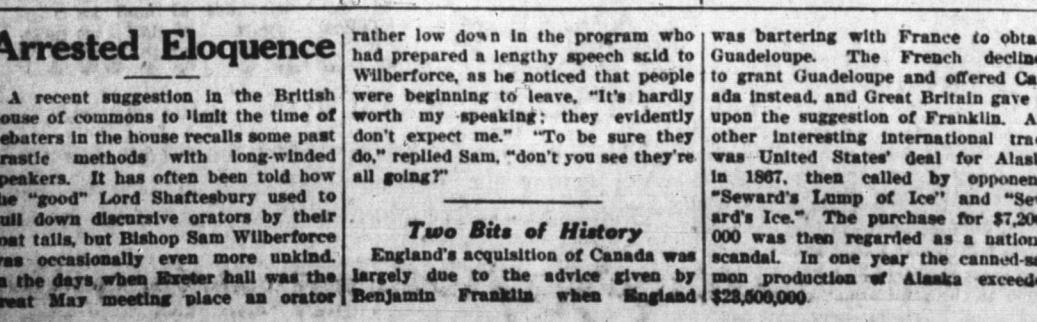
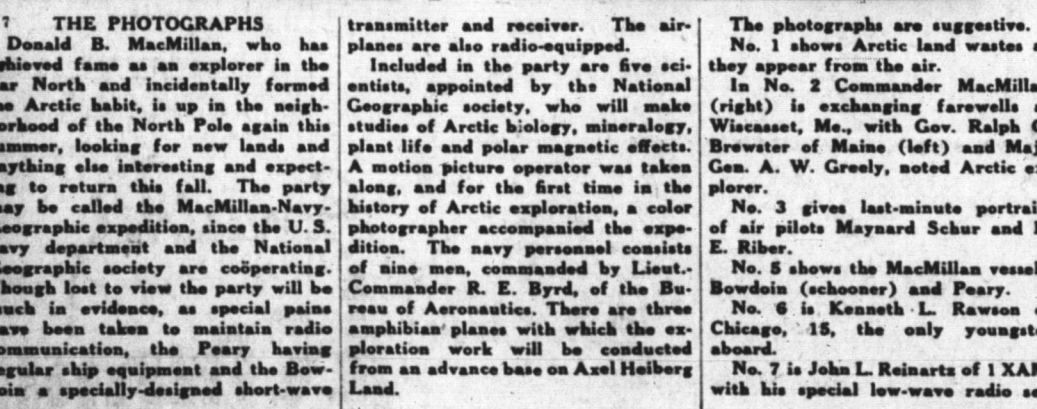
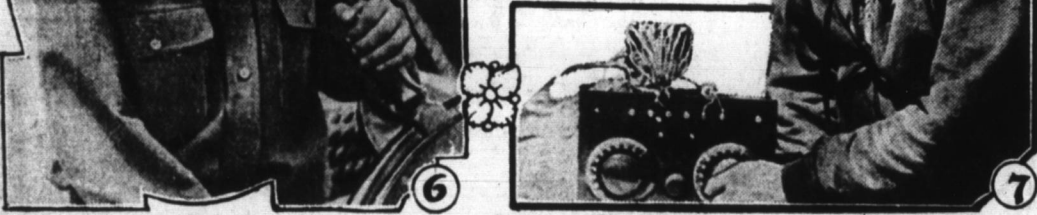
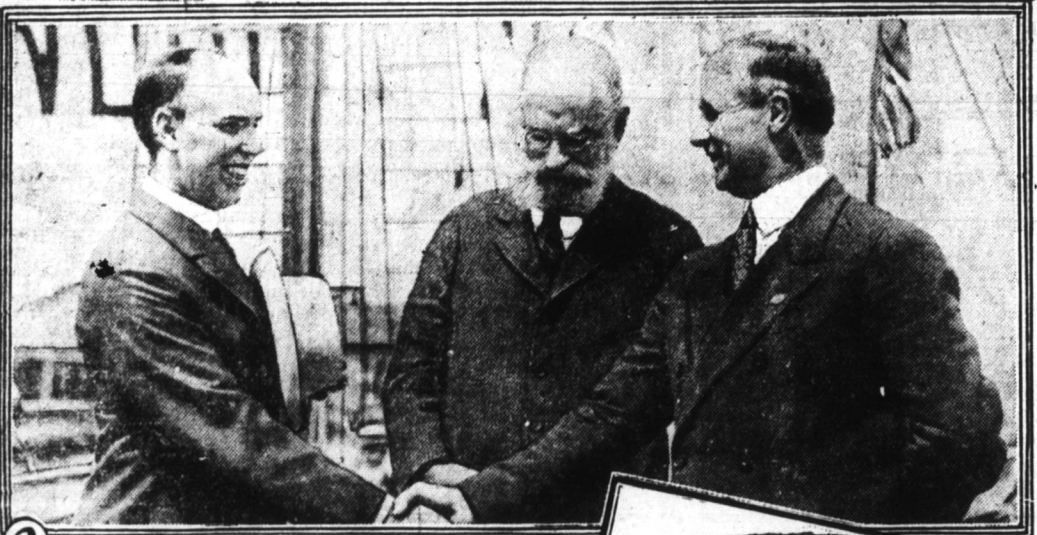


MACMILLAN in the ARCTIC



THE LIGHTED LAMP

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

"WHEN you're done cussin' and swearin' and summomin' all the powers of h—ll to come and take the camp, will you be so good as to tell me what you go over yonder for every night?"

"It's none of your business."

"Never said it was. You go into the dark—you come back lookin' plagued."

"Shut up."

"I won't."

"Well, then, I was cryin', cryin' because I was blamed tired, cryin' like a kid because I'd been fifteen hours on my legs—"

The speaker glowered into the fire. The nature of his confession accorded ill with his appearance. A creature dark with the sun and tormented by the winds, his powerful muscles knotted and strained by agonies of labor, his black hair hanging over his somber eyes, his suit of khaki as weather-stained as his complexion—he seemed the incarnation of man's struggle with a howling, hostile wilderness, a dry, burning, cactus-covered, tarantula-infested eternity of desert.

His fellow engineer, a handsome boy from the East, still unexhausted by the country, refused to accept the explanation of fatigue from the embodied dynamo opposite to him. Leiter had brought something to the camp, Sheldon conjectured, that jumped out of the dark and clutched his throat in those leisure moments toward midnight when the two fellow workers, having dined on canned salmon and stale bread, sat shivering together by their fire, too tired to sleep, to quarrel, to argue, to read, to do anything but wonder what inadvertence of deity had created that country. Each was plagued by it to the limit of his endurance, but young Sheldon had no interior inferno to deal with into the bargain. Leiter, he suspected, had.

"Crying—that does you good! I bellow night after night when I've turned in. I bellow for my mummy—for broiled steak—one night I even bellowed for the subway. I was so lonesome. My idea of heaven that night was just to be packed in a subway train in the five-thirty crush and smell that subway air! But you—you're cryin' for something different."

Leiter drew in his breath with a shuddering sigh.

And then Sheldon risked being shot.

"Tell me about her."

He expected to hear the click of Leiter's rifle, but the dark image by the fire sat motionless. Then he spoke as if every word tore him.

"God, I will! I've got to. I've been alone with it for a year now."

"Tell it, Leiter, just tell it," Sheldon urged.

"Was you ever married?" Leiter asked in a queer, humble voice, utterly unlike that in which he thundered at his men.

"Never! I've wanted to be," Sheldon answered hopefully, that the note of sympathy might not be lost.

"There's a girl in Brooklyn—"

Leiter went on as if he had not heard.

"I was livin' in the East for a spell when I met her—a quiet little woman—and one of those steady men they breed there, was courtin' her. She ought to have married him; he hadn't any wild blood, nor rovin' blood. He couldn't have rove beyond the corner grocery, but he probably would have made her a good husband. Anyways, he was after her when I come along. I sailed in an' took her. She was the first woman I'd ever wanted to marry and I kind o' frightened her into it, bullied her, held her up! That's where I made my mistake. You can't lasso your wife, like she was cattle."

"She was always sort o' timid with me. She didn't say much and I used to think she took it out in cookin'. She was an awful good cook. But somehow, she didn't seem happy, and then that other man used to drop in, just to show her, I guess, what she'd missed."

"I gave her all the rope she wanted, though I was burnin' up with jealousy some days, and restless, too, wantin' to go back West. Seemed like I hadn't elbow room in that little town."

"I'm gettin' to the point—I came home one night late. There was a supper keepin' hot for me in the kitchen, the table set for one, the lamp lighted on it, and under the lamp a note. It said:

"I'm not the wife for you, Jim. Don't look for me—"

"I don't know what I did for a while. Next thing I knew I was stridin' down the road to the depot, talking to myself. I talked to myself all the way West, I guess, for I nearly got locked up. What they did to the house, I don't know to this day. I left it just as it was, with the supper in the oven and the lamp lighted. I tore up her note—that was all—to keep their tongues from waggin'."

Sheldon gazed into the fire. He pictured the little wife, young and slim and fresh-cheeked, shrinking from her tornado of a husband. Leiter was enough to frighten any woman, yet Sheldon knew that he could be as gentle as a girl.

"I've got a theory, Leiter."

"Well?"

"She never went away with that man."

"What makes you think so?"

"A woman married to you might run away with a man like you but not with—"

"Reuben Joy," Leiter supplied.

"Now that I know his name, I'm quite certain she didn't run away with him. Did you look for her that night?"

"Look for her! What do you mean?"

"Why, go through the house, of course, go upstairs and see whether her hat was there and the hatpins on the cushion, and the little bag she took marketin'?"

Leiter stared as if he'd been struck.

"How did you know about that bag?"

"I didn't. But every woman has one."

"I believe you've been married," Leiter said, suspiciously.

"No, but there's a girl in Brooklyn—"

Leiter interrupted. "Look for her! Why didn't I look for her?—but she said, 'Don't look for me.'"

"That's what she wrote," Sheldon said, "but only God knows what she meant. Now, see here, you old government mule of a tormented idiot, you get leave from headquarters tomorrow and start East, and I'll wager you a hundred dollars to a box of sardines that you'll find her where you left her and longing for you to come in and track her best carpet with your boots, like you used to do!"

Leiter heaved a long, reminiscent sigh. His lean, brown hand grasped Sheldon's for a moment.

"If she's there," he said, contritely, "I'll leave my boots at the door. I used to make her a lot o' work forgettin' to wipe my boots."

Four days later, Leiter rode away from the desolate camp toward civilization and his hopes were about equally balanced with his fears. Sheldon watched him until horse and rider were a mere speck on the horizon and then turned back, strangely lonely and homesick, to the society of the Chinese cook and the half-breed laborers.

A fortnight passed, and one day the half-breed who acted as postmaster to the camp came riding in with a budget of mail from the East. Sheldon sifted the letters hurriedly for one from Leiter, and found it. It bore the postmark of a little town in Massachusetts. He tore it open and read:

"I'm home! Got here about dark. The lamp was lighted, and she had a hot supper like she was expectin' me—said she'd been expectin' me for a year. She'd gotten down in the month, before it all happened—thought I didn't care for her—thought she wasn't makin' me the right kind of a wife."

"She never got far that night. She came runnin' home, cryin' home, after she got started a little ways. She said that though she still thought I didn't love her she knew once she got on the run that she loved me. She was upstairs gettin' off her things when I came in and found her note—gettin' off her things and cryin'. You was right."

"I'm bringin' her West—she's never been West—says she wants to see the camp. You can fire the Chinese heathen; and Kid, when we hit the camp, Mary and I, I'll get you leave of absence to look up that girl in Brooklyn."

Scenes of Beauty in Siamese Swamps

If you ride out from Bangkok, Siam, on the state railway toward the north to Ayutthia, for instance, where the rare visitor may go to see the ruins of ancient wonders, you pass through blue and silver swamps, says Atlantic Monthly.

The landscape looks very often as if a flood were just subsiding. In full ditches along the track float huge pinelike flowers. The paddy fields, all grace and pearly whiteness, fly in the yellow sunshine. Clumps of tiny thatched dwellings are lifted out of water on stilts. Under them in the ditches and in the flooded rice fields themselves bulking everywhere, are the clumsy, gray-black buffaloes, domestic slaves and best friends of Siamese farmers.

Banana trees grow around the huts or anywhere they can catch hold, and their flat dark leaves, springing stemless from the ground, are like weeds in a fantastic dream. Thickets of bamboo and tall sugar palms make a pleasant edge of green for the glistening wetness of the fields.

In such entrancing scenes the peasants live amid lotus flowers and thoughts of Buddha, water, buffaloes and muddy toil, malaria, mosquitoes and the hookworm.

Youth's Predicament Frankly Explained

They had been discussing embarrassing experiences, and it was Joseph Brown's turn. "Well," he said, "I've never forgotten an incident that happened when I was twelve years old. Ten of us boys were visiting the home of a neighbor, and though I wore the best pants I had, they were threadbare. They looked all right, but lacked resistance."

"During playtime I forgot all about them until, in climbing a fence, they suddenly parted. Mother was not at home, so I took a chance and stayed where I was."

"It was just my luck when we fled across the porch for dinner, that I was last in the procession and in the doorway were a bunch of girls. I managed to squeeze in front of one of the other boys and everything would have been all right if one of the girls hadn't remarked that I must be awfully hungry to be in such a hurry."

"Now, he ain't hungry," piped up the lad behind me. "He's just tryin' to run away from the hole in his breeches."—Los Angeles Times.

Two "New Breeds" Are Investigated

Believed That "Turken" Is
Nothing Else Than Trans-
sylvania Naked-Neck.

There is no lure like that of the cross of widely separated species of animals and birds. That nature frowns on such crosses is evidenced by the failure of repeated and persistent experiments under favorable conditions. Where progeny has followed violent crossings, it is sterile as a rule. The Department of Agriculture has issued a press release in this connection, which is as follows:

"The United States Department of Agriculture has received many requests from all parts of the country for information concerning two so-called new 'breeds' of poultry, the 'Turken' and the 'Kiwi.' The department has been aware of advertisements concerning these new and novel 'breeds,' for which some rather remarkable claims have been made. The advertisements and literature describing the origin and qualities of these 'breeds' seem to have aroused much interest on the part of the public, since the department has received several urgent requests for an explanation regarding the reliability of the claims made."

How "Turken" Was Produced.

"The statements in the advertisements and literature claim that the 'turken' was originally produced by crossing a male turkey with a female chicken, and that the 'Kiwi' was produced by crossing a male ostrich with a female chicken."

"Successful crosses have been made between the pheasant and the chicken, and in practically every case the progeny has been of the male sex and sterile. Also, successful crosses have been made between the guinea and the chicken, and here again the sex of the progeny has almost invariably been male and the hybrids have been sterile."

Both of these crosses have been made with great difficulty and, so far as known, no cross giving any progeny has ever been reported between the turkey and the chicken. Furthermore, it is highly improbable that the progeny, if any have ever been secured, would breed at all, and certainly not readily. In such wide or violent crosses the progeny is always sterile, and the claim for the 'Turken,' which is reported to be the hybrid progeny of a cross between the turkey and the chicken, is in all probability not founded on fact."

Is Naked-Necked Chicken.

"One other point must be made concerning the so-called 'Turken.' The illustrations accompanying the advertisements and literature are in all probability photographs of the Transylvania Naked-neck chickens. According to the best information obtainable this odd-looking breed originated in West India, and the characteristic naked neck has bred true for many years. It is a distinct character of the breed. The department believes that the so-called 'Turken' is nothing else than the Transylvania Naked-neck chicken, which apparently possesses no qualities superior to the more important standard breeds and varieties, and has not been shown to be particularly well adapted to conditions in many parts of our country."

"As far as the reported cross giving rise to the 'Kiwi' is concerned, there is much less evidence to support such a cross than in the case of the 'Turken.' This is too violent a cross to produce any results whatever."

"The burden of proof that such crosses as those giving rise to the 'Turken' and the 'Kiwi' must remain with the sponsors of such novel productions. In the meantime, the interests of the public should be safeguarded."

Feed to Maintain Cows of Different Weights

Extensive detailed experiments have been made to determine the average amount of protein and other food nutrients needed to maintain cows of different weights. Also, the different feeds have been tested to determine the average amounts of digestible protein and other nutrients. This data has been arranged in table form and may be found in various books, experiment station bulletins, etc., but is too extensive to reproduce here. These experiments also show the amounts of food nutrients required to produce different amounts of milk. By taking the data from these tables, showing how much is required, the balanced ration is worked out by grouping together the necessary amounts of the different feeds to give the correct total and proportion of nutrients. Rations as worked out by this process can only serve as a guide because of the great variation in individual cows, but they are very valuable in actually obtaining the best rations."

Exercise Mare and Foal in Cool of the Evening

In the evening when it is cool and the flies are inactive, turn the mare and foal out on pasture. This will allow the colt to get plenty of exercise, grass, and fresh air with the least possible interference from flies. When the mare is not working, the pasture is the best place for both mare and foal, but they should be provided with shade of some sort. When natural shade is not available, a cheap structure should be built to meet the needs. Hang a few sacks under the trees or in the shed so that the mare and foal can use them to chase off flies.

Prepare Early for Filling the Silo

Arrange for Help, Power
and Cutting Equipment.

Plan early for the important work of filling the silo. Arrange for your help, power and cutting equipment. Make measurements for placing cutter and power. Plan to have a clear road to the cutter and also one leading, so that the loads of fodder can easily be brought to the machine and leave without requiring backing or difficulties in getting away. Select a good foundation for the cutter and set up blower pipe as nearly vertical as possible so as to avoid friction and unnecessary length of pipe. The machine should be set level and securely fastened by stakes and by sinking grooves for wheels. In putting up blower pipe or carrier, care should be taken to securely fasten top at entrance to roof. In building your silo it is well to construct a ladder reaching from top door to outside opening at roof so that it will be easy for a man to go to the top of an empty silo and open the roof door to lower rope or pulley for elevating pipe or carrier.

Corn should be fairly well matured, for at this time the plant contains its greatest amount of food material. This stage may be determined by observing the denting of the corn, the drying of the bottom leaves or some of the outside husks.

The early dent stage is that period when the corn is best matured for putting in shocks. If the corn be sowed thick in drills or broadcast, its maturity can be determined by tassels and silk. With cane, kafir corn or milo make the same rule will hold true as to maturity. If the corn is overmatured it will be necessary to add water which can best be done by using a hose and putting the water in at the blower, using from one-half to one barrel per load according to the dryness of the fodder. Where the silage is to be used for fattening, rather than milk production, it is important that the corn be mature, and for this purpose it is best to plant an early variety in those sections where a later one will not mature.

Renovating Strawberry Bed Soon After Harvest

The strawberry patch which has borne one crop should be renovated soon after harvest. This is done by plowing out the plants on either one or both sides of the row, leaving a strip only about four inches wide. The soil of the plowed land is thoroughly cultivated and if a spike-toothed harrow is used, cross-cultivation may be practiced so that a good bed is made for the new runner plants. Under good soil conditions these will start to row within a short time and will make a row of new plants 12 to 16 inches wide by early fall. The new plants are confined to the proper width by continuing cultivation until they cease to grow. Usually it does not pay to renovate a commercial strawberry patch that has already produced two crops, although a home patch, under very favorable conditions, may be allowed to yield three and sometimes four crops.

"Hard Luck" With Pigs Result of Wrong Feeds

A great deal of so-called "hard luck" with young pigs soon after farrowing can be traced directly to improper feeding and in most cases to over-feeding of the sows. Just because a sow seems hungry just after farrowing is no index that she should receive feed.

A liberal supply of water should always be available. This will usually satisfy and quiet the sow. She should receive very little feed for at least 24 hours after farrowing. The first few feeds of grain should be light and fed in the form of thick slop. She should not be on full feed for from six to ten days after farrowing.

FARM FACTS

Few things give more and cost less than a woodlot.

Watch the garden for unwelcome insect visitors. A bug in time saves nine—and the garden sassa.

Alfalfa is not only a soil enricher of outstanding merit; it is the best of all forage crops for dairy cattle.

Lots of loose talk about the poor class of help on the farms made one farmer inquire if better living quarters wouldn't attract a better grade of men.

During hot weather it is very necessary that the buckets from which calves are fed be kept clean and sterilized; since dirty buckets are a common cause of calf scours. Bacteria develop rapidly at this time of year and an unwashed bucket soon becomes very unsanitary.

Window glass filters out certain valuable sun rays. On a test at the New Jersey experiment station 1,000 chicks kept behind glass averaged one-fourth pound each at the end of 12 weeks. Two hundred chicks of the same age and fed the same ration, but kept outdoors, weighed 1½ pounds.

Arrested Eloquence

A recent suggestion in the British house of commons to limit the time of debaters in the house recalls some past drastic methods with long-winded speakers. It has often been told how the "good" Lord Shaftesbury used to pull down discursive orators by their coat tails, but Bishop Sam Wilberforce was occasionally even more unkind. In the days when Exeter hall was the great May meeting place an orator

rather low down in the program who had prepared a lengthy speech said to Wilberforce, as he noticed that people were beginning to leave, "It's hardly worth my speaking; they evidently don't expect me." "To be sure they do," replied Sam, "don't you see they're all going?"

Two Bits of History

England's acquisition of Canada was largely due to the advice given by Benjamin Franklin when England

was bartering with France to obtain Guadeloupe. The French declined to grant Guadeloupe and offered Canada instead, and Great Britain gave in upon the suggestion of Franklin. Another interesting international trade was United States' deal for Alaska in 1867, then called by opponents "Seward's Lump of Ice" and "Seward's Ice." The purchase for \$7,200,000 was then regarded as a national scandal. In one year the canned-salmon production of Alaska exceeded \$28,000,000.