## Deaf and Dumb-and Blind

By PAUL CALVIN ANDERSON

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Beach hundreds of hotel guests walk, he inspected the tire. up and down the hard, wet sands. Others speed up and down in their autos. Others, still, sit on hired chairs her most ingratiating manner. and gaze out seaward and imagine they can hear the songs of mermaids.

On a certain day in the present twentieth century Philip Gillett was among those who walked. He was a young man at the beach with his mother and sister, and his occupation when at home in New York was preparing himself for architecture. He did that mostly by looking at one or two skyscrapers a day from the outside and spending \$500 per week allowed by his father. It was his faman take up architecture. There never had been an architect in the Gillett family, and he wanted one. He had a manor house, and he wanted a hennery built, and he wanted to point to it after it was finished and say: "A Gillett did that!"

On this particular day Philip Gillett had toothache and he set out to walk It off. His sister had told him to hold a wad of cotton saturated with peppermint essence in his mouth, and to good deal of his sister, and he was swallowed it!" obeying her.

Toothache affects a person pecu-Harly-particularly a man. It gives him what is known as a grouch. He wants to stand on the beach and see a dentist drown in the sea. He isn't to blame, but everybody else is. And what made young Mr. Gillett crosser still was the fact that he had to chew cotton and keep his mouth shut. It was not dignified. It was taking undue advantage of a fellow.

Among those who motored that day were Miss Edna Blair and Miss Kitty Waldron, girl chums. They were in



Resorted to More Peppermint.

Miss Kitty's auto, and she was running it herself. After getting out of the crowd, and heading up the shore. they saw a young man half a mile shead of them. He was scuffing along on the hard track and was in their path. The honk! honk! was sounded. but he paid no attention. He wanted to be run over and have that aching tooth smashed out

The autmobile passed him within two feet and in spite of himself he gave a jump and swallowed the peppermint-soaked wad of cotton. He then had to produce more cotton and more peppermint for his aching tooth.

Mr. Gillett's walk had extended two miles when he sat down on a hummock and resorted to more peppermint. His sister was right; it began to have a soothing effect! He began to feel glad that he was alive and sway from the snow heaps of New York city. Just then he caught sight of the auto returning. As it drew near, he saw that Miss Edna Blair was passably good looking and that Miss Kitty Waldron was more so. The auto was aiming to pass him within a few feet, but that was all right. He reasoned that the girls desired a nearer view of the young man, whom they had so frightened, and he was right about it. They didn't seem to see him, of course, but that was false pretense.

And after that fate stepped in. The auto was exactly opposite Philip to an inch, and exactly six feet and one inch and a half away, when a front tire exploded with a bang. Two wild until half buried in the sand. The young man was blown over on his back by the concussion and swal- nation to be very, very naughty. lowed his wad of cotton for the second time in an hour.

He would have been less than human if he hadn't arisen with a face as red as paint and cross all the way the flesh. The paddle "stings right," through. He grabbed for his hat and but leaves no marks, and is much might have gone running over the sand dunes had not a sweet and plaintive voice reached his ears:

"Oh, sir, please do help us! We have bursted a tire!"

Yes, he would help. As a gentleman he must do so; but he made up cluded, with all their appendages of his mind to do no more. That is, he seals and attestations, without wonwouldn't speak a word to those girls. dering at the depravity of those be-

speak, and he would have his revenge. public evidences.-Johnson.

When the tide is out at Palm | He advanced and raised his hat. Then

"I hope you were not hit by one of the flying pieces," said Miss Kitty in

No reply. "Will we have to walk back to the botel?"

No answer. "You see we have a spare tire

here." No answer.

Mr. Gillett owned an auto himself. In fact, his mother and sister were down the beach in it at that very moment. He knew all about tires. He took the jack from its place, and without motioning the girls to descend he went at it and had the tire ther who had insisted that the young replaced inside of 12 minutes. He might have done it in ten except for overhearing such observations as:

'Say, Edna, he must be deaf." "Yes, deaf as an old tin pan." "And he hasn't spoken a word. Do

you think he's also dumb?" "He looks it." "Poor young man! It's just awful!

He's got considerable style about him. "Oh, I don't know. Wasn't it fun-

ny to see him go over on his back. keep his mouth shut. He thought a If his hat hadn't blown off he'd have

"Hush, you bad girt! I'll tell you what he is. He's a professor in some deaf and dumb school. And he owns an auto, too. See how handy he is. I wish we hadn't frightened him so."

"If we had scared him worse, he might have got his voice and hearing back. Think what it would be to marry a deaf and dumb man! Are you going to thank him?"

"Not in words, but I'll just look my thanks."

As Mr. Gillett finished and stood back and raised his hat the thanks were duly looked and the auto whizzed along. He followed at a slow pace. The toothache was all gone, but he had been humiliated. He had been made to jump aside like a kangaroo; he had been blown flat on bis back; he had been made to swallow wads of cotton; he had almost been called names to his very face. No wonder he wouldn't speak to his sister for an hour after getting back to the hotel, and that his mother laid her maternal hand on his locks and

"Philip, I hope you won't go into a decline, as your grandfather did at this very place."

There is fate and there is revenge. Fate had come-revenge had to wait a day or two. Then the sister came running to Philip.

"Oh, Phil!" she exclaimed; "I've met just the nicest girl you ever saw! She's stopping at the Royal. I've invited her to take a spin in the auto, and you are to be chauffeur. I want you to meet her."

As the aching tooth had gone out of business and the world looked rosy again, Philip consented, though entirely to please the sister. They differed on the girl question.

It was only when they had rolled around to the hotel and picked up their passenger that Mr. Philip Gillett would have swallowed a whole roll of cotton batting had it been handy. She was the girl of the other auto-the girl who had looked her thanks-Miss Kitty Waldron!

Mr. Gillett tried to say things, and Miss Waldron did likewise, and the sister sat there and wondered if both of them had toothache. And when they got back at last and Mr. Gillett assisted Miss Waldron up the steps of the veranda, she turned to him to

"Sir, have you any explanations to make?"

"I have, and will call this evening to make them."

The explanations must have proven satisfactory, as an auto ride became a thing of daily occurrence thereafter, and the season had not yet closed when Miss Gillett put her arms around her brother's neck and murmured:

"Oh, Phil, I'm so glad-so glad! I just hoped you two would take each other, and now you have!"

A Spanking Chair.

Although the whipping post is a thing of the past, the principle in revised and modern form and judiciously applied is expected to work wonders in enforcing good behavior upon some of the worst offenders brought before the juvenile court.

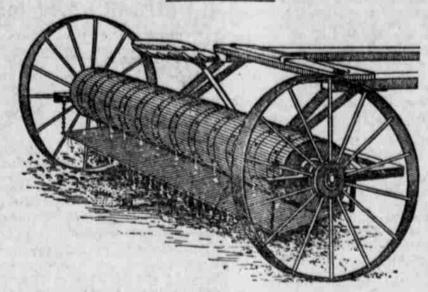
A "spanking chair" has been set up in the basement of the juvenile home at Columbus, O., and Elisha Searls was the first to occupy it. He promised to be good for all time when he young ladies screamed. The auto ran had been given a good "dressing," and he was instructed to relate his experience to other lads who have an incli-

> . The juvenile court paddle consists of a long leather strap, wide and heavy, and it is bound with felt so that the edges will not cut or bruise more humane than a switch or a slipper-and more effective.

But Lawyers Must Live. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is in-They had fed him on cotton, so to ings of promise by such formal and

## QUICK RESULTS FROM APPLICATION OF LIME

Unless Acids Formed in Soil By Decay of Humus They May Accumulate Sufficiently to Retard Growth of Plants



New Style of Lime and Fertilizer Dia tributer.

tural Experiment Station.)

kinds of plants. Most cultivated soils are slightly acid and this condition is favorable for the growth of most crops do not thrive.

Muck and peat soils, which are made almost wholly by the decay of Quicklime may also be air-slaked by plants, are nearly always acid. But, exposing it in piles to the air; but airstrange as it may seem, some of the slaked lime is not as valuable as wamost acid soils of the United States | ter-slaked lime, and is usually lumpy are upland soils. This is because the and hard to apply. A manure spreadrocks from which these soils were er can also be used for distributing made contained very little of the lime if the bottom of the spreader is formed by the decay of plants grown with lime. Quicklime that has been upon these soils are not neutralized. pulverized by machinery is now on Sandy soils, especially soils derived the market. This form of lime should from granite, sandstone, slates and come into more common use, as it shades, are quite likely to be more is much more convenient to use than or less acid. An application of lime to an acid soil gives immediate and the distributer, manure spreader, or marked results, because it makes the drill, without previous treatment. But soil "sweet," and favorable for the be sure it is fresh, and not at all airgrowth of crops.

guicklime is to put it in a few large acre.

(By W. B. ELLETT, Virginia Agricul- | piles in the field and slake it with water. About five gallons of water should When plants or the remains of crops be poured over each bushel of lime decay in the soil, certain acids are when it is emptied upon the pile, and formed, especially humic acid, from the whole pile should then be covered the decay of humus. Unless with moist soil. After a few days less these acids are neutralized by a practically all of the lime in the pile "base," such as lime, they may ac- will be fine enough to spread easily, cumulate in sufficient quantity to be- either in a grain drill with fertilizer come harmful to the growth of certain attachment, or a lime and fertilizer spreader. It should be screened first, unless the distributer has a screen.

When a lime spreader is not availcrops. But plants excrete from their able the burnt lime may be placed in roots sufficient acids to secure this 25 piles, of one bushel each, on each condition, usually, so the aim should acre (when the application is one ton be to keep the soil in a neutral or per acre). These piles may be either slightly alkaline condition. This can water-slaked or they may be covered be done by the use of lime. It is only with moist soil to a depth of three of when a soil becomes very acid that three to four inches. In a few days the lime will be sufficiently powdered and can be spread with a shovel. bases," and therefore the acids covered with chaff before being filled lump quick lime. It can be used in slaked.

Quick or burnt lime, if not bought | One great advantage of the ground already pulverized by machinery limestone or ground shells is that it is (which is desirable), must be slacked already in a condition to apply from before application. It should be wa- the wagon, or in a lime spreader, ferter-slacked, not air-slacked. Although tilizer distributer, manure spreader, air-slacked lime may not be used, it grain drill, or spread from piles with ust be remembered that air-slaking a shovel. It is also less disagreeable means that part of the quicklime is to apply, as it has none of the burnchanged into the slower-acting car- ing, caustic properties which make bonate of lime, hence a larger quan- quicklime so disagreeable to handle. tity of it must be applied than of wa- Ground limestone, however, does not er-slaked quicklime. If it is old air- distribute as readily from a lime slaked lime, it is nearly all carbonate, spreader as slaked lime, being much and no more valuable than ground heavier. It is perhaps best applied by limestone, hence twice as much should | hand from piles. A pile of 100 pounds be used as of fresh water-slaked lime. each, 33 feet apart each way, will One of the best ways of applying make an application of two tons per

## At Seventeen or Seventy

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

and trudged along in the slush, search to school with her and David. ing every inch of the way for the little folded paper she had dropped. It saw to do, she smoothed her poor pluwas late twilight and her eyes were mage with the alacrity of a bird, and dim. Besides, she was afraid to go sat down to walt, with her feet on the bome-Liz, her daughter-in-law, was bearth. She would not drink tea till none too gentle.

"I thought I was holdin' it tight," she said aloud, childishly, "but when I not to worry. got to the store, it was gone. What'll

aside-whoever it was would want to step on the walk. He looked about pass. But old man Best did not pass. a moment, then walked to the cup-He stopped to peer kindly into the board for another plate, cup, knife, wrinkled face-this was the widow of fork and spoon. He put them on the his dead comrade.

"Did you lose something, Mary? Asin't it pretty raw for you to be out said from the sink, where he was with your rheumatiz?" He stopped washing his hands. "I left word for and leaned on his cape, a bluff, brisk, kindly man a few years her senior. He lived a few houses farther along on the humble street; he owned his little stories, but Liz was considerable neat, sailor-like home, and was accounted rich because of his small store to see what come of you, and pension, and because he paid no rent you must a' dropped the check in -that burden of the poor.

He had seen little of Mary Simpson since she went to live with her son, John. Liz-John's wife-was slatternly and the children noisy, which the much." old man could not endure. He seldom went there; but now he saw trouble, s thing that called for help.

"Did you, p'raps, find a paper?" Grandma Simpson asked, tremblingly. "Liz sent me to the store with John's pay-check for the week-she was afraid to trust the children-and, somehow-I lost it. I dassen't go home without it, William. I thought

I was a-holding it tight, but it's gone." "Well, ain't that too bad? And in this March wind, it must have blown off. It's too wet to hunt for it-and too dark! I'll tell you what you do- to even things up! you go home; and I'll turn out and hunt for it at first light for you. You tell 'em I will and it'll be all right." | ness of woman, at seventeen or sev-

She shook her head, and he saw on her cheek the bitter, scanty tears of the old. He knew what ge and loneliness were, and tried to comfort her.

"You'll get your death o' cold out here, and p'rhaps it'll be found and returned in the mornin'-folks is honest about here.'

"It won't be found," she answered gloomily, "an' 'Id rather die 'n hear what Liz'll say! John ain't home an' she's tired an' cross. She's got too much to do an' I'm a burden even without losin' money for 'em. An' it shoulder. does seem, though I hate complainin'. as if I never could stand her slack houseeepin' an' the children's noise. An' there ain't a corner I can call have happened to anyone?"

The old man turned immediately. "Of course I'll go! No-walt. You come on to my house and I'll stir up the fire and you can stay there and make some tea for yourself, and I'll go along and tell them. Would that be easier? I know how it is to be blamed for losin' things! I'll tell them I found you huntin' for it and you had one o' them spells with your head and I took you to my house. And when John gets home from town, he can come after you.'

Grandma Simpson, brightening at thought of temporary freedom, followed him without a word. He led her into the trim, three-roomed house with the garden behind, where he had flowers in summer. He lit a bright, kerosene lamp, stirred up the fire in the kitchen stove and put on the kettle.

"You get you some tea while I'm gone. What did Liz want from the store? You can tell me and I'll get it and take it to her. Say Marywhy not? Yes: let me make it good! It's fifteen dollars, ain't it? I can's well as not!" He stopped, a new thought in his head. His heart was rore. All year, he had been saving to visit his daughter in Denver; and just | today she had written him that her husband's people had come and could he wait till next summer for his visit? Ine letter was kind, but it hurt. He would use some of the money to help Mary out.

"They needn't to know about the check at all, unless it's found-David would have done as much for me," he said of her dead husband. "We was always friends. What did Liz want?" Unbelieving joy lit the old woman's

face. Tidy and trim as a girl in her

clean gray calico, she took off her shawl and warmed her hands at the "You're a good man, William! She wanted some sugar and potatoes, and bacon-and two loaves of bread, I

can bake lovely bread, but she won't let me!-my children never ate baker's trade! I'll get your supper while you're gone." The old man departed, and grand-

ma, reveling in the clean and quiet of the little place, began with her old quickness, to ge the simple meal. She put potatoes to bake in the oven, found some baked beans to warm up, and a bit of steak to fry at the last minute, and made ready to brew the just slapped things on, anyway.

But she put on only one plate and could soo another. The neighbors a Wyandotte rooster captured her might talk if she remained, but her nest, and hatched out a second gossoul longed for a long, leisurely meal, ling. The hen then abandoned the and a talk with some one her own nest

Bent and trembling, Grandma Simp, age, without the interruption of the son held her coarse, gray shawl more | children, or the half-contemptuous lisclosely from the rough March wind, tening of Liz. William Best had gone

When she had done all that she he came. What would be have to say? Would the check be found? She tried

When she had waited what sho thought was an age, and had at last A step behind her made her step put the meat on to cook, she heard his table.

> "You'll have to stay to supper," he John to come fetch you. I guess I bungled the job some. I took the things and the money, and told my riled. Seems she sent Miry to the there, for they found it on the floor, Liz said I was interferin' and jawed some, but I stuck to it that you had a spell and I guess she believes that

> Grandma was dishing up the appetizing meal and Liz' wrath was not so close that it worried her at the moment. At least an hour or so of peace was hers, and she would enjoy it to the fullest. She made the tea and the two sat down to eat.

> guess perhaps you better stay here-for always, I mean, Mary. There's enough for two, and I like a tidy woman like you about. There's too many in that house-I don't see how you've stood it so long-and too few in this. You come over here just

> "John-wouldn't like it-how could 1?" she stammered, with the pervers-

> enty, refusing to understand. "If you married me, John couldn't say nothin', could he? He's a goodenough son, but he's at work, and you really have to live with his wife-besides, you know I always liked you. Mary, from a mite of a girl up, and even as David's wife-an' all. He wouldn't mind my lookin' after you, and it can't be done any other way as I can see. Can it?"

> Mary Simpson shook her head; then she began to cry softly into her apron. He rose and patted her

"You needn't say nothin' to any of them, Mary? You go home with John and Monday mornin' I'll get a license my own anywhere. Couldn't you go slip over here about noon and we'll and Preacher Cottrell and you can back with me an' tell them it might be married and no one can help it. What do you say?" The old lady dropped her apron

and looked up at him

"I-I believe I'd like it real well, William. My little pension would help out some and I've always wanted a little garden and never had one since David died. It seems too good to be true.

William Best went back to his place at the table, content, and she poured him another cup of tea. Then, suddenly, she put her aprou to her eyes again.

"What in tunket ails you, woman?" he asked, anxiously. "I-i ain't fit," she sniffed.

"You--you're good's gold-l've known you all your born life, woman!" He waited for her to explain. "I mean-that I ain't got a thing

fit to be married in!" Even old man Best could not re frain a laugh at that.

"You're all alike-you women! You beat old White's cattle! I bet Eve cried for a white silk dress to be married in. Finish your supper, woman, and I'll get my mother's black silk out o' that chest in the corner there. It's good as new and you can take a tuck-or something in it. Father brought it home from sea, and it was the finest dress in the village in its time. She never wore it to speak of. It was too good. How's that?"

Then John knocked and entered, kindly, but rough, and took his mother home. And Grandma Sampson didn't care in the least what her daughter-in-law might say-she could endure anything till Monday.

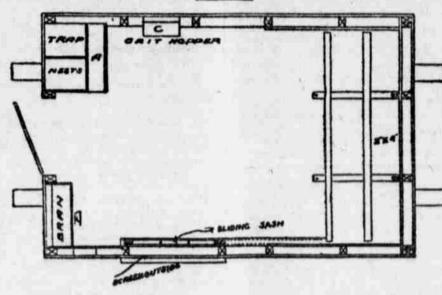
Congregation on Strike. The unusual scene of a congrega-

tion on strike was witnessed at a Dumberton (Scotland) parish church recently. Owing to the minister's financial difficulties and his refusal to resign, the congregation unanimously agreed to abstain from attending services during the present ministry. At this service the other Sunday forenoon there was a total congregation of only 12, including the organist, beadle, and minister's family. At the evening service only half a dozen persons entered the church.

Disgusted Hen Quits Task.

Mauch Chunk, Pa.-A desertion in the poultry yard of Victor P. Miller, the Bowmanstown landlord, has tea. She spread the red and white spoiled his chances of obtaining more cloth and set the table daintily-Liz than two goslings from five eggs put under a hen. A gander preempted the first gosling hatched, and when the cup-if he should ask her to stay, she hen went to coax her youngster back

## MAKE HOUSE FOR 1000 HENS



Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue. Que., makes the following reply: Much depends on the style of build-

ing erected. A long building suitable should be erected for, at the most, \$2.00 per hen capacity. There are some buildings in Southern Ontario that cost a little over one dollar per hen, while there are many buildings costing from \$5 to \$10. As to whether continuous houses or the colony system is the better depends on local conditions. Where there is sufficient land to use the colony system I think it is much superior to the long house system, though it may cost a little more to provide accommodation. The colony system has the advantage in spreading out the bens. It is, therefore, easter to keep them healthy; the land is kept sweet and much feed that would otherwise go to waste on an ordinary farm is utilized. One can go into the poultry business with colony houses with less initial cost, as each year sufficient number of houses can be put up to accommodate the in-

The colony houses used here at Macdonald College might answer for or soil, but only legumes can take it dinary purposes but a cheaper house, from the air.

creasing flock.

In reply to a query as to the proba- | 1. e., one that is more open, such as ble cost of a building suitable for shell a cotton front, might be worked to adtering 1,000 hens, F. E. Elford of the vantage in that more moderate climate. We are using two houses here, one a little cheaper than the other and more suitable for the orchard work, or where houses would be set under or alongside trees. With the high price of first-class lumber that we use and high labor our most expensive house cost about \$2 per hen; the less expensive one a little over \$1.50. Each house of 8x12 feet accommodates 25 hens and a suitable number of males in the winter time; in the summer we put the hens from three houses into two.

Demand for Helfers.

The demand for promising beifers of even grade stock is very great. In all cases, a good profit can be made from calves by feeding them skimmilk and selling them for yeal. The extra weight put on them in finishing them for veal represents as much or more gain as can be secured by feeding the skim-milk to pigs.

Gathering Nitrogen. All plants take nitrogen from the