

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life by Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXV.

(Copyright, 1916, Star Company) Perhaps it is true, as so many men affirm, that women are a mass of inconsistencies.

This feminine peculiarity may account for the subconscious chagrin that Agnes Morley felt as day after day passed and Philip Hale kept the place that she had ordered him to keep.

So strenuously did he obey her mandates that, unless he and she were brought face to face—as occasionally happened when she was coming in or going out—he appeared unaware of her existence.

When they met thus, he would bow stiffly. She had told him that he must treat her as he treated other employes. He exceeded these commands, she noticed.

She could not know how wretched Philip Hale really was. Not that he and Agnes had quarreled, his resentment of her tone and manner at the time of his last visit to her did not make him care for her less, but added a keen pain to their estrangement.

Besides, he felt that there had been truth in what she said with regard to the results of his recklessness, and that he was not being in the wrong plied him. What could she have expected of a flesh-and-blood man? She had been unkind—then he would go as far as she demanded, and try to seem to ignore her presence.

He did not acknowledge to himself that he had an idea—common to older men than he—that to seem to ignore a woman increases her desire to be noticed.

Agnes, on her part, decided that Philip could not care much for her or he would not find it so easy to treat her cavalierly. And the recollection that she was not being in the wrong was like a canker in her mind.

Several weeks slipped by, Mr. Hale's cold vigilance relaxed, and he became more formal in manner. Twice he thanked his secretary for her care and rapidity with which she executed certain orders he gave her.

You have learned my methods much more than I dared hope you would," he observed one day. She thanked him politely and determined to try harder than ever to please him.

When Mr. Hale had left the office that noon, Joe came in. "Annie Rooney wants to know if you're going out to lunch soon," he said.

"She's starting now, and she'll meet you at the usual eating place," he said. "I will meet her there."

"But when she reached the street, Annie was waiting for her in the doorway of the office building. Agnes was standing there talking to her, with her hat in her hand. He did not smile, but Agnes came toward the pair, but, with a grave bow, went on out of the building.

"Annie greeted her, all smiles. "Well," she said, "he sure does treat a girl like a real gentleman ought to, doesn't he?"

"Because," we agreed with well-designed indifference. "He seemed to ask me about some copying I had to do, and that his father told him to get from me. Gee! If I could only have the job as his stenographer I'd be tickled ally!"

"Does he need a regular stenographer?" Agnes asked. "I should think that with all the girls there in the office he could always get some one of them to do his work for him."

"Of course he can!" Annie admitted rather tartly. "I didn't say I was going to be his stenographer—I just said I'd like to be. You needn't take me up so sharp."

"I did not mean to take you up sharply," Agnes apologized. "Excuse me, please."

"Oh, that's all right," Annie rejoined graciously. "By the way, I don't ever see him and you talking any more. Why not?"

"He has no reason to talk," Agnes replied coldly. "I am his father's secretary, not his."

"Praise for Philip. "Well, he often speaks to me when he passes by me and it's always a pleasant tone, too. It's never 'Annie,' but always 'Miss Rooney'—just as if I was as good as he is."

"As you are," Agnes said involuntarily. "With each minute that passed she was hardening her heart against Philip Hale."

"Right you are, kid," Annie agreed. "I'm glad to see you're getting sense instead of talking that high-brow jargon that you handed out when I first mentioned him to you. Well, here we are—let's go in and feed our faces."

That afternoon Agnes had just entered Mr. Hale's private office to resume work, when her employer's telephone rang. As she answered it she recognized Philip's voice on the wire, asking for his father.

"He is not in," she told him. "Kindly say to him, please, that the man upon whom I was to call at his place of business in Front street left word there for me that he could meet me uptown at 4 o'clock. I will, therefore, attend to other matters before going uptown and will not be back at the office to-day. May I trouble you to deliver that message? Thank you, Good-by."

"Not a personal word," Agnes mused as she hung up the receiver. "There was no reason why he might not have called me by name or spoken some little word of friendliness. Nobody would have been any the wiser. Well—never mind! I don't care!"

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formation of eggs, and nearly every family will have enough of this form of table scraps to provide sufficient animal food for a small flock of fowls. Small particles of bone are relished by fowls, and bone is one of the best egg-producing foods known to poultrymen.

Milk in any form is highly nutritious and forms an excellent egg-producing diet. When there is sour milk, put it on the back of the stove and allow it to come to a clabbered state after which it may be fed to the hens. Sour milk is more than a food for fowls; it acts as a tonic, and keeps the system in a generally healthy condition.

Green foods is the natural tonic for fowls, and where they are allowed free range they eat large quantities of grass, clover and weeds. Table scraps furnish ample green food in the form of cabbage, celery, beet-tops, potato parings and fruit. They help to digest the more concentrated foods of grain and meat. Besides being appetizing green food is a great regulator and will keep the fowls at their best during the period of heavy egg production.

An excellent method of feeding table scraps is to run the various articles through a meat chopper and feed them in the form of a warm mash, especially in cold weather. Boiled potatoes and other vegetables with scraps of meat and bread will form a well-balanced ration, from which a large supply of eggs is almost certain to result.

Grit is essential to the diet of the fowls, and it is surprising how much the flock will consume in one day. It acts as teeth for the birds by grinding their food in the gizzard. Broken dishes, eggshells and oyster shells may be pounded into fine particles and kept before the flock at all times. Sifted coal ashes is still an asset as a grit, it supplies a portion of the lime for the formation of eggshells. As a dust bath there is nothing more suitable than sifted coal ashes. The fowls use this method of cleansing their body and keeping it free from vermin.

Back they raced. Colton jumped from the car as it slowed on the curb, whispered an order to Michael, and ran to the shadows of the house along the sidewalk, and up the front steps of his own house. The front door was closed. He turned the lock silently and made his way soundlessly to the library. He listened a second at the doorway, then entered.

His nostrils had caught the faint odor of Egyptian incense, his ear had heard the sound of a sudden movement in the corner of the room. He closed the door behind him, and the lock snapped sharply. He heard a quick-drawn breath and the intruder realized that escape was cut off. Two steps took him to the desk and the light switch. One hand fumbled in the heap of chessmen beside the board. He turned to the corner where he knew was the intruder.

His hand was held out. On the palm glinted a piece of wineglass with a spot of blood on its edge. "You can talk when you have rested a bit."

"The piece of wineglass I broke," she faltered. "You know?" "Yes. My fingers felt the warm stickiness of the blood on it, and I have been holding it ever since. That when the time came it would prove your identity. I am blind, you know."

SILVER SANDALS

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

By Clinton H. Stagg.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

The blind man leaned closer. His hands clenched at his sides till the veins stood out in great, blue ridges. Now was the time, in instant for the thing to which he had been leading. Colton knew that the mind, in the process of hypnosis, takes its impression like a photographic plate. But it only remembers the stronger lights until they have been washed out by another and more powerful mind. At the instant of changing from the influence of the woman's mind to normal, Sydney would recollect things that the woman hypnotist had worked to make him forget. Little things, a word, a phrase, perhaps, but that was all the protagonist needed.

Sydney's hands were moving slowly across his forehead, on his face showed the struggle that was going on in the brain of the body that was asleep.

"Another," Thames muttered. "Another!" His voice strengthened, all the power in him went in the final hoarse whisper: "My God, another!"

"The girl said that!" Colton spoke sharply. "The girl said that!"

"The girl said that!" Thames seemed vainly trying to remember something. "Yes—golden hair—something—wrong—hand—right."

"I know, Sydney, I know. She cut her right hand on a wineglass, Sydney."

"Yes—" The mumbling ceased. Sydney Thames lay still, but it was only to gain strength to speak again. "The crowd was in a great shout. 'She—said—that!' The crowd. Only a feather! The crowd knows! A feather, only a feather! Hurry, Ruth! A feather from Ramezes. No time—a feather, girl!"

Colton's hands relaxed. A great sigh came through his tight-shut teeth. "Sydney Thames! Sydney Thames!" He took another drink of brandy, and seemed to calm the man on the bed. His breathing came regularly again. Colton's face was almost touching the face of his secretary; he seemed to be peering into the closed eyes of Sydney Thames through the folds of the wet cloths that covered his own dead eyes. Once more Sydney Thames stirred. His eyes opened slowly.

"Thorn!" he murmured weakly. "Thorn!"

Colton raised his head. "Go to sleep, Sydney." His voice was very soft and the man on the bed closed his eyes like a little child.

The blind man arose. A fervent "Thank God!" crossed his lips; then the old lines of weariness came back. He took another drink of brandy. Midnight. The fight there in the dark bedroom had been going on for two hours! He tiptoed out of the room softly, down the stairs to the library. He took another drink of brandy, and stronger one this time, and he did not even feel the fire of it. His fingers found the empty chessboard. They fell loose sh-rts of paper. He picked up an unopened letter, and turned the backs of them. They were the notes Shrimp had made of the crowd's words.

Throughout the afternoon and evening the crowd had repeated nothing but the same phrases: "Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie, George Nelson, Waiter! Age twenty-seven!" There was not a letter, not a syllable but those words. Strange that the crowd had such a single phrase in its vocabulary. It picked up other phrases in its years of association with the woman? Was it the crowd that had been the mouth-piece of the silent clairvoyant?

"Not us," he corrected, and his words were stern. "Why did you come home so quickly?" she demanded.

"Because I knew that there would be some one here whom I wished to see," he answered, frankly.

"You knew—frankly." "That some one wanted the crowd badly enough to risk anything for its possession?" He finished the sentence for her.

"And you pretended to rush away so that you could come back here and trap me?" she said scornfully.

"I don't expect you, he said, very seriously. "I expected another. The movement you made as I entered the door told me that my visitor was a woman. You crouched in sudden fear as the door opened. I had a different sound as he came in. A position of defense. And the man I expected would not have carried the strange odor of that curious Egyptian perfume."

"He couldn't come! He hasn't—" She stopped as she realized what he had tricked her into saying.

"But he let you come!" "No, thank you," she declared. "I'm going back."

The hand that rested on her shoulder was so light that she had not even felt its touch until she started to move; then it held her with a gentle firmness there was no resisting but she could not stop the frightened Michael could stop the machine.

"The Twenty-seventh Precinct!" ordered Colton loudly. "Hurry!"

The car fairly leaped to its best speed. Colton swung nimbly into the tonneau. It raced uptown, and Colton, all the nervousness suddenly gone, leaned comfortably back on the cushions and let his whole weary body relax. He took off the bandage he had not waited to remove, and let the cool night air fan his burning eyes.

The car pulled up before the green-lighted precinct station. Colton spoke to the driver.

"How long did that take?" he wanted to know. "It took more'n ten minutes, sorr," answered the chauffeur, with a touch of pride.

"All right! Back as fast as you can!" Michael's face flashed his surprise before he turned, but he knew the blind man too well to question.

"Stop at the corner above the house!" ordered the protagonist. Back they raced. Colton jumped

from the car as it slowed on the curb, whispered an order to Michael, and ran to the shadows of the house along the sidewalk, and up the front steps of his own house. The front door was closed. He turned the lock silently and made his way soundlessly to the library. He listened a second at the doorway, then entered.

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"The piece of wineglass I broke," she faltered. "You know?" "Yes. My fingers felt the warm stickiness of the blood on it, and I have been holding it ever since. That when the time came it would prove your identity. I am blind, you know."

"Blind?" He could feel her gazing at his deep brown eyes that held no look of the dead. Colton's secretary wore the disfiguring blue-smoked glasses now, and the eyes seemed to glow in the white, strong face.

"It doesn't surprise me," he remarked dryly. "There are several hundred persons in New York who refuse to believe that I am blind. There are several hundred more who know by sight, and who have talked to me for years, who do not suspect such a thing."

"So you are the man!" The faltering was gone from the voice; it had a sudden hardness that was wholly foreign to the girl Colton's secretary had described the night before in the restaurant. "You are the man who is trying to put us into prison!"

"Not us," he corrected, and his words were stern. "Why did you come home so quickly?" she demanded.

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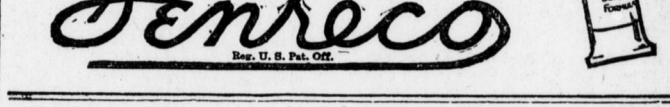


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In her tone and eyes and the hands working at her sides there was horror. "In the eyes of the law you are a murderer!" came from her lips, and the sharp breaths sobbed through them. Suddenly she raised herself on her elbow and stared into his face. "I?"

"I a murderer?" she cried. "I?" "That dead man was my father!" The words seemed to take all her strength, and her slight body fell back on the couch.

"Your hands and the dead man's have the same hereditary formation. But I also know—that any one who deliberately plans and lays careful plans for the committing of a cold-blooded murder is as guilty, in the eyes of the law, as the person whose hand strikes the fatal blow!"

"He was not murdered!" she cried passionately. "They are all lies! Lies! The newspapers are filled with lies!"

"The slashed wrists?" questioned the blind man. "The unmistakable evidence of arteriotomy?" "He commanded—!" Again there was faltering.

"And you obeyed?" "No! Not I did—not!" "You merely sat at the table, where you could see that the commands had been carried out?" the blind man went on relentlessly.

"Yes—yes." The affirmatives came in a steeper voice; wonderfully steady. "That was my duty; my duty to my dead father!"

Colton rose from the couch and walked slowly across the room. At his desk he took out his cigarette case pulled the tobacco from a cigarette end, and held it poised between his long, slim fingers.

"He heard the groan of the couch springs as she suddenly sat up; but he made no move toward her. A strange girl, she baffled him continually. The things he had said to make

POULTRY NEWS

Small Flock of Hens Will Help to Reduce the High Cost of Living

Convert This Waste Into a Daily Supply of Fresh Eggs

By M. L. Chapman, Judge, Breeder and Writer

Profitable poultry keeping is not confined to the large commercial egg farms nor to the person who is situated on a large tract of land. Small flocks kept in the backyard and fed mostly table scraps are a profitable investment and will keep the family supplied with fresh eggs and an occasional chicken dinner.

One of the most serious problems that confront the poultry keeper is the high cost of feeding stuff. All kinds of grains are higher in price than they have been for years and as these grains form the larger portion of the feeding ration on the big poultry plants it requires skillful management to make a profit in egg production.

With the small flock, which is usually kept in the backyard, these expensive foods are mostly eliminated. What is usually thrown away, in the form of table scraps, may be used for the bulk of the food for the fowls. Of recent years it has become a serious problem for housekeepers to reduce the cost of living without lowering its standard. The small poultry flock offers exceptional advantages along the lines of economy, since it is possible to convert waste (table scraps) materials into a perfectly wholesome and nutritious diet (eggs and poultry).

Convert Waste Into Eggs. Strictly fresh eggs at certain seasons of the year are a luxury to those who are compelled to go into the markets for their supply. Very often, even after paying excessively high prices, there is disappointment in the quality received. The home poultry flock insures an abundance of fresh eggs for the ordinary needs of the family, and when the eggs can be produced by feeding table scraps, the

saving in this article of diet is well worth considering. It has always been a well-known fact that a few hens will produce a greater amount of profit than larger flocks, and also that each hen will lay a larger number of eggs when kept in a small flock than when running with a large number of others. This fact has often been the cause of many failures in the poultry industry, because, unfortunately, the majority of persons figure that if the profits on ten hens is ten dollars the profits on a thousand hens will be a thousand dollars. This delusion has led many beginners upon the rocks of disaster.

The average production from a flock of ten hens is about two and one-half dozens of eggs each week, according to the reports given out by the leading egg laying contests in various sections of the world. This estimate was taken from the latest report sent out by the Connecticut Agricultural College Experiment Station and comprises all of the popular breeds of fowls. In these flocks there are no male birds and it has been proven that egg production has not been curtailed by their absence.

For a small flock of hens the equipment need not be elaborate, but the quarters should be comfortable and placed in such position that there will be plenty of sunlight and fresh air always present. While a small run is of great benefit to the birds, it is not absolutely essential. Many small flocks are kept in their laying houses the entire year, and if their quarters are clean and sanitary there is very little cause for complaint from neighbors.

All fowls delight in a variety of diet. They will grow and thrive better, produce more eggs and keep in better health and physical condition. For this reason table scraps with their mixture of bread, meat and vegetables make an ideal ration. It is surprising how much of this food will be consumed and relished by the hens.

Cereals, bread, pastry and crumbs will supply the necessary grain diet in concentrated form and will promote the formation of fat and muscle which insures rapid growth, also furnishes bodily heat and an excess toward the formation of eggs.

Tailings from steaks, roasts, chops and other meats will supply elements that are directly concerned with the

formation of eggs, and nearly every family will have enough of this form of table scraps to provide sufficient animal food for a small flock of fowls. Small particles of bone are relished by fowls, and bone is one of the best egg-producing foods known to poultrymen.

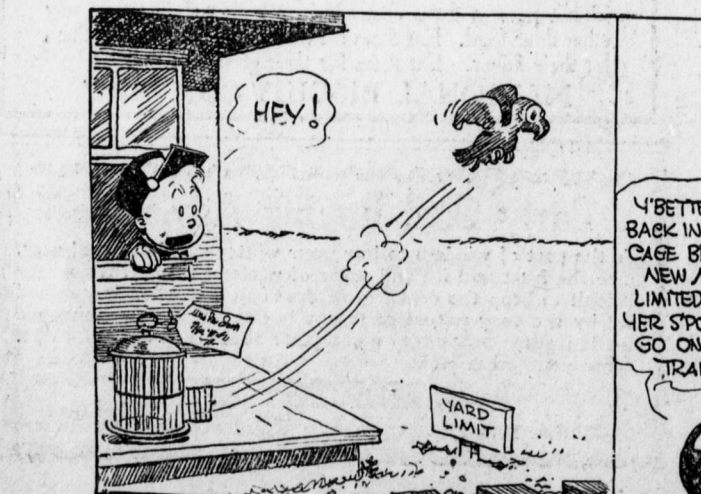
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Jerry on the Job



HEY!

BETTER GET BACK IN THAT CAGE BEFORE THE NEW MONIA LIMITED COMES. HER SPOUSE TO GO ON THAT TRAIN.