

#### RAISING PONIES PAYS WELL

Thoroughbred Shetlands Are Always in Demand and Exceptionally Fine Specimens Scarce.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.) We know of no better way for a boy to start in business than by raismare can be bought for \$125 to \$200,

the latter figure being for a pure-bred. Starting with a mare in foal, a boy should, in the course of five years, find himself in possession of enough animals to start him on the highway road to success.

It is always best to buy thoroughbreds for breeding, but if crosses are used with a thoroughbred stallion one can in time breed up to a very high standard. Shetlands are very easily kept. They require but little grain and will do very well on rocky hillsides where there is fair pasturage.

They need shelter in bad weather, of course, but an open shed, windtight on three sides, leaving the south open, will be all that is necessary.

A good wire fence is required to keep them in bounds, as Shetlands are extremely curious and somewhat restless, and will manage to get over, under or through the average farm

If handled from birth, they are very easily broken and at three years old will be ready to ride or drive. Thoroughbred Shetlands find ready sale at prices ranging from \$125 to \$200 and exceptionally fine specimens bring even higher prices.

#### WEIGHING GAME IS POPULAR

New Pastime In France Meeting With Much Favor-Much Skill Required of Player.

A unique game in which the de gree of skill in estimating the weight of a number of balls by holding them in the hand one at a time constitutes the ability of each player, is meeting with much favor in France. The accessories are the balance device, shown in the illustration, and two



Playing New French Game.

sets of balls, all alike in size, varying but slightly in weight.

In starting the game, the beam of the balance is locked in place in the same manner as the ordinary weighing balance, and each player takes a set of balls and proceeds to place them, one at a time, in the depressions in the respective pans. The object of each player is to place the heaviest of the balls in the depressions farthest from the center of the balance. After the balls are in place, the beam is released and a hand on top of the balance registers the winner and the number of points his side outweighs or outbalances that ding baseball pitcher to curve the of his competitor. Thus the player ball. It consists of a vacuum cup who can estimate most accurately the formed of rubber, designed to collapse comparative weights of the balls by simply weighing them in his hands wins the game.

## WHITTIER'S DOG QUITE WISE

Canine Gave Evidence of Much Delight When Visiting Lady Sang Ballad, "Robin Adair."

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the plano she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, pitching hand. watched her as though fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished he came and put his paw very gently into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier, "He also is 'Robin Adair.' "

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the His Country. here of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by when she went away he carried her not he would lose his patients. bag in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Naturally.

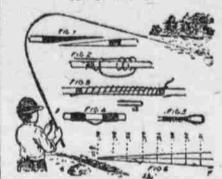
Tommy had been given two new pennies-one for candy and the other there in all? Three. for Sunday school.

By and by he came in from play and said: "Mamma, I lost one of my pen-

"Which one, dear?" she asked. "The Sunday school one," he re-

By Using Four Pleces of Hickory and Following Directions Good Pole May be Made,

Here is the way to make a good serviceable fish pole, says the American Boy. Get four pieces of hickory or any hard wood and trim them nicely to even length, say two feet. Each of the sections is now given a uniform taper, with jack knife and sandpaper. The diagram, fig. 6, shows the proper scale to follow in shaving off the wood. In its eight feet of length the pole tapers from one inch in diameter to one-eighth inch. The figures in the diagram represent the amount you would cut off provided the pole measured feet instead of inches. The joints are fastened together in quite a new way. Cut them to a ing Shetland ponies. A very well-bred sharp point. Now dip them in thin glue, press firmly together and wrap outside of both with heavy cord. Any good grade of fish line will do, silk preferred. Figs. 2 and 3 explain this outside wrapping. The guides for the



Parts of Fish Pole.

line to run through are shown in Figs. 4 and 5. Fig. 5 is the end of the pole. It is a wire loop lashed tightly to the pole. Fig. 4 is a piece of wire put in at each joint and held there by the same wrapping that holds the joints together. The outside of the pole should be smoothed with fine sandpaper and then rubbed with oil. Though the cost of the pole is next to nothing, you will find it tough and reliable.

#### SEVERE ON GIRLS IN PERSIA

From Hour of Birth Social Inequality Between Sexes Asserts Itself-Celibacy a Disgrace.

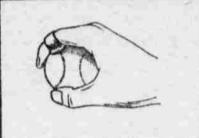
The birth of a girl in Persia is re ceived with pity, even by her mother. Why should I not weep over my little girl, who will have to endure the same miseries as I have known?" she cries. "She is of so little value! Who knows whether her father will not one day throw her out of the window and so silence forever her wailing? And why should he be annoyed? He knows he may do such a thing with impunity No one cares any more than if it was a cat which had to suffer for hi. wrath.

From the hour of birth the socis inequality between the sexes assert itself. Infant mortality is very high owing to the ignorance and inexper ence of the women. Since cellbac is considered a disgrace, girls are of ten married as young as ten or twelve In order to reduce the rate of infar mortality some men have suggeste that the mother should have a finge cut off every time she lost a chile This cruelty, however, has not bee adopted. But that it should have er tered into the minds of any Persia men is significant enough.-Je Sa Tout.

### MAKING A BASEBALL CURV

Collapsible Vacuum Cup, Formed o Rubber, is Designed to Aid the Budding Pitcher.

The little device shown in the illus tration is designed to help the bud-



Baseball Curver.

to a greater or less extent under the pressure of the finger, according to the amount of curve desired. It is slipped over the forefinger of the

### RIDDLES.

Why is the 12:50 train the hardest to catch? It is ten to one if you catch

Who may be said to have had the largest family in America? George Washington, for he was the Father of

When will water stop running downhill? When it gets to the bottom. Why is it important for a physician her side while she was fudoors, and to keep his temper? Because if he did

What goes all the way from Boston to Milwaukee without moving. The

rallroad tracks. A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks; how many ducks were

Couldn't Keep Secret.

"You have been a very naughty boy today, Harold," said his mother, "and I shall tell your father when he comes home."

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed Harold. You never could keep a secret."

# MAKE SERVICEABLE FISH ROD THEIR SENSE OF HONOR

A Double Wedding Where Only One Was Planned.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

In the dinness of the little sone church Hirla practiced the wedding march. Now and then a tear dropped kind-and he loved me-and so-I on her fingers, but she went bravely on, repeating the hard passages, never resting until the music seemed to drip from her fingers as she touched the keys. When the crash of the last chords came, she rose, and stood leaning over the choir rail, looking down into the stillness and shadow beneath.

"Oh, dear," came her little sighing complaint. "Oh, dear;" and with that she dropped down on one of the cushfoned seats and sobbed, tempestously,

but silently. She raised her head as a quick step sounded in the aisle beneath.

"Up there, Hilda?" called a man's voice. She straightened herself and wiped

the tears from her eyes with rolled-up wad of wet handkerchief. "Yes. "I heard you outside." He looked up at the girl. "I heard you practic-

ing the wedding march. Do you know I simply can't see myself keeping step to that thing." Why not?" Hilda demanded.

He laughed sheepfshly. "Oh, I don't know-perhaps because the bridegroom always looks like such a foolit's the bride who counts, you know." "And such a bride," breathed Hilda. Then after a moment's silence, she made her generous effort, "Such a beautiful bride."

"Look here," said the man below, come down, I want to talk to you."

With another furtive wipe of her pew in the darkest corner of the church. Kent Cartwright sat down beside her. "I want to talk to you," he said. "There's something dreadfully wrong, Hilda."

Her heart seemed to stop beating. What do you mean??"

"Just this-a bridegroom ought to go happily, joyously to his wedding. why, Hilda, I know Margaret's the loveliest girl in the world, I know I'm a lucky fellow, and yet I dread tomorrow-I feel that, if there were any way on earth to get out of it without I am sure I can straighten things disl onor, without hurting Margaret. that I'd do it.'

Hilda trembled in the silence which followed the flerce, tense sentences. "Oh, how did it happen?" she began, finally.

"It was the usual thing," he said, wearily. 'She came here in all the wonder of her city ways-and she seemed like a being from a different planet. You know how I went mad over her-and how I forgot the claims even of my friendship for you. I didn't come to see you for weeks, and it's a wonder you did not break our compact of good fellowship then and there, but you were so sweet about Margaret.

Hilda remembered the agony of those days when Kent, the friend of her girlhood, had deserted her for Margaret Wainwright. Of course, she

had not blamed him. "You were so sweet," he repeated. Something in his tone startled the listening girl. "You have stage fright, Kent," she said; "it's just the

ceremony you are dreading." "Don't," he interrupted her, "don't try to smooth it over. I've done an awful thing, Hilda Ware-I am going to marry Margaret Wainwright tomorrow, yet there's no one in the world I

love but you." For one moment Hilda's heart leaped. It seemed to her that all the years she would go happily because she had heard Kent Cartwright say, "I love you." Then she rose with quiet dignity. "I don't think you

know what you are saying," she said. "I know," he stood up beside her and looked down into her pale face. "Hilda," he said, sharply, "you've been crying."

"Yes," she said simply, "but we mustn't talk about that. We must talk about what you are to do tomorrow. There is only one way, Kent. You can't break Margaret's heart."

"So I must break my own." His eyes were blazing in his white face. a muddle," Kent sald. "Sometimes I think that she doesn't care for meshe seems to care only for herself."

Hilda had thought that. Pretty Margaret had lived such a butterfly life, and Kent had followed bewildered in her wake. "I suppose I've got to go on with it," he said, heavily,

Hilda knew that the decision lay in her hands. If she said "Yes," Kent would do his duty, but if she let him know that his feeling was reciprocated nothing could avert a catastrophe.

She tried to speak steadily. "Of course," she said, "you must go on Tomorrow morning you will feel as brave as a lion. Go, take a long walk and get back to normal."

"Come walk with me," he begged. "No. He held out his hand. "Good by

Hilda." His voice broke, and, almost totter ing, she fled from him up the stairs "Good-by," she called from the organ loft, and heard him go out of the

church. For an hour she was alone with her agony. Then she went back to her task. With trembling fingers she tried to play, but found that she could not. The twilight came, and the darkness, and still she sat, her head on her hands, her hands on the keys, motionless. Then suddenly there stole out upon the silence of the church the haug is a hard-shelled variety of clam, sound of voices.

"It is safest in here," she heard s woman's whisper. "Oh, Phil, why del you come?

"To carry you away with me," came man's resolute answer.

"But-I don't understand," Margaret's voice said, weartly. "Three months ago you didn't want me-and you went away-and my heart broke, and then I came up here, and Kent Cartwright was so dear and good and promised.

Do you love him?"

you would wait."

"I-I-don't know," she said. "I only know that I dread tomorrowthat if it were not for the fact that I'd break Kent's heart, the wedding should not go on-but it is too late

"Too late?" There was exultation in the man's voice. "Why, you are not married to him, and he will thank you when he finds that you haven't let him marry a woman who didn't love him. You and I were made for each other-you know that."

"Yet six months ago," she said,

you went away." "I went because of a promise I had made my mother. She said that I was too young to know my own mind, that I must have six months' separation to learn whether I really loved you. She wanted me to go without telling you-if you loved me, she said,

"And I didn't wait." "Yesterday I came back-and you were up here, and they told me you were to be married, and I went to mother and asked, "Why did you let her do it?' and she said, 'If she loved

you, she would have waited.' "Now that you do, surely you won't break my heart-your heart-Margaret?

"I must," Hilda could not see Margaret, but in her wavering voice, the catch of her breath, she read the pain eyes, Hilda descended and selected a that was tearing her friend's heart. "I must," and the girl's voice grew stronger. "I have promised, and I must not make Kent miserable."

"It doesn't seem fair and just," the man's voice entreated. "Perhaps If I could go to him-

"No," said Margaret; "you must "Oh, but he must," said a tremulous voice from above. "Don't be startled. It's only Hilda. I-I had been practicing in the dark, and I couldn't help hearing. Please-may I come down-

"Hilda," said Margaret, "what shall I do?

Hilda carried with her a candle which she had lighted in the choir loft, As she came down the aisle toward the waiting people, the light seemed to cast a halo around her head, as if one of the saints from the stainedglass windows had descended to give succor to those who needed help.

"I couldn't help hearing," Hilda said again, as she set the candle carefully on the reading desk, "And I know that the very best way of all will be to tell Kent the truth.'

"But tomorrow was to be his wedding day," said Margaret. Hilda took her hand. "Margaret

dear," she said, "can you hear the truth?" Margaret stared at her wondering

"The truth-what do you mean?" This afternoon Kent came to me and told me that he had made a mistake; that he was afraid you did not love him; that he was a plain man and you were unfitted to be the wife of a farmer. He found that-there

always cared for." As Hilda faltered, Margaret cried rapturously, "Then he wouldn't be hurt-he wouldn't care if I married Philip instead of him?"

was some one else-some one he had

"I think he would be glad-to know that you would be happy."

Then for the first time the man spoke. "Who is the girl he loves?" he asked, his pleasant eyes smiling

into Hilda's confused ones. "I sent him away," she stammered, and he was going to marry Mar-

"You dear women," Phil said, "with your sense of honor. What would we men do without you as beacon lights to guide us toward the truth?"

The next day there was a double wedding. Hilda protested that she had nothing ready. But Margaret's elaborate trousseau provided the "I had to tell you, Hilda. Oh, it's all dainty and lovely garments which were necessary. A white silk from the bride's outfit made Hilda a wedding gown more elegant than any she could have bought for herself. "You gave me my happiness, surely ! can give you a wedding gown," Margaret insisted, and Kent added his en treaties that she would accept the gift so graciously offered. "We can make it up to Margaret after we are married," he said, "and I don't want to wait for my bride."

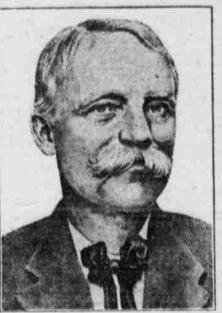
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"More Bacon."

Many years ago Congdon's Tavern in Wickford, Rhode Island, was famous for its good cheer, and in "Early Rhode Island" W. B. Weeden has an entertaining tale of John Randolph of Roanoke, who was once a visitor at the inn. Mr. Randolph was on his way to Newport, and made his journey on horseback with his cousin Edmund, secretary of state under Washington. All the way from New York "ham and eggs" had been the universal fare. At Wickford, Congdon said he would give them clams for supper. The eccentric John of Roanoke rubbed his hands in pleased expectation. Then appeared the host again, saying the tide was too high for clams, but they should have some capital quahaugs.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Randolph, who did not know that the qua-"more bacon!"-Youth's Companion.

# **NEW SCHEME FOR CO-OPERATIVE COLONIES**



After seventy years of more or less profound slumber the co-operative colony idea has reawakened in this country. Groups of men and women, believers in the mission of co-operation to help solve the economic and social problems of our time, have been established in the suburbs of New York, Boston, Reading, Penn., and Los Angeles, and other groups are being established elsewhere. One of the colonies, at Westwood, Mass., is six years old and thriving mightily. The others have been in existence for two years or less, and might be considered still in the experimental stage. The New York enterprise was launched quite recently, and is obtaining a site in New Jersey within commuting distance of the metropolis. All these groups are organized on the same general principles and by a band of enthusiasts who call themselves the Fellowship Farms Founders' Association. The presi-

dent of the association is George Elmer Littlefield, a small, ruddy faced, snowy haired man, with a poetic temperament, much energy and a talking style that is extremely magnetic. He is the founder of the Westwood colony, is a Harvard graduate, a practical printer and farmer, and was a minister of the gospel for fourteen years.

# SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS TO RETIRE

The announcement a few days ago by Senator George C. Perkins that he will retire from public life brings to its close a remarkable career. Born on a little farm near Kennebunkport, Me., Mr. Perkins ran away from home when he was about 13 years old. He took to the sea, as a Maine boy naturally would, shipping as cabin boy on a ship at New Orleans and sailed the seas. In 1855 he shipped before the mast on the good ship Galatea, and sailing round the Horn, eventually landed in San Francisco. Here the gold fever seized him and he abandoned the sea for the mining camps. Fortune frowned for many a year, and he was glad to find work of any kind to earn his bread. He was a teamster, a miner, a storekeeper in rough mining camps, anything indeed that came to hand. At last he accumulated enough money to own his own team and he



became a boss freighter. Then fortune, tired of frowning, smiled and soon Mr. Perkins became a rich man, even as rich men were rated in California. The former cabin boy began to own steamship lines of his own; the miner began to own mines; the teamster became the head of great transportation companies on land and on sea. His education was self-taught, but it became thorough. Finally he entered politics, and in 1879 he was elected governor of his state. Then in 1893 he was appointed to the United States senate to fill out the unexpired term of Leland Stanford, and since then his state has kept him in the senate.

Today he is regarded as one of the ablest members of that body. He is chairman of the naval committee and a member of almost every others important committee. He is not one of the orators, but the senate always listens attentively to what he says in his direct, terse, business-like way of explaining a matter. Mr. Perkins' health has been gradually failing, and

# ITALIAN DIPLOMAT LAUDS OWN COUNTRY



Signor Gaston Del Frate, diplomat and noted member of the Italian bar. who recently spent a few days in America, being on a visit to his wife's relatives at Madison, Wis., told of the progress of the Italian war, of American influence in his country, and spoke of Italian art and literature and music. Old Italy has beaten the Turk, he said, and soon will come the settlement. Italian influence will increase. Italy and the United States will grow closer together. The art of Italy and increasing American appreclation of art will bring it about.

Signor Del Frate is legal adviser to the United States embassy in Rome. He has been legal adviser to the French and Russian legations. When J. Pierpont Morgan bought the site in Rome on which the American academy is now erecting a beautiful home and presented it to that organization, Signor Del Frate had charge of the matter.

The Italian-Turkish war, which has been so well censored as to battle reports, will not last much longer. Signor Del Frate believes, but its end will come, he said, not until questions that involve not only Italy, but also Montenegro, Bulgaria, Albania and other Balkan states have been considered. "We have financed the Italian war without levying special taxes or increasing existing taxes, which, for a Latin people who are naturally philosophers and artists, but not fundamentally financiers, is doing well," he said. "We sold some bonds, but they went at 4 per cent."

# **AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR RETIRES**

Baron Hengelmuller von Hengervar, the Austrian ambassador to the United States, formally announced the other day that he has been granted leave to return to Austria. It is his intention not to return, but settle permanently in his own country, after being in the diplomatic service 44 years, 20 of which have been spent in the United States. He has made no plans further than to occupy his seat in the House of Lords.

Baron Hengelmuller said he had in formed his own government and the American state department of his intention, adding that both he and his family are leaving the United States with feelings of the deepest regret.

Baron Hengelmuller has been the dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington. He was born in Pressburg, Hungary, about 55 years ago. and was educated in Vienna especially for the diplomatic service. A man of strong personality, the Baron has,

during his long residence in Washington, gained recognition among all American officials with whom he has come in contact as a conscientious, painstaking diplomatist, who is much more of a plodder in his work than many of his not necessarily more brilliant colleagues.

