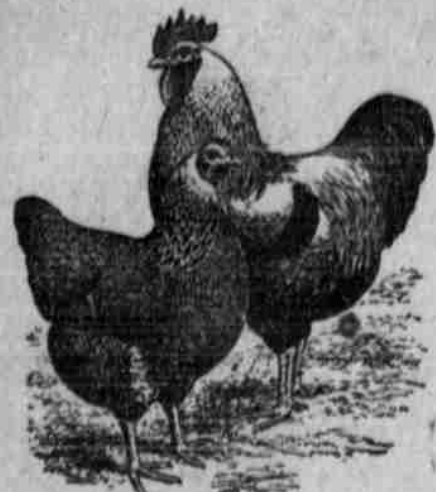




PLYMOUTH ROCKS ARE HARDY

Cross Between Black Java and American Dominique With Probably Other Asiatic Blood.

Plymouth Rocks, all things considered, are perhaps the most popular variety bred in this country at the present time. The barred, which is most raised, is commonly given as a cross between the Black Java and the American Dominique. Besides the Java other Asiatic blood has probably been



Barred Plymouth Rocks.

used in making the breed. The Plymouth Rock is more like the Asiatic than the European chicken.

The greatest recommendation for the Plymouth Rock is the excellent growth made by the young chickens. In this quality they have no superior. The Plymouth Rock pullets are good layers, but as yearling hens are prone to turn the feed into fat rather than eggs.

One objection to the barred variety is the difficulty in keeping the breed true to the standard type. The pure breeds are required to have even and distinct bars of the same shade in male and female. These are difficult points to maintain and resort is often made to double matings or the keeping of two breeding pens, one to produce cockerels and the other pullets.

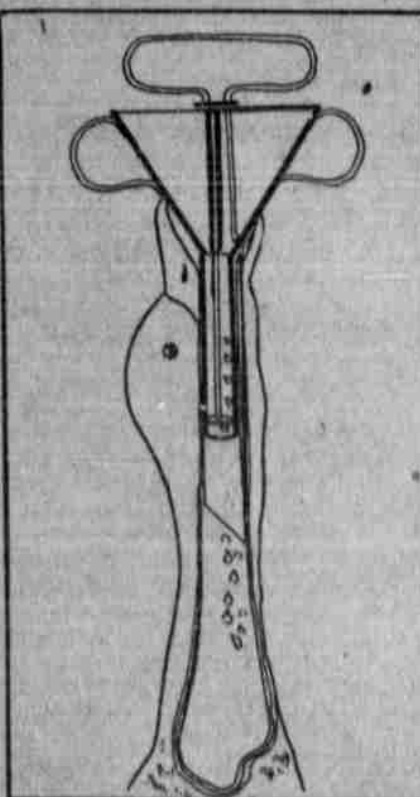
White and buff Plymouth Rocks are later products than the barred variety. Much of what has been said will apply to these also. The white variety is free from the color objection of the barred type, but the objection to the fattening tendency applies to hens of this variety perhaps more forcibly than to the barred. Buff Plymouth Rocks will average smaller than the other varieties of the breed. Although a solid color bird, they, like all buff breeds except the buff cochin, will be found difficult to breed of one color, owing to the tendency to possess black or white in the wings and tail.

FRENCH METHOD OF FEEDING

Food Is Forced Down Throats of Geese by Use of Stick and Tube—Kept in Cages.

In France the geese which are intended to supply the main ingredient of the delicacy "pate de foie gras aux truffes" (goose-liver paste with truffles), are kept confined in narrow cages. The slightest movement is thus prevented, and food is forced down their throats, often with nothing more than a tube and stick, in order to produce an extraordinary development of the liver, says the Popular Mechanic.

The drawing illustrates a newly devised instrument for this mechanical treatment, which in a measure alleviates the inhumanity of the forced feeding, in that it does not injure the throat or prevent breathing. It consists of a funnel of galvanized iron,



French Method of Feeding.

provided with a piston which cannot protrude beyond the end of the tube. At the lower end of the galvanized iron tubing is a section of rubber tubing.

Washing Dirty Eggs.

It's annoying, perhaps, just about supper time to have to stop to wash dirty eggs when the hens breaks one, but this is a task that must not be put off until tomorrow.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

RAILROAD MAN IS HONORED



O. L. Dickeson of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway company was appointed vice-president of the White Pass & Yukon route, the most important railway property tapping the rich mineral fields of Alaska.

This promotion comes to Mr. Dickeson after a brilliant record, achieved in the Chicago and middle west railroad world. As superintendent of transportation of the Burlington, he has handled many of the important general policy transactions, not only of the Burlington, but of all the railroads centering in Chicago.

Mr. Dickeson is a young man. He was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1877. His father was a pioneer Baptist minister, and is still living, enjoying a prime old age, now more than eighty years of age. He received his early education in the Ottumwa public schools. At the age of fifteen he was compelled to make his own way. He came to Chicago, and by sheer pluck and determination secured a good business education.

He entered the service of the Burlington as a stenographer in the transportation department in 1899. A few years later he succeeded his immediate superior and took charge of the department as superintendent of transportation. The importance of this office has steadily grown under Mr. Dickeson's management.

During the recent hearing before the interstate commerce commission in the famous freight rate case he was made general spokesman for the railway presidents, his record as spokesman for the general managers in the strike arbitration negotiations having commended him.

SUCCESSOR OF PAUL MORTON

William A. Day was elected president of the Equitable Life Assurance society to succeed the late Paul Morton. Mr. Day has been acting as president since Mr. Morton's death.

He has been vice-president of the company since 1906. Mr. Day acted as special assistant to the attorney general in the interstate commerce and anti-trust cases.

Mr. Day's salary will be \$50,000 a year, as against \$80,000 a year paid Mr. Morton.

The board went on record in favor of mutualization, continued the committee on mutualization, and instructed it to co-operate with the state department of insurance, the trustees and Mr. Morgan.

The vote stood twenty-six for Mr. Day and three against, and was made unanimous. Thomas Spratt, chairman of the committee on reorganization, said there was no opposition to Mr. Day on personal grounds, but that the trustees and Superintendent Hotchkiss believed the election should have been postponed until a definite mutualization plan had been effected.



ANOTHER FROM CHICAGO WARD



The Twenty-first ward of Chicago, which has already furnished eight members of President Taft's official family, has been drawn upon for still another. Samuel Adams has been appointed by Secretary of the Interior Fisher as his first assistant to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Assistant Secretary Frank Pierce of Utah, appointed by former Secretary Ballinger.

Mr. Adams was born at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1871. He graduated from Harvard in 1892 and later studied at the Harvard Law school and the Northwestern University Law school. Since 1893 he has practiced law in Chicago. For the past few years he has been a member of the firm of Adams & Candee. During the traction litigation in Chicago he was a special counsel for the city, associated with Walter L. Fisher, now secretary of the Interior. Mr. Adams resides at 43 East Elm street, and is the ninth

Twenty-first ward resident appointed to a position in the Taft administration.

Besides Secretary Fisher, Secretaries Franklin MacVeagh and Jacob M. Dickinson, heads of the treasury and war departments, respectively, hail from the Twenty-first ward, and former Alderman Francis W. Taylor of the ward recently was named as assistant to Secretary MacVeagh. George A. Carpenter is United States district judge; William J. Calhoun, minister to China, and Henry T. Boutell, minister to Switzerland. All are from the Twenty-first ward.

CAPTAIN RESTORED TO DUTY

The court of seven rear admirals which tried Captain Austin M. Knight, U. S. N., on charges of "culpable negligence and inefficiency in the performance of duty" relative to the ordnance test on the monitor Puritan, has reaffirmed its original verdict of complete and honorable acquittal, but Secretary of the Navy Meyer has disapproved the findings. The officer has been restored to duty, however, and the action relieves him of arrest and formally terminates his trial.

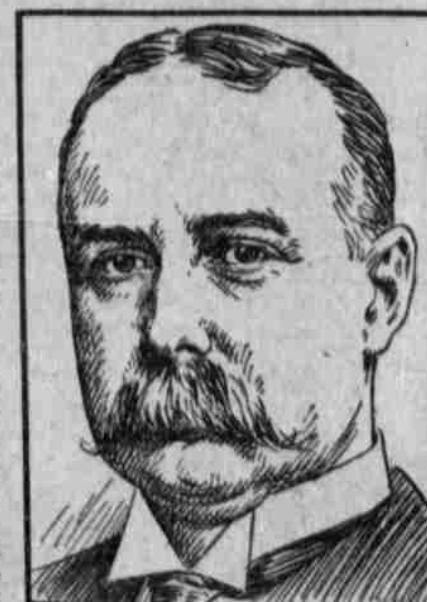
The conclusion of the case, with the secretary's disapproval of the verdict, created a mild sensation among officers of the navy.

The notable court, headed by Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, which tried the accused officer, held its session at the Norfolk navy yard.

After an exhaustive examination of the record by the legal and executive officials of the navy department the secretary announced that the department became satisfied that the evidence of the trial proved all the specifications cited against the officer.

The secretary thereupon referred the case back to the court for reconsideration. The review of the testimony failed to change the opinion of the court and consequently the verdict of acquittal stands.

Captain Knight is the senior captain of the navy. By his acquittal and restoration to duty he probably will be promoted to the rank of rear admiral as soon as a vacancy occurs.



THE ONLOOKER

Gone Into Oblivion



The little boys of twenty years ago—Bad little boys, that is—had one queer trait

Which many folk considered crude and low:

'Twas calculated to exasperate, But 'twas expressive, and 'twas understood

By those who saw it—though it always ranked

With words and actions that were far from good,

And boys caught at it sometimes would be spanked.

'Twas this: The thumb in insolence was placed

Against the nose-tip and the fingers spread

Fan-wise, derisively; their wiggles traced

The "Yah!" the daring youth must leave unaided.

A silent leer—a most insulting leer—

It hung a challenge to a youthful foe,

Or wiggled at the back of teacher's seat

When from the schoolhouse door she bade us go.

Oh, can't you see a freckled, tow-haired boy?

With two teeth out in front, with twinkling eyes,

Who thumbed his nose and made that sign with joy

When he saw one whom he must needs despise?

The grave town marshal who had chased in vain

The lads who had been robbing orchard trees,

The brakeman who had kept them from the train,

The spinster who would scold in strident keys.

But now no more—times change; so does the lad.

What newer rudeness now makes clear his scorn?

What does he do to make folk call him bad

And vow he'll rue the day that he was born?

But we, old, fat, bald-headed men—

How oft there comes a memory that shows

A boy with stone-bruised feet who spreads again

His fingers, with his thumb against his nose!

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Kneerly-Busted are spending eighty dollars and fifty cents at Takem Inn, New Hampshire.

Mr. Feece 'Titewad spent fifty dollars at Atlantic City. Otherwise he had a good time.

Mrs. O. Wattsumnain wore her two hundred dollar dress at the matinee Wednesday. She paid four dollars for her box seat.

Miss Vera Giddeigh wore her spring complexion at the golf dinner Tuesday. Miss Giddeigh is always unconventional.

Mr. Dommer Yett has purchased two new pictures for his art gallery. They are very attractive. One cost \$3,500; the other close to \$4,000.

Miss Ina Frite was the central figure in a serious accident Wednesday. She was thrown from an automobile and suffered a sprained finger, as well as breaking her \$75 parasol and spoiling her \$387 coat.

Insult to Injury.

There was once a young man who became involved in an altercation with a large, rude person of sudden manners, who kicked him out of the house and down the street. While he was being kicked along the sidewalk the young man exclaimed:

"Sir, you are heaping indignities upon me!"

"How's that?" demanded the large person with the lively foot.

"Because everybody who sees us will think that I have proposed for the hand of your daughter."

"Bethinking himself that he would give his family the appearance of trying to break into society, the angry man desisted from kicking the youth any further."

A Clearing-House.

"That boy of mine is going to be an other Pierpont Morgan or Carnegie," says the visibly proud man.

"What's he done?" asks the other.

"Why I told him last night I would have to whip him for some mischief he had been in, and he explained to me that he had gone into a combination with the other boys in the neighborhood, so that they pooled their punishments and rewards, and that at present the rewards offset the punishments due three to one. He offered to get me the position of auditor for the crowd."

"That's all nonsense," was the impatient reply. "I came here to please Irma. I thought that if I submitted to an examination, you might possibly be able to perceive how thoroughly incorrect your absurd theories were. I see that I have flattered you even in my somewhat slight estimate of your skill. Good morning, sir."

Slowly Guy closed the door and went to the telephone to make an appointment to meet Irma after office hours. It was at her request that he had made the examination and it was for her sake that he had withheld retort in the face of Standen's churlish speeches.

Bray had won Irma's heart before he had made a name for himself in his profession, and it was for her sake more than for his own that he was anxious to get ahead rapidly.

Irma shook her head as Guy gave his report a little later.

"I can't do anything," she cried tearfully. "I have begged and begged him to take a rest and he will not do it. He says his golf is all he needs."

"That's just the trouble," explained Guy. "He makes his game of golf his excuse for all excessive strains upon his physique. Of course an hour or so in the open does him a great deal of good, but his mind is still on his affairs. He is planning new coups as he goes from hole to hole and so he does not gain the fullest benefit."

"Dr. Tracy recommended it," she explained.

"He said golf was better than all sorts of medicine."

"Tracy is a golf crank himself," explained Guy. "He is also a medical politician. When he sees that a prescription is not to his patient's liking he changes it to suit."

"What can we do?" she asked. "Father places such implicit faith in Dr. Tracy that we cannot hope to prevail. Perhaps it was a mistake to urge him to submit to your examination."

SKINNING A CAT

By MARSHALL CROMWELL

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Well, what do you think?" Cyrus Standen regarded the young physician with undisguised contempt.

"Examination proves what I suspected," said Guy quietly. "If you do not take a complete rest, you will become a physical wreck and possibly a mental one."

"Complete rest," scoffed Standen. "Look here, Dr. Bray; you can lead a patient to the physician—but you can't make him take his prescription. I get a rest; a complete mental and physical relaxation every afternoon. I tell you there is nothing like a game of golf to set a man up."

"It has, in part, enabled you to keep up as long as you have," was the even answer, "but it will not keep you going forever. Before it is too late, Mr. Standen, I urge upon you the necessity for taking a rest. Three months will set you on your feet again."

"That's all nonsense," was the impatient reply. "I came here to please Irma. I thought that if I submitted to an examination, you might possibly be able to perceive how thoroughly incorrect your absurd theories were. I see that I have flattered you even in my somewhat slight estimate of your skill. Good morning, sir."

Slowly Guy closed the door and went to the telephone to make an appointment to meet Irma after office hours. It was at her request that he had made the examination and it was for her sake that he had withheld retort in the face of Standen's churlish speeches.

Bray had won Irma's heart before he had made a name for himself in his profession, and it was for her sake more than for his own that he was anxious to get ahead rapidly.

Irma shook her head as Guy gave his report a little later.

"I can't do anything," she cried tearfully. "I have begged and begged him to take a rest and he will not do it. He says his golf is all he needs."

"That's just the trouble," explained Guy. "He makes his game of golf his excuse for all excessive strains upon his physique. Of course an hour or so in the open does him a great deal of good, but his mind is still on his affairs. He is planning new coups as he goes from hole to hole and so he does not gain the fullest benefit."

"Dr. Tracy recommended it," she explained.

"He said golf was better than all sorts of medicine."

"Tracy is a golf crank himself," explained Guy. "He is also a medical politician. When he sees that a prescription is not to his patient's liking he changes it to suit."

"What can we do?" she asked. "Father places such implicit faith in Dr. Tracy that we cannot hope to prevail. Perhaps it was a mistake to urge him to submit to your examination."

"Not at all," was the comforting reply. "You did not make a mistake, dear. It is simply that the problem is more difficult than we anticipated. I'll find a way yet. There is no organic trouble. It is simply that your father's nerves are all run down and need a rest—a complete rest. He is going to take it, too."

"But he won't listen to you," she cried. "How will you do it?"

"Did you ever hear that homely old proverb that there was more than one way of skinning a cat?" he asked. "I'm going to skin the feline in a different way since the approved process is objected to. Don't fret and don't contradict your father when he tells you that his golf is all sufficient. And now I have to run along and see some patients. I will call you on the phone this evening."

Bray took his leave and went down the street with a step as springy as though the father of the woman he loved had not recently intimated that he was entirely lacking in sense. There was a squareness to Bray's clean cut chin that argued that he would not readily give up the fight, but to Irma, even with her faith in Guy Bray, the outlook seemed black enough.

But it seemed blacker still when her father came home to dinner and spent the greater part of the time telling what an incompetent Bray was.

"I saw Tracy this afternoon on the links," he concluded. "He says Bray doesn't know what he's talking about. With a little golf I'm good for 2- years yet."

But as golf had been his panacea, so it became his warning, for the first intimation of a breakdown came in a certain weakness of stroke. His eye seemed as clear as ever, but now the ball frequently went wide of the mark.

At first it did not worry Standen much, but as his game became worse and worse his anxiety grew. At last there came a day when the ball behaved so unaccountably that he left after the fifth hole and drove into town to see Tracy.

"That genial physician laughed at his fears."

"We all have our off days," he reminded.

He bravely started a game the next afternoon, but he no longer seemed to have any control over the ball. At times he would play up to his old form and then the very next stroke would send the ball wide of the mark. Once it fell only six inches from a hole, and yet it required three strokes to hole.

That night Standen sent for Bray. "I don't know but what you may be

partly right in what you said the other day," was the apologetic preface to the visit. "Tracy is an ass."

"Dr. Tracy is a very clever man," defended Guy. "But we are all apt to err in diagnosis at times. I may have been wrong in your case."

"But you were not," was the energetic reply. "By George, sir, you called the turn. I am going wrong. Guy, I used to know your father. I dangled you on my knee when you wore skirts. For the sake of those old times, my boy, try and save me. I'm going insane."

"Nonsense," was the answer. "You are not going insane at all. You have overtaxed your nervous system and it needs a rest, that's all. You show no signs of insanity. Your affairs are in pretty good shape just now, are they not?"

"There's only one deal pending. I can close that out tomorrow if necessary. It will close naturally in a week."

"Don't be in a hurry," counseled Guy. "Close up your deal but do not engage in any new ones until after your return. Have the yacht put in commission to take a cruise. Go to Bermuda and then to Florida and the West Indies. Don't touch a club or go near a golf links until you reach Nassau, and I'll warrant you that by then you'll be in championship form again."

"You've given me new hope, my boy," he declared. "I was in an inferno until you came. I'll take your prescription faithfully and if it works—"

"It's going to work," was the laughing reply. "I'll stake my professional reputation on the result."

Bray and the sailing master had laid out the cruise and it was three weeks before the yacht sailed past Hog Island and into the harbor of Nassau.

For a week Standen had looked forward to the day when he could unpack his clubs and play golf again, and as soon as the customs formalities were over he made for the hotel and presently was off for the links.

For a moment his hand trembled as he picked up a club but the troubled look on his face vanished as the ball sped true from the stroke.

"Guy was right," he cried exultantly. "That was one of the prettiest strokes I ever made in my life. All I needed was a little rest. I tell you, Irma, that boy knows his business."

"I thought he was right," smiled the girl. "I'm glad that I persuaded you to go to him."

"It was the most fortunate thing," declared Standen as he strode toward the ball. "He's a fine young fellow. Seemed a little bit gone on you, didn't he?"

"Don't talk nonsense," cried Irma with a blush, but her father only shook his head.

"It's not nonsense," he declared vigorously as he watched the caddy locate the ball. "You go in and win him. That's the sort of young fellow I want for a son-in-law; none of these cheap society dudes."

It was more than the prescribed three months before the Standens came home. The financier was tanned by the sub-tropical sun until he was as brown as a sailor. His eyes were clear and as keen as his appetite. Irma's first call was at Guy's office.

"I thought it would work," he said with a laugh when she had amplified her mail reports. "All that your father needed was a rest from worry. The trouble was to induce him to take the rest."

"It was fortunate that his golf failed him," she said. "It seemed almost like an act of providence."

With a laugh Guy went to his safe and drew from it a pasteboard box.

"I told you there were more ways than one of skinning a cat," he reminded. "This is my patent cat skinner."

He raised the lid of the box and disclosed a dozen golf balls.

"These are persuasive pills—to be taken as directed," he explained as he picked one from the box and tossed it upon the flat-topped desk.

The ball wobbled drunkenly across the table, and falling off the side, pursued its erratic course across the carpet. Bray tossed a second one over and this ran more true, but with a decided variation.

"I saw that something must be done to check the golf idea," he explained to the puzzled girl. "I had these balls made and tipped your father's caddy to use them instead of the regulation balls. They are hollow and are loaded with a metal ball inside. The first and lightest load took the ball only slightly off its course. You see what the last one is capable of doing. That was the one that caused him to come over to my way of thinking."

"And it was all a trick?" she cried, half laughing, half scandalized. "To think of what you made poor dad suffer!"

"It was for his own good," defended Bray, "and, besides, think of what he made me suffer!"

"I think that under the circumstances," said Irma demurely, "the employment of the cat skinner was perfectly permissible. It has given dad back his health and it has given me you."

"No," said Guy tenderly. "It has given you to me, and for that, dear heart, I'd skin all the cats in Christendom."

WILBUR D. NELSON