

# The Truck Patch

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

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As the six o'clock stream of shop girls came from the side entrance of the big store, Mamie let it carry her along. She lifted her thin hands to pin the big, flamboyant hat to her tously fair hair. Her thin shoulders stooped a little, and she walked with the weariness of the first enervatingly hot days of spring. It was Saturday night, and she was wondering if she could afford a really satisfying supper.

A big, browned, awkward young fellow came up from behind and fell into step with her. She started nervously, and some girls behind her giggled.

"It's only me, Mame. I won't eat you!"

"I told you not to hang about for me," she said.

"I don't hang about for any girl, and you know it. I purposely got here just in time to catch you. When are you going to marry me?"

"Never, and you know it. I've said it often enough." She gave a backward glance and saw that the other girls had fallen behind. Williams, the floor manager, was with Flossie Peters, Mamie despised Flossie.

"Is it that little counter-jumper that's worrying you?" asked the man beside her. "If you wanted a real man, one that had either good intentions, strength, or a prospect of a home to give you, I'd let you go. But I'll take Williams by the back of the neck and drown him like a kitten if he doesn't let you alone! I can't even tell you what sort he is. You'd be fool enough not to believe me." They still kept on her way home, and now turned up a quieter side street.

Young Graves was silent a moment. "Look here, Mamie. Two years I've known you, and watched you get thin and pale at starvation wages and work you admit you hate. You know I can take good care of you. You know I think a lot of you. I never wanted to marry any other girl. I would make it easy for you. I've always had an idea that you could—love me, if you would let yourself. Tell me why you won't. It's only fair."

She shrugged her shoulders, still evasive.

"We've got to hurry. I'm going out tonight. Do you think I want to get married to a hayseed and settle down on a truck patch?" She was a little fierce, as she turned on him. I've had enough work and commonness. I want some fun. Why—don't you dress like other fellows? You're all right—but the girls make fun of me about you. She paused and he gave a hard little laugh.

"So that's it! Say, have you seen my 'truck patch'? You never will go out there! Do you know I've a house, paid for, and a pretty place, and that the garden-truck you make fun of has put money in the bank for you to have everything you need on? Do you know how independent it makes me? I'm my own boss, not likely to have my head cut off by the first manager that doesn't like the looks of me. I don't have to dress and smoke up all my wages. And I haven't the morals that allow a fellow to sport around and escape responsibility. You'd better think a little. I want a wife—not any girl—but just you, to take care of all her life, and I can make good on the proposition. Say, do you think a cad like Williams intends to marry you? Do you?"

The girl turned pale.

"That's not—your affair."

"It's my business to protect you, whether you choose to marry me or not, and I'll do it. Are you going to that cheap dance hall again tonight—with Williams?"

She shook her head.

"I've got to dance and have some fun. I can't sit in a hot little room all evening. I'm going with—some girls."

"So he can dance with you without even the bother of taking you there? I see. And, Mame, do you think I wouldn't have spruced up if that's all you wanted? Did you? What time do you start?"

"Eight," she said, at the door of her boarding house. He stopped a moment and looked at her. Then he said good-night abruptly and walked swiftly to the first car going downtown. The stores were still open and his bank book was in his pocket. He would have to hurry and go without supper, but he did not mind that.

At eight Robert Graves was waiting on the little stuffy boarding house porch. He was shaved and dressed from neck to toes in new and very good clothes, a bit awkward, but broad-shouldered, square-jawed, his dark eyes alight, almost angry. Mamie, unsuspecting, came down after her unappetizing, insufficient meal and hasty toilet, pathetically pretty in her tawdry, too extreme pink dress. It cast a little color on her pale face. She started, dropping a cloak from her arm.

"I'm going to take you to the dance," he said. "We can take the other girls, too, if you like."

She stared in astonishment, and a sort of pride in him rose in spite of herself.

"You have your—nerve!" As she spoke the slang made her ashamed. "Can you dance?" Her contempt made him wince.

"I can do a lot of things, but I'm particular where and how I do them. What about your friends?"

"They won't wait if I'm not there. Come on!"

This was better than he had hoped. He did not realize that instantly she had resolved to use him to make Williams jealous. His good looks were not lost on her.

The dance was cheap. The men were cheap, the music, the movement. The atmosphere was unwholesome. It was close and hot, and cheap perfume made the air heavier. Mamie and Graves swung themselves into the waltz then in progress, and she gave an inner gasp of relief. He could dance! No one better! Other girls looked at him. At the waltz's close Williams came up, suavely, leaving Flossie with a dark look on her face.

"My dance," said he to Mamie, and led. Save for the presence of this big young stranger with the girl he would not have danced with her. He was too sure of her. The girl moved toward him, the slightest impulse of a movement, murmuring the men's names to each other. Both bowed, but Graves put his arm around Mamie, catching the step.

"You're mistaken. This dance is promised me. So are all the others." He swung away with her. She tried for a moment to be angry, but could not. Williams stood lowering a moment. Flossie also had deserted him.

At the end of the music Mamie expostulated. It would not do. He must dance with some one else. She would introduce him. She must dance with some one else—just for the looks of it! Graves led her to a window for a breath.

"There is not a man in this room who looks fit for you to dance with. You're half-exhausted, over-heated—watch your own breathing! You didn't take time for a decent supper. Go back for your wrap—no, I'll go, too—and we'll get something to eat. Then if you want to come back—"

He wrapped the cloak about her and together they went down the dirty stairs to the street. Williams followed unnoticed.

It was not more than nine, but a sudden storm was rising, dust blew in their faces and a queer sultriness was in the air. He drew Mamie's hand into his arm and held her closely. They walked a few blocks, and the darkness deepened. She clung to him.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm trying to get on to a decent street where I think I can find a place where I would take you for something to eat. Mamie—is that place any real fun to you? Is that—"

Without warning, a shuffle of feet behind them and an angry voice made Graves push the girl in front of him.

"Cad, am I? I'll show you—" Williams, and an ugly bulk of man beside him came up beside them. Graves did not slacken his speed. He pushed Mamie around a corner where a street lamp burned dimly. A policeman almost ran into them. A car was coming along also, and he stepped into position to nail it, at the same time speaking to the officer.

"Kelley," he said. "These fellows are drunk and annoying us. Wait till I take the lady home and I'll come down to headquarters and give information." But the two took to their heels, the officer after them.

Graves put the trembling girl on the car, found her an inside seat, and sat down, guarding her. He did not speak, knowing she was on the edge of tears. He handed the conductor the fares and took transfers. They would not take them near Mamie's boarding house.

"Where are we going?" Her tone was childlike, questioning.

"We," he said, emphasizing the pronoun, "are going out to the truck patch, to our own home. My sister is there, and tomorrow we are to be married. Grace will take care of you tonight. There has been enough of this sort of danger for you, Mamie. Hasn't there?" His ear was quick, but he caught no answer. She turned her head and looked where the sudden spring rain was beating at the car windows. Then she leaned close against the strong arm, weariness in every line of her slender body, yielding to his demand heart and soul.

They walked five blocks past vacant lots in a drenching rain, he in his shirt sleeves after wrapping his new coat about her. As they reached the yard where far back stood his little brown cottage with the light burning in the window, he drew her very close to him.

"Mamie," he said, "you want to go with me, don't you? With all your heart?"

She nodded her head against his arm.

"With—all my heart," she said, through the rain. "With all my heart!"

Robert's sister heard them, and opened the door with a lamp in her hand.

"For goodness' sake, Mamie!" she said. "For goodness' sake!"

Great Value of Publicity.

The possession of the news, the knowledge of the world's daily life, thought, movement, constitutes the most effective weapon for the protection of society. Justice and truth flourish in the light of publicity. Inquiry and wrong dread it and are ultimately cured by the influences which flow from its illuminating rays.—Samuel Bowles.

# Corner for the Juniors

## OUTFIT OF A "MIND READER"

Electrician Tells What He Discovered in Repairing Communication With Occult World.

A Hindu mind reader found his outfit in bad shape one day and was obliged to enlist the service of a telephone man to again place him on "speaking terms" with the occult world. What the electrician found, says a contemporary, was as follows: On the floor of the room where the confiding victim handed over the "necessary" in order to know the future was an ordinary-looking rug. To the under side of the rug eighteen turns of copper wire in the form of a coil were carefully sewed, the two ends passing through the wall at the floor and into the next room. Here a few dry cells and a telephone transmitter were connected with the circuit.

The Hindu professor could never "concentrate his mind" without wearing his turban, for concealed in this was an ordinary telephone head set from which wires ran down in his clothing and connected with a coil of wire about the professor's waist and held up by his suspenders.

After money matters had been attended to the victim, in most cases a woman, was asked to write her name,



Secured the Bag.

age and questions she desired to have answered upon a slip of paper, which she deposited in a velvet bag on a nearby table, without having it read or touched by the Hindu.

An assistant, who always managed to be busy near-by, secured the bag, retired to the next room and repeated the name, age, questions, etc., into the telephone transmitter and the professor, pacing about upon the rug, received the information by induction and soon had his victim's confidence to such an extent that any answers were satisfactory. The break with the occult world was due to a poor joint in the wiring.

## NAMES OF A SPANISH ORIGIN

Many of Geographical Terms Used in Western Hemisphere Derived From That Language.

You have been reading a great deal about the Spaniards and are probably aware that many of the geographical names in the western hemisphere are derived from their language; even two-thirds, it is said, but you may be surprised to learn that many others in common use come from the same source.

We speak of negro children as "pickaninies." This word is derived from Cuban "piguine." The word "negro" is Spanish, meaning black. "Sambo" comes from "sambo," meaning bow-legged. "Mulatto" and "quadroon" were originally Spanish. The name of the Spanish patron saint, "Diego" (James), gave rise to the slang term "Dago," as applied to Italians and Spaniards in this country. Pumpkin pies are no less appetizing for having been made with the assistance of a colander which comes from the Spanish "colador," and that bitter but valuable medicine, quinine, is named in honor of the countess of Cinchon, who discovered it in 1631. Cinchona is the doctor's name for this fever remedy. From the towering peaks of the Andes in South America comes the "coca" plant, one of whose products is "cocaine," a soothing drug, which renders the dentist's chair somewhat less a place of torture.

Now that peace is declared, we may drink to the Spaniard's health with "sarsaparilla" soda water. From the Indians Columbus got the word "hamaca," which we have changed into "hammock." "Grenadiers" and "hand-grenades" naturally originated at Grenada, the old Spanish city. "Captain" (rope-winder) the Spanish call "cabestrán." "Caravel," "botilla," "armada" and "galloon" are well-known words of Spanish origin. To the Spaniard "mariner" is "marinero."

Owing to the splendid enterprise of the Spanish explorers three and four centuries ago, Spanish names are to be found all over the world. Some of the most interesting in this country are: Colorado (the red), Texas (the tiles), Nevada (the snowy), Florida (the flowery), Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

## Boyhood Days.

Little Ethel—"I wonder why men always like to talk about their school days?"

Little Willie—"Oh, I guess it's because after they get grown up they want to find out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by."

## FANCY COSTUMES IN RUSSIA

Government Exercises Strict Censorship Over Dress Worn by Men and Women at Balls.

The perils of wearing fancy costumes in Russia because of government censorship are many. In one city, says the Anglo-Russian, the police ejected two persons from a fancy dress ball that took place in a local theater for wearing "improper" fancy dresses. One of them was supposed to represent Iliodor, the monk of ill-famed reputation, who was upheld as



Dressed Up as a Carrot.

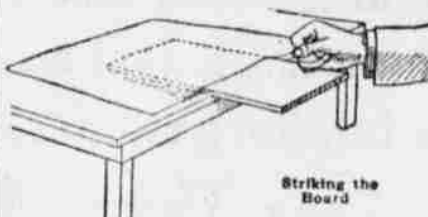
a saint by the champions of the black hundred, wearing on his breast the mark of an interrogation instead of the cross. The other represented a well filled sack bearing the inscription, "Famine Year for Merchants," and "10,000,000,000." An empty bag which was held in one hand had the inscription, "A prosperous year for the peasants," and "0,000,000,000." At Tshobokar on a similar occasion two women were fined 75 rubles each, one for wearing a fancy dress which was supposed to represent her as "the young constitution in chains," the other for being dressed up as a carrot, which was supposed to represent the famine in eastern and central Russia.

## NOVEL EXPERIMENT FOR BOYS

Board Placed Loosely on Table Covered by Newspaper Not as Easy to Dislodge as Imagined.

Take an ordinary board, 2 or 3 ft. long, such as a bread board, and place it on the table so that about one-third of its length will project over the edge. Unfold a newspaper and lay it on the table over the board as shown in the sketch. Anyone not familiar with the experiment would suppose the board could be knocked off by hitting it on the outer end. It would appear to be easy to do, but try it. Unless you are prepared to break the board you will probably not be able to knock the board off.

The reason is that when the board is struck it forces the other end up



An Interesting Experiment.

and the newspaper along with it. This causes a momentary vacuum to be formed under the paper, and the pressure of the air above, which is about 15 lb. to the square inch, prevents the board from coming up. This is an entertaining trick to play at an evening party, and also makes a simple and interesting school experiment.

## ORIGIN OF AN ANCIENT GAME

Inventors of Interesting Pastime of Dominoes Were Monks in Famous Abbey at Monte Casino.

The inventors of the interesting game of dominoes were two monks in the famous abbey at Monte Casino in Italy. One day the inmates of the convent were on the lookout for a method of beguiling their leisure moments without transgressing the rule of silence to which they were subject. Two of their number hit upon the device of playing with square stones covered with dots, which they showed to each other and combined in an order agreed upon. The winner communicated the result to his partner by pronouncing in a low voice the lines of the vespers, which commence as follows: "Dixit Dominus domino meo."

The game soon became a favorite, not only within the walls of monasteries, but outside, also. People with only scanty knowledge of Latin simplified the monastic formula, only retaining the word "domino," and the game is still known by that name.

## That Caught Them.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind, says an English paper, was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about 200 boys and girls.

# The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

## The Coming Lullaby



Mrs. Winona S. Abbott, who has raised five children, recommends putting the baby on snow or ice to make it happy.

Rest, little dear, in the ice chest now. Snug as a chip, or a steak, or a roast; Mamma will sing you to sleep, somehow—Wonder which of us will chill the most! Tuck up your toes where the chilblains are:

Dear little nose—it is nice and blue! Baby must go to the Sleepland afar; Listen and mamma will sing to you. Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

The dear little chickens have found the nest. No beautiful ice coaxes them to their rest; The warm little calf in the pasture bawls And for a cold hummock of snow it calls. Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

Shut, little eyes, while I crack more ice; Sleep, O sleep thee, my precious one— Papa is scolding each day of the price; Think! It is nearly eight plunks per ton. Mamma will sing to her pride and pet; Hark how her teeth chatter "clack-ty-clack!" Just like an air on a castanet. Slumber, my darling, get sleepy quick! Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

The bees have gone home to their honey-combs; The drowsy June bug to his own perch roams; Sleep, little one, you are hard to hold And poor mamma's arms are intensely cold. Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

Rest thee, my angel; the ice man comes (I mean the sand man) to shut your eyes; Sleep, for poor mamma's right arm now pumba And she would store you beside the pie. Hush, now, my pet. You should not object; This modern science says you should sleep— There! How she cries! And my theory wrecked. Come in the house and be sung to sleep. Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

Mamma don't know how it seems to you But mamma is frozen almost clear through And mamma's caught cold—and as sure as fate You have melted the ice—half a hundred-weight! Woo-oo-oo! Br-r-r-r! Woo-oo-oo!

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# DOULTRY

DUCK RAISING IS PROFITABLE

Capital of \$1,000 Will Give Excellent Start—Business Requires Care and Watchfulness.

For breeding, ducks and drakes are better in their second year.

The duck laying season generally begins in February and ends in August, although the Indian Runner ducks are credited with being year-round layers.

Hallock estimates that it costs, all told, 12 cents a pound to raise ducks up to the market age (ten weeks). This includes the cost of feed, help, marketing, eggs, insurance, etc. All over the 12 cents is clear profit. From February to May the eggs show the strongest fertility.

John Weber, the well-known duck raiser, in an address before the Ploughman Farmers' meeting at Boston some years ago, said if one owns the land \$1,000 capital will give a start in the duck business. Such an amount, he said, would be sufficient to cover all expenses, buy two incubators, a flock of about 30 ducks, a house for the breeders, a brooding-house and heater, feed boards and water fountains, wire fencing, etc. Such a plant would keep one man busy, and the future growth of the plant could be built on the profits.

The point to be remembered and strictly followed is to begin small, learn the lesson well and use every effort to get good results. This will require care, watchfulness and well applied business principles. The duck business is of such a nature that if rightly carried on it is very profitable, but disastrous if neglected.

TO CARRY EGGS SEPARATELY

Little Box Will Be Found Useful for Other Purposes Around Farm and is Easily Made.

Where trap nests are used with a large number of pens sometimes it is desirable to keep the eggs of each pen separate, as they are gathered. This is easily done in a carrying box, such as is here shown. This box is made of light wood and will hold three

ty eggs. The box may be numbered on the end to correspond with the pen. Boxes of this style will be found very useful for many other purposes about the farm, especially for carrying vegetable in from the garden. As shown in the illustration this box is simply constructed and may be available on any farm.

Feed before you water. Good food is economy. Oyster shells are not good grit. Too much soft food is not good for the chickens.

Ventilation is more important than heat in the poultry-house. Watch out for lice, and grease with lard under the wings and top of head. Throw your ashes into the poultry house and watch them enjoy themselves.

Fine gravel is not the proper grit for poultry. They want a sharp material with which to grind their food. The incubator should be located in a room where the temperature does not vary much during the day or night.

Eggs will become fertile in from four to six days after mating. The effect of mating will continue several months. It is necessary to feed the breeding ducks liberally, yet at the same time feed so as to keep them active and healthy.

The fowls need clean, dry, comfortable quarters during wet or cold weather. They will pay for that kind, but no others.

The eggs from matured hens will hatch better and produce stronger chicks than the eggs of pullets. They are usually larger, too.

The best roosting place for young turkeys is on branches of trees. They will not suffer from exposure, and the open life will make them strong and healthy.

If one begins with the chicks, does things with deliberation, never makes a sudden and unexpected movement, even the most timid breeds will become tame.

The white-feathered broilers at ways have the more attractive appearance in market, as the pin feathers do not show as they do in dark-plumaged birds.

Soak stale bread in sweet skim-milk, press out the milk as completely as possible, and feed the chicks. Also keep coarse sand before them; without it the chicks cannot grind their food.

## DOULTRY NOTES

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