

## MOTHER'S BOY.

In the days of childish troubles, when our little world was darkened  
With the clouds that mean such gloomy times when on young hearts  
they rest,

There was one unflinching refuge, one sure fount of consolation,  
And all our troubles faded, sobbed out on our mother's breast.

Oh, that refuge of our childhood! Oh, that love which never faltered!  
To whose sympathies so tender not a sorrow was too small  
For the kindest understanding, for the fondest of consoling,  
Till the clouds began to roll away, and love to lighten all.

How often in the strife and press of life's most real troubles  
Does a man long for that comfort that he ran to as a child;  
How, in the selfish struggles of the world, its scorn of sorrow,  
Does he yearn for that dear sympathy, no thought of self defiled.

How many times when wrung by woes or worn by hardest struggling,  
Does he pine to flee the world's fierce fight, in heart and soul oppressed,  
And like a little child again, seek out that dear old refuge,  
And sob out all his troubles on his mother's loving breast.

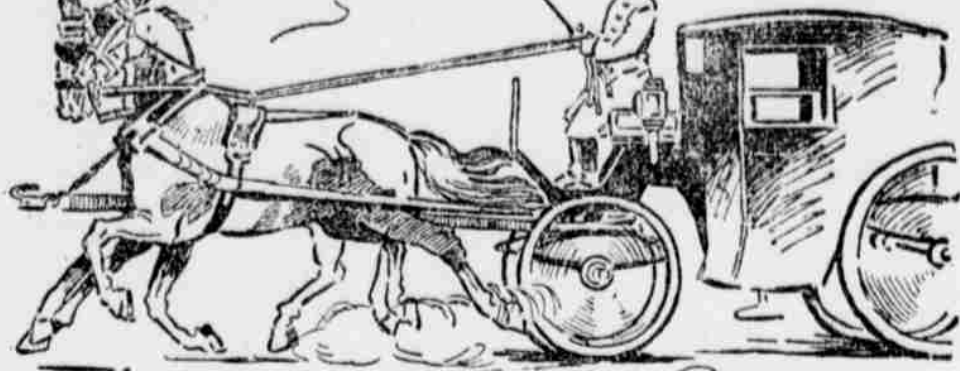
When a man keeps fresh within him that touch of a child's dependence,  
All his nature feels the power of its softening alloy;

And more human to his fellows, more responsive to all feeling.

Is the man who deep down in his heart is still "a mother's boy."  
—Baltimore American.

## Her Heart's Desire.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES



Mary had been so uncompromisingly practical and deliberate in making preparations for her marriage, that romance was the last thing to be suspected of lurking in her soul. Her marriage meant the losing of a valuable member of the household, where, for several years, her capabilities had kept the wheels running smoothly. She was not a servant, but rather a housekeeper who held the family interests close at heart, and regarded those with whom she lived as "her people," receiving a like regard from them in return.

Her courtship was a long one. Occasionally there would be breaks in the regularity of His visits, at which breaks, the family, while not wishing Mary disappointment, would inwardly take hope that nothing serious was meant by His attentions. During these lapses of devotion, Mary would be unusually silent and a little uncertain in temper, this state of mind continuing until He began coming again in the evenings, which were known in the household as "the nights for Mary's beau."

After a while these interruptions ceased and Mary's young man was ever constant. His visits continued for some time without apparent developments, but at last, a complete understanding having evidently been reached, Mary officially announced her engagement.

Her marriage was something in the remote future, she insisted. She should not marry until they had a house of their own to go into; one that should be built after their own plans, and paid for out of their own savings. The choice of Mary's heart apparently coincided with her views, and proved himself a patient lover.

The family, after recovering from the disturbing news of Mary's some time departure, found consolation in the thought that it was a long way off; she was still in the house and something might happen to keep her there indefinitely.

Mary, always frugal and saving, had a bank account. After her engagement it was no longer to her merely money. Instead it represented carpets and curtains and various other house furnishings.

"We shall get nothing but what we have the cash to pay for," Mary often said, and the family enthusiastically applauded her wishes. Practical sense like that meant the prolonged stay of Mary, since the home she stipulated for must be built from the ground up. The impetuous side of love's young dream did not appeal to Mary. Doubtless she loved the man she was to marry, and doubtless she had told him so, but she never gave a hint of it to others. He continued filling his engagements with her on his "regular nights," and occasionally they went out somewhere together, though their pleasure excursions were few and far between, as they took money which might better be laid away for the home building.

Lulled into fancied security by the uninterrupted order of things, the family forgot to take heed of time's swift passing, and, while it was to be expected, it was none the less a shock when Mary, with an unusually happy smile brightening her face, announced, "they're begun on the foundation."

Mary was really to be married. Actual preparations were under way and

tangible proof was afforded by the hole in the ground, forming the beginning of Mary's future home. Of course there were delays to be counted on, and the whims and vagaries of carpenters and plumbers, but the inevitable was in sight and so far Mary had not once spoken of the ceremonies she might wish to attend her wedding.

"I'm not going to get any new clothes except a dress to be married in. I'll have a silk of some kind, and that will last me for best for a long time," she said when interrogated on the subject.

The house and its furnishing made the stronger appeal and she would discuss the faults and merits of kitchen ranges with far more enthusiasm than she gave to gowns and millinery. As the house slowly arose on its foundations, its walls and interior revealed the characteristics of Mary. There was nothing for ornament, but there was much for practical convenience and comfort. It was only a cottage, but its few rooms were wide and airy and provided with the best of modern improvements that represented utility.

Naturally, Mary was proud of her house and much interested in its construction, but outwardly her mind was given to the home she was about to leave. As the day for her marriage drew near, instead of being occupied with her own affairs, it was those of the family she seemed to hold in greater consideration. She went about the house from garret to basement, setting it in order. She used every effort to find some one to take her place, and, failing in this, she left as little as possible to be done after her departure. To be sure, the plan for her wedding did not require much time for thought, since it was exceedingly simple and bare of pretentious detail. She was to get up early in the morning, put on the brown silk gown she had selected to be married in, and be driven to church for the ceremony. That was all.

The church was but the distance of a block away, and it was only in this instance that Mary relaxed her practicality. She wanted to drive there in a carriage. And then came out the sole bit of romance she had associated with her wedding.

One of the stables in the town where she lived owned a handsomely appointed carriage, which, when it was in service, was drawn by two showy sorrel horses with long white tails and manes. It was a spectacular sort of turnout, kept sacred to state occasions. To ride in this on her wedding morning was Mary's heart's desire.

"I always wanted to ride behind those white-tailed horses," she confessed, blushing a little at what she feared was foolishness; "I think they're awfully stylish, and that hack is just grand!"

To glimpse this touch of unsuspected romance in Mary's nature was a joy to the family and she was encouraged in her longing for this bit of purple.

"Did you tell Mr. Elwin you wanted the carriage with the sorrel horses?" she was asked.

Ordinarily Mary's young man was spoken of as Him or He, but this was a matter of unusual moment.

"Yes," Mary answered, "he just sort of laughed and said he hated to ask

for anything special, but he'd tell them to send the best they had. I do hope they'll send those white-tailed horses and that grand hack," she said, wistfully.

The June sun shone graciously on the morning of Mary's wedding day. She was up at 5 o'clock, and when she was dressed in the crisp newness of her brown silk gown "that would do for best a long time," she was neat and trim, and pretty, too, with the pink color in her cheeks which excitement had painted there.

The member of the family, posted at the windows when it came time for Him and the carriage, were sincerely glad when the white-tailed sorrels, in glittering harness, drawing the shining "hack," came dashing up to the door. There was a smile of ineffable content on Mary's face when she took her place in the carriage, and the smile was still there when she leaned out to wave good-by to those who were watching.

They drove to the church, the long way round, and when the marriage ceremony was over, they drove to the home of one of His relatives, unable to attend the wedding. Then they drove to their own home, and it was to Mary as a royal progress, since she was riding in the "grand hack," drawn by the white-tailed sorrels.

Mary takes married life calmly and is as practical as ever. She keeps her home in immaculate neatness and prepares His meals with unflinching regularity. She talks of canning fruit and making preserves and of the things she shall buy for their home when they have the money. Now, it is plainly and scantily furnished. Apparently Mary has no thought for useless decoration, but somehow, sometime, that touch of romance in Mary's nature is going to reveal itself in an unlooked for way again.—Toledo Blade.

## WHERE HENS ARE RENTED.

Remarkable Industry Flourishes in Sacramento Valley.

You may have heard of the Maywood colony in California. It was founded by Warren N. Woodson, who is still its proprietor, and is situated in the Sacramento valley, north of the city of Sacramento, and on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad that runs between San Francisco and Portland, according to Leslie's Weekly. In this colony and the town of Corning, which is its center, 3,000 people are living among orchards and vineyards that cover 30,000 acres of land, and on which are more than 1,000,000 fruit trees—peaches, pears, oranges, apricots, prunes, figs, almonds, olives and others. The Maywood poultry farm, the organization which is conducting the hen-renting enterprise, is one of the features of the Maywood colony. This farm has only recently begun operations and it now owns absolutely 10,000 hens. This number is to be increased until there are 100,000, making this by far the largest poultry farm in the world. All the birds of the farm are pure-blood Leghorns, with white feathers and vivid combs, and they are the "white slaves" of the colony. The farm rents these hens in lots of 500 or 1,000, or in multiples of 1,000, to the colonists, under conditions which make it possible for the new arrival at Maywood to begin at once to receive a regular income from the chickens which belong to the farm, the amount of the income depending upon the number of hens rented. The hens are never sold, only leased for a term of two years. They are then returned to the farm, fattened and sent to market as "fowl."

To illustrate the method of procedure, I will take the instance of a Brooklyn lawyer who not long ago joined the Maywood colony at Corning. He first bought for \$500 one of the ten-acre lots which are a part of the 500-acre tract immediately adjoining the breeding houses of the poultry farm, this tract being held by Proprietor Woodson for new settlers. Having established himself, the new colonist complied with the first condition imposed by the poultry concern. Following specification laid down by the organization to insure comfort, convenience and sanitation for the hens, the Brooklyn man built four hen houses. Then he rented 1,000 hens, each hen house holding 250 birds. In California, where there are no winters, hens lay all the year round, although they are most prolific in the spring. The new colonist at once began to get results from the hens. Every day he sells the fresh eggs, through a selling system which is a part of the general plan of the farm. The rent which he pays for the laying leghorns is 4 cents out of each dozen eggs which he sells. His experience shows that each hen will earn, net, \$1 a year, so that his profit for the thousand averages \$1,000. Aside from this, his ten-acre tract is being planted in fruit and vegetables, the latter sustaining him and his family; the former developing into an income-producing proposition within a few years.

We would hate to be a retail grocer, and know every time the telephone rings that it is a woman.

The Mysterious Man never turns out to be a good man.

## NEW FRATERNAL HOME.

Settlement in New Mexico for the Cure of Lung Affections.

Six miles west of Las Vegas, N. M., in the Rio Gallinas canyon, known formerly as Las Vegas Hot Springs, there is now in full operation a fraternal city, the scope and objects of which are unique. The idea is to provide, without thought of profit, open air settlements for the cure of tuberculosis and allied affections, at which the patients may reap the benefits of the climate and of scientific treatment.

The foundation stone of Fraternal City is co-operation. By enlisting the aid of the patients and furnishing them with work which will not tax



THE MONTEZUMA HOTEL.

their strength and of a character to aid them in their recovery, the promoters of the institution expect to make it possible for all to take advantage of the scheme.

Las Vegas has long been the center of New Mexico's consumptive colony and famous for its hot springs, which, with the beautiful new Montezuma hotel, are the gift of a railroad to the new enterprise.

Eleven thousand acres of land have been turned over to the city, and with-

still, I have examined, all unknown to the man whose mind created it, the fluorescent searchlight, which will light up the ocean's profoundest depths, and which, as a surface searchlight, will light up the sea's surface for two miles around, itself remaining invisible.

"It needs no prophet now to foretell that soon will come the time when man will enter into possession of a realm beneath the waters a thousand times more vast than all the continents together," exclaimed the voice of Jules Verne, enthusiastically. "The bottom of the ocean will have its explorers, its tragedies, its long history of conquest and failure. Millionaires will abandon their surface yachts for yachts that can plunge and will explore the depths once forbidden. Instead of going after big game to India, the hunter will pursue the ferocious inhabitants of the deep in coral jungles. Men will fight for the ocean cavern they have discovered as they do now for their gold placers.

"Nations will presently annex portions of the sea bottoms as they have done with savage islands and territories, and they will locate and operate their submarine mines of coal and metals. New lines of business, new industries, new commerce will spring up to exploit the products of the ocean.

"And man's dominion of the air will yield him—"

The luminous shade remained silent for an instant, then spoke again:

"You will misunderstand me. I am giving you the false idea that in the flesh I was vain of the fulfillment of my so-called prophecies. It will surprise you, perhaps, to learn that I did not take especial pride in having written of the motor car, in 'The Steam House,' of the submarine boat and the navigable airship before they became actual facts; of the astounding devel-



TENT CAMPS IN FRATERNAL CITY.

in a radius of ten miles from the hotel every temperature from summer's heat to winter's cold may be found and every altitude necessary in the cure of the "white plague."

The Montezuma hotel will be the headquarters of the patients. It is a beautiful building four stories in height, erected three years ago, and has 350 well appointed rooms, ample hospital accommodations, with liberal provisions for indoor recreation. The principal feature of the city, however, is to be the camp life.

Physicians will determine for each individual case what altitudes and what work and recreation a patient requires for the speediest cure. Then he will be assigned to one of the many camps which start at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea and run up to 9,000. The hotel is also surrounded by a fully equipped dairy, a chicken ranch, a bath house, a modern club house, a casino with stage and scenery, a livery stable and cattle barn and waterworks of a total value of \$1,000,000.

## STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Triumphs of Science Astound the Shade of Jules Verne.

A phosphorescent cloud floated slowly into the editor's room last night, hovered over the big leather arm chair and settled there. Gradually the half luminous mass took shape—a man's shape, says a writer in the New York World.

Jules Verne sat there.

"Graciously it has been permitted me to revisit the earth on this memorable day," he began, in a calm, sonorous voice. "One of my rewards in the beatific state that I enjoy is liberty to study, from time to time, those triumphs of latter-day sciences which are stranger than all the imaginings of my fiction.

"Before this I have tried to grasp the wonders and possibilities of wireless telegraphy, of radium, of the X-rays, of liquid air. To-day I hastened to New York, because, of all places in this particular world, it possessed the deepest interest for me.

"I foreshadowed man's conquest of the air in 'Five Weeks in a Balloon' and in the 'Cloud Clipper.' To-day an airship was floating far above your loftiest housetops—an aerial craft under its navigator's perfect control.

"In 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' I described the fantastic performances of a submarine boat. To-day the Plunger is steaming below your near-by waters.

"To-day, too, I have seen the newly invented periscope, which enables those in a submerged vessel to see the whole horizon for miles around and which at the same time pictures the entire surface of the water and everything above it. And, more wondrous

opment of trusts and philanthropy in the 'Five Hundred Millions of the Begum.'

"When I write about them as realities these things were half-discoveries already. I simply made fiction out of what became ulterior fact, and my object in so doing was not to prophesy, but to disseminate, as widely as could be, such knowledge as was given me."

The voice was silent; the phosphorescent specter grew dim, dimmer—vanished.

## OUT OF THE PAST.

Ancient City of Annapolis Attracts by Its Mellowness.

Annapolis is a city for which we should thank "whatever gods there be," for it proves conclusively that upon occasion one of our cities can stop growing and get ripe.

Though it is more than 250 years old, its population is only about 8,000 and it doesn't possess a street car line—a fact that one records reluctantly lest some enterprising promoter immediately approach the authorities upon the subject of a franchise.

Far back in the past, ships from all parts of the world lay at anchor in its harbor. To-day its charm lies in its mellowness. You feel that it was picked long ago and placed on these quiet shores to absorb the sunshine of the years. \* \* \* Or, to quote Daniel Clapsaddle Carvel—"The lively capital that once reflected the wit and fashion of Europe has fallen into decay, the silent streets no more echo with the rattle of coaches and gay chariots and grass grows where busy merchants trod. Stately ballrooms where beauty once reigned are cold and empty and mildewed, and halls where laughter rang are silent. Time was when every wide-throated chimney put forth its cloud of smoke, when every andiron held its generous log—andirons which are now gone to decorate Mr. Centennial's home in New York, or lie with a tag in the window of some curio shop.—Four-Track News.

## His Own Petard.

At last there arose in the halls of legislation a statesman who seemed to have something like a good idea.

He introduced a bill providing a severe punishment for anyone who agitated fool legislation, such as taxing bachelors, abolishing tips, regulating the size of women's hats and similar freak laws.

Whereupon the authors of bills to tax bachelors, pension old maids, compel women to wear divided skirts and to alight from street cars properly, prohibiting lovemaking in parks, and so forth, denounced him as a three-ply idiot and a trampler upon the inherent rights of his fellow men.—Judge.