The GIRL and the BILL

by BANNISTER MERWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

The Threshold of Adventure.

The roar of State street filled the ears of Robert Orme not unpleasantly. He liked Chicago, felt towards the western city something more than the tolerant, patronizing interest which so often characterizes the eastern man. To him it was the hub of genuine Americanism—young, aggressive, perhaps a bit too cocksure, but ever bounding along with eyes toward the future. Here was the city of great beginnings, the city of experiment—experiment with life; hence its incompleteness—an incompleteness not dissimilar to that of life itself. Chicago lived; it was the pulse of the great middle west.

Orme watched the procession with clear eyes. He had been strolling southward from the Masonic Temple, into the shopping district. The clangor, the smoke and dust, the hurrying crowds, all worked into his mood. The expectation of adventure was far from him. Nor was he a man who sought impressions for amusement; whatever came to him he weighed, and accepted or rejected according as it was valueless or useful. Wholesome he was; any one might infer that from his face. Doubtless, his fault lay in his overemphasis on the purely practical; but that, after all, was a lawyer's fault, and it was counterbalanced by a sweet kindliness toward all the world—a loveableness which made for him a friend of every chance acquaintance.

It was well along in the afternoon, and shoppers were hurrying homeward. Orme noted the fresh beauty of the women and girls—Chicago has reason to be proud of her daughters—and his heart beat a little faster. Not that he was a man to be caught by every pretty stranger; but scarcely recognized by himself, there was a hidden spring of romance in his practical nature. Heart-free, he never met a woman without wondering whether she was the one. He had never found her; he did not know that he was looking for her; yet always there was the unconscious question.

A distant whistle, the clanging of gongs, the rapid beat of galloping hoofs—fire engines were racing down the street. Cars stopped, vehicles of all kinds crowded in toward the curbs. Orme paused and watched the fire horses go thundering by, their smoking chariots swaying behind them and dropping long trails of sparks. Small boys were running, men and women were stopping to gaze after the passing engines, but Orme's attention [illegible] that was happening near by, and as the gongs and the hoof-beats grew fainter he looked with interest to the street beside him.

He had got as far as the corner of Madison street. The scramble to get out of the way of the engines had here resulted in a traffic jam. Two policemen were moving about, shouting orders for the disentanglement of the street cars and vehicles which seemed to be inextricably wedged together.

A burly Irish teamster was bellowing at his horse. The hind wheel of a smart barouche was caught in the fore wheel of a delivery wagon, and the driver of the delivery wagon was expressing his opinion of the situation in terms which seemed to embarrass the elderly gentleman who sat in the barouche. Orme's eye traveled through the outer edge of the disturbance, and sought its center.

There in the midst of the tangle was a big black touring car. Its one occupant was a girl—and such a girl! Her fawn-colored cloak was thrown open; her face was unveiled. Orme was thrilled when he caught the glory of her face—the clear skin, browned by outdoor living; the demure but regular features, the eyes that seemed to transmute and reflect softly all impressions from without. Orme had never seen any one like her—so nobly unconscious of self, so appealing and yet so calm.

She was waiting patiently, interested in the clamor about her, but seemingly undisturbed by her own part in it. Orme's eyes did not leave her face. He was merely one of a crowd at the curb, unnoted by her, but when after a time, he became aware that he was staring, he felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and he muttered: "What a boor I am!" And then, "But who can she be? Who can she be?"

A policeman made his way to the black car. Orme saw him speak to the girl; saw her brows knit; and he quickly threaded his way into the street. His action was barely conscious, but nothing could have stopped him at that moment.

"You'll have to come to the station, miss," the policeman was saying.

"But what have I done?" Her voice was broken music.

"You've violated the traffic regulations, and made all this trouble, that's what you've done."

"I'm on a very important errand," she began, "and—"

"I can't help that, miss, you ought to have had some one with you that knew the rules."

Her eyes were perplexed, and she looked about her as if for help. For a moment her gaze fell on Orme, who was close to the policeman's elbow.

Now, Orme had a winning and disarming smile. Without hesitation, he touched the policeman on the shoulder, beamed pleasantly, and said: "Pardon me, officer, but this car was forced over by that dray."

"She was on the wrong side," returned the policeman, after a glance which modified his first intention to take offence. "She had no business over here."

"It was either that or a collision. My wheel was scraped, as it was." She, too, was smiling now.

The policeman pondered. He liked to be called "officer;" he liked to be smiled upon; and the girl, to judge from her manner and appearance, might well be the daughter of a man of position. "Well," he said after a moment, "be more careful another time." He turned and went back to his work among the other vehicles, covering the weakness of his surrender by a fresh display of angry authority.

The girl gave a little sigh of relief and looked at Orme. "Thank you," she said.

Then he remembered that he did not know this girl. "Can I be of further service?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "I think not. But thank you just the same." She gave him a friendly little nod and turned to the steering gear.

There was nothing for it but to go, and Orme returned to the curb. A moment later he saw the black car move slowly away, and he felt as though something sweet and fine were going out of his life. If only there had been some way to prolong the incident! He knew intuitively that this girl belonged to his own class. Any insignificant acquaintance might introduce them to each other. And yet convention now thrust them apart.

Sometime he might meet her. Indeed, he determined to find out who she was and make that sometime a certainty. He would prolong his stay in Chicago and search society until he found her. No one had ever before sent such a thrill through his heart. He must find her, become her friend, perhaps— But, again he laughed to himself, "What a boor I am!"

After all she was but a passing stranger, and the pleasant reverie into which his glimpse of her had led him was only a reverie. The memory of her beauty and elusive charm would disappear; his vivid impression of her would be effaced. But even while he thought this he found himself again wondering who she was and how he could find her. He could not drive her from his mind.

Meantime he had proceeded slowly on his way. Suddenly a benevolent, white-bearded man halted him, with a deprecating gesture. "Excuse me, sir," he began, "but your hat—"

Orme lifted his straw hat from his head. A glance showed him that it was disfigured by a great blotch of black grease. He had held his hat in his hand while talking to the girl, and it must have touched her car at a point where the axle of the dray had rubbed. So this was his one memento of the incident.

He thanked the stranger, and walked to a near-by hatter's, where a ready clerk set before him hats of all styles. He selected one quickly and left his soiled hat to be cleaned and sent home later.

Offering a ten-dollar bill in payment, he received in change a five-dollar bill and a silver dollar. He gave the coin a second glance. It was the first silver dollar that he had handled for some time, for he seldom visited the west.

"There's no charge for the cleaning," said the clerk, noting down Orme's name and address, and handing the soiled hat to the cash boy.

Orme, meantime, was on the point of folding the five-dollar bill to put it into his pocket book. Suddenly he looked at it intently. Written in ink across the face of it, were the words: "Remember Person You Pay This To."

The writing was apparently a hurried scrawl, but the letters were large and quite legible. They appeared to have been written on an uneven surface, for there were several jogs and breaks in the writing, as if the pen had slipped.

"This is curious," remarked Orme.

The clerk blinked his watery eyes and looked at the bill in Orme's hand. "Oh, yes, sir," he explained. "I remember that. The gentleman who paid it in this morning called our attention to it."

"If he's the man who wrote this, he probably doesn't know that there's a law against defacing money."

"But it's perfectly good, isn't it?" inquired the clerk. "If you want another instead—"

"Oh, no," laughed Orme. "The banks would take it."

"But, sir—" began the clerk.

"I should like to keep it. If I can't get rid of it, I'll bring it back. It's a hoax or an endless chain device or something of the sort. I'd like to find out."

He looked again at the writing. Puzzles and problems always interested him, especially if they seemed to involve some human story.

"Very well," said the clerk, "I'll remember that you have it, Mr ——" he peered at the name he had set down—"Mr. Orme."

Leaving the hatter's, Orme turned back on State street, retracing his steps. It was close to the dinner hour, and the character of the street crowds had changed. The shoppers had disappeared. Suburbanites were by this time aboard their trains and homeward bound. The street was thronged with hurrying clerks and shop girls, and the cars were jammed with thousands more, all of them thinking, no doubt, of the same two things—something to eat and relaxation.

What a hive it was, this great street! And how scant the lives of the great majority! Working, eating, sleeping, marrying and given in marriage, bearing children and dying—was that all? "But growing, too," said Orme to himself. "Growing, too." Would this be the sum of his own life—that of a worker in the hive? It came to him with something of an inner pang that thus far his scheme of things had included little more. He wondered why he was now recognizing this scantiness, this lack in his life.

He came out of his reverie to find himself again at the Madison street corner. Again he seemed to see that beautiful girl in the car, and to hear the music of her voice.

How could he best set about to find her? She might be, like himself, a visitor in the city. But there was the touring car. Well, she might have run in from one of the suburbs. He could think of no better plan than to call that evening on the Wallinghams and describe the unknown to Bessie and try to get her assistance. Bessie would divine the situation, and she would guy him unmercifully, he knew; but he would face even that for another glimpse of the girl of the car.

And at that moment he was startled by a sharp explosion. He looked to the street. There was the black car, bumping along with one flat tire. The girl threw on the brakes and came to a stop.

In an instant Orme was in the street. If he thought that she would not remember him, her first glance altered the assumption, for she looked down at him with a ready smile and said: "You see, I do need you again, after all."

As for Orme, he could think of nothing better to say than simply: "I am glad." With that he began to unfasten the spare tire.

"I shall watch you with interest," she went on. "I know how to run a car—though you might not think it—but I don't know how to repair one."

"That's a man's job anyway," said Orme, busy now with the jack, which was slowly raising the wheel from the pavement.

"Shall I get out?" she asked. "Does my weight make any difference?"

"Not at all," said Orme, but, nevertheless, she descended to the street and stood beside him while he worked.

"I didn't know there were all those funny things inside," she mused.

Orme laughed. Her comment was vague, but to him it was enough just to hear her voice. He had got the wheel clear of the street and was taking off the burst tire.

"We seem fated to meet," she said.

Orme looked up at her. "I hope you won't think me a cad," he said, "if I say that I hope we may meet many times."

Her little frown warned him that she had misunderstood.

"Do you happen to know the Tom Wallinghams?" he asked.

Her smile returned. "I know a Tom Wallingham and a Bessie Wallingham."

"They're good friends of mine. Don't you think that they might introduce us?"

"They might," she vouchsafed, "if they happened to see us both at the same time."

Orme returned to his task. The crowd that always gathers was now close about them, and there was little opportunity for talk. He finished his job neatly, and stowed away the old tire.

She was in the car before he could offer to help her. "Thank you again," she said.

"If only you will let me arrange it with the Wallinghams," he faltered.

"I will think about it." She smiled.

He felt that she was slipping away. "Give me some clue," he begged.

"Where is your spirit of romance?" she railed at him; then apparently relenting: "Perhaps the next time we meet—"

Orme groaned. With a little nod like that which had dismissed him at the time of his first service to her, she pulled the lever and the car moved away.

Tumult in his breast, Orme walked on. He watched the black car thread its way down the street and disappear around a corner. Then he gave himself over to his own bewildering reflections. He was still busy with them when he found himself at the entrance of the Pere Marquette. He had crossed the Rush street bridge and found his way up to the Lake Shore drive almost without realizing whither he was going.

Orme had come to Chicago at the request of eastern clients to meet half way the owners of a western mining property. When he registered at the Annex he found awaiting him a telegram saying that they had been detained at Denver and must necessarily be two days late. Besides the telegram, there had been a letter for him—a letter from his friend, Jack Baxter, to whom he had written of his coming. Jack had left the city on business, he appeared, but he urged Orme to make free of his North Side apartment. So Orme left the Annex and went to the rather too gorgeous, but very luxurious, Pere Marquette, where he found that the staff had been instructed to keep a close eye on his comfort. All this had happened but three short hours ago.

After getting back to the apartment, Orme's first thought was to telephone to Bessie Wallingham. He decided, however, to wait till after dinner. He did not like to appear too eager. So he went down to the public dining room and ate what was placed before him, and returned to his apartment just at dusk.

In a few moments he got Bessie Wallingham on the wire.

"Why, Robert Orme!" she exclaimed. "Wherever did you come from?"

"The usual place. Are you and Tom at home this evening?"

"I'm so sorry. We're going out with some new friends. Wish I knew them well enough to ask you along. Can you have some golf with us at Arradale tomorrow afternoon?"

"Delightful! Say, Bessie, do you know a girl who runs a black touring car?"

"What"

"Do you know a tall, dark girl who has a black touring car?"

"I know lots of tall, dark girls, and several of them have black touring cars. Why?"

"Who are they?"

There was a pause and a little chuckle. Then: "Now, Bob, that won't do. You must tell me all about it tomorrow. Call for us in time to catch the one [illegible]"

That was all that Orme could get out of her, and after a little banter and a [illegible] exchange of greetings with Tom, who was called to the telephone by his wife, the wire was permitted to rest.

Orme [illegible] a chair to the window of the [illegible] room and smoked lazily, looking out over the beautiful expanse of Lake Michigan, which reflected from its [illegible] surface the wonderful [illegible] of early evening. He [illegible] have set forth on a new and [illegible] road. How strangely the girl of the car had come into his life! Then he thought of the five-dollar bill with its curious inscription. He [illegible] his pocketbook and ex[illegible] the fading light. The words [illegible] the full length of the face. [illegible] that the writing had a [illegible] There were flourishes [illegible] distinctly un-American.

He turned the bill over. Apparently there was no writing on the back, but [illegible] looked more closely he saw [illegible] in the upper left hand corner. [illegible] in the dusk he could [illegible] that this was not a spot of [illegible] edges were defined too distinctly for a smudge; and it was not black enough for an ink-blot.

[illegible] the center table, he switched on the electric lamp, and looked at the blur again. It stood out plainly as a series of letters and numbers:

"S. R. Chi. A. 100 N. 210 E. T."

The first thought that came to Orme was that this could be no hoax. A joker would not have made the curious cryptogram more conspicuous. But what did it mean? Was it a secret formula? Did it give the location of a buried treasure? And why in the name of common sense had it been written on a five-dollar bill?

More likely, Orme reasoned, it concealed information for or about some person—"S. R. Evans," probably. And who was this S. R. Evans?

The better to study the mystery, Orme copied the inscription on a sheet of note paper, which he found in the table drawer. From the first he decided that there was no cipher. The letters undoubtedly were abbreviations. "Evans" must be, as he had already determined, a man's name. "Chi" might be, probably was, "Chicago." "100 N. 210 E." looked like "100 (feet? paces?) north, 210 (feet? paces?) east."

The "A." and the "T." bothered him. "A." might be the place to which "S. R. Evans" was directed, or at which he was to be found—a place sufficiently indicated by the letter. Now as to the "T."—was it "treasure?" Or was it "time?" Or "true?" Orme had no way of telling. It might even be the initial of the person who had penned the instructions.

Without knowing where "A" was, Orme could make nothing of the cryptogram. For that matter, he realized that unless the secret were criminal it was not his affair. But he knew that legitimate business information is seldom transmitted by such mysterious means.

Again and again he went over the abbreviations, but the more closely he studied them, the more baffling he found them. The real meaning appeared to hinge on the "A." and the "T." Eventually he was driven to the conclusion that those two letters could not be understood by anyone who was not already partly in the secret, if secret it was. It occurred to him to have the city directory sent up to him. He might then find the address of "S. R. Evans," if that person happened to be a Chicagoan. But it was quite likely that the "Chi." might mean something other than that "Evans" lived in Chicago. Perhaps, in the morning he would satisfy his curiosity about "S. R. Evans," but for the present he lacked the inclination to press the matter that far.

In the midst of his puzzling, the telephone bell rang. He crossed the room and put the receiver to his ear. "Yes?" he questioned.

The clerk's voice answered. "Senor Poritol to see Mr. Orme."

"Who?"

"S-e-n-o-r—P-o-r-i-t-o-l," spelled the clerk.

"I don't know him," said Orme. "There must be some mistake. Are you sure that he asked for me?"

There was a pause. Orme heard a few scattering words which indicated that the clerk was questioning the stranger. Then came the information: "He says he wishes to see you about a five-dollar bill."

"Oh!" Orme realized that he had no reason to be surprised. "Well, send him up."

He hung up the receiver and, returning to the table, put the marked bill back into his pocketbook and slipped into a drawer the paper on which he had copied the inscription.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Could Make Nothing of the Cryptogram.

Orme Lifted His Straw Hat From His Head.

POULTRY

CULLING THE LAYING FLOCK

Poultrymen, as Rule, Keep Too Many Fowls for Their Accommodations—Sell Drones.

Have you sold or otherwise removed all the superfluous males from the poultry flock? If not, this should be done as soon as possible. Then next in order is the weeding out of all undesirable hens.

Someone will say: "Why, if I do that I will not have as many layers left as I should keep." To this I say, weed them out notwithstanding, and then if you find your flock too small, go out and buy, even though you have to pay more per pound or per head than you sold for, writes W. J. Cooper in Michigan Farmer. I know that it is sometimes hard to locate people who will sell their pullets, or even desirable yearlings or two-year-olds, but if you will get out and hustle you can find them, as there is always someone making a change of some kind and letting the pullets go. I know of no way in which a little time can be more profitably spent than in picking up desirable bunches of young hens.

There are different ways of going about this. Your butcher buys chickens. Find out when he has a bunch of pullets coming in and be there when they arrive. If they suit you, the price will always buy them.

There are always a few sales being made by people who are making changes or are moving away. Be "Johnny on the spot" at these and you can usually find a few nice fowls at least. But if you cannot locate them in any other way just make it known locally that you are in the market for good laying stock and by offering a premium of a cent or more on the pound you can nearly always find someone willing to sell some.

In any event do not keep old or scrubby stock. You don't want the hen that is always found on the top roost during working hours. She is the easiest to catch of all and the easiest to replace as her value is merely that of a drone. What you want is workers, and workers that are out singing at their work.

Silver-Laced Wyandotte Cock.

Did you ever watch the hen with the "song?" You will almost always find she has a good egg record. Show me a flock of hens with a gladsome cackle, and I will show you a flock of hens that is in the egg business every day of the week. When I approach a silent poultry yard during working hours I naturally feel that there is something wrong there—either sickness or worthlessness from age or other causes.

A hen that has the proper instincts, wants to be doing something every working minute. That she is not particular whether it be in your favorite pansy bed or not is "another story." The scraggy legged hen is usually found on the roosts. However she is sometimes a good layer, but as a rule she is a losing proposition and usually one of the first affected by disease. Her condition is usually a symptom of a poor constitution. Anyhow, it is safer to get rid of her.

Poultrymen, as a rule, keep too many fowls for their accommodations. So in weeding out the old ones and the drones you had better err on the side of retaining too few rather than too many. You may have accommodations for 1,000; if so, don't try to keep 1,500. Or your capacity may be 80 or 100; then don't keep 125 or 200. At any rate, only keep the number and kind of fowls that pay you a profit.

The Silver-Laced Wyandotte is the original of the Wyandotte family, and enjoyed a considerable boom back in the 80's. Because of the difficulty of breeding them with good markings it has been eclipsed in popularity by the Whites, but it has not been surpassed by any of the new breeds or varieties in utility qualities.

Cure for Roup.

Roup may be apparently cured by systematic treatment, but it can never be entirely eradicated from the system. It is always apt to break out again, or to be transmitted to the young. Under no circumstances is it wise to use fowls in the breeding pen that have ever suffered from contagion in any form.

Killing Market Poultry.

Grasp the chicken when killing by the bony part of the skull. Do not let the fingers touch the neck.

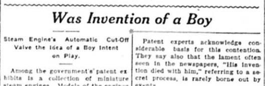
Make a small cut with a small, sharp-pointed knife on the right side of the roof of the chicken's mouth, just where the bones of the skull end.

Brain for dry picking by thrusting the knife through the groove which runs along the middle line of the roof of the mouth until it touches the skull midway between the eyes.

Use a knife which is not more than two inches long, one-fourth inch wide, with a thin, flat handle, a sharp point and a straight cutting edge.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Charcoal for Poultry.

Charcoal is one of the most essential articles in the ration on the successful poultry farm, for it is a valuable corrector of bowel and stomach disorders. A good way is to buy charcoal already prepared, though a good substitute may be made by placing ears of corn on cob in the oven until charred and then shell them off and feed to the chickens.



Was Invention of a Boy

Steam Engine's Automatic Cut-Off Valve the Idea of a Boy Intent on Play.

Among the government's patent exhibits is a collection of miniature steam engines. Models of the engines of Hero, of Alexandria, of Newcomb and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern industry. There may be seen a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the cocks that, alternating, let the steam on and shut it off. One of these boys, Humphrey Potter, by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. He discovered that a certain beam above his head worked in unison with the cocks that he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the movement of the engine than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the subsequent adoption of his device everywhere. An examination of the model of the engine to which the scoggan was applied arouses in one the wonder, not that the boy thought of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is the "after thought" of a great many notable inventions. Opponents of the patent system often raise the point that all great inventions are "in the air," that the same suggestion sooner or later will come to a great many different men, and hence that the patent is simply a reward to the one who happens to arrive first.

Patent experts acknowledge considerable basis for this contention. They say also that the lament often seen in the newspapers, "His invention died with him," referring to a secret process, is rarely borne out by events.

Retort Courteous.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long-distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed.

"You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance.

"No, I don't," was the frank reply.

"Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?"

"No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are."

And the whistling was discontinued.

His Measure.

The Inquiring Stranger—Do you happen to know a man around here named Sifers?

Accommodating Resident—Well, I ought to; he's an old neighbor of mine.

The I. S.—He's a pretty brainy man, isn't he?

The A. R.—Pretty brainy? Say, you make me laugh. Why, if Sifers walked on his head you couldn't find his trail in a million years!

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Don't marry your stenographer," advises the Philosopher of Folly. "She belongs to the union and knows the rules and she'll never let you hire another one."

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

A New Year's Eve Party.

This really clever affair was original with the hostess who gave it last year. It came to my notice too late for use then, so here it is now, all fresh and newly embellished. There were twelve guests with the hostess. Each one was assigned a month in the invitation and she came dressed to represent that month. Then each girl had the privilege of asking a man who was to come representing an event or prominent person associated with the month represented by his "fair lady."

On arriving it was most interesting to see the way the girls took to represent the months and their escorts the events. For instance, an animated firecracker accompanied "July," a "Santa Claus" came with "December," who was clad in pure white with a chaplet of holly.

There was an informal dance, and at 11 o'clock refreshments were served. The guests all watching the hands of the clock, at five minutes before 12 all arose, joined hands and sang, "Auld Lang Syne." As the hour sounded the hostess opened the front door for the passing out of the old year and the entrance of the little New Year.

There was a fortune cake containing a good wish or prediction for each guest. The latter were tightly rolled and concealed in gilded nut shells. The place cards were cut in bell shape and had little calendars on them tied with a knot of red ribbon. The one who guessed the most "events" or characters was presented with a wee traveling clock; the other two prizes were calendars.

Some Good Games.

Here are some very old games, but I am sure they will be brand new to many of our young readers. The first is called "Catching the Snake's Tail" and comes to us from Japan, where it is a great favorite. The children form in line, each with hands resting upon the shoulders of the player in front. The one who is to act as "catcher" is left out. The first child in the line is called the "head" and the last one the "tail." The "catcher" is placed about fifteen feet from the "head," and at a signal he tries to catch the "tail," or the last child in the "snake" without touching anyone else. The others may defend the "tail" by moving about, keeping the line unbroken, for if the line should be broken it is equal to the "tail" being caught, and that unlucky person must become the catcher while the last named goes to the head of the line.

Now for the second game, called "Feather Play." It is very amusing, although it sounds so simple. All the players are seated on the floor, having first counted "out" to see who will be "it." A hollow square is formed with a sheet held close up to the chins of the players on the floor. A feather is produced, a little downy thing, and blown back and forth by the players. The child who is "it" is to try to catch the feather on one of the children or directly in front of a child when that one becomes "it." The feather must not be touched by the hands of the children on the floor, nor must they rise from the floor; their hands must be kept under the sheet, all manipulations of the feather being done by blowing.

A Jolly Celebration.

A reader writes: "Last New Year's night we had such a jolly time I want to tell you about it for the benefit of all the department readers who may want a real frolic.

"I asked the guests, who were all intimate friends, to come dressed like children not over 10 years of age. At the top of each invitation card was written:

Backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight.

"There was a lawyer, a minister, and several prominent business men among the guests, who came garbed as boys; they called each other by their front names, each brought a toy and all entered heartily into children's games. A picnic supper was served on the floor in a room decorated with small trees in tubs, ferns and palms. This was supposed to be a 'grove,' and there were signs up like these: 'This way to the swimming hole.' 'Look out for the dog,' etc. There was stick candy, gum drops and heart motto candies. The women brought dolls and played 'Come to see' most naturally, as most of them had youngsters to keep them in practise. We had a spelling bee, and sung the songs of our school days. The party went down into history as one of the best the hostess had ever achieved, which is saying much, as she is noted for her original schemes."

MADAME MERRI.

Silver Dress Trimmings.

Silver dress trimmings may be cleaned by covering them with powdered magnesia and leaving them for two hours. Rub the magnesia well in and brush it off with a brush.

Dancing rFocks.

For dancing frocks for young girls the bordered chiffons or plain or flowered nets made over china silk offer splendid possibilities at a low cost.

LUCILE'S DIARY

I suddenly realized last Thursday morning that I had scarcely 24 hours in which to finish my paper which I was to read to the Dix Amies club Friday afternoon. As I had barely started it I sat down immediately after breakfast to work on it.

Somehow my thoughts did not flow freely. The subject, "The Theory of Household Economics," was too dull to inspire my best efforts. I had succeeded in writing only a sentence or two when I heard the telephone ring. Thinking an interruption might give me fresh inspiration I answered it myself and I was glad I had, when I found it was Lionel Hawley.

"I remember, Miss Lucile," he said, "your telling me how interested you are in water colors and I wonder if you won't come down to luncheon with me and take a look at the summer sketches now on exhibition at our club?"

"Today?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry to give you such short notice, but I never can tell a day ahead when I can leave my office. I simply have to seize any playtime I can get. Can you meet me at 12?"

"Yes, thank you, that will be delightful," I answered.

"Then I ran down to the kitchen where Cousin Fannie was doing up the morning work, for it was Tilly's day out.

"Cousin Fannie," I said, "I have to go downtown today and I don't see what I'm to do about my essay unless you take pity on me and finish it. You know, it is absolutely necessary that I have it by tomorrow."

"I write your essay, Lucile!" Cousin Fannie exclaimed.

"Yes, why not? You have to be at home anyway today and I'm sure, Cousin Fannie, dear, you have a much better understanding of household economics than I have. This is a good chance for you to express your splendid ideas. It will be real missionary work for you to write out some of your experiments and deductions for the benefit of the Dix Amies club girls."

"Do you really think it will be right for me to do it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," I answered, heartily. "So that's settled. Thank you ever so much for your generosity."

That day, while we were lunching and during a pause in the conversation Mr. Hawley drew a big English penny from his pocket and said, "Thoughts, please?"

"I was just thinking," I replied, "how frightened I shall be tomorrow at our club when I rise to read my paper on 'The Theory of Household Economics.'"

"Are you interested in that subject?" There was a note of surprise in his voice.

"Indeed I am. Don't you think every woman should be?"

"I most certainly do, but I am afraid a great many young women never bother their pretty heads about the matter."

"I'm aware that there are frivolous women who shirk their natural responsibilities," I said, smiling, "but you mustn't think we are all in that class just because we happen to like pretty clothes and enjoy the gifts the gods provide."

"Just to show you how glad I am that you are the kind of girl who includes domestic art in her taste," de-

the nicest men I know. He has such beautiful manners. The huge bunch of violets he sent me was the envy of all the Dix Amies girls.

"Really, Lucile," said Louise Edwin, who has a crude way of making uncalled-for suggestions, "you have enough violets for all ten of us."

"Yes, perhaps," I replied glancing down at the fragrant blossoms, "but I'm going to give them to some one who doesn't receive many flowers."

"That's very sweet of you, Lucile," said Arvilla Wren.

I felt glad that I had resolved to present them to Cousin Fannie to take to her mission school, for I always like to give her pleasure when I can. But it happened that evening that David Robinson came in unexpectedly with theater tickets and of course, having the violets on, I could not very well take them off before going to the theater. I am sure he wondered who sent them to me, for I saw him looking at them several times.

When I had finished reading my paper the girls of the Dix Amies gathered around me in an excited little group.

"Why, Lucile," said Mary Townsend, "no one ever suspected you of possessing so much domestic wit and wisdom. Your essay is delightful."

All the other girls complimented me also and asked so many questions that I was really confused. I think Cousin Fannie should have been more specific in her quotations and figures, for it was most embarrassing for me to have to acknowledge that I could not remember the names of certain authorities quoted in the paper.

"Lucile," said Louise, "you really should follow up this paper with a series on the same subject—only more in detail."

"Oh, no; I've bothered my family enough about this one," I laughingly protested, for I felt that it was only right thus to give credit to Cousin Fannie for her assistance.

Out of the Dim Past.

The Roman theatrical managers had told Seneca that his dramas, while showing unquestioned ability, were unfitted for the stage.

"Are they?" he said, with a broad smile. "Then they'll be produced in the twentieth century. In any event, my fame is secure."

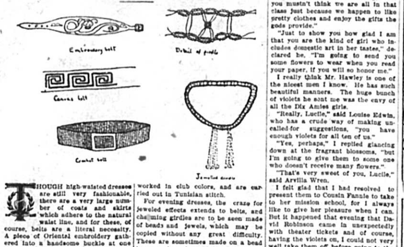
But Seneca did not foresee that the twentieth century would have plenty of unfit dramas of its own.

Interested.

"What did the rhinoceros do when you fired at him?" asked the eager listener.

"He just stood still and watched me run."

Embroidered Belts



Though high-waisted dresses are still very fashionable, there are a very large number of coats and skirts which adhere to the natural waist line, and for these, of course, belts are a literal necessity. A piece of Oriental embroidery gathered into a handsome buckle at one end and adorned with a row of eyelet holes at the other makes a very effective belt.

For morning wear a belt of linen, worked with broderie Anglaise, is both useful and pretty, and has the additional merit of washing easily, whilst canvas, worked in cross-stitch or Roumanian stitch, is extremely effective, and very quickly worked, red and blue ingrain cotton being perhaps the best material in which to execute the embroidery. The sporting, golfing girl usually delights in a belt of crochet worn with a neat shirt and a tie to match, and these belts are often worked in club colors, and are carried out in Tunisian stitch.

For evening dresses, the craze for jeweled effects extends to belts, and charming girdles are to be seen made of beads and jewels, which may be copied without any great difficulty. These are sometimes made on a bead loom, such as is used for making the chains and necklaces that are worn so much just now, but there are plenty of exceedingly effective designs which may be quite easily carried out with an ordinary needle and cotton. The foundation cotton needs, of course, to be really strong, and it is best to use thread or fairly thick silk for the purpose, whilst the beads will, of course, be of a color chosen to match the dress. Another pretty belt for evening wear is embroidered in gold thread in a conventional design of flowers and leaves, the former being then filled in with sparkling jewels.

FANCIES OF FASHION

Now doth the busy card fiend commence her winter's work.

At this season of the year the house smells of wet woodwork.

While the weather is very pleasant, it is also very enervating.

Brocades shot with metallic effects make regal looking gowns.

Lapis-lazuli is enjoying a revival for earrings and brooches.

The milliners and furriers are not at all pleased with October's behavior.

Chantilly lace veils, in colors matching the costumes, are exceedingly chic.

The apple tree is the most faithful of the fruit trees. It will bear sometimes for a hundred years.

Tiny brocade boxes, silk-lined and with little frills of "Val," are lovely gifts. Silk stockings or handkerchiefs may fill them.

Small bowl-shaped hats in black velvet with a single flower at one side, an odd blossom preferred, are worn by exclusive women.

Not Awed by Czar.

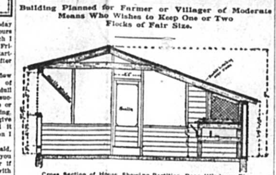
To illustrate that royalty does not inspire awe in American children, a woman who recently returned from a long trip abroad related this incident: "We were at Bad-Nauheim when the czar was a guest there. My little boy attracted the attention of some member of the Russian party, and he was present by invitation one day when the czar, the grand duchess of Hesse, Captain Drentelen, the czar's military secretary, and Baron Wassenbach played tennis. When the boy returned one of the young people, a tennis enthusiast, asked him: 'Well, how did the czar play?' 'Rotten!' was his expressive but shocking reply."

Worth Remembering.

One thing I have learnt, and I think it is worth remembering, that a heart heaven may be reached and touched everywhere, that one can help or hinder happiness by a tiny word.—Amy Le Feuvre.

DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF INEXPENSIVE CHICKEN HOUSE

Building Planned for Farmer or Villager of Moderate Means Who Wishes to Keep One or Two Flocks of Fair Size.



Cross Section of House, Showing Partition, Door, Windows, Etc.

This house is planned for the farmer or villager of moderate means, who wishes to keep one or two fair-sized flocks of fowls. Should a house with a large capacity be desired, the building could be made longer.

The foundation wall is of concrete, 18 inches high. It extends ten inches below the surface of the ground, where it is eight inches thick and eight inches above the ground, where it is six inches thick. In mixing the concrete, one part of cement was used to six parts of sand.

The floor is 18x40 feet, and contains 720 square feet of space, divided into two equal pens. If Leghorns are to be housed, the structure will shelter 180 birds, 90 in a pen, with an allowance of four square feet to each. Of Plymouth rocks 164 may be housed, allowing four and one-half square feet to each.

The studding is seven feet in front and hour and one-half feet in the rear. The roof is of the combination type, rising to a height of nine feet at the peak. Its rafters are of two by six lumber, 15 feet long on the rear and seven feet long on the front slope. Each is tied by a one by four board running from the top of the plate in front to the 14-foot rafter running from peak to rear and high enough not to incommode the attendants. With the rafters thus tied, supports are not needed in the center. Upon the rafters are laid the roof-boards and roofing, in detail the same as in the house of hollow tile described above.

All sides of the building are of No. 1 six-inch drop siding. In each end there is a door, swinging outward, and placed as near the center as possible, thus making it handy to either window, nests or roosts. For the doors, No. 1 D. & M. lumber is used.

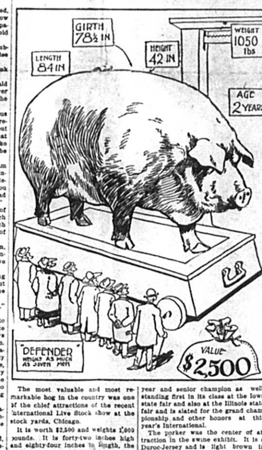
The partition between the two pens is of matched lumber for the first three feet from the floor, and of muslin thence to the ceiling. For five feet from the north wall around the broody coop it is tightly boarded, to protect the fowls against any possible draught while roosting.

The partition door is hung in the middle, on double-acting hinges and swings either way.

The dropping-boards, roosts and broody coops are located on the north side. They are surrounded by double walls to guard against draughts.

The nests are built in sections of six. The bottoms are of one-inch diamond mesh poultry fencing, and are self-cleaning. The fowls enter from the rear and the eggs are taken out from the front.

MOST REMARKABLE PRIZE HOG



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