

HARVEST SONG.

Farther to the south the sun
Droops his falling head,
Now the summer's course is run
And her pride is dead;
Rich along the weeded roads
Goldenrod stands tall,
And the purple thistle mist
Plumes the summer's pall.
Now in drowsy autumn dreams
Locked the landscape lies,
While a chastened glory streams
From the azure skies;
Like the harmony of bloom
On ripe fruit, the day's
Morning's blush and evening's dyes
Blur in mist-blue haze.
Deep the mellow languor falls,
On the silent noon;
No bird save the blue-jay calls,
Woods and meadows swoon;
Ghastlier than on summer nights
Winds sound from afar,
Weak the sun pales as the moon,
Or the evening star.
So the tide of life endures,
Waxes, wanes, and falls,
While earth's mystery immures
Souls in mortal walls;
Still to joy my heart will cling,
What though winter come,
I have heard the throbbing string
And the brown bees hum.
Sweetest season of the mist,
When the summer wanes,
Skies of tender amethyst,
Fields of golden grains;
Blessed days of ripened joy,
With the harvest crowned—
Nourisher of Nature's pains
As roll the seasons round.
—Edward O. Jackson, in Boston Transcript.

FAVORED BY MISFORTUNE

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Jerry Brannon studied her delicate profile eagerly, through the medium of one of the dingy, narrow, mirror-paneled set in the car. Hitherto he had always considered these panels as a weak truckling to feminine vanity. He now perceived their intrinsic value and blessed the man who had conceived the idea.

It hurt him seriously to think that she would pass out of his life when they reached Louisville. He raged against the conventionalities which set a barrier between himself and the unknown.

A gray-haired, stately old gentleman, whom he correctly supposed to be her father, sat beside her, and was just browsing her lap with magazines brought from the train boy.

"No earthly chance of an introduction," groaned Brannon to himself. "Not a soul here who could possibly help me."

His eyes involuntarily turned with disgust on the other occupants of the little car.

It was a mixed train, running from far beyond Anchorage, and it carried half a dozen owners of small tobacco farms, on the way to attend the Louisville auction, and some equally bucolic females, several of whom were burdened with restless, sticky children.

The fair unknown shone the more by contrast. Brannon involuntarily compared her exquisite grooming with the frowzy condition of a middle-aged and solitary female who sat just across the aisle from him.

There was a huge basket on the seat beside her. Over its top was tied a white cloth, which occasionally bulged up fiercely in bumpy spots, while smothered sounds of inarticulate wrath issued from within.

The owner of the basket detected Brannon's glance. To his horror she nodded, smiled, arose, and, coming across, dumped herself down beside him, smoothing back her thin hair with a cotton-gloved hand.

"I see you a-lookin' my way," she said, with great friendliness, "and I knowed you wuz jest spillin' to find out what's in that there basket."

"Pardon me," said Brannon, freezing, "I had not thought of the basket. I would not have you put yourself to any trouble in explaining. I am not the conductor, you know."

"Good land!" chuckled his self-found friend. "Did ye think I took ye for the conductor? Why, he's dressed a sight smarter than you. Bright blue, and brass buttons on it, 'stid of gray. Not but what you look real nice," she amended, hastily. "That there suit fits you to a figger and sort of agrees with your style. I dunno but maybe you look better in that than you would in his blue and brass."

"Thank you," said Brannon, with an irony totally lost.

Jerry was no snob; but the familiar manners of the owner of the basket made him rage lest the unknown, sitting several seats ahead, should regard her as belonging to him. He assumed a pose of quiet iciness, which was quite undetected by the friendly dame beside him.

His indifference as to the mystery of the basket had the usual stimulating effect. She lowered her voice to a confidential pitch, determined to interest him.

"Conductor, he knows there's poultry in that there basket," she said, in a half whisper, "but he don't know all."

Jerry remained silent.

"They ain't no common chickens. They are thoroughbred games. I'm a-takin' 'em in to a young feller in town. I'm afeared he's goin' to fight the cock, but husband he says 'tain't none of our affair."

Jerry looked out of the window.

"That there cock," pursued she, "has got the wust temper in Kaintuck, an' the hens they ain't much better."

Jerry tried another tack.

"Then you had better stay by them and watch them," he suggested, airily. "You shouldn't leave them alone. That cover looks loose."

"I reckon I shouldn't," agreed the

dame. "An' yit I'm powerful thirsty. I been thinkin' 'bout that ice tank back there for some time."

Jerry returned to his investigation of the window.

If the poultry owner had expected him to offer to bring her the desired water she was disappointed. She arose heavily.

"I'll go git some now," she announced. "This here train don't go fast enough to disconcert a body much."

But as she passed the basket Jerry's caution returned to her mind.

She turned back and seized the handle of the basket.

"Long as you done warned me about leavin' 'em alone," she said, at that cheerful pitch affected by those who have never heard of the "most excellent thing in woman." "I reckon I'll jest set 'em by you till I git back."

There was a resolute heave, a stagger, and the basket came down plump on the red velvet seat occupied by Jerry.

"Take good keer of 'em," said the dame, anxiously, much as if she were going on a serious journey, and then she went cautiously toward the tank.

Jerry cast a wrathful look at the basket, but worse was to come.

Swaying and clutched, the railroad's tin cup in one hand, the adventurous poultry owner found herself unable to turn the water on. The little spigot was rusty and would not move. She looked back despairingly at Jerry, and seeing only a resolute back and a sternly posed head, she lifted up her voice, instinct telling her that he had had more experience with such difficulties than any of the roughly-clad men.

"Young feller," she shrieked, "come down here an' help me. I kaint git a drop."

At the wailing accents, each person in the car turned his head, and Jerry, blushing scarlet, saw the amused smile that danced lightly on the lips of the lovely unknown.

But he rose to the occasion. Squeezing past the basket, not without an effort, he went quietly down the aisle. If he had seen the glance of admiration which a certain person gave his broad shoulders and finely-built form he might have felt compensated.

As it was, he saw only the flushed and thirsty dame, and for her he filled the tin cup courteously, wondering bitterly why fortune should place him at a disadvantage just when he most wanted to appear dignified.

Suddenly, as he waited for the poultry owner to drink that he might refill the cup for her, there arose on the hot air of the car an ear-splitting sound, a cross between a squawk and a battle-cry.

That effort of Brannon's to get past the basket had torn loose the cover, and never did prisoners more quickly avail themselves of liberty.

Wide-breasted, long of leg, arrogantly haughty of carriage, and powerful of wing, they shot out, all six of them, into the narrow precincts of the car, defiance in the hens' eyes, murder and sudden death in the cocks'.

In an instant confusion reigned and a babel of tongues.

With whoops of joy and peals of rough laughter, the farmers arose en masse to help recapture the runaways; but they found it less amusing than they expected.

The conductor, hurrying in from the smoker, received a blow in the face from a resolute hen that hurled herself at the opening. Fortunately she merely sent the conductor staggering back against the door, closing it the quicker.

"What the hell!" began that outraged individual, forgetting his manners. But he got no further. The air was full of whirring wings, of wildly-scrambling forms, of shrieking women and screaming children.

The games darted forward, retreated overhead, clung now to lamps, and now beat against deceptive windows; they eluded, feinted, struck savagely, wheeled on angry, rapid wings, played havoc with hats and curls, and scratched manfully.

It was the cock who selected the pretty unknown for his special prey. He came whirling down on her, having just dazed a tobacco grower by a snapping whack with his spurs; but he was received in the arms of Jerry Brannon, who had thrown himself in front of the frightened girl.

Beak and spurs had no effect on Jerry. He was thoroughbred himself. The enraged game was reduced to ignominious submission, but not until he had left an ugly scratch across each of Brannon's hands.

By this time the hens had been captured, the children had crawled from under the seats, and the women were twisting up their disordered hair.

The poultry owner, much subdued, was sniffing faintly as Jerry helped to reimprison the cock. Turning away from her and the treacherous basket, he found the unknown was standing beside him.

Casting looks of regret at his somewhat bloody hands—"I came—to help—if I can," she said, blushing. "And here's my father, Mr. Coulter, who wants to thank you, Mister—"

"Brannon," said Jerry, joyfully.

That evening the poultry raiser narrated her adventure at home.

"And I met a terrible nice young feller on the train," she said, complacently. "Him and me came to be real good friends. And after them chickens had flewed all around he acted jest like I'd done somethin' clever for him, while everybody elset was grumblin' an' growlin'. Real Christian, I call 'em."

A Long Time.

"Pa, what kind of men is it that wear their hair long?"

"Single men, my son."—Houston Post.

A LESSON IN MANUAL TRAINING

PRACTICAL POINTS FOR BOYS WITH AMBITION AND GENIUS.

Final Lesson—A Tool Cabinet More Convenient and Accessible Than a Chest—Arrangement of Tools in Cabinet.

BY JAMES RITCHEY.
(Instructor in Woodworking and Pattern-Making, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.)
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As a workman's tools need his constant care and attention, it is very necessary that he should have a place for them, and that each tool, except when

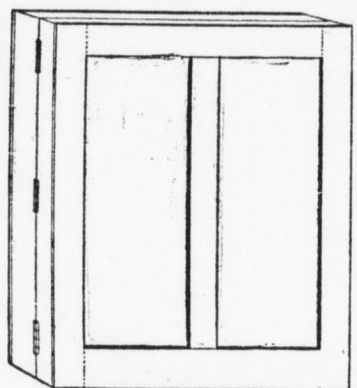


Fig. 183.

In actual use, be kept in its appointed place, so as to guard it from injury and to enable the owner to find it readily when he needs it.

It is still customary for the regular tradesman to have a tool chest for this purpose, but the beginner, or the amateur workman who has a workroom of

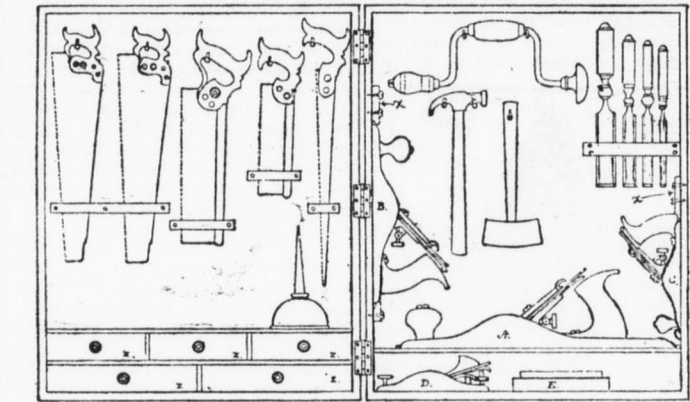


Fig. 184.

his own, will find a tool cabinet, such as we illustrate in Fig. 183, more convenient and accessible than a chest.

Such a cabinet may be hung on the wall directly over the work bench, or in any position where it will be easy of access, and where its contents will be within easy reach of the workman. It

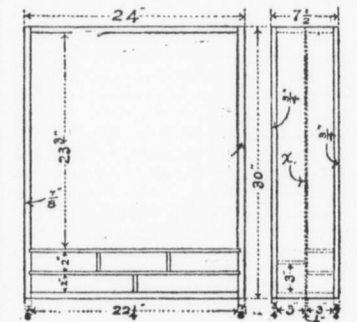


Fig. 185.

may be closed and locked when not in use with the same facility as a chest. The cabinet is shown open, with a few of the principal tools in place in Fig. 184.

The right-hand side, which contains the heavier tools, should be hung or screwed to the wall, while the left-hand half of the cabinet, with its lighter tools, is free to be swung open or shut as required.

A good size for such a cabinet is that given in the detail drawing, Fig. 185, and may be made of pine, yellow poplar or other light wood. It will, however, be more desirable if made of quarter-sawn oak, cherry or hard wood of some sort. The two sides and the top and bottom pieces should, because of the hinges and lock, be made out of seven-eighths-inch stock, while the front and back of the case need not be more than three-quarter-inch, as given in the detail drawing, 185.

Each half of the cabinet, when open, should not be less than three inches

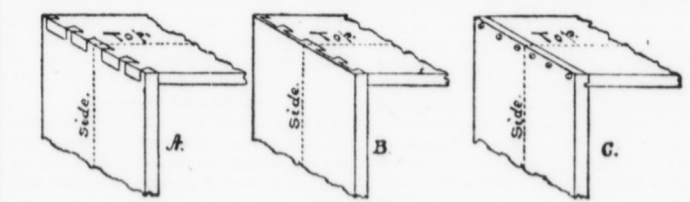


Fig. 187.

deep in the inside, but the cabinet is framed and glued up as one single case or box, without openings, which, after having all parts placed even and finished, is sawed in two as indicated by the dotted lines marked X in Fig. 185, and also in Fig. 187.

The front and back must be framed together, being mortised and tenoned as given in detail in Fig. 186, and in practice is made a little larger than the required size of the case. This is done

by making the stiles (side pieces) and rails of the framing one-sixteenth to one-eighth-inch wider than the net sizes shown in the detail drawing.

This will afford room and stock sufficient to dress all parts even after the entire case has been glued together. The panels must be of such thickness as to be flush with the framing on the inside, so as to afford an even surface for the better arrangement of the tools. This is shown in the cross-section through AB in Fig. 186.

These panels are grooved three-eighths of an inch deep into the framing, all tenons being one inch long and one-quarter of an inch in thickness, with mortises one and one-eighth inches deep. In all paneled framing of this kind the panels should fit snugly in the grooves, but must not be glued, because they will check or split by the changing conditions of the atmosphere of the workroom. In all cabinet furniture work the tenons and mortises only are glued.

The top, bottom and side pieces of the case must each be made six and one-half inches wide, thus affording one-half inch of stock for sawing open and refitting the two halves of the case together preparatory to hinging. They may be framed together either by means of the plain dovetail shown at A, or as illustrated by the drawer front dovetail at B in Fig. 187. In either case the middle tenon of the dovetail must be made one-half inch wider than regular, as shown in the illustration, so as to afford sufficient wood for the sawing open and fitting together again of the two halves of the cabinet.

If preferred, a tenon one-quarter inch long and about one-eighth inch in thickness may be cut on each end of the top and bottom pieces, and fitted into a saw kerf groove in the sides, as shown at C in Fig. 187. Each joint, however, must be further strengthened by means of six one and three-quarter inch No. 10 wood screws, and where possible the oval head screw should be used. The head of this screw differs from the common flat head only in having its surface slightly rounded, and does not project so far above the surface of the work as the ordinary

round head. This gives the work in which it is used a more finished appearance. This screw is shown at B in Fig. 188.

The front and back of the cabinet are simply glued and clamped to their position on the dovetailed frame, and in case there are not a sufficient number of hand screws for the purpose at the command of the workman, they may be fastened by using either flat or oval head wood screws—one and one-half inch, No. 10—using five screws on each end and six on the sides of the frames.

In the arrangement of the tools shown in Fig. 184, A, on the shelf, is a 22-inch jointer, and is kept in position by two small blocks, each screwed to the shelf. The No. 5 jackplane B, 14 inches long, and the No. 4 smooth plane C, which is nine inches long, each rests on a stout block screwed to the side of the case, and is held in position at the upper end by

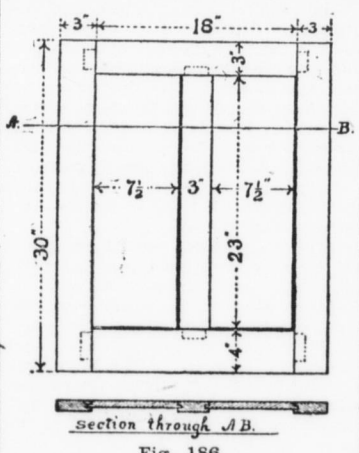


Fig. 186.

means of the sliding block shown at X and Y.

The details for this block, with the screws and screw slots, are shown at C in Fig. 188. By sliding this block on

this description, this strip must have a separate recess cut to the exact width of each tool, and must be fastened to the case by means of wood screws instead of nails or brads.

The five small two-inch openings shown in the detail drawing, Fig. 188, must be fitted with small boxes or drawers made of thin stock, one-quarter inch in thickness, and will be found convenient for boring bits, nail sets, brad-awls, and other small tools. These small boxes or drawers are marked Z in

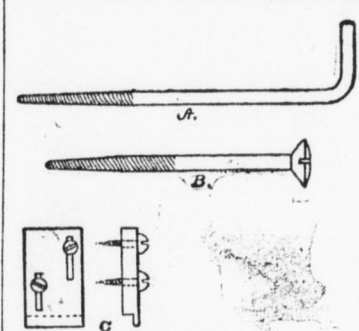


Fig. 188.

Fig. 184. The hinges used for this cabinet should be three inches wide, brass butts.

A common chest lock may be used, but a simple hasp and staple, with a good padlock, will be more easily applied.

The stock list for this tool cabinet, as illustrated in the drawings, will be as follows, all net sizes:

- 2 pieces 30x6 1/2 x 7/8—case sides, plain dovetail.
- 2 pieces 24x6 1/2 x 7/8—case top and bottom, plain dovetail.
- 4 pieces 20 1/2 x 2 1-16 x 3/4—sides for front and back, frames mortised.
- 2 pieces 20 x 2 1-16 x 3/4—upper rails, tenons 1 inch long.
- 2 pieces 20 x 4 1-16 x 3/4—lower rails, tenons 1 inch long.
- 2 pieces 24 x 2 x 3/4—middle upright rails, tenons 1 inch long.
- 4 pieces 23 1/2 x 1 1/4 x 9-16—panels, 3/4 inch into grooves all round.
- 3 pieces 22 1/2 x 1 1/4—shelves, 3/4 inch into grooves.
- 2 pieces 24 x 2 x 1/4—for boxes, marked Z.
- 2 pieces 24 x 3 x 1/4—for boxes, bottoms and partitions.

DAUGHTER OF REGIMENT.

France Mustering Out Vivandieres and Germany About to Enlist Them.

In view of the present friction between France and Germany, it is curious to note the contrary steps those countries are taking with respect to women in the army. The French have recently mustered out of the military service over a thousand cantinières and vivandieres, or "daughters of the regiment," while the German emperor is seriously considering compulsory military service for young German women. Their duty, says Youth's Companion, would never be upon the field of battle, but in the various military offices of the empire, thus releasing for field work thousands of men now detailed as clerks and employees. The emperor believes that such service would not only greatly augment his army, but would materially benefit German women, training them in punctuality, order, obedience, business procedure, and increasing their mental and physical well-being.

Whatever her career, the German army girl will have none of the picturesque features which have pertained to the French "daughter of the regiment." This interesting character first appeared in the French revolution, and for over 100 years she has fitted over the French battlefields of Europe, tending the wounded, feeding the hungry, moistening the parched lips of the dying. The "daughters" were generally mature women, called "mother" by the officers and men; women able to rough it, mannish in attire and speech, but respectable, the confidante of her "children," courageous, merry, devoted, patriotic.

The ambulance system on the field renders the services of the cantinières no longer essential; and the thousand on the rolls have been retired with a trifling pension. Heretofore she had been pensionless, although often more deserving than the male soldier with whom she marched.

Now the "daughter of the regiment," theme of novels and plays and verse, so picturesque in processions, so devoted to suffering humanity, so blindly indifferent to self, passes from the scene. Far better so, although men would be less keen about war were their part to watch and pray at home, while their mothers and sisters and daughters marched off to slaughter and be slain. How the German woman, as part of the military system, will affect the growing cause of peace remains to be tested; but her deeper knowledge of the details of war can hardly fail to add to her womanly horror of the battlefield.

Neck and Neck.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead," said the judge, wearily.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."—Green Bag.

Sarcasm.

Foreigner—Are the earnings of your household servants large, as a rule?

American—No; not nearly so large as their pay.—Chicago Sun.

TO IMPROVE DEFENSE

PLANS TO STRENGTHEN FORT HAMILTON IN NEW YORK.

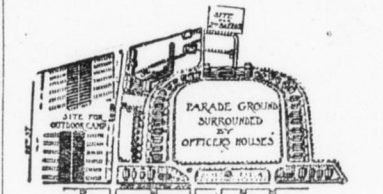
Has Long Been Regarded as Weak and in Need of Reconstruction—\$5,000,000 Necessary to Carry Out Rebuilding Plan.

New York.—When Prince Louis of Battenberg commented during his recent visit to this country, upon the ease with which a hostile fleet of warships anchored in the North river could knock New York into smithereens, a chorus arose from military authorities declaring that no hostile fleet could ever gain access to the North river, because the fortifications of New York harbor were much too formidable for any fleet to get past. Well, are they? No exact statement of the strength of these forts can be obtained from the war department, for obvious reasons, but the weakness of at least one of them, Fort Hamilton, has been apparent to the military authorities, and because of this Col. G. G. Greenough, commander of the post, has prepared and submitted to the war department plans for its reconstruction and enlargement, at a cost of about \$5,000,000. Secretary Taft is much interested in the project, and there is reason to believe that the needed appropriation will be granted by congress.

Col. Greenough points out that the fort in its present condition is in poor shape to withstand a concerted attack from land and sea. His remedy lies not only in the rebuilding of the entire post, but in the establishment and maintenance, upon a 45-acre tract adjoining it on the north, of a permanent sanitary camp site on which a large force of regulars could be moved at short notice and camped for an indefinite period, thus affording a support to the garrison and adequate protection against land attack in the rear.

Col. Greenough makes no attempt to mince matters in what he has to say about the condition of the fort which, because of its relation to New York city, should be, he declares, the strongest in the land.

"There should be no sentimentalism," says Col. Greenough in his report upon the needs of the post, "about the facts in the case. The old fort and redoubt do not adequately protect New York from land attack. The natural plan of attack of the fortifications of New York harbor would be a sea fleet in support of a powerful landing party. A successful dash by the left flank of such a force would



PLANS FOR NEW FORT. (How Fort Hamilton Will Look When Rebuilt.)

carry the works, now absolutely unprotected and open in the rear."

"The importance of this post as a strategic point in time of war cannot be overestimated," said Col. Greenough, recently. "One of the chief defenses at the main entrance to New York harbor, it is practically a part of the city itself, and should be so thoroughly manned and equipped as to render it the strongest point in the country."

Col. Greenough's plan contemplates laying the 45-acre camp site out with water and sewer mains, which, he estimates, can at small yearly expense be kept in such condition as to be instantly ready for use of a small body of men. The mains would be so laid out as to render sanitary every part of the camp they are intended to supply. Col. Greenough says that four regiments, or about 5,000 men, can be easily accommodated in such a camp as he proposes to establish.

In addition to the accommodations of this camp site, the reconstructed post for which Col. Greenough's plans call would provide accommodations for a garrison of 20 companies, or more than 2,000 men. The present garrison of Fort Hamilton is only 450 men, and this, says Col. Greenough, is all who can be accommodated under existing conditions.

The colonel's plan for the reconstructed fort calls for the wiping out of all the present buildings, most of which are about 40 years old, and the erection in place of them of modern, brick and stone structures, fireproof and perfectly sanitary throughout. According to the plan, these would be grouped in horseshoe form about a great parade ground fronting Fort Hamilton avenue. It is estimated that the land desired for the new camp site can be had for \$300,000, and that the whole plan of rebuilding the fort can be carried out for about \$5,000,000. The use of Dyker meadow park for a drill ground by volunteer militia when necessary is also contemplated.

Grandson of Famous Poet.

Robert Burns Thompson, a grandson of the great Scottish poet, is a hale and hearty octogenarian, living in a suburb of Glasgow. His mother was a daughter of Robert Burns by Anne Duguid, of the Globe Tavern, in Dumfries. In the days of his young manhood Thompson was the counterfeiter presentment of him whose name he bears. Also he has the same pithy humor which was a distinguishing characteristic of his noted grandsire, combined with a taste for poetry and music and characteristic sense of manly independence.