

THE DUKE'S VICTORY

By Louise Robinson Rhodes

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"Who is she?" asked Harry Mathews as a woman came down the steps of the Echo building and passed them, with a bright nod at Tom.

Tom watched the diminutive figure out of sight and bestowed an envious glance upon the young man who was doing escort duty before he replied:

"The Duke, with her arms full of flowers, as usual."

"The Duke?" repeated Harry. "Is she—ab—nice?"

"See here, my young friend, if you don't want all Newspaper row on your cervix don't put any question mark after 'nice' when you speak of the Duke!" replied Tom, his eyes flashing angrily, as if he were inclined to begin hostilities without waiting for the rest of the row.

Harry put the Times bulletin between them before he stammered: "Didn't mean anything disagreeable, Tom. I don't know her, but I wish I did."

Groups of men came straggling out of the offices of The Times, Herald and Echo just then and, joining forces, made their way to a restaurant around the corner.

When hunger had been satisfied and cigars lighted, Tom motioned toward Harry, saying: "Boys, there's a fellow who doesn't know the Duke and never worked on The Echo!"

Just then Billy Holliday came in, and some one shouted: "Say, Billy, here's a fellow who doesn't know the Duke!"

"Tell him, Billy," called another, and every man settled into his customary attitude for listening to a favorite story. Billy sank into a chair with every appearance of extreme exhaustion. Appropriating whatever delicacies the others had not appreciated, he consumed them while waiting for his own order to be served.

When the clamor for the story became uproarious, Billy began: "Once a society editor surprised the row by getting married. Then Bessie Wellington appeared on The Echo. She was such a little slip of a thing and had such a pathetically frightened look in the eyes that the boys began to call her the Iron Duke, and the Duke she's been ever since."

"It was her first job, and she was eager for work. Land knows, she got enough of it! The typewriter bothered her, and punctuation was a pitfall. She did her work over and over again, trying to please Knap, who wouldn't have been satisfied with an angel from heaven. It used to seem to me he rang her bell every ten minutes. She would come flying down the hall to the local room, her dimples turned inside out and her mouth shut hard so it wouldn't quiver. Then she'd go back pink to the ears, and the boys would pound the typewriter to bits. We used to make bits of copy to her all ready to go up. I fell into the habit of collecting personals and club notes and even a wedding now and then, and Larry, there, was taken for a society reporter for quite awhile."

Larry shield a crust of bread at Billy, who deftly caught it and returned the compliment before he continued:

"One Friday night, when she was getting up her Sunday page, I passed the door just as Knap bounded into her room. His head looked as if he had been clawing out handfella. 'See here!' he yelled. 'Didn't I tell you to get in the Tubville social before midnight?' 'It's almost ready,' said the Duke and bent over her typewriter in a little heap."

"After the Tubville was in and work slackened up a bit I carried in a sandwich and made her eat it while I wrote ground out some more for her. While I was working the fire gong sounded an alarm, but the presses were going, and I never tried to count it. Anyhow, Bobby always did fires alone unless they were very big ones."

"After awhile Knap bolted into the room. His face was white as chalk. His mouth opened once or twice, but he couldn't speak. At last he gasped: 'We're out of the fire! The fire's out!' 'We're out of the fire!' said the Duke and there the street was filled with engines and trucks, and we had never heard a thing."

"Miss Wellington turned pretty white, but her voice was steady as she asked: 'Are there many of us up here?'"

"Three in the telegraph room and four or five in the local," said Knap, moistening his lips. "We didn't think it was serious, and I forgot your being here."

"We all went down the hall to the local room. The fire was belching from the fourth story window now, and the smoke was getting thick. One of the telegraph men kept his desk, and was actually sending an account of the fire over the Associated Press wire. We wandered from window to window for hours, it seemed to me, but it could not really have been for many minutes. The smoke was coming in clouds, and we could hear the fire now."

"At last the crowd in the street saw us. I hope I'll never hear that sound again. My God! I wake up sometimes now with that moan in my ears, and it nearly drives me mad. It seemed the moan of human misery and made us realize what was before us. We had been stunned before, but then bedlam broke loose. Some moaned and cried. Some shrieked and swore. And still the man at the key kicked out his message, giving our names, we found afterwards. He had a pistol lying beside his hand."

"Knap raced from one end of the building to the other, shrieking for help, but even we could not bear him in the increasing roar of the fire. The sixth story was a mass of flames, and we were on the eighth."

"All at once the little Duke began clanging at our sleeves. At last we understood that she wanted us to follow her. She thought she had a chance. We followed her, all but the telegraph man, who shook his head hopelessly and held up the revolver."

"The Duke ran to her room and threw open the window. Beyond and extending to the end of the building was the fire. It was a great sight of the



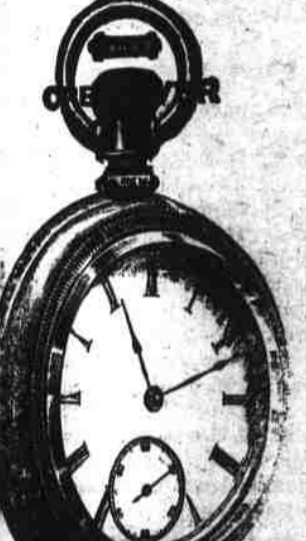
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"Whirling Dervishes" Fanatics Who Perform Many Wonderful Tricks.

Every circus or wild west show that comes to town has a "whirling dervish" for one of its attractions, and they are certainly wonderful creatures. They are Mohammedans from Persia, a set of men who devote or are supposed to devote their entire time to religion and are perhaps as nearly like monks as anything else. Fasting for days at a time, with continual prayer, at least affects their minds, and they think they see wonderful visions, which they disclose to their superstitious brothers, over whom they have great influence. They are always miserably poor, living on charity, and earn what little they have by being hired to mourn at funerals or to conduct religious ceremonies.

Some of these men perform wonderful tricks, such as fire eating, juggling and walking on broken glass. How they do them will never be known, but they are supposed to be invested with supernatural power, which is of course untrue. We are all familiar with the "whirling" of the dervishes. This takes years of practice, but finally they become so expert and are so used to it that they can "whirl" for hours without becoming dizzy.

A Hoof Instand.

Among Queen Alexandra's most cherished possessions is an odd memento of her mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, in the shape of a gold mounted instand. Now, there are instands and instands, and the one I speak of is that it was made from the hoof of the queen's favorite riding horse. Cleaned, polished and artistically mounted in gold, with a chased gold cover and cut glass wheel, it forms a curio and memento of exceptional interest.

An Experiment.

It is very wonderful what effects are produced by different kinds of light. Here is an experiment to try with the help of a "growlup." Put in a soup plate a few tablespoonfuls of salt, then pour enough alcohol over the salt to thoroughly saturate it. Put the dish in the middle of a table in a perfectly dark room and ask your guests to sit around it. Light the mixture and see how peculiar each person will look.

How Willie Spelled Hash.

Teacher—Willie, can you tell us what this spells, r-e-f-r-i-g-e-r-a-t-o-r?

Willie Starvem (the landlady's son)—Um—l! Why—er—er—

Teacher—Come. What does your mother put the cold meat and vegetables in?

Willie Starvem (brightening)—Hash!

When Godfrey Grows.

I wonder when it is I grow!

It's in the night, I guess;

My clothes go on so very hard

Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough.

It's cause I am so slow;

But then she never stops to think

That children grow and grow.

I wonder when I can't find out.

Why I watch Tommy Pitt

In school for hours, and I can't see

Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same;

There's so much else to do

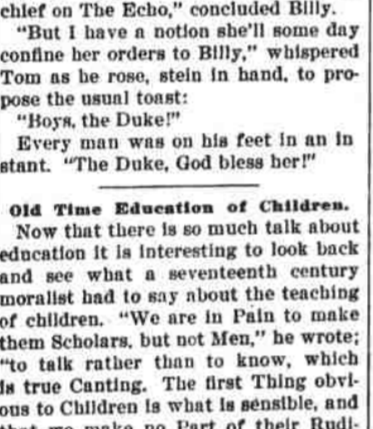
In school and play, so I must grow

At night, I think don't you?

—Lilla Thomas Elder in Youth's Companion.

A Tangle of Automobiles.

A man had six automobiles, A, B, C, D, E and F, stored in two buildings connected by a passage, as shown in the picture. Each building could accommodate exactly three vehicles. The passage was just wide enough for one and just



long enough for three, and in the middle of it was a recess (marked "Refuge" in the picture) which would hold one automobile. He succeeded in moving the automobiles so as to bring A, B and C from the upper building to the lower and D, E and F from the lower building to the upper without taking any of them out of the enclosure. How did he do it?—New York Herald.

He Brought Them.

Mrs. Slangay—Surely, John, you haven't brought any one home to dinner!

Mr. Slangay—Sure, I have. Have you not got any grub for 'em?

Mrs. Slangay—Of course not. You told me you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner.

Mr. Slangay—Well, that's them in the parlor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Limit.

A young swell wore a new style evening coat at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, the other night. It was a swallowtail, with velvet collar and a pocket for a handkerchief in the left breast. A tiny lace handkerchief peeped from the pocket.

FEATHERED CURIOSITIES.

China Has a Breed of the Longest Tailed Fowls in the World.

An interior province of China has produced one of the most remarkable curiosities in the shape of long tailed fowls in the world. Two specimens, recently brought to light and which were kept in the imperial household gardens, are illustrated. The cock has feathers six feet long and the hen a flowing tail twelve feet long. There are four varieties—white head and body, with feathers and tail black; white all over, with yellow legs; red neck and body feathers, and reddish color mixed with white of body.

All of these except the second variety have black tail feathers. As great

Milking is an operation which requires skill, as it has an important effect on the amount and quality of milk given. Dairywomen know that there are as great differences between milkers as between cows and that cows will do much better with good milkers than with others. Indeed good cows are often almost ruined by poor milkers.

The milker should avoid handling the cow more than is necessary, and he should make it a rule to do his work quickly and thoroughly. He should never go from a sick to a well cow without first cleansing his hands. The habit of wetting the hands with milk is filthy in the extreme and should never be practiced. Some people think it is necessary, but this is a mistake. The hands should be kept dry. If they are not, it is impossible to prevent drops of milk from constantly falling from them into the pail.

The pail should be held close to the udder so as to expose the milk to the air as little as possible. The farther the streams fall and the more they spray the more dirt and bacteria they collect. Contamination from the fore-milk must be avoided by discarding the first few streams drawn, or less than a gill in all. This entails little loss, as the first milk drawn is always poor in butter fat, and if it happens to be badly contaminated, as is frequently the case, much injury and trouble may be saved.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Canadian Butter Problem.

It is somewhat strange that, although the summer and fall creamery butter of the province of Quebec is of a finer grade than that of the same make of western, yet the winter make of western is superior to that of Quebec. We can only account for this on the assumption that the western farmers feed their cows with more suitable food in the winter than do the farmers of this province, who use turnips and other less desirable feed, or else the western men have superior facilities in their factories during the cold weather for turning out creamery butter than we have in the province of Quebec; but, whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that western made winter creamery is generally finer than Quebec winter creamery, although the case is reversed during summer and fall. In proof of this more money was paid for western creamery the past winter than for Quebec creamery.—Montreal Trade Bulletin.

Dairy Husbandry.

A course of study in judging dairy products has just been introduced in the dairy husbandry department of the College of Agriculture at the University of Illinois. The course is principally designed for students in general agriculture and includes a brief treatment of the subject of dairy sanitation, the production of milk and the methods employed for the manufacture of common dairy products. Following this, great stress will be laid on the proper selection of milk and the judging of butter and cheese. In judging the products score cards are used to illustrate the relative importance of each of the points to be considered essential in a standard product. The object of the course is to give the student who specializes in lines of agriculture other than dairying an opportunity to gain a proper conception of the qualities good dairy products should possess.

Massachusetts Leads.

Massachusetts has a new law relating to the Babcock milk test. All persons who use the test to determine the value of milk or cream either to the producer or purchaser are amenable to the law. Since the law went into operation 5,610 pieces of glassware have been inspected by the state authorities, and 84 per cent have been found defective. Forty-nine candidates have been examined, and all but two have passed as being fitted to operate the test. Forty machines have been examined, and twenty were found good, eleven partially out of repair, and nine were condemned.

The foregoing record gives evidence of the need of such a law in every state.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Daily Waste.

There is one item that is often overlooked in the keeping of cows, and especially so of dairy cows, and that is daily waste. There is practically the same whether the animal is a good milker or a poor one. In all cases the food necessary for the support of animal life and to make up the daily waste must come first, and then the milk or beef comes next after this is taken out. If the animal gives a small amount of milk, the cost of food as waste in proportion to the amount of milk secured is greater than with a large amount of milk, and of course this profit is decreased accordingly. Feeding poor cows in the dairy is practically a waste of feed.—Agricola.

What is a Profitable Heifer?

A California reader asks how much milk a heifer should give, and with what average test, to be considered worth keeping.

It is quite impracticable to give a direct answer to an inquiry of this character, says Hoard's Dairyman, first, because heifers vary so much in the quantity of milk and its fat content, and second, because it very frequently happens that a better with first calf, for reasons that cannot be explained, fails to do herself justice. We should hesitate to condemn a well bred heifer even though she might do very poorly the first year. But ordinarily we expect our heifers with first calf to give three-fourths to one pound of fat per day and keep this up as an average for several months.

Cost of Improved Roads.

Three thousand dollars per mile is the standard estimate of the cost of building macadam roads of first class quality. The cost varies, of course, with quality of soil, accessibility of raw material, and so on. Some road builders contend that the cost in Illinois can be brought as low as \$1,500 or \$1,800 a mile.—Chicago Evening Post.



Dairy and Creamery.

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Cowpeas for Chickens.

The thing that is most wanted by all who keep chickens is something that pecks away in winter. According to the Southern Planter it is to be found in cowpeas. If so, the south should be the great egg producing region. The editor of that paper says:

During the past week a subscriber called on us and in the course of conversation said: "I had a wonderful egg yield from my hens last winter, and I want to tell the farmers how I secured it. I had an acre or two of cowpeas planted in the buildings. In consequence of scarceness of labor I was unable to get all the peas gathered—in fact, a large part of them remained. I decided to let the vines and peas die down on the land and let there all winter. The hens soon found the peas, and they literally lived on the patch until spring and gave us eggs in quantity all the time." This report as to the value of cowpeas as a winter feed is confirmed by a report from a gentleman from Maryland who followed the same plan. His hens harvested the peas from a plot of ground last winter, with the result that he had eggs when none of his neighbors had any. We have before advised the feeding of cowpeas to hens, as their richness in protein indicates that they should make eggs.

Feeding Bran.

Bran is excellent for poultry, and one peck is better than five of corn. It contains a much larger proportion of lime than any other cheap food derived from grain, and as the shells of eggs are composed of lime it is essential that food rich in lime be provided. It may be urged that the use of oyster shells will provide lime, but it will be found that it is the lime in the food that is most serviceable, because it is in a form that can be better digested and assimilated than carbonate of lime. Clover is also rich in lime, and when a mass of cut clover and bran is given the fowls they will need no oyster shells or other mineral matter. Do not forget that in summer, however, all kinds of foods should be used with judgment. If the hens have a free range, give no food at all as long as they are laying, but if they begin to fall off let bran be the leading ingredient of the food allowed. In winter the bran and clover are even more essential, as the fowls cannot then secure green food on the range.—Poultry Keeper.

Regulator for Brooder.

A brooder with heat regulator is preferable, although your chicks should be watched closely. If they are comfortable, they cuddle down contentedly; if too warm, their wings outstretch, while if too cold they pile up. Hot air is better than hot water, as the heat is more easily regulated. With hot air on warm days you may turn the fame of the lamp down or even put it out, knowing that you can heat the brooder to 85 degrees in fifteen or twenty minutes, while with hot water you cannot do this, as it takes several hours to get up heat; consequently hot air takes less oil and labor.

A dispatch from Butte, Mont., says a son was born to the wife of W. A. Clark, Jr., Monday night, winning the \$1,000,000 gift Senator W. A. Clark offered to his sons and daughters a year ago for the first grandson presented him. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Morris, of New York, recently gave birth to a daughter, Senator Clark, who is in Paris, has been notified by cable of the arrival of the prize winner.

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THE TRUST CUTS PRICES TO HEAD OFF THE COMPETITION OF PRIVATE CONCERNS.

Baltimore Sun.

The industrial combines are reducing prices in certain lines under the stress of competition from individual firms. A heavy reduction has just been made in "merchandise" by the National Tube Company of Pittsburgh. The cut is 10 per cent, or more. This makes four distinct articles in steel on which heavy cuts in prices have occurred in the last two months. First the American Sheet Steel Trust cut the price \$5 a ton. Then the American Steel and Wire Trust cuts its products \$4 a ton, and last the American Tinplate Trust cut tinplate 40 cents a box. The object of these reductions is not so much to benefit the consumer as to increase sales, while at the same time fighting small rivals. The United States Steel Trust—to which the companies making sheets, pipe, tinplates and wire products belong—has found that the small mills have been getting many of their orders, and the cuts are sufficient to drive most of the latter out of business. There is in consequence not a little commotion among the smaller producers whose works are less economical in operation than those of the great steel combine. The effect of the cut in "sheets" and tinplate has already been felt in an increased demand. Mills which have been lying idle have resumed activity, or are about to do so. There is no intention, it is believed, to make further reductions of price at present or in the near future. Nor are the reduced prices a sign of decreased consumption. "They are the result," says the Iron Age, "of an increase in productive capacity. The independent producers have not only become more numerous, and have not only enlarged their facilities, but the constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation have also increased their output. The aggregate capacity in each line has therefore been swollen to a point in excess of the requirements of the country. Great as the consumption is at present, the productive facilities have gone beyond it. The position of the independent manufacturers is likely, from this time forward, to be somewhat uncomforable, except in the case of those having their own supplies of raw material."



A PAIR OF THE LONG TAILS.

length as eighteen feet has been reached. From seven to eleven feet, however, is the usual length. The tail grows about four inches a month and continues to grow while the bird lives, which is eight to ten years. When older, the tail grows about seven inches a month. The hens lay in the spring and autumn, one bird producing thirty eggs yearly, which are hatched by other hens. The tails of the cocks are cut to allow of their walking freely, and their lives are a little longer than that of the hen. The tail feathers are not kept wound up, but are always allowed to hang free. When they touch the ground in the cage, a bamboo is put a little way back, so as to form an arch. The birds sit all day on a flat perch three inches wide and are only taken out once in two days and allowed to walk for half an hour or so, a man holding their tails to prevent them from getting torn or soiled. Twice a month they are washed in hot water. They like plenty of water and are wonderfully tame.

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