

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"Business is Business," the Little Man said, "And battle where everything goes. Where the only gospel is: get ahead. And never spare friends or foes. 'Slay or be slain,' is the slogan cold. You must struggle and slash and tear. For Business is Business, a fight for gold. Where all that you do is fair!"

SUNRISE.

Arthur Kimby said he was going to have a good time with life. "Why not?" he said, and laughed at his brother working at a desk, writing advertising. "You work all day and work all night and worry all year, and get no more out of it than I do. I lunch with somebody and dine with somebody, and spend a week here, a week there, a week t'other place, and toddle along free and equal as anybody!"

In the daytime he would look through a clinging mist of sun and cloud at all there was of distance—lime-green hills, mountains marked like crooked checker squares with snow; bare chasms of rock; roads winding up and down—to mountain camps, down to ranches with buildings clustered like wooden toys around solid moving herds of cattle; tumbling silver-blue mountain streams across it all, like shining ribbons trimming a garment. And Dave Dakin hated it—the enclosing mountains, hushed valleys, wide sky. He would crack his quilt against his boots resentfully at the emptiness of it—the quiet when dusk would come, lights flickering in far windows of cabins, wisps of smoke trailing up. His muscles would tighten with defiance until his pony would step restlessly. He would be sometimes on a mountain peak when the sun would be coming up, rose and gold reflecting a wash of pink and sapphire on trees, rocks, snow, fields—brighter, brighter till almost suddenly there would be day. And the only feeling of Dave Dakin through that breaking dawn would be—impatience!

"I can't see it," she said quietly. "I am blind!" The silence of that moment seemed to Dave Dakin like a crash—a cry—a terrific breaking apart of something! He looked into her face—her deep blue eyes—and it seemed to him there was nothing in all the world he could say! "It can't be true," he said at last, his fingers opening, closing over hers. "It can't be true! Something can be done in New York—or Paris. Someone can—" She shook her head. "No; nothing can be done," she said. "I have no sight at all. We've been everywhere. It really is true that nothing can ever be done. But why should it be?" She smiled. "I'm happy. The world is not hard to see. I've been everywhere, and I've seen every great thing—Suddenly she put her two hands against those sightless eyes, a pitiful little gesture. "I've seen every great thing—but one. I can't—I can't see the sunrise!" Her voice suddenly broken—her hands upturned like a child's pleading fingers. "If I could only see the sunrise just once," she said pitifully. "If I could only see once how light can come into darkness! If only once I could bring such a wonderful thing to my mind! Sunrise! If only once I could see how night can end, and day begin!" "See the sunrise!" Dave said shortly. "Why, I'll take you where it's almost close enough to touch! I'll tell you the color of every cloud! I'll tell you every strip of light that comes across the sky!"

love, music, sleep, strength, a friend or two? Can what we are reaching for be so much greater than that? Or perhaps is the answer that Life is too large a treasure, trying to fit the small minds of small men. It is curious to think how the measure of what we have would change were we to lose it! Arthur Kimby came back in an hour or so. Shalmir ran to meet him, reached up for his kiss. He told her he had been gone so long, talking politics with old Jensen, the village storekeeper. "And your book hasn't come yet," he said. "I'll go after it again tomorrow." He pulled her over to the wide stairs, and down on his lap. "You're my Persian kitten," he said, and ruffled her hair against her shoulder. "You talked politics with Jensen in the village all evening?" David wanted to know. "Yes," Arthur laughed. "Spent the whole evening right there. Didn't see a soul but old Jensen." David took out of his pocket the wallet he had picked up at Sky Valley Inn, and put it down where Arthur had it to see it. Arthur's name was on it. It had been Arthur that David had seen kissing that girl. Arthur glanced at what David put down—looked away, guilty, evasive. "Sing something, will you, dear?" he asked Shalmir. While she was singing, someone came across the porch—heavy, unfamiliar steps. Shalmir left the piano and went to the door. "G'd evenin," a man greeted her, a rasping, uncultured voice. "Why, Mr. Jensen!" she said—surprised. "Just fetched this here book along out," Jensen drawled. "It's been to my place a week now, and it's hide nor hair 'nobody comin' after it." David walked past Arthur Kimby and put Shalmir aside. "My account book, is it?" he asked, and pressed his hand warningly against Jensen's lips. "Father tell you I was over here, I suppose? Much obliged, I'm going on home now. I'll go along with you." He took a large, thick book from Jensen's hand—thick pages—raised blind letters, and passed it silently over Shalmir's head to Arthur Kimby. "Good night, little lady," he said to Shalmir, and took the puzzled Jensen away. Dave told his father he thought Mr. Dorf might be interested in the road they were cutting down from Three Mile Ledge. "I'd like to talk it over with him some evening soon," Dave said. The colonel lit a long black cigar and tapped aristocratic fingers on the arm of his mahogany chair. "Perhaps Dorf's business doesn't worry you as much as his daughter," the colonel said at last. "Perhaps not," was all David answered. A week later, one evening, Colonel Dakin, David and Mr. Dorf smoked and talked, around Dorf's library table, about roads, mines—Mr. Dorf, bald, plump, brusque, proved to be interested in everything that was good business. Shalmir's voice came to them now and then from the living-room where she and Arthur were playing chess. "Yes, the road's a good thing," Dorf said; "and the race track's good. Sky Valley needs a boom all over America. But here's the best thing of all!" he found one paper among several in his pocket and gave it to Dave. "You hunt up Fifer, who's out here from Chicago, and show him this project for fruit transportation. If it don't hit him right between the eyes he's the prize turnip!" Arthur joined them—talked cotton with the colonel—and Shalmir came with a little table, linen doilies, a tray of red wine and cakes. David watched how she moved, always conscious of Arthur—always conscious where he sat, what he was saying. She would drop her hand on his shoulder as she passed him, stand beside him a minute. He would glance up and say "Hello, fiddledeewinks," as though her affections really quite amused him. In the afternoon two days after that, David drove his roadster to the Oregon Valley Club House to see Mr. Fifer. Fifer had gone away, but would be back, they said. So David waited. A girl was there—crimson lips, pink finger nails, an odd perfume. David remembered she was the girl he had seen at Sky Valley Inn. She sat in a long porch chair and looked at David with almost insolent eyes. "You're the Kentuckian," she said. "I've heard about you. Why be such a stranger?" She told him the gay party of the season was to be the following night. "The music is coming four hundred miles," she said, looking at him steadily. "I shall give all my dances to the tall men!" "Well, sir," Mr. Fifer said to David at nine o'clock that night, his fist coming down on the table, "if I can have Martin Dorf's check for one hundred thousand dollars to-morrow morning, I'll put this traction deal through. Tell him that!" David said he would have Mr. Dorf's decision within half an hour. As he said good night to Fifer and crossed the veranda, he saw the dark-haired girl at a table in the dining-room, laughing with Arthur Kimby. David knew Dorf was eager to hear about the traction deal. That little roadster of his was used to speeding mountain roads. The Dorf great house was open, lighted lanterns among the trees. Shalmir came out to meet him. "Hello, Dave," she called. "I heard your car two miles away!" Her father came out too, glasses over his finger, newspaper open in his hand. "Come in, Dakin," he said. "Come in, sir!" "I'm knitting Father a handsome sweater, and Father takes a great deal of wool," Shalmir laughed, to explain the quantity of dark red piled in her lap. "Arthur went to bed early

because he's going up to Silver Gully in the morning." David told Dorf what Fifer had said. "That'll make Oregon worth more'n Brazil to us, Honey," Dorf boomed to Shalmir, plumping her backward with his fist down on a divan full of pillows. "Best break we ever got! We'll make Arthur superintendent, to square you for this expensive knitting." Shalmir struggled to her feet, laughing. "That's wonderful," she said. "He must come down and hear it. I'll call him!" "Oh, don't call him," David said quickly. "Wait till to-morrow and surprise him. You don't want to get him down now." "Why, he'll enjoy coming down," Shalmir said. "Why wait till to-morrow to tell him?" But as she went toward the stairs, David strode ahead and stopped her squarely. "Now, listen," he said. "You're my hostess this time!" She stood there a minute—David keeping her forcibly from going farther; then quietly, with no word at all, she turned back to where her father was writing the check for Mr. Fifer. (Continued till next week.)

FARM NOTES. —Successful storage of vegetables depends upon temperature, moisture and ventilation. These three factors states County Agent R. C. Blaney are closely related because moisture and temperature may be controlled largely by the amount of ventilation. Among the vegetables requiring temperatures just above freezing, an atmosphere moist enough to prevent wilting and some ventilation are; beets, carrots, turnips, salsify, parsnips, cabbage, celery, Chinese cabbage, endive, horsh radish, kohlrabi, winter radishes, root parsley and rutabagas. Cool temperature, dry atmosphere and plenty of ventilation are required by onions. Warm temperature, ranging from 55 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, dry atmosphere and ventilation are needed for sweet potatoes, squash and pumpkins. In the average home the furnace cellar will be suitable usually for the last named class of vegetables. Onions may be stored in upstairs rooms without heat or in the attic near the chimney. Those that require cool, moist conditions may be placed in a cold storage cellar, preferably with dirt floor, window for ventilation and if in a house, separated from the furnace cellar by a concrete or wooden partition, or they may be stored in barrel pits or trenches in the field or in unused hotbed pits. —Money spent in culling chickens is money saved. —Chewing insects are generally controlled by poisoning their food. —Grain fed to cows that are on pasture now helps fill the milk pail next winter. —It is not too late to thin fruit on trees that set heavily. The color, size and general quality will be improved by thinning. —Acid soils need an application of lime before seeding to alfalfa. Your farm bureau or state agricultural college will test your soil. —The old notion that seed runs out if grown many years in succession on a single farm and that new seed must be brought in by purchase or by trading with the neighbors has been well dispelled from the minds of farmers. This idea was one of the worst obstacles to the cause of good seed and it took years of education and demonstration to convince crop growers that it was all wrong. Now, instead of trading seed and getting some of the breeding of which is unknown and which may introduce weeds onto his own farm, the grower keeps his seeds clean, grows pure-bred varieties, cleans and grades his seed thoroughly with the fanning mill to get rid of the small weak kernels and any foreign seed, and as a result has a high grade of purebred seed adapted to its particular conditions by being grown and selected on his own farm. The effort to provide farmers with good seed, carried on by the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment association, has not only gone far toward accomplishing this purpose, but has made the State an outstanding source of supply for seed grain. —In some cases fall plowing in the orchard can be recommended. It tends to favor washing, of course, and from that standpoint the advisability of fall plowing should be considered carefully. It is also claimed by some that trees in fall-plowed orchards are more likely to suffer winter-killing. There is some question as to the real truth about this point, but if the soil is worked down a little with the disk and harrow probably it will not freeze any deeper than it would if not plowed. —A common mistake among producers is that of heavily feeding or slopping their hogs just before taking them to market. This not only makes it mighty uncomfortable for the hog to have to exert himself after a heavy fill when he is accustomed to lying down in the shade for a snooze after his meal. It is likely to make him sick, and also reduces his already too-small lung capacity. The full stomach naturally pushes forward. —Until the calf is about one month of age it should be fed sparingly about four to six pounds a day. The milk can be fed morning and evening. Some persons prefer feeding young calves three or four times a day, but this is not necessary unless the calf is a weakling. By the time the calf is a month old the milk can be increased gradually, so that by the time it is six weeks old it can be receiving ten to fifteen pounds a day. —Turkeys are naturally dainty eaters. Not only as to quantity, but also as to quality. The turkey's food must be clean, or it sickens and dies. Clean food and live meat is the lure free range holds for turkeys. It is not proved that they won't live and thrive in confinement, but the flocks of turkeys that have thrived, though fenced in comparatively small quarters, have been given free range conditions as to fresh air, cleanliness and food. —Extension entomologists of the Pennsylvania State College urge orchardists who want to kill peach tree borer to put para-dichlorobenzene around their trees before it is too late. Cool, wet weather reduces soil temperature which prevents conversion of the chemical into a gas, and as a result, complete control of the pests. —Plowing the vegetable garden in the fall has many advantages. It permits the ground to drain off earlier and dry out more quickly in the spring, so that the garden may be harrowed early and the early crops seeded. The gardener who fall-plows has a better chance of securing extra-early crops than the gardener who plows in the spring, especially on the heavier types of soil.

Hollywood Wonders Who Will Take the Place of Valentino.

Hollywood is speculating on what John W. Considine Jr., president of the company producing Rudolph Valentino's pictures, will do with the motion picture story for the life of Benvenuto Cellini written for Valentino's next production. Cellini was a swash-buckling goldsmith and sculptor, a sixteenth century Florentine, who prided himself as much upon his delicious amours as he did upon his artistic triumphs. Considine, it was estimated, spent \$100,000 in preparing for the screen story of Cellini's life. It was a role that would have suited Valentino to perfection. Cellini was an Italian, and Valentino could have interpreted with Latin ardour and sympathy Benvenuto's paradoxical character. The film company was also curious as to what Considine will do with Estelle Taylor, in private life, Mrs. Jack Dempsey, who was to have played Valentino's leading woman in the Cellini picture. Miss Taylor is on the Considine payroll at a salary running into four figures and with Valentino dead it may be several months before United Artists can find a picture for her.

Three Persons to Share in Valentino's Million.

Rudolph Valentino's will, which divides an estate estimated at more than \$1,000,000 among his brother, sister and Mrs. Teresa Werner, aunt of the film star's divorced wife, Natacha Rambova, has been filed for probate. Natacha Rambova, known in private life as Winifred Hudnut, is left \$1 by the terms of the will. Pola Negri, reported to have been engaged to the film idol, is not mentioned in the will, which was drawn up in September, 1925. She, however, by the consent of Alberto Guglielmi, is to receive the full-length portrait of Rudolph by Beltram-Masses, the Spanish artist.

U. S. Weather Bureau to Fight Forest Fires.

Washington.—A special fire weather warning service, to be conducted by the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the forest service of that department and various state and private agencies and associations, has been organized. An appropriation of about \$20,000 has been made available beginning July 1, 1926, and will be administered by the weather bureau. In addition, travel expense within the various forests will be borne by the co-operating associations. About three-fourths of the fund will be used in the Western states, where the problem of forest-fire protection is most serious. —The Watchman prints all the news fit to read.