

## THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC.

The child of a railway wrecker was wed to a titled rake,  
With the Great American Public agape for the title's sake.

The crew of a speeding flyer were killed in a reckless run,  
And the Great American Public thought something should be done.

The son of a man of millions was tried for his life or death,  
And the Great American Public stood by with bated breath.

Three hundred men in a coal mine were crushed by a proppress wall,  
And the Great American Public said never a word at all.

The loot of the genteel grafters waxed richer year by year,  
But the Great American Public declined to interfere.

For the Great American Public is blessed with a mind sublime—  
A crime in the seventh figure is freed from the taint of crime.

So come in a golden glamor and kill or steal your fill,  
For the Great American Public does love its gilded pill.  
—Arthur Guiterman, in *Puisc.*

## SITTING UP WITH THE INCUBATORS.

By HENRIETTA CROSBY.

Wilma and I were left, three years ago, with less than \$600 after the settlement of our family affairs. Several courses were open to us. We could accept a home at the house of an uncle who had a family of his own, or seek positions as teachers in primary schools, or go to the city as salesgirls in a department store, or take work as domestics in a factory.

What we did do was to embark in the poultry business. For the use of an old farm, which was owned by a savings bank in Concord, we engaged to pay thirty dollars for the first year, with the privilege of buying it at the end of the year for \$700.

It was about the most weathered, desolate, lonesome old place which fancy could portray. The buildings consisted of a one-story house, with broken windows and leaky roof, connected to a long woodhouse, equally dilapidated, which ended in a tottery, gray shell of a barn, which creaked when the wind blew.

But there were no neighbors within a third of a mile, at least; and that is important when one wishes to avoid the expense of fencing. The old fields offered a fine run for fowls, although there was some danger from foxes.

We could do nothing to better the buildings until we were richer; and moving in such furniture as was left us from the break-up of our home, we established ourselves in two rooms of the old house on March 24.

We fortified ourselves with hammers, nails and bits of board in those two rooms and the old woodhouse. The great drawback to us was a situation we our great fear of tramps. A friend lent us a gun, which we kept loaded for emergencies. Such things are not agreeable for women to have to do, but there was no alternative for us.

The rent was not due until the end of the year; but we had to buy at once of a breeder of "Rhode Island Reds" sixteen hundred eggs, at sixty cents a dozen, and five large hot air incubators. These, with brooders, cost \$150. Also there was chicken food to buy, and poultry books, kerosene and other things. Still we had nearly \$200 left to live on till we could sell "broilers" in June and July.

With painstaking care and attention to every detail, we set our five incubators going. For three days we ran them empty, to learn how each worked, and be certain that the thermostats were in order before entrusting our costly eggs to their keeping.

Thereafter, during those twenty-one days of incubation, either Wilma or I was always at hand, night and day, with an eye to the thermometers.

The night of April 5th was the night of all nights with us. Old poultry breeders may smile at our anxieties, but this was our first hatching.

There had been a week of mild weather. On the evening of the 4th, however, it turned raw and cold again. Winter seemed to come back at a bound; snow squalls howled down from the White Hills, and how are old barns did creak and crack!

We had all our incubators in the woodhouse next to the kitchen, because that seemed the warmest, most secure place. Years before, this old woodhouse had been banked up with earth and sod, which had never been removed, and higher up we had now stopped all the cracks with paper to keep out stray drafts of air.

To place an incubator just right in cold weather is a nice matter. There must be good fresh air about it, but not too much or too cold, and there must be some moisture in the air, but not to the degree of real dampness, else you will have "wet" chickens.

With the incubator you must imitate the setting hen as nearly as possible. The hen turns her eggs over now and then in the nest, and so must you in the incubator drawers; the hen goes off the nest and lets her eggs "air" once a day, and in like manner the incubator must be aired, but should not be allowed to get quite cold—and if you open the incubator and put out the lamp at the same time the eggs may cool down too much.

The first incubator which we had filled was now on the point of hatching. To add to our troubles, that afternoon Wilma was taken ill with tonsillitis. I had to put her to bed and play the doctor, for there was no physician within six miles, and the night was too inclement to permit my going even to our nearest neighbor. All the time, too, those incubators were showing their worst points, owing, I suppose, to the effect on the lamps of the strong wind currents and heavy gusts outside. At times they flared up, although I hung up

blankets and sheets at all four of the windows and both doors to exclude the drafts.

I saw there would be no sleep for me that night, with a sick sister and those five incubators to look after, and I nerved myself for the task. Outside raged the gale. It seemed to increase in violence. Already the little panes of our bedroom window were plastered with snow. I was compelled to hang up a rug to keep out the cold. Our firewood, too, was the poorest possible, being merely bits of old fences which we had picked up about the farm.

At about 10 o'clock, punctual to their appointed time, those chicks in the hot air incubator began to hatch—dear little downy things, issuing from their shells into this world of storms! With my ear at the little drop door I could hear their low, silvery peepings within, and made haste to light the brooder lamp and get that warmed for them.

Outside and all round were other sounds far less musical. Even in the sheltered, muffled woodhouse I could hear the old barn harshly straining and creaking, and at each hard gust I expected its final crash. Anything

I resumed my ministrations to

## The Man Who Does Not Want Money Dominates Everybody and Everything.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

SOONER or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth, as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price, and he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money. You may meet that man on your farm, in your village, or in your Legislature. But be sure that whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armory with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more.

more terrifying could scarcely be imagined. Yet worse fears were in store for us. I had run back into the kitchen to replenish the fire and change the bricks for Wilma when, blending with the roar of the gale, we heard shouts!

"Who can that be?" Wilma cried, sitting up in bed. "Who can be coming here in such a storm?"

"Somebody passing, maybe," I said. But the next instant the shouts were renewed at the house door—outcries which sounded as wild as the gale on which they were borne in to us.

Human voices, had they been intelligible, might have cheered us, but these shouts were strange. We could distinguish no words. An instant later there were blows on the door.

Terror fell on us both, we were so utterly alone. But I summoned all my courage, and arming myself with our gun started to the door. Wilma, however, earnestly begged me not to do so.

Again the shouts were raised, with further blows and kicks on the door. "Oh, what shall we do?" Wilma cried out.

I stole forward to the little front entry to listen. We had the door propped on the inside with two old fence posts. Apparently several men were trying to force it open with their shoulders, but it held fast.

Then arose another babel of voices. But plainly as I could hear them I was unable to make out a word of what they said. It was a jargon. The tones, too, were strange. For a moment I had a wild impulse to fire the gun through the door. Just then, however, I heard them at one of the windows, trying to raise it. But the sashes were nailed securely.

Exclamations that had all the force of fearful oaths now burst forth, as if from many throats, but the invaders seemed to be going toward the woodhouse, and I hastily ran out there with the gun. They had found the woodhouse door, and there the strange shouts were renewed. Whole sentences were poured forth, yet not a word could I distinguish.

Wilma followed me out there, wrapped in a comforter. We dared not ask what was wanted, and stood, listening fearfully. Blows and kicks resounded, then heavy crashes, as from a club. Still the door held, for that, too, was secured by props, and after savage efforts we heard them go toward the barn, shouting all the while, as if execrating us.

I peered out at the door leading from the woodhouse through the wagon shed to the barn, and was made aware immediately that they had effected an entrance. The great doors, indeed, had not been fast-

ened. Above the roaring of the wind I could hear the doors slamming and banging and the stamping of snowy feet on the barn floor.

In trembling haste we then began to secure the woodhouse door, propping it with several pieces of old fence rails, which we planted securely in the hard earth of the shed floor. With all our strength we braced these props in place, then listened again at the cracks between boards of the old partition, for we had little doubt that those wild intruders would attempt to come through the wagon shed to the house.

Nor did our fears prove idle ones. Very soon voices were heard, as if several of the gang were finding their way in the dark through the empty wagon shed toward the door where we stood. That was a trying moment. Wilma trembled violently, sobbing under her breath. It was indeed but too probable that they would break in here in spite of us. But there was my gun. The supreme moment of our peril had come. I resolved to frighten them, if possible, and thrusting the muzzle of the piece out at a wide crack in the partition, I made frantic efforts to fire it, forgetting at first to raise the hammer. Bethinking myself of this, I then suddenly discharged the gun, causing a blinding flash and a well nigh deafening concussion!

The report was followed by a sound of retreating footsteps on the floor, low exclamations and utter silence.

Then presently a high pitched voice called out several times something like "Veaggeetoree! Veaggeetoree! Na-teera! No ladronee!" followed by silence again.

They had retreated to the barn. I put another cartridge into the gun and waited, listening, but heard nothing further. Some time passed, and at last I persuaded Wilma to go back to bed, then, having covered her up, I returned to watch and listen at the woodhouse door.

Not another sound came from the barn, however, and as the hours of night dragged by I began to think that our singular visitors had gone away.

I resumed my ministrations to

Wilma and again looked to the incubators. Amidst all the alarms of the nights those chicks were still coming from their shells, and before morning nearly a hundred had hatched.

At last it grew light, after a night that had seemed ages long. The storm had in part abated, and not long after this we heard a continued knocking at the barn. One of the end windows of the farmhouse commands a view of the barn doors, and in fresh alarm I hastened to it to look out. One of the doors was partly opened, and there stood a swarthy, dark complexioned man, who, when he caught sight of my face at the window, began making most extraordinary gestures, smiling, grimacing and shaking his head in a deprecating manner. Soon another and yet another dark fellow appeared at the barn doors, and they, too, smiled and bowed and shook their heads, as if craving a thousand pardons for being there.

"Why, they look like Italians!" whispered Wilma, who had stolen out of bed behind me. I was already convinced of this myself, and felt pretty certain that they meant no harm. I was so well assured of it, indeed, that at last I nodded to them from the window.

Immediately they all fled out of the barn, eleven of them, each with a little bundle or valise in his hand, and plodded through the snow, out toward the road, to go their way. In fact they looked so cold and pitiable that I wrapped on the window to call them back. Wilma and I handed out to them all the ready cooked food which we had in the house. It was accepted with many smiles, bows and cries of "Grazie, signore!" What they had attempted to tell us in the night was that they were travelers and not robbers.

I suppose that it was the sound of a foreign tongue which had so wrought on our fears. We gathered that they were a party of laborers on a railway twelve miles distant, and they having set off to go to Manchester, they had lost their way in the storm, and mistaken our darkened habitation for a deserted house.

Thus what seemed so alarming by night, by daylight turned out to be but a commonplace episode, and this, I may add, was our only adventure for the year. From our 1600 eggs we raised nearly 1200 chickens, and—well, we are going on with our enterprise in good hopes of success.—*The Youth's Companion.*

## Spend Millions Abroad.

It is estimated that American tourists spent \$40,000,000 in Europe last summer.



## BOOMERANG DUEL.

Port Augusta is almost on the border of the desert. In the immediate neighborhood there were growing in profusion the "salt bush," which supports the life of the sheep during drought, and the tempting "prickly jack," a weed good to look upon, but accursed to the farmer, as its pointed spur works havoc among the fleeces, says the London Field. Close by we saw a prosperous ostrich farm and a number of camels, with their Afghan drivers, about to start on a journey still further north.

The strange impression of this juxtaposition of old and new was deepened by the nature of the principal case for trial. It was a charge against Jimmy Wonylita the murder of Billy Lee, both aborigines. The story of the crime was not complicated. A quarrel seemed to have arisen through the refusal of the deceased, though of mature years, to submit to initiatory rites which technically made him a "young man." The witnesses were careful to speak of him always as a "boy," though it was testified that he had a few gray hairs.

The actual conflict between the two men was conducted with much of the punctilio of a duel. Each of them was armed with what is commonly called the "double boomerang," strictly speaking, it should rather be called a club in boomerang form. It is a large and somewhat heavy weapon, not intended as a missile at all, but used to inflict a blow which must be delivered only if such encounters demands that each combatant in turn shall bend his head to the attack, not attempting to repay it until he has steadily suffered his own chastisement. Blow thus solemnly alternates with blow, until the man with the stronger arm and harder head is left the victor. In this ordeal Billy Lee succumbed.

The witnesses in this trial were, of course, mainly aborigines themselves, for the crime was committed in one of their camps. Their demeanor was extremely nervous. Again and again they had to be exhorted to hold up their heads and to speak clearly. One of them, a strong man, with dents upon his head suggesting a long experience of boomerang duels, fainted in the course of giving his evidence, and another collapsed as soon as he had left the box. Later witnesses were therefore allowed to sit and were frequently refreshed with a glass of water, which they would empty at a single gulp. Their evidence was given in pidgin English, interpreted by a police inspector, who was Protector of Aborigines for that district.

The counsel for the defense had the advantage of having lived for some time among the blacks when a boy, and could consequently make himself easily understood by them. "You yabba longa me now," was his intimation that they were now to speak to him instead of to his learned brother. "You tell me straight; no tell me lies," was sufficient to emphasize the importance of truthful answers. Several peculiarities of linguistic usage came out during the examination. The witnesses used the word "lose" as a euphemism for "die" and "kill" in place of "strike." It had the oddest effect to hear how one man would kill the other, and then the other would retaliate by killing him.

The peculiar characteristics noted by the writers on aboriginal customs were illustrated in this trial. One was the blacks' inability to count. At one point it was desired to ascertain what time elapsed between the death of the victim and the giving of information to the Magistrate. The man who had himself carried the news could give no answer when the question was put to him point blank. He was next asked how many "sleeps" he had during his journey. This inquiry was also ineffectual.

Lastly the lawyer proceeded in this fashion: "Were you sleep same night Billy Lee killed?" "Me sleep So-and-So Creek," was the prompt answer. The place of sleeping night after night was then elicited until it was easy to calculate the total interval. So, too, the time of day at which any event happened was indicated not by mention of the hour, but by pointing to the quarter where the sun was.

The other characteristic especially illustrated was the reluctance of the friends of the dead man to mention his name after he was gone. It is stated by one of the latest authorities on aboriginal practice, N. W. Thomas, that to mention the name of a dead man is thought equivalent to summoning the ghost, and that to avoid such a calamity words once familiar will even be allowed to drop permanently out of use. In this case Bill Lee's "lubra" never once referred to her dead husband by name in the whole of her evidence. She spoke of him invariably as "dead man." If it was uncanny to hear of a man killing his antagonist, it gave one no less of a creepy feeling when this woman told how "dead man" ate his dinner or walked outside his tent or took up his boomerang.

## WHY POLICEMEN FACE A GUN.

"A policeman never turns his back on a man who has a gun out," said a copper the other day, "and it isn't

bravery, either. It's a matter of safety. If there's going to be any shooting done it is better to receive the bullet in front than in the back. I'll tell you why. Every officer has to carry a lot of books, guides and other things in his pockets. He has a rule, a report book, a trolley guide and a slip book for accidents, in his breast pockets. Besides, he carries a watch, a billy, and wears his shield all in front. This stuff is enough to stop or turn aside many revolver bullets, whereas in the back a policeman has nothing but his coat and jacket as covering. There are a number of instances where policemen have been saved by this 'front' protection."—*Philadelphia Record.*

## INTERVIEW WITH A TIGER.

The tiger crouched for a moment to take breath, then, gathering all his strength, he sprang again. This time he almost succeeded in touching my shoe (I could not draw up my feet for fear of overbalancing myself), and I felt the hot, felted breath from his mouth fan my face. In a silence which seemed to enforce his determination he prepared for a third spring—a spring which I knew must end fatally to me. All hope seemed to have fled, and I had given myself up for lost, though I still continued to scream feebly, when an answering shout was borne back to me and I caught the sound of running feet. The tiger heard them, too, and turned instantly to face his new foe; and a second later Teddy, rifle in hand, came into sight. His bewildered glance fell on me. From where he stood he could not see the beast, which now started to worm its way slowly toward him, its body nearly touching the ground and a little track of crimson marking its course. "It's there! It's there!" I cried hysterically, and fortunately he understood what I meant. Never for a moment did he lose his presence of mind, but, cocking his rifle, he quietly awaited the brute's onslaught. A slight waving of the grass alone showed him, as he stood on the ground, the direction from which the danger was coming; but I, from my point of vantage, could watch the whole scene, a helpless spectator. I knew that Teddy was an exceptionally good shot, but he looked so powerless in front of that incarnation of brute force that it seemed to me the combat could only end one way. I had brought the man I loved to his death, and all I could do was to sit there and wait for the inevitable end. The brilliant Eastern sunshine lit up Teddy's quiet, set face and the gleaming yellow and black of his adversary. The trees stirred softly in a gentle breeze that had sprung up, and a cuckoo called quite close, as it might have done in a peaceful English wood. Suddenly there was a flash, a roar—was it the noise of the rifle or the triumphant roar of the tiger? It seemed to me as if that smoke would never clear away, but when at last my staring eyes could see again the beast lay dead on the ground, and the man stood there unharmed.—*E. Hobart-Hampden, in The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## MULCH IS USEFUL.

A mulch in the spring is useful for several reasons. It keeps the ground from drying out and baking in the surface, which results in harm to the young and tender root system. A more equable temperature is secured. This is a point which does not receive as much attention as it should. A warm sun will raise the temperature of the bare ground several degrees during the day, only to be cooled off at night. Such changes are not good for tender plants. A straw mulch will also keep down weeds.—*Weekly Witness.*



## FOR THE FERN.

If you have a fern that does not grow fast enough try putting the pot in hot water—not boiling, but too hot to bear the hand. This is especially good for the large Boston fern or ferns that have been transplanted from the woods.—*New Haven Register.*

## ROSES ARE SENSITIVE.

Roses are among the most sensitive of house plants and seem to do their best for certain people who thoroughly understand them. Roses having numerous enemies in bugs and insects need careful watching and tending. They are hard to kill, but frequently grow in ungainly and awkward shapes and have few flowers.—*Epitomist.*

## RAISE LIMA BEANS.

There is nothing much better in the vegetable line in winter than dried Lima beans—not matured and dried, but shelled green when about two-thirds grown just as though for the table, and instead, dried in the sun. Soaking will swell them out, and cooked they are only a shade less toothsome than the fresh Limas. They are far superior in flavor and sweetness than canned Lima beans. There are at least two vegetables which it always pays to raise enough for drying.—*Lima and Okra.*

## FERTILITY OF WOOD ASHES.

All farmers know that wood ashes are valuable as fertilizers. But that value, as many know, is due very much to the material from which the ashes come. Thus, ashes made from hard wood are more valuable than those from soft wood. In fact, some ashes from soft wood have not enough value to make it worth while to bother with them. It has also been found that the value is largely governed by the part of the tree from which the ashes are made. It is declared by chemists that the ashes of young twigs is of more value than the ash of the trunk of the tree, while the ash of the leaves is still more valuable.—*Agricultural Epitomist.*

## THE MAKING OF GARDEN WALLS.

Even in a small garden, the laying out of the walks is a delightful task. It cuts the inclosure even more tellingly than the laying down of rugs within doors; it divides sweets that may be neighbors from sweets that may not; the introduction of little threads of paths will harmonize vagrant colors as can no other device. And this is a plea for walks of grass. It is true that gravel walks give a sense of neatness and trimness; it is true that the strip of cool white gravel is an institution as honorable as the stars; but if you have ever been in an old-fashioned garden and stepped along between sweet-smelling wildernesses, with wide walks of thick grass between the beds, then you know that the gravel walk is useful for nurserymen, but charming for nobody.

Particularly in naturalistic gardening—as if gardening can ever be anything else—grass walks are indispensable. And why not let the law extend to the border beds? Of course, narrow gravel strips may edge the border beds when they do not mar the general effect of the lawn, but especially in small gardens these should be omitted. Do you not remember the old pictures of the castle gardens where princesses walk all day?—"How to Make a Garden," by Zona Gale, in the *Outing Magazine.*

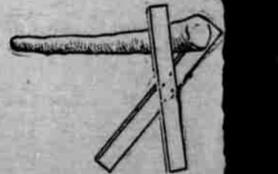
## AN ORCHARD SAW HORSE.

To be used for cutting limbs the orchard that are too large and too small to lay still on the ground. Leave all the limbs possible stick to be sawed and trim them as you get to them when sawing the limbs help in holding it. Here is the saw horse. It should be made high enough so as to raise sticks eighteen inches or more from the ground. This is made of two by six mortised where cross and fastened with a bolt or-sunk so the saw teeth will strike it and thereby dull the All it is, is one end of an orchard saw-horse. The branches and on the stick and left of same on the horse upright. I would like in the woods without one.—*Hauke, in The Epitomist.*

## HARNES BOAT TO WHALE.

Frank Paschall and James Harvey had an exciting experience to-day at sea. It might have had a tragic ending had it not been for the breaking of a line by which a big whale was drawing their boat through the water at terrific speed. In an ordinary skiff they left the wharf to visit their set line, and while they were examining it their craft was suddenly jerked through the water with such velocity that both were thrown from their seats. Recovering, they found they were in tow of a forty-foot whale.

Instead of severing the line the lads fastened it to one of the boat seats. After a three-mile trip at a record pace, the line parted, and the strange steed, with an angry flip of its tail, went bottomward.—*Long Branch (Cal.) Cor. Los Angeles Times.*



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