

Smoked Out!

By
GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"What a contrast!—she is all fire and animation; he, quiet, philosophical, almost sedate."

"Opposites, yes, in temperament, but the most devoted of lovers, and Minna Lee will make a good wife to an equally good husband."

Everybody liked and respected Booth Wardell and the whole town doted on his sweetheart. She deserved it. If ever a good little samaritan lived, it was Minna. Weeping children with stubbed toes, workmen with cinders in their eyes, the poor, the troubled, the sick, all looked to busy, bustling Minna as the good angel always ready to minister to their woes.

Booth and Minna were engaged, but an untoward occurrence had interfered with their nuptial plans. Booth lived with a half uncle, a crabbed old cripple, to whom he had come two years since when the sister of Jarvis Hope had died. She had left some property to Booth, who had always been a favorite with her. When Booth arrived at the old ramshackle home Hope had explained to him that the property was in a complicated condition and that it would take some time to realize upon it.

Booth took up his quarters with Hope and secured work in the village. His environment was anything but cheerful, but he got acquainted with pretty Minna and after that would not have left Woodville for worlds!

Hope was the executor of the estate and Booth trusted him. He was content to allow the old man to weave out affairs in his own way. At the end of nearly two years Hope announced that he was getting affairs cleared up. Later he told Booth that he had a chance to dispose of the property for six thousand dollars.

"Just go ahead," directed Booth in his quiet trustful way, "you know I



"You've—What!"

am anxious to get what's coming to me invested in a home for Minna and myself."

Hope grunted and looked sullen. Booth was paying him six dollars a week for board and lodging, and he would regret losing such a profitable boarder, for the table fare provided was pretty sparse.

"I'd ought to have something for my services as trustee," observed Hope.

"Certainly," acquiesced Booth cheerfully. "We won't quarrel when we come to a final settlement."

The sale of the property was made. Booth was away in the next town for two days when the same was completed. When he came back it was to be greeted with a pretty ado. Hope had received six thousand dollars in money. He had taken it home. About midnight loud cries alarmed his neighbors. They proceeded to the Hope domicile.

They rushed thither to find the front door open, its lock forced. Lying on the floor and struggling at bonds that he had partially loosened, was Hope. Two men had suddenly intruded upon him several hours previous, he asserted. They had bound and gagged him. And the money, the precious six thousand dollars—they had ransacked the house, as its upset condition showed, and had discovered and made away with the money, which they had discovered under an old corner rug where Hope had hidden it.

The bold robbers had escaped without leaving a trace behind them. The town was all agog over the incident. Hope was inconsolable. He groaned, he absolutely wept. Minna, in the absence of Booth, came over to console him, but Hope would not be comforted. What would Booth say? He could not make good the loss, for he had nothing but the old shack of a house left, and that was mortgaged!

"Don't let that worry you," insisted Booth, when he returned, "the money is gone. I'm sorry, for it puts off my marrying Minna for two more years. Oh, well! I'll work the harder and soon have a little surplus."

"I'm going to make the old house over to you and go and live with my brother down in Tennessee," declared Hope.

Now the old home was on ~~lumbered~~ ground and not worth five hundred dollars, but Booth obligingly consented to release the old man from any further obligation and Hope began to make preparations to leave the village.

Every day Minna ran over to visit Mr. Hope. She took over little delicacies, prepared by her own deft hands. Often she just chatted with the old man. And all the time Minna watched him closely. Truth was, she had observed something that had aroused her suspicions as to his honesty. She did not mention this to a living soul, however. Minna simply watched and waited.

Hope had been tied with a clothesline. The day after the robbery, Minna had observed that this had been cut from a line at the rear of the lot. On the fence board near by she had found a pocket knife, which she knew belonged to Hope.

It was the last day that Hope was to remain in the village. About noon Minna met her brother, twelve years old, back of the Hope home. He carried a bundle under his arm.

"Now then, Willie," said Minna in a mysterious undertone, "you understand what you are to do?"

"Yes—but I don't know why."

"And do not try to guess," advised Minna briskly. "You must be satisfied with the dollar I promised. Do just as I tell you, make lots of smoke, but don't let anything catch fire."

"All right," answered Willie and proceeded to enter the basement of the house.

Minna went around the front way. As she had anticipated, Hope lay asleep on a lounge. It was his usual hour for a nap. Minna lingered at the door of the room.

In a few minutes the room began to fill with smoke. Minna smoked and coughed, but stood her ground.

"U-ff! ough! Fire! fire!" suddenly shouted Hope, arousing.

Minna watched him. Hope ran to a bookcase. He began to pull it out from the wall as Minna entered the room with the words:

"It's only some rags caught here in the cellar, Mr. Hope."

"How did they get afloat?" cried Hope, rushing for the cellar. "Some of those idle boys smoking, I suppose!"

The minute he was gone, Minna hurried to the bookcase, pulled it out and saw lying behind it an oblong tin box. She seized it and hurried home. Half an hour later she returned to the Hope house.

"Mr. Hope," she said, "I've found Booth's stolen six thousand dollars."

"You've—what!" blurted out the old man, and his glance turned to the bookcase.

"Yes," nodded Minna quietly, "that is where I found it—where you had hidden it, where I saw you rush when you thought the house was on fire."

Hope had turned deathly pale.

"You—you are going to tell Booth?" he stammered.

"I've got to," answered Minna, "but no one else—oh, how could you rob a good, kind-hearted man like Booth!"

Hope did not wait for Booth to come home. He left within the hour. If he had any sensibility, he must have experienced some pangs of humiliation and remorse when, the following week Booth sent him five hundred dollars and offered to sell the old home for his benefit.

"And now we can get married," spoke Booth blithely. "You dear little woman! What a splendid detective you would make!"

GUM COMMANDS HIGH PRICES

Product of the Algarroba Tree, Native of Brazil, in Demand in the World's Markets.

Of the algarroba trees in the Brazilian forests a number are upward of six feet in diameter above the buttresses, and these trees have been estimated to be more than 1,000 years old. The age of some of the larger trees has been placed at from 2,000 to 3,000 years, and there are some trees at present in these forests which, according to some calculations, are supposed to have been of considerable size at the commencement of the Christian era.

These enormous monarchs of the forest deposit large quantities of gum during their lifetime, and a spot in which one of these trees stood for several thousand years and then completely decayed often yields from five to ten barrels of the best gum, which is so highly esteemed in the United States for making the finer grades of varnishes that are superior to shellac.

The gum is in demand also locally for fumigating, for pains and aches proceeding from cold, and is used in liniments for paralytic affections and bruises. It is now used rarely in medicine, but considerable quantities are used for technical purposes. The value of this product imported annually ranges from \$5,000 to \$10,000. It is valued at from \$200 to \$500 per ton in the London Markets.

All Wrong.

In a north country harbor a Scotch drifter was having her name repainted. Near to her was a British war vessel from the deck of which a knot of interested tars watched lazily whilst the letters "P-S-Y-C-H-E" were completed. Just then one afflicted with a particularly sensitive "receiving station," received a "brain wave."

"Ho, there below!" he drawled, and the words squirmed along the stem of his aged clap pipe. "Cawn't yer see spell? Was yer never at school, eh? That's not the way we spell 'fish' in the navy."

FATTENING CRATES TO FINISH CHICKENS

The best way to finish chickens is by crate fattening. Only strong, vigorous chickens that have obtained their growth should be put in the crates. Birds weighing from four to six pounds are best. The object of crate fattening is to plump out the breast and body so that the bird will have an attractive appearance when dressed. Cockerels should be crate fed from two to three weeks. As soon as they lose their keen appetites they should be taken out and killed. Good cockerels that weigh four pounds when put in the crates should gain one pound per bird in two weeks' feeding.

Construction of Crates.

Fattening crates are usually made 7 feet 6 inches long, 20 inches high and 18 inches wide. The crate is divided into three compartments, each holding from four to five birds, according to the size of the chickens. The crate is made of slats, except the ends and

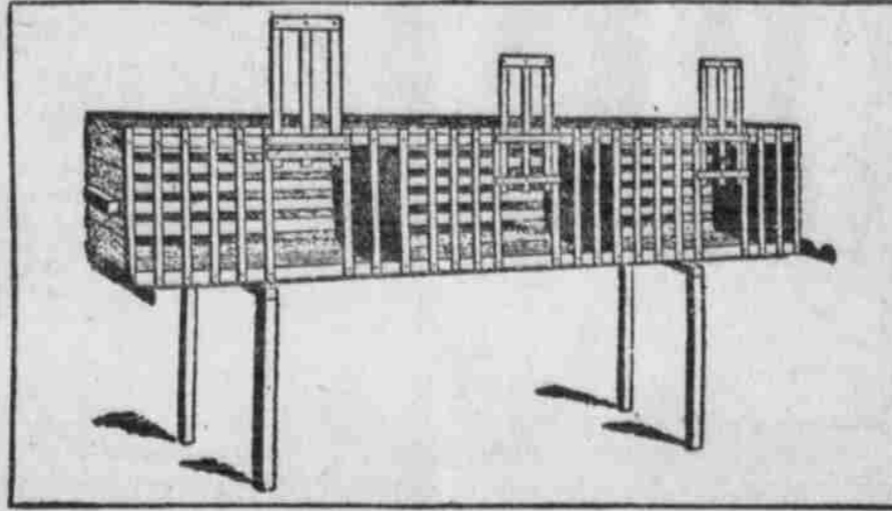
ground, with the hulls sifted out should form the greater part of any fattening ration. All the grain fed should be finely ground, as whole grain requires too much energy to digest and the chickens are likely to get sick when placed in close confinement on whole grain. Some grit and charcoal should be fed to the chickens at least once a week. A very good combination is as follows:

Two parts finely-ground oats.
Two parts finely-ground buckwheat.
Two parts finely-ground corn.

Add sufficient sour skim milk to make a batter, just so it will pour. Mix food 12 to 24 hours before feeding. Feed night and morning. Barley meal may be substituted for the corn. These grains produce a firm white flesh of superior quality.

How to Feed.

The success of crate fattening depends very much on the way in which



SPACE IN COMPARTMENTS FOR FIVE FOWLS.

partitions between the compartments which are solid wood; those on the top, bottom and back running lengthwise of the coop, while those of the front run up and down. The slats are usually 1 1/2 inches wide, and 5/8 inches thick. Those in front are placed 3 inches apart to allow the chickens to put their heads through for feeding. The slats on the bottom are placed 1 1/2 inches apart, so as to admit of the droppings passing through to the ground.

There is a small V-shaped trough arranged in front of the coop for feeding and watering the chickens. This trough is from 3 to 4 inches deep and is generally made of 1/2-inch lumber.

Rations for Fattening.

It is difficult to give a ration for fattening chickens that meets the requirement of every individual. Oats, finely

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GUARD AGAINST ROUP

Season at Hand for Dread Disease of Poultry Flock.

Attacks Fowls at Time of Low Vitality at Close of Long Period of Egg Production—Effective Antiseptic is Given.

(By C. S. ANDERSON, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.)

Fully 75 per cent of the farmers and poultrymen of this country calmly submit to an annual invasion of roup, or some closely allied respiratory disease, into their flock. This disease is second to white diarrhea in its mortality.

Roup is always most prevalent in the fall, attacking the birds at a time of lowest body vitality, at the close of a long season of egg production, or during the molting period. The sharp, chilly nights of late fall and occasional damp, rainy days are also conducive to the disease, for it frequently finds conditions made more favorable for its development by colds and exposure.

Roup is an infectious disease. While comfortable houses, freedom from drafts, plenty of exercise and wholesome food will go a long way toward prevention, it is not sufficient. One of the chief means of communication of the disease germs is through the drinking water.

The following antiseptic is one of the most effective: In the bottom of a quart jar put a layer of potassium permanganate crystals and add cold water, always being careful to keep more crystals than the water will dissolve. This will constitute your stock solution, and from this jar add just enough liquid to give the drinking water a deep violet color.

Make it a practice of not allowing your birds to drink any water without this antiseptic, and you have taken a big step in preventing roup.

SPROUTED OATS FOR WINTER

Excellent Feed for Chickens During Cold Weather—Traps May Be Placed Near Stove.

Sprouted oats have proved an excellent feed for chickens during winter months. The oats may be sprouted in a regular sprouter, in trays by the kitchen stove, in the cellar, on dirt or on burlap.

The trick is to soak the oats with water, spread them out in the light and keep them warm and moist until the blades are from three to six inches long.

A successful feeder soaks the oats for 24 hours, spreads them in a shallow box and places it in the cellar. Frequently an inch or more of sand is placed in the bottom of the box upon which the oats are spread.

SELLING OFF FARM POULTRY

Tendency on Part of Some Farmers to Market Chickens on Account of Price of Grain.

With the high price of grain there is a tendency on the part of many farmers to sell off their poultry. They think it will not pay to feed high-priced grain to hens. Here is just where they make a big mistake. Eggs have gone up in value also. Some of the dealers, however, have not advanced their prices as much as they should, due partly to the fact that they still follow old practices in buying and selling.

It is a mighty good plan to sell off the surplus cockerels, the late pullets and hens over two years old. Good, sound yearling hens that have shown some capacity for laying and all well-matured pullets should be kept over. The surplus stock can be sold at a profit and the better-class fowls will show larger egg production if given suitable care.

Farmers who sell off all their fowls, thinking that they will save a big feed bill and be able to buy young chicks or hatching eggs next spring, may be disappointed. They will find a bigger demand than usual for hatching eggs and chicks and as a consequence may have to wait weeks before their orders are filled.

GEESE ARE SELF-SUPPORTING

Little Grain Occasionally, With Adequate Water Supply They Yield Handsome Profit.

Geese come as near being clear profit as any stock raised on the farm. Geese make their living largely on grass and are practically self-supporting. They do not require a large pasture field, but one that produces a good yield. Add a little grain occasionally and you will have no trouble raising geese.

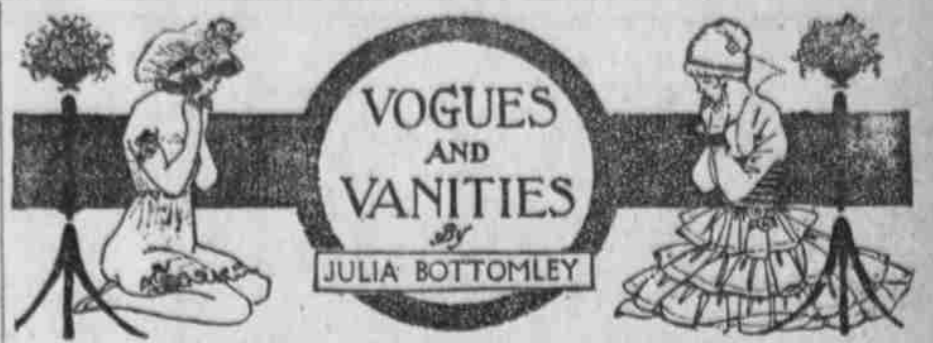
They only require water for drinking purposes, same as a hen. They are louse and mite-proof, are seldom subject to any kind of disease, and hawks seldom prey upon the young goslings. Some complain that a goose is a nuisance; so are hogs if they are not confined to their pasture. Large numbers of geese should be raised every year.

CARING FOR WATER VESSELS

When Disease of Any Kind Appears in Flock, Pay Particular Attention to Drink Dishes.

If any diseases of the head or throat appear in the flock, even colds, be sure that the drink dishes are disinfected every day (scalding with boiling water will do) and keep a slight film of kerosene on the drinking water while the troubles last.

This will help to prevent the spread of the trouble from one bird to another.



Dressy Coats of Fur.

Moles and muskrats may become extinct if fashion continues to demand their pelts for all sorts of fur garments. Under the marvelous manipulation of furriers, muskrat becomes Hudson seal, and it is as beautiful as Alaskan seal for coats and scarfs and muffs. It is hard for an expert to tell the difference between them, when muskrat is dyed in the best possible manner, unless he can examine the fur at close range.

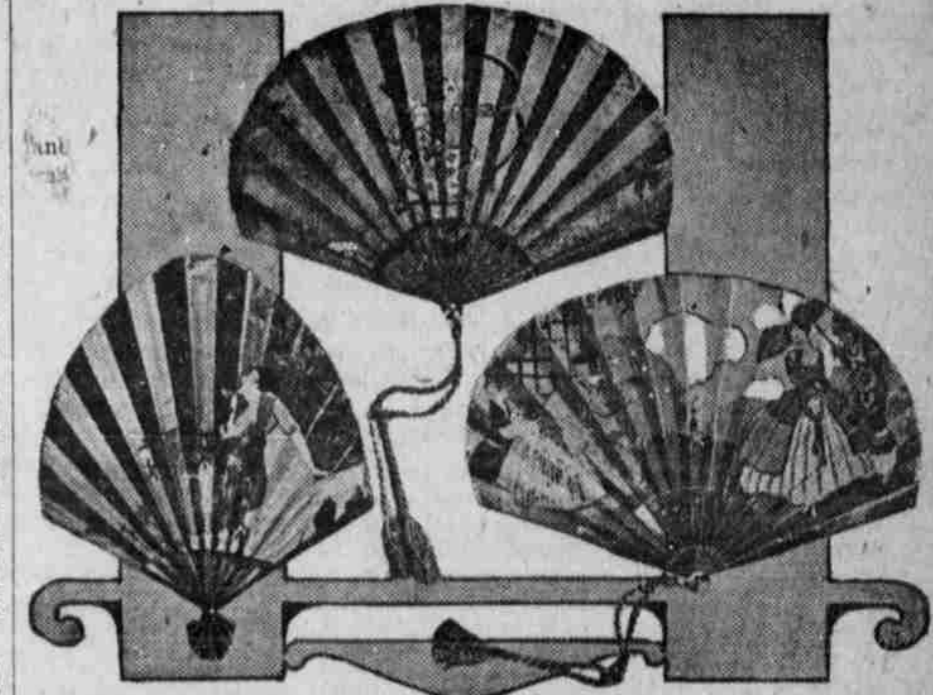
Moleskin does not masquerade under an assumed name, and does not need to. So many little pelts are needed for even a small garment that the mere work of matching and sewing them together makes an expensive undertaking. Both furs are soft and pliable, with rich and beautiful color to recommend them. Moleskin is short-lived, and is a fur for the rich, but

Hudson seal, in a good grade, repays the expenditure which it requires.

For this winter fashion favors coats of these skins for dressy wear, trimmed with long-haired furs. Skunk, fox, marten and other furs that look like them, as well as mink and kolinsky, are used on Hudson seal. The first three are occasionally used on moleskin. Of all combinations, moleskin and ermine are liked best.

In the picture a coat of moleskin appears with a collar of skunk. The deep, plain cuffs do not match the collar, but are made of moleskin. A skunk muff is worn with this model.

A short coat of Hudson seal has a collar and deep cuffs of fox and is further enriched by a wide border of this rich fur. When cuffs are very ample a muff may be dispensed with, or a small barrel muff, of the same fur as the cuffs, will give the effect of a large muff when the hands are in it,



Fans From Far Japan.

As Christmas draws near, unique and lovely fans are unfurled in the shops in increasing numbers. Some of them are works of art—at prices high enough to give one heart failure, and some of them are works of art moderately priced. There are the usual dainty satin and gauze fans, flashing many spangles, fans of rich lace, gorgeous peacock-feather fans, and those of splendid ostrich. And there are many painted satin fans. It is easy to see why they are of necessity high priced.

But there are fans that vie with far more costly ones in beauty, and three of them are shown in the accompanying illustration. They are contributed by the clever people in the far East, who know how to do so much with such simple materials. We are indebted to far Japan for the beautifully colored fans with lacquered sticks which are ornamented with such widely different characters, obviously with an eye to pleasing us. On one of these fans we behold the light-hearted Pierrot in a savage attitude. He is about to shoot an arrow somewhere. We are left to ponder whether he is aiming at the heart of an enemy or at an American pocketbook.

On a small fan of unusual shape we may infer that some sympathetic Japanese artist has taken a theme from one of our own songs. An impassioned little lady seems to be bidding an endless farewell to "The Last Rose of Summer." There is a huge vase near by, big enough to hold all the petals of dear, departed roses.

The picture on the third fan is surely oriental. But it has the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. A discriminating lover offers to an indifferent lady fair a bunch of flowers.

Such bits of scenic painting might be interpreted in several ways and help out to bridge over conversational lapses while "sitting out" intermissions at the dance or theater.

Japanese Embroidery.

The Japanese are sending us some beautiful hand-embroidered materials which are being made up into lingerie. Perhaps the most striking examples are the white silk pajama sets for women. The jackets are beautifully embroidered in grapes and leaves, cherry blossoms and chrysanthemum blossoms, in the daintiest of colors, and delicate pink lotus blooms. The prices for the garments are gauged by the amount of handwork upon them. They may be had in delicate colors, as well as in plain white. There is also the short kimono, embroidered in the usual designs on white, pink and blue grounds.

Homemade Bath Sponge.

Here is a small economy for cleanliness and comfort in the bath, says Popular Science Monthly. As is well known, large sponges soon break up and become useless, and again they are subject to being clogged up by impurities which are now recognized to be due to microbe growth within the sponge. This is difficult to remedy in the case of a large sponge. A new idea is to assemble small pieces of sponge in a bag so as to give about the same shape as an original large sponge. The bag can be made of Turkish toweling or any suitable material. Thus all small pieces of sponge can be utilized and can be kept clean easily.

Mrs. Lena Rood of Seattle, with a fortune of \$25,000,000, is the richest person in the Pacific northwest.