

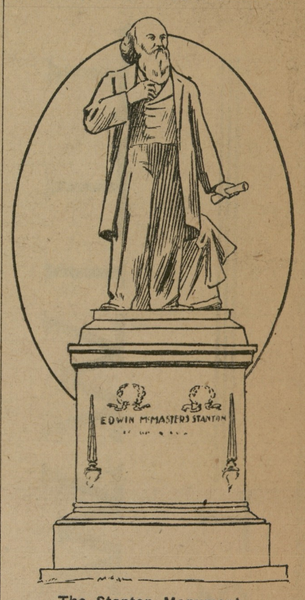
Attending physicians say that she has gained weight during her long sleeping spell, and that she will fully recover.

SHAFT IN HONOR OF STANTON

Monument Recently Erected at Steubenville, Ohio, to Lincoln's Secretary of War.

Steubenville, O.—Old Home week in Steubenville was most fittingly selected as the appropriate time to dedicate a monument to the town's most distinguished son, Edwin McMasters Stanton, the war secretary of President Lincoln. At the dedication great officials of the nation were present to honor the memory of one of the historic characters of his time.

Edwin McMasters Stanton was born in 1814 and his early life, owing to the death of his father, who was a physician, was a struggle against pov-



The Stanton Monument.

erty. By hard work he managed to study law and his rise in his profession was rapid. In December, 1860, he was appointed attorney general by President Buchanan and in 1862 President Lincoln appointed him secretary of war. He retired from this arduous post in May, 1868, broken in health, his lucrative practice, which he had sacrificed to his country, all gone, bankrupt in purse, once more to face the world. Although only in his fifty-fourth year, he had lived a generation in the preceding six years, and the process was slow and halting. He made telling speeches for General Grant in the presidential campaign of 1868, the first of which was at Steubenville. On December 20, 1869, he was appointed associate justice of the supreme court, but never took his seat. He died December 24 and his body rests in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington.

WHEN $1 HATS WERE ENVIED

A New York-to-Kansas Millinery Shipment of 22 Years Ago Turns Up.

Kansas City, Mo.—When "wife" wanted a new hat twenty years ago, "husband" would give her $1.25 and say, "Now, dear, get the best hat in town and don't bother about returning the change to me." That's the "story" in twenty hats that Mrs. Belle Jones of Burden, Kan., brought with her to Kansas City, the other day.

Mrs. Jones started a millinery store in Burden about twenty-five years ago. Just twenty-two years ago she moved her stock from one part of town to another. A box of twenty hats was misplaced and Mrs. Jones believed it had been lost. They were little hats in those days and the whole lot was

Hats Then and Now.

packed in a box that would hardly hold one of the picture hats of today. Recently Mrs. Jones found the box and brought it to Kansas City.

There were three leading styles in the box: The dress hat, with its stiff little airgrette standing lonely on the crown; the sailor, a miniature "Merry Widow," about the size of an up-to-date doll's hat, and the bonnet, which perched on the head in a precarious balance. The best hat in the lot retailed at $1.25. All were New York styles, and they were envied generally when they first were placed on exhibition in the little shop window of Mrs. Jones.

Pins Blondine Her Hair.

Akron, O.—Mrs. Edward Vonkeenal has sent a lock of her hair to Dr. Harvey Wiley, the government's chief chemist. She says she recently purchased some celluloid hairpins which have turned her hair from brown to yellow and she proposes to sue the maker of the pins if an analysis will justify the suit.

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