

# A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYND  
AUTHOR OF "THE GRAPERS," ETC.

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## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Why, my dear Virginia—the idea! You don't know in the least what you are talking about. I have been reading in the papers about these right-of-way troubles, and they are perfectly terrible. One report said they were fighting the laboring men, and another said the militia might have to be called out."

"Well, what of it?" said Virginia, with all the hardihood of youth and ignorance. "It's something like a burning building; one doesn't want to be hard-hearted and rejoice over other people's misfortunes; but then, if it has to burn, one would like to be there to see."

"Miss Bessie put a stray lock of the flaxen hair up under its proper comb. 'I'm sure I prefer California and the orange groves and peace,' she asserted. 'Don't you, Cousin Billy?'"

"What Mr. Calvert would have replied is no matter for this history, since at this precise moment the rajah came in, 'coruscating,' as Virginia put it, from his late encounter with the superintendent's chief clerk."

"Give them the word to go, Jastrow, and let's get out of here," he commanded. And when the secretary had vanished the Rajah made his explanations to all and sundry. "I've been obliged in a manner to change our itinerary. Another company is trying to fault us up in Quetz Creek canyon, and I am in a messah compelled to be on the ground. We shall be delayed only a few days, I hope; at the worst only until the first snowstorm comes; and, in the meantime, California won't run away."

"Virginia flanked arms with Bessie the flaxen-haired when the wheels began to turn."

"We are off," she said. "Let's go out on the platform and see the last of Denver."

It was while they were clinging to the hand-rail and looking back upon the jumble of railway activities out of which they had just emerged that the Rosemary, gaining headway, overtook another moving train running smoothly on a track parallel to that upon which the private car was speeding. It was the narrow-gauge mountain connection of the Utah line, and Winton and Adams were on the rear platform of the last car. So it chanced that the four of them were presently waving their adieux across the wind-blown landscape. In the midst of it, or rather at the moment when the Rosemary, gaining speed as the lighter of the two trains, forged ahead, the Rajah came out to light his cigar.

"He took in the little tableau of the rear platforms at a glance, and when the slower train was left behind asked a question of Virginia."

"Ah—wasn't one of those two the young gentleman who called on you yesterday afternoon, my dear?"

"Virginia admitted it."

"Could you favor me with his name?"

"He is Mr. Morton P. Adams, of Boston."

"Ah—his friend—the young gentleman who laid his hand to our blow and put the engine on the track last night?"

"He is Mr. Winton—a—artist, I believe; at least, that is what I gathered from what Mr. Adams said of him."

"Mr. Somerville Darrah laughed, a slow little laugh deep in his throat."

"Bless your innocent soul—he a picnic painter? Not in a thousand years, my dear Virginia. He is a railroad man, and a right good one at that. Favor me with the name again; Winton, did you say?"

"No, Winton—Mr. John Winton."

"D—devil!" grunted the Rajah, smiting the hand-rail with his clenched fist. "Hah! I beg your pardon, my dear—a mean slip of the tongue. And then, to the full of savagery. 'By heaven, I hope that train will fly the track and ditch him before ever he comes within striking distance of the work in Quetz Creek canyon!'"

"Why, Uncle Somerville—how vindictive!" cried Virginia. "Who is he and what has he done?"

"He is Miss John Winton, as you informed me just now; one of the brainiest constructing engineers in this entire country, and the hardest man in this or any other country to down in a right-of-way fight—that's who he is. And it's not what he's done, my dear Virginia, it's what he is going to do. If I can't get him killed up out of our way—"

"—but here Mr. Darrah saw the growing terror in two pairs of eyes, and realizing that he was committing himself before an unsympathetic audience, beat a hasty retreat to his stronghold at the other end of the Rosemary."

"Well," said the flaxen-haired Bessie, catching her breath. But Virginia laughed.

"I'm glad I'm not Mr. Winton," she said.

## CHAPTER IV.

Morning in the highest highlands of the Rockies, a morning clear, cold and terse, with a bell-like quality in the frosty air to make the cracking of a snow-laden fir bough resound like a pistol shot. For Denver and the dwellers on the eastern plain the sun is an hour high; but the hamlet mining camp of Argenteine, with its dovetailed railway station and two-pronged siding, still lies in the steel blue depths of the canyon shadow.

In a scanty widening of the main canyon a few hundred yards below the station a graders' camp of rude slab shelters is turning out its border of low-looking Italians; and on a crooked spur track fronting the shanties blue wood smoke is curling lazily upward from the kitchen car of a construction train.

All night long the Rosemary, drawn by the speediest of mountain-climbing

locomotives, had stormed onward and upward from the valley of the Grand, through black chasms and around the shrouded shoulders of the mighty peaks to find a resting-place in the white-robed dawn on the siding at Argenteine. The highest of sleepers, Virginia had awakened when the special was passing through Carbonate, and drawing the berth curtain she had lain for hours watching the solemn procession of cliffs and peaks wheeling in stately and orderly array against the inky background of sky. Now, in the steel-blue dawn, she was—or thought she was—the first member of the party to dress and steal out upon the railed platform to look abroad upon the wondrous scene in the canyon.

But her reverie, trance-like in its wordless enthusiasm, was presently broken by a voice behind her—the voice, namely, of Mr. Arthur Jastrow. "What a howling wilderness, to be sure, isn't it?" said the secretary, twirling his eye-glasses by the cord and looking, as he felt, interminably bored.

"No, indeed; anything but that," she retorted, warmly. "It is grander than anything I ever imagined. I wish there were a piano in the car. It makes me fairly ache to set it in some form of expression, and music is the only form I know."

"I'm glad if it doesn't bore you," he rejoined, willing to agree with her for the sake of prolonging the interview. "But to me it is nothing more than a dreary wilderness affording an indifferent right-of-way for two railroads."

"For one," she corrected, in a quick uprush of loyalty for her kin. "The secretary shifted his gaze from the mountains to the maiden and smiled. She was exceedingly good to

look upon—high-bred, queenly and just now with the fine fire of enthusiasm to quicken her pulses and to send the rare flush to neck and cheek."

Jastrow, the cold-eyed, the business automaton set to go off with a click at Mr. Somerville Darrah's touch, had ambitions not automatic. Some day he meant to put the world of business under foot as a conqueror, standing triumphant on the apex of that pyramid of success which the Mr. Somerville Darrahs were so successfully up-rearing. When that day should come, there would need to be an establishment, a menage, a queen for the kingdom of success. Summoning her up for the hundredth time since the beginning of the westward flight, he thought Miss Carteret would fill the requirements passing well.

But this was a divagation, and he pulled himself back to the askings of the moment, agreeing with her again without reference to his private convictions.

"For one, I should have said," he amended. "We mean to have it that way, though an unprejudiced onlooker might be foolish enough to say that there is a pretty good present prospect of two."

But Miss Carteret was in a contradictory mood. Moreover, she was a woman, and the way to a woman's confidence does not lie through the neutral country of easy complacency.

"If you won't take the other side, I will," she said. "There will be two. Jastrow acquiesced a second time. 'I shouldn't wonder.' Our competitor's road seems to be only a question of time—a very short time, judging from the number of men turning out in the track gang down yonder."

Virginia leaned over the railing to

look past the car and the dovetailed station, shading her eyes to shut out the snow-blink from the sun-fired peaks. "Why, they are soldiers!" she exclaimed. "At least, some of them have guns on their shoulders. And see—they are forming in lines!"

The secretary adjusted his eye-glasses. "By Jove! you are right; they have armed the track force. The new chief of construction doesn't mean to take any chances of being shaken loose by force. Here they come."

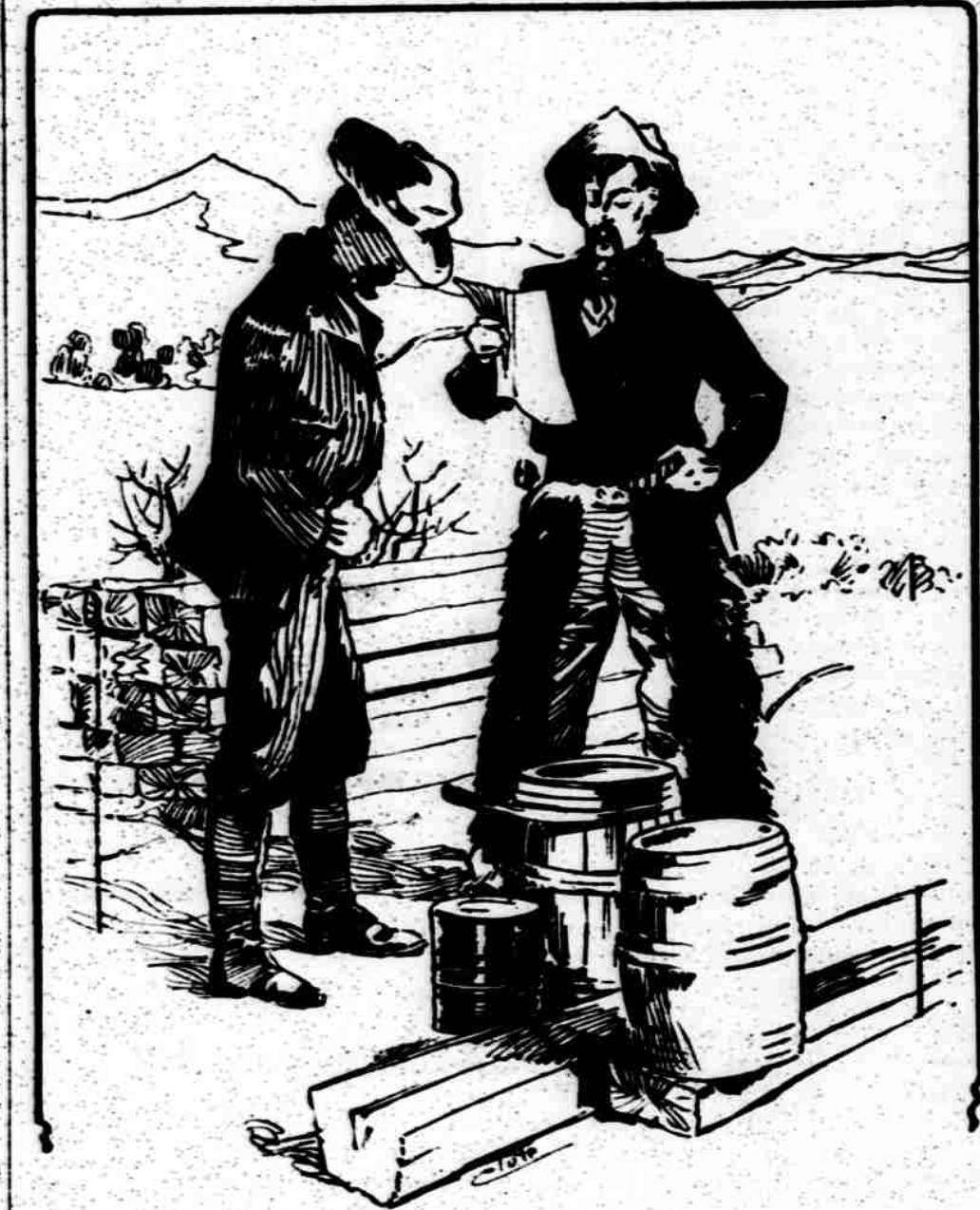
The end of track of the new line was diagonally across the creek from the Rosemary's berth and a short pistol shot farther down stream. But to advance it to a point opposite the private car, and to gain the altitude of the high embankment directly across from the station, the new line turned short out of the main canyon at the mouth of the intersecting gorge, describing a long, U-shaped curve around the head of the lateral ravine and doubling back upon itself to reenter the canyon proper at the higher elevation.

The curve which was the beginning of this U-shaped loop was the morning's scene of action, and the Utah track layers, 200 strong, moved to the front in orderly array, with armed guards as tankers for the hand-car load of rail which the men were pushing up the grade.

Jastrow darted into the car, and a moment later his place on the observation platform was taken by a wrathful industry colonel fresh from his dressing-room—so fresh, indeed, that he was coatless, hatless, and collarless, and with the dripping bath sponge clutched like a missile to hurl at the impudent invaders on the opposite side of the canyon.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jastrow! Faveh me instantly, seh! Hustle up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him I have a writ for him to serve. Run, seh!"

The secretary appeared and disappeared like a marionette, when the string has been jerked by a vigorous hand, and Virginia smiled—this without prejudice to a very acute appreciation of the grave possibilities which were preparing themselves. But having her share of the militant quality



READING THE WARRANT.

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which made her uncle what he is, she stood her ground.

"Aren't you afraid you will take cold, Uncle Somerville?" she asked, archly, and the Rajah came suddenly to a sense of his incompetence and went in to finish his ablutions against the opening of the battle actual.

At first Virginia thought she would follow him. When Mercury Jastrow should return with the officer of the law there would be trouble of some sort, and the woman in her shrank from the witnessing of it. But at the same instant the blood of the fighting Carterets asserted itself and she resolved to stay.

"I wonder what uncle hopes to be able to do?" she mused. "Will a little town constable with a bit of signed paper from some justice of the peace be mighty enough to stop all that furious activity over there? It's more than incredible."

From that she fell to watching the activity and the orderly purpose of it. A length of steel, with men clustering like bees upon it, would slide from its place on the hand-car to fall with a frosty clang on the cross ties. Instantly the hammermen would pounce upon it. One would fall upon hands and knees to "tight" it into place; two others would slide the squeaking track gauge along its inner edge; a quartette, working like the component parts of a faultless mechanism, would tap the fixing spikes into the wood; and then at a signal a dozen of the heavy pointed hammers swung aloft and a rhythmic volley of resounding blows clamped the rail into permanence on its wooden bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINCOLN'S NOBILITY.

"He that is slow to anger," says the proverb, "is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Great as was his self-control in other matters, nowhere did Mr. Lincoln's slowness to anger and nobility of spirit show itself more than in his dealings with the generals of the civil war. He had been elected president. Congress had given him power far exceeding that which any president had ever exercised before. As president he was also commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the

United States. By proclamation he could call forth great armies; and he could order those armies to go wherever he chose to send them; but even he had no power to make generals with the genius and the training necessary to lead them instantly to success. He had to work with the materials at hand, and one by one he tried the men who seemed best fitted for the task, giving each his fullest trust and every aid in his power. They were as eager for victory and as earnest of purpose as himself.

## FARM ORCHARD & GARDEN



### THE PUMPKIN.

O, fruit loved of boyhood—the old days recalling. When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling: When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin— Glistening out through the dark with a candle within! When we laughed 'round the corn-heap with heart all in tune, Our chief bread pumpkin—our lantern the moon. Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam, In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west, From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest, When the gray-haired New Englander sees 'round his board The old broken links of affection restored: When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more, And the worn matron smiles where the What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye, What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin Pie!

### DAIRY NOTES.

To have your cows milk long, milk them clean.

Uneven salting and working makes streaky butter.

Keep the farm separator clean, inside and outside.

Do not keep over small batches of skim milk. Feed it while it is sweet.

When the butter sticks to the worker, the latter was not scalded properly. Rub it with salt and scald again.

There is no longer any question that the earlier the calf is taken from its mother, the easier it will be to teach it to drink.

It doesn't pay to keep cows for a side issue. Get the best and make dairy-farming a business just like any branch of farm work.

In the successful dairy, kindness to animals, careful attention to cleanliness and the comforts of the cow are sure to be found.

In order to make a success of raising the calf on skim milk, the condition of the milk must be uniformly sweet. Nothing, perhaps, will contribute more to produce scours in calves than to feed sweet milk one day and sour milk the next.

Interest on a note runs night and day and never stops until the note is paid. Give the dairy cow the right kind of feed and while you sleep she will be turning into butter fat worth four times as much as the feed, and have it all ready when you get up in the morning.

### CARE FOR THE POULTRY.

The average farmer takes but little interest in the care of poultry, the work falling on the wife and children, and, in so many instances, they work at a great disadvantage. It is really wonderful how well they succeed. The chicken house should be made so it can be kept clean easily, so matter what its shape or dimensions. If you cannot or do not keep it clean, it is of but little use. Where good gravel is handy one made of cement and gravel is cheap, warm and easily kept clean. The wall above ground need not be thick; six parts clean sand or gravel to one part good cement smoothed on the inside, makes an everlasting wall and easily kept free of lice. Four to six inches is plenty for any cement wall not over eight feet high.

All poultry houses should have a southern exposure for winter. Use the breeds you like best. They all have their advantages, but get the best and try to improve on them; they eat no more and bring you lots more money than the mongrel. Always put up some clover hay for your chickens to feed on when the snow is on the ground; they will eat lots of it if they cannot get it, and it helps to make eggs at a time when eggs are valuable. It takes the place of the green food they get in summer.

### WHEN TO BUY TREES.

Patronize the nursery, local or otherwise, that gives you the very best stock for the money; and don't object to paying a good price for a first-class tree, and don't buy from an agent—send direct to the nursery. Buy of only well-established nurseries that have a good local and favorable national reputation. When apple trees or any other kind of fruit trees are planted the planter wants to be sure he is not making a mistake; wants to know that he is planting trees that are true to name, of good vigor and that will do their part if he will do his. We do not advise discrimination against the local nurseryman if he has good goods, fair prices and honest methods of selling, and if in your locality the nurseryman tries to serve his customers faithfully, gives them what they pay for and knows how to grow first-class stock, then do business with him.

### SPREAD MANURE IN FALL.

If the manure is spread upon the soil, the more rain it receives the better it is distributed through the soil. Manure drawn out in the fall does more good than if left until mid-winter, and the latter is better than leaving it until spring. Unless the land is absolutely overgrown with water, the manure is not washed away. A safe and economical plan is to haul out and scatter the manure as fast as it is made.

One man makes money with sheep—a whole lot of it—and right beside him another does not. There may be many reasons for this, but one of them frequently is that the first knows how to work up to good advantage much coarse feed, fodder and waste which otherwise would bring but little, if anything, and the other has little or no facility for doing this. A sheep can make good use of good food, but a judicious breeder can convert much waste and poor stuff into money with them.

### RETIRING FROM THE FARM.

The great scarcity of competent farm help during the last few years has introduced the element of compulsion into the problem of production. This is especially true in cases where the landowner is somewhat advanced in years, and because of this has been able to secure the assistance of the laborer. Under such circumstances we can well understand the temptation to leave the farm, to retire to inactive life in the village or town, and thus be free from the anxieties and that are more or less closely associated with the tasks of production.

However, a study of the lives of those who leave the farm as the years advance does not impress one with the wisdom of solving the problem in this way. In old age new friendships cannot be formed that will take the place of the old-time friends and neighbors, while to be removed from the scenes of a lifetime of activity is to leave a void in the affections that cannot be replaced by the superficial joys that characterize town or city.

To our way of thinking the solution of the difficulty lies in securing more help for the performance of the active duties, while the duty of directing them alone falls to the aging one. This will keep the mind active and the spirit young, so that the individual grows old peacefully, and enjoys his years to the very end and in truth prolongs that day when the duties of life shall come to an end. The aged people that we know are those who have spent their childhood, and manhood, as well as the days of advancing years, on the farm. There the atmosphere is pure, friends remain steadfast, nature's power of rejuvenescence is experienced in the fullest degree, and it is our opinion that there is where the final leave-taking should occur.

### A DAY'S OBSERVATION.

Not long ago I passed a farm on which long ago operations are carried on quite extensively, requiring a large complement of implements to do the work. The tools had been brought in from the fields, but the only shelter they had was the blue dome of heaven. They stood in the yard, and were a dilapidated looking outfit. The owners are what we might call rich in chattels and lands and maybe can afford to leave their implements thus exposed to the weather. However, a friend of mine in making an address before a farmers' institute came very near hitting the nail on the head when he remarked that a man who can afford to buy good implements can also afford to shelter them from sun and storm. Certainly a poor man cannot afford to leave his implements lying in the fields or about the yards.

I am cognizant of the fact that our implements of to-day do not take nearly as much damage from exposure as they did a few years ago, when wood entered very largely into their construction. I even heard one man argue before a farmers' institute that inasmuch as implements are made exclusively of steel and iron, it is cheaper to leave them out from one year's end to another than to provide shelter for them. His statement did not meet with the approval which he may have expected. There are in my locality some splendid tool houses. One of the best I know of is fitted with a row of grain bins along one side, leaving ample room on the other side for all the tools on the farm, with driveway between. Such a house is desirable, but not essential. Do not leave tools out because you cannot have such a one. A cheap shed built alongside of barn or crib will answer the purpose.

### PROFITS OF COTTONWOOD TIMBER.

At a late meeting of the Northwestern Horticultural society of Iowa a gentleman of good reputation made the following statement with reference to the profits of timber culture on the western prairies. Twenty years ago he planted a row of cottonwood slips four feet apart half a mile long along the highway fronting his farm. The trees grew tall and thrifty and as they attained large size drew upon his farm field adjoining for a width of three rods, occupying thus about three acres of land. Last fall and winter all but one hundred of the trees were cut and from them was made 32,000 feet of board measure of serviceable lumber and 250 cords of wood. The lumber sold for \$15 per thousand and the wood was worth \$2.25 per cord, or a cash value for the timber grown on these three acres of \$1,042, or \$247.50 per acre, or an annual income of \$17.37 per acre for each of the 20 years. It should be stated in this connection that these trees grew upon the loose soil of the Missouri slope, a soil where the cottonwood tree finds its most perfect development, and we do not believe the above record could be duplicated upon the average prairie soils of the west.

Gradually apple growers are getting down to a uniform apple barrel, a barrel that holds three bushels. Hitherto the lack of uniformity in the barrels has caused much dissatisfaction among buyers as well as among honest apple sellers. The dishonest man has no particular objection to a barrel that is short in capacity. One result is that the market quotations based on barrels give no real idea of the true state of the market. The standard barrel measures 17½ inches across the head, is 28½ inches high and has a circumference of 54 inches around the bulge. Ultimately, the bushel box will, we believe, drive out the barrel. It can be more certainly measured and can be packed with less loss of space. The barrel has the advantage of being of such shape that it can never be packed in any manner so as to prevent a circulation of air.

Whenever a farmer contemplating planting an orchard is in doubt as to what varieties to plant, what kinds are adapted to his particular locality, about the best thing for him to do is to ask his experiment station for advice. Is to plant Jonathan, Winemac, Missouri pippin, Grimes Golden, Ben Davis, Jonsett and Roman. These are the seedling disappointments, for they are old reliable varieties that have been tried everywhere.

This is a good month to arrange for next year's growth of strawberries and blackberries. The fruit next season will be grown upon the canes which are now growing. Select the thriftest of these growing canes, cut the dry stalks and the canes that fruited the past season; leave three or four canes in each hill. By this system of pruning the best plants will be secured, which will mean better fruit next summer.

The winter months afford an opportunity, not only for saving the manure but for applying it direct to the land. There never will be any more manure left in it than when it is taken direct from the barn, and unless it is stored very fast in value by the wasting of the liquid parts which, in fact, possess those properties that we are usually more short on, viz., phosphoric acid and potash. It should be the aim of every thoughtful farmer to see how much manure can be made on his farm the coming winter and apply it directly to those portions of his farm that need it most, and not see how easily it can be gotten out of his way.

As one rides through the country he will often see on the farm several breeds of poultry running together. Farmers and all others should remember that the more breeds of poultry they keep the greater the amount of labor involved. It will be much better for them to keep only one breed at a time unless they are in the poultry business. Select the one you like best, and then stick to that breed.

DAIRY NOTES.

Labor-saving machinery in the dairy will lessen the work, but will not lessen the care necessary.

Avoid metals about butter, the salt in the butter will often cause rust and stain the butter, while metallic rust is often poisonous.

The winter breed is the most costly and it will cost but little more to board the cow well enough to make winter dairying profitable.

If the growing heifer is to become a good cow it is very important that during the growth she should be fed as though she were a good cow.

To keep feed and milk a scrub cow is more or less a waste of a man's time, while to keep a scrub man to milk and care for a good milk cow is a waste of a good cow's time.

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### THE VINES FOR HOT PLACES.

Some Veritable Salamanders Do Well on Western and Southern Exposure.

The western and southern side of a building is a rather trying position for any kind of plant, especially a vine, but some there are which seem veritable salamanders in their ability to stand unscathed such a hot location.

Among these indoors and out room vines certain of the moon flowers, notably Ipomoea pandurata, which is said to be able to withstand a year's drought without injury. The foliage is attractive, and it bears an immense quantity of creamy white flowers of a thick, waxy texture. Once established it covers an immense amount of space and for this reason should be given liberal room when planting.

Another vine which thrives in hot, sunny situations is the Cobaea scandens. This, while not hardy, being started each spring from seed sown in house or hotbed, is so rapid a grower that it will cover quite as much space as a perennial vine. When grown on a stone wall or on trees, the tendrils cling to anything within reach.

The bignoniae are large and gloriose-like and change in color from the greenish white of the newly opened flower through shades of lavender, mauve and purple as the flowers develop, ending at last in the deepest wine or the flower fades.

When the period of bloom is over the flowers fall, so that there are never any withered ones on the vine.

When grown on porches or wood it should be provided with twine or wire netting for support. It should be well watered in hot, dry weather, but during damp weather should not receive any water. An occasional drink of liquid manure during the blooming period will be of benefit.

If desired its roots may be taken up in the fall and wintered over in the conservatory or greenhouse, where they will continue in bloom during the winter and may be planted out again during summer. The seeds of the Cobaea are much subject to decay, and in planting they should be placed in the soil edgewise and kept only moderately moist.

### WHAT TO TAKE TO A PICNIC.

And How to Pack, So Food Will Not Go Mussy.

Deviled eggs go well with cold meat when they have not been used in salad; plain hard boiled eggs are different eating, and these will repay the little trouble it takes to prepare them. Cut in two, remove the yolk and mash it with salt and pepper and a little dry mustard; wet with a little vinegar, and replace, pressing the two halves together; roll each egg in paraffin paper.

If there are no olives in your salad take a bottle of these, but pour off the brine and rinse them, putting them dry in the bottle and corking them. Pimientos, little mangoes, chowchow, and all the different relishes taste better than usual in the open air, but one or two kinds are enough to take.

The sandwiches for the picnic should be made of something not too dry, directs a contributor to the Chicago Tribune. Lettuce spread with French dressing or mayonnaise will come out perfectly moist and fresh. Hopped sardines, wet with lemon juice, finely chopped cucumbers with French dressing, this bread and butter, brown or white, spread with caviare, cream cheese mixed with whipped cream, chopped watercress and simple bread and butter spread with mayonnaise or tartare sauce are all delightfully appetizing. Sweet sandwiches always seem out of place at a picnic, but if you wish a few, make them with orange marmalade or raspberry jam, using only a little for fear they may become wet with the juice.

A freezer of ice cream always is a refreshing last course at a picnic, incongruous as it may seem. Peach surprise is something of a novelty, and it is a good time in the year to offer it. Peel, cut up, and mash the peaches to a pulp, and sweeten them well. Then to a quart of these take the whites of five eggs, and turn them in without beating. Freeze solid, remove the dasher, pack the fruit down smoothly, and cover the freezer with ice and salt. There is no danger of the ice melting in the transportation.

Give Baby Freedom.

Baby, when placed upon his back upon a rug, will soon show mamma his own ideas about athletics. If his clothing is not too tight he will wave his little legs and arms in the air, and kick and sprawl in great delight. This is excellent for the muscles, and baby will show his appreciation of it by his evident pleasure in the little gymnastics he performs. For the first two or three years of baby's life a morning warm bath is given by many wise mothers. The child should be fed about half an hour before the bath. The temperature should be 95 degrees Fahrenheit in winter and about 90 degrees Fahrenheit in summer. Use a bath thermometer for estimating the temperature, since it is difficult otherwise to gauge it with accuracy.

Feminine Economy.

When a man buys an expensive hat and wears it out, that is the end of the story. A woman's hat, though, is a serial which runs indefinitely. The pretty plumes which graced last year's creation as white, appear on this season's of another hue and will run the gamut of colors until they reach black. The flowers, the ribbons, the laces, the velvet, even the gossamer shapes, do service again under expert manipulation. Take, too, those monster sleeves over which mere men guffawed so loudly. When the fall for them was over their fair wearers just took this surplus material and made extra waists of it. This is not all. With an art which saves of the mysterious, they took those flowing sleeves of the fashion of a year or so ago, and, turning them upside down, made them into the prevailing mode.

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