

## GRAY.

BY JANE FORBES-MORSE.  
(Translated by Miss H. Friederichs.)

Gowns of soft gray I now will wear,  
Like willow trees all aivery fair;  
My lover, he loves gray,  
Like clematis, with silky down,  
Which lend the dew-spent hedge a crown;  
My lover, he loves gray.

Wrapped in a dream, I watch where slow  
Within the fire the wood-sparks glow;  
My love, thou art away—  
The soft gray ashes fall and shift,  
Through silent spaces smoke-clouds drift,  
And I, too, love gray.

I think of pearls, where gray lights dream,  
Of alders, where the mist-veils gleam;  
My love, thou art away—  
Of gray-haired men of high renown,  
Whose faded locks were hazel brown,  
And I, too, love gray.

The little gray moth turns its flight  
Into the room, allured by light;  
My love, he loves gray,  
O little moth, we are like thee,  
We all fly round a light we see  
In swamp or Milky Way.  
—From "Contemporary German Poetry."

## BILLY, THE TRAITOR.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

There was only one taint of disloyalty about Billy Houck—he kept his money in the Sarvis Point bank.

Round Buckeye Bridge the question of loyalty had nothing to do with one's willingness to die for his country or stand up for the flag, or with one's enthusiasm for "Grand Old Missouri," but was solely a matter of working hard for Buckeye Bridge and pulling back on Sarvis Point.

Buckeye Bridge was the county seat, but seventeen miles farther from the railroad than it wanted to be; Sarvis Point was on the railroad, but seventeen miles farther from the county seat than it liked.

It certainly galled the Bridge people to know that Billy Houck was not depositing his money in the home bank. His fertile four hundred acres, stretching along the bottom just over the creek from town, was the finest farm in the community; and the loads of hogs and droves of cattle he sold spring and fall certainly brought in a lot of money. And this was deposited in Sarvis Point.

"Oh, yes"—Latimer, the dentist, raised his voice a little as Billy approached—"Buckeye Bridge will boom now. If a few more of our farmers will just take all their money over to Sarvis Point, it won't be any time until we have waterworks, electric lights and street-cars—at Sarvis Point."

"Funny, isn't it," he continued, bitterly, for he had a little stock in the home bank, "how the very fellow you would expect to stand by a home institution is the first one always to turn traitor!"

"Billy," asked Graham, the horse-drover, as the farmer looked at a slow in Newton's hardware store, "how's the Rock of Gibraltar over at the Point these days?"

Billy squinted his eye at the plow and did not reply.

"It is all right to buy things where you can get them handy," remarked Graham to a bystander, "but when it comes to depositing your money, you can't expect a fellow to have any confidence in a little old town like this—no, siree! Got to take it to the railroad, where the bank is strong as Gibraltar."

Many other gibes and criticisms, both direct and oblique, were flung at Billy. Some of them were good-natured, some caustic, but he merely quipped his left eye inscrutably and went his way without a word.

The fact was, Billy had had trouble with Henry Simmons, the banker—so nearly trouble as he ever had. He thought the banker had wronged him in a business transaction. Billy stated the case briefly, but Simmons insisted the bank was right. Billy withdrew his funds and transferred them to Sarvis Point. The banker offered the public no information concerning the difficulty, and of course Billy offered none, for he lived up to the advice which he often gave "Winny" Jim Davis: "If you are done with a fellow, quit instead of blowing about it; if you aren't, shut up and go on."

One evening in the autumn two years later Mrs. Houck remarked at supper:

"I reckon it's a good thing you took your money out of that bank; they say it's about to break."

"What?" Billy looked up quickly from his plate. "O pahaw!" he said. "That's all stuff and nonsense. Henry Simmons is good for it."

"I guess it's so," persisted Mrs. Houck. "Leastways, nearly every body thinks so, and nearly all of them were getting their money out when I wa' over to town this afternoon."

Billy finished his supper rather hurriedly, took his white slouch hat from its nail by the kitchen door, and said he was going to town for a little while.

"Well, what did you hear?" asked his wife when he returned, an hour later.

"Hear?" He sat down in the hickory rocker and crossed his legs. "It's what you don't hear that counts." He sat for a long time, his eye squinted thoughtfully at the fire.

Yes, the securities were good—he new most of the big loans—he deposited would not lose, finally, when if the bank failed—but the stockholders would. It would ruin Henry Simmons. He owned most of the stock—all he had was in the bank, they said. It would ruin his reputation, too.

Billy moved uneasily in his chair.

"I reckon a fellow might really think he was right when he was wrong," he remarked.

Mrs. Houck agreed very readily that he might—too readily, if Billy noticed. He got up and took from the shelf the little round-faced alarm clock.

"What are you going to do?"

"Find it." He set the hand at three.

About midnight he got up and looked at the clock. He went back to bed for half an hour, although he did not go to sleep, then got up and went to town.

"Billy Houck, what in the world is

steady as he counted out coin and currency to frightened depositors.

Twenty minutes past eleven, and the only two thousand dollars left. The sun would not last until noon. A line had formed now, reaching from the paying window through the door and down the steps outside.

Billy Houck came to the door, walking leisurely, a large old leather valise in his hand. They let him pass, for they knew he had no money there to draw out, and they craned their necks along the line to see what he was going to do.

"Excuse me, fellows," he said to those nearest the window, "won't you let me have a turn for a few minutes so I can get rid of this money? I'm sort of tired carrying it round, and it's nearly dinner time." They gave way, and Billy set the valise on the ledge, and began to lay out stacks of bills.

"I want to make a deposit." Simmons' hand shook slightly as he reached for a deposit slip.

At sight of the bills—it was an encouraging looking pile, looking larger than it really was, for most of them were five-dollar bills—the line wavered and broke up, the men scattering round the office. They still held their checks, but watched the transaction at the window wonderingly. The word had quickly passed out at the door and down the street that Billy Houck was making a deposit, and the deposit grew with the report.

"Four thousand?" Simmons looked up from his pad when the last stack of bills was counted. For an instant his eyes looked straight into Billy's, and said things that made a lump rise in his throat.

"All right," and there was much more in Billy's tone than any guessed but Simmons. "Good weather for corn gathering, isn't it?"

"All right, fellows," said Billy, as he moved away. "Much obliged for the turn."

But no one approached the window. "Hello, doc!" said Billy, noticing Graham, the horse doctor, who had been in line with a check for his balance of sixteen dollars and thirty cents. "How is your confidence working? Little spavined, isn't it?"

"And here's Latimer, too!" He squinted his left eye at the dentist. "Reckon you are getting your money out to build an electric line—to Sarvis Point?"

Billy lingered a few minutes, eye-



## IN WOMAN'S REALM

### Emancipation of Mme. Dieulafoy.

In France at the present moment there is only one lady who has the right to wear man's dress and who wears it on all occasions now, from a habit contracted during her travels with her husband, and she is Mme. Dieulafoy, whose name figures at the Louvre Museum in connection with the excavations of Darius' palace at Susa.—Gentlewoman.

### Tablet to Woman Librarian.

A tablet to Miss Alice B. Kroeger, first librarian of the Drexel Institute, has been unveiled, reports the Philadelphia Ledger.

The tablet, which is of polished brass mounted on black Belgian marble, is placed on the pilaster at the entrance to the library. It bears the following inscription:

ALICE BERTHA KROEGER, Librarian and Director of the Library School in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry, from its foundation in 1892.

This tablet is dedicated to her Memory by the faculty of the Institute.

### Neck Shows the Age.

The neck frequently shows the evidence of age before the face. Little tell-tale wrinkles in front and hollows back of the ears, long lines at the sides, a dark ring around the neck, the double (and sometimes triple) chin, are not beautiful to gaze upon, or welcome to those who pose-

### Prickassed Guinea Fowl.

Have a guinea fowl cut up the same as a chicken for fricasseeing. Cook one-fourth pound of sliced bacon in a saucepan with one-half cup of water until the water has evaporated. Try out the fat, remove the pieces of bacon and put in the guinea meat, turning it carefully until browned. Remove the meat, add four tablespoons of flour to the fat and gradually add one quart of stock or water; stir until boiling, add one slice of onion chopped, one-fourth of a clove of garlic, a little pepper and two level teaspoons of salt; add the meat and stew slowly one hour. Remove the fat from the sauce and strain it over the meat.

### Our Cut-out Recipe.

Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

They all of these could be largely prevented. Tight collars and stocks are accountable for many of the lines at the side of a woman's neck. The carriage of the head, and even one's position when sleeping, has much to do with forming a double chin.

The head should be carried erect when walking, says Woman's Life. When reading or sewing the chin should never be dropped on the chest, but the book or work should be held in a position that will allow the chin to be held moderately high.

### Ibsen and Freedom.

Ibsen seems to be regarded by the anti-suffragists as their own peculiar property. When any one nowadays is announced to talk on Ibsen and woman it is sure to be about anti-suffrage, and so it was yesterday when Miss Eleanor Ford expounded, reports the New York Tribune, "Ibsen on the Freedom of Woman's Will," in a studio in the Carnegie Hall building. In a dreamy, dull green atmosphere, induced by lowered curtains and closed windows, thirteen women and one shy young man listened to the lecture, which wasn't so tranquil as it might have been, owing to the fact that a near-Caruso in the music studio next door had taken that time for brushing up his minor scales.

Miss Ford said she didn't know how many of her listeners were suffragists; she herself had reached the soul-plane where she knew there were no such things as suffrage and anti-suffrage, but not all women were on that plane, and some women were making a lot of trouble these days by trying to exercise their wills like men.

"It is much more dangerous for a woman to exercise her will than for a man," said Miss Ford earnestly. "Men are so busy doing useful, mechanical things, building houses and bridges and keeping the world going, that they can't do the harm women can."

Then Miss Ford talked about Elida, Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea," and explained that Dr. Wondel's calm, masculine way of proving to Elida that she didn't want to leave him for the stranger was symbolic of the way the men of to-day are settling the woman suffrage question.

"All over America," she said, "wise men are saying to women: 'Very well, if you want the responsibility of the ballot, try it.' And when the women hear this they know they are afraid to try."

"Ow-ow-wow-wow," remarked the near-Caruso next door in a descending scale. And a suffragist in a rear seat looked as if it did her a lot of good to hear her sentiments thus expressed.

### Women Do the Posing.

The hostess who enjoys a social affair entailing no brain game should issue invitations for a portrait party. The only apparatus necessary is a quantity of blank cards or squares of pasteboard, say about five inches square, and pencils.

Each man, on arriving receives a slip of paper on which is written the name of some lady in the company, and when the fun is in readiness the partners thus appointed must sit opposite each other and draw each other's likeness.

At the end of ten minutes the portraits are collected by the hostess, numbered and pinned up on the wall. The men then choose new partners and the game proceeds as before.



## FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

### Hog Feeding.

We are told that the Wisconsin station tests show that Yorkshire hogs require the least amount of food for 100 pounds of gain of either Poland Chinas or Berkshires. "Razorbacks" made smallest gains and ate the least food. An indication that a cross is capable of improving weakness in pure-bred Berkshires and Poland Chinas was the fact that those breeds crossed with "Razorbacks" resulted in hogs that made gains much more economically than the pure-breeds.—Indiana Farmer.

### Pruning Shade Trees.

Shade trees should be trimmed up when young so the top will be at least twelve feet above the walk. After this all that is necessary is to cut out the dead superfluous branches. The amount and kind of pruning will depend a great deal upon the species of trees planted. When planting it is well to consider how much space you have for a tree and how much light you must have and select the kind of tree that will best fit your case. It is argued that trees should be topped to prevent the limbs from breaking off, and to make them grow thicker. When large limbs are cut off decay soon sets in, and the tree dies. Spare the tree. No one admires a crippled tree. For information on pruning shade trees, write the State Forester, Indianapolis, Indiana.

### Effect of Soy Beans on Butter.

At the Massachusetts experiment station they have carried out a number of tests in feeding soy beans to dairy cows. They found that: "Soy bean meal will not modify the chemical character of the butter fat, neither did it have any effect upon the separation of the fat from the milk serum the time of ripening of the cream nor the thoroughness of the churning. Expert butter scorers could not detect any particular flavor in the butter as a result of feeding the meal. The meal imparted a noticeable softness to the body of the butter, but not sufficiently so as to injure its commercial value except during the warm months. The softness of the body of the butter was due probably to the oil contained in the soy bean meal and not to the bean protein."

### Selling Dead Eggs.

After eggs have been hatching for a week or ten days clear and added eggs may be taken from a hatching machine or from under a setting hen. We hear of some selling of such dead eggs. A dead egg, after a week under a hen or in a hatching machine, tests even then about like a fresh egg, and is recommended by some authority for pastry making, but we believe feeding such to newly hatched chicks is stretching enough. The best way is to set, say, five hens, all at the same time. After a week or ten days test and take the dead eggs from hens. Live eggs may then be about the right number for four of the hens. Entirely fresh eggs are now put under the fifth hen; of course she has to set a week or ten days longer than the other hens, but this means that many more chicks.

Dead eggs are liable to give out a bad gas which live eggs more or less take up, and this does eggs with chicks in shell no good. But bad eggs in a hatching machine do more harm than under the hen. In a hatching machine a dead egg against live eggs is bad, for the dead egg is colder than the live ones and may affect them. The hen shuffles about and keeps her eggs somewhat apart with the feathers and down, so the bad egg is less liable here to affect good ones.—New York Press.

### Cement Roofing.

A subscriber wishes to know if he can cover his house with cement. Cement tiles, or shingles are manufactured, we understand, but we have not seen them and do not know anything about them, but have no hesitation in saying that we believe that cement or concrete roofing in some shape, will be in general use not many years hence. It will be the cheapest and most durable material for the purpose that can be obtained, and at the same time will be indestructible by fire. Inventors will put their wits to work to devise shingles, or small flat tiles or plates, to put on roofs like shingles or slate, and devices for fastening them securely. If we were to undertake the job we think we would try to invent some way of plastering the cement upon the sheathing and making a solid cement cover over the entire roof. How would it do to devise a steel or iron net work, with mesh of an inch or so, to nail over the sheathing, to hold the cement while it hardens? The cement could be spread over this net work with a trowel, like mortar upon a wall, and when it becomes hard it would make a solid coating that would be impervious to water and will last an age. No charge for this suggestion.—Indiana Farmer.

### Sowing White Pine Seeds.

The great interest taken in forestry matters of late has led to many inquiries for white pine seeds, among other sorts; and many inquiries have been made as to the proper way to raise the seedlings. Nurserymen always sow the seeds in beds early in spring. They make narrow beds of about three feet width, to admit of the weeding of them through the summer. The soil is made smooth, just as for any other seeds, and the seeds sown broadcast and covered with about a half inch of soil. When it is a question of removing a cut down forest the seeds are sown broadcast, but in this way a good many seeds are lost, not finding their way to suitable beds, leaves or other

covering, and perhaps birds taking some of them, as well as animals, too. However sown it should be done early in spring, for white pine seeds are always slow in germinating. When sown in beds the seedlings are transplanted when two or three years old. Even at three years they are not very large, as the first year they make but a few inches of growth, and even at three years they would be but eight or ten inches high. After once well established, a growth of a foot a year could be looked for if the plants were in good soil.

The United States Department of Agriculture is experimenting largely with many kinds of seeds for forestry, the white pine, jack pine and western bull pine being used with others, and the tulip poplar (Liriodendron), is in much demand. Those unacquainted with the raising of seedlings should go slow at first until some practical knowledge is gained, as some varieties require particular care to insure germination of their seeds.—Weekly Witness.

### The Southdown.

The Southdown sheep has steadily grown in popular favor. There has been no "boom" in the Southdown trade, says an exchange, but there has been a steady, healthy demand, which is now increasing rapidly, as the intrinsic merits of the breed are better known.

Many men in all parts of the country not heretofore known as having any interest in Southdowns, are inquiring where these sheep can be had. Having learned from practical men that they possess superior qualities as wool bearers as well as mutton producers, that they are naturally strong and hardy, and that they impress these qualities on other breeds with which they are crossed in a remarkable degree, progressive breeders want them for improving the mutton and wool-bearing qualities of their herds.

The Southdown breeders report that they are wholly unable to meet the demand. The demand is largely from the Southern and Southwestern regions where the Southdowns are best known, and this demand upon the flocks of the East, the Northeast and the Middle West, which has already depleted the supply, may be expected to steadily increase.

But because we so frequently find the Southdown mentioned as the standard of excellence in judging other breeds, both for the production of mutton and wool, and for propensity in crossing upon other breeds, it by no means follows that the breeders should fail to patronize the advertising columns of the live stock press in promoting the interests of the breed. From a financial point of view the publishers of live stock papers deserve better of Southdown breeders than they have received. If all breeders of Southdowns will advertise, and if the few who do advertise will double their advertising efforts, they will increase their profits and may safely increase their flocks to twice the present size. There need be no fear of overstocking, for when the nearby regions are supplied the great West will gladly take any possible surplus in car-load lots.—Ireland Farmer.

### About Draft Horses.

Ever since I have been connected with the business I have strongly advocated two policies that I believe would be of great value to horse breeding interests in America.

First, and most important, the United States Government should require a certificate of absolute soundness of all stallions and mares, issued by a competent and reliable veterinarian before leaving Europe; and a careful inspection by another equally competent veterinarian on arrival at port of entry into the United States, and bar all from landing that did not pass sound. This second inspection is essential because it is possible for experts on the other side to so doctor a horse as to conceal for a while certain hereditary defects, but which will develop again during the voyage. I have known cases of rickety horses to show up as horses were let out of the ship, which had passed veterinary inspection before shipment.

Absolute soundness is of more consequence than pedigree in breeding stock, particularly in draft horses. All the draft breeds are subject to side bones, roaring and rickety backs, and all hereditary. They should not be allowed to land.

It is not enough to demand duty on all that cannot pass inspection successfully, for that class can be bought at such low prices in Europe that the owner can well afford to pay duty; the opportunities being plenty for disposition of such horses to inexperienced buyers.

Second, Excessive weight in draft horses should not hold the place it does among American breeders. It is encouraged by judges at nearly all shows and has led to serious injury to, and in many cases ruin of, many valuable stallions.

Cramming stallions for show or sale soon gets their system out of order and impairs their breeding ability.

Knowing as I do the inside working of the show horse business, it is a wonder that so many buyers will chase after the prize winners, or the heaviest stallions they can buy, for a large per cent of them are worth more for sausage meat than for breeding.—Geo. E. Brown, in the Indiana Farmer.

A balanced grand piano has been invented in England. One side is a duplicate of the other and the lid is hinged in the centre so as to distribute the sound waves evenly.