

BUMBLE BEE TOOK TO DRINK

EVIL INFLUENCES OF JOB'S BREEZY BACK ROOM.

A Career That Begun With an Innocent Appearing Lump of Sugar Wet With Whiskey and Wound Up Apparently With Suicide in a Water Pitcher.

Goshes, N. Y.—"I see you hain't got any cool and breezy back room here, where bumblebees can fly in and out and be started on the downward path, and I'm glad of it," said a man who wore a chauffeur's cap and goggles, but who came in on the Pine Island train and carried a buggy whip. "It'll maybe save you from worry of conscience, and say like as not you can sit down and discuss to a finish whether it isn't better after the fact to ice coffee or lemonade or ginger pop when the weather's hot."

"What I ought to talk about, I s'pose," said he, "is the drought, but I dislike the subject. It carries painful suggestions. There is more on my mind just now than drought. Down in Jersey, where I live, Job Stretcher keeps a place. It has a cool and breezy back room. One of the hot days last month me and a friend of mine, business being slack, went into Job's back room and ordered it sent to us there while we discussed whether it wasn't better after all to stick to ice coffee or lemonade or ginger pop. We were discussing it when a big bumblebee came booming in through a window. While it was buzzing about I squirted a little out of the siphon on a lump of sugar that lay on the table. By and by the bee lit on the moistened lump, loaded himself and went booming out of the window."

"That incident of course interrupted me and my friend, but we were getting back to the argument when that bumblebee came booming back again after another loaf of that good sugar water. My friend's a quick thinker."

"Wonder how a snoutful or so of this would strike this busy improver of each shining hour?" said he, and he poured some of the highball bottle on the sugar. "The bee came right along toward the lump, but as he hovered over it he tacked away quickly and lit on the table. He dawdled around awhile, though, and then seeming to make up his mind that maybe everything was all right he came up to the sugar, stuck his bill into it and got one good long sip without pausing for breath. Then he lit on the sugar as if it had been a red hot coal and sped away to the window sill, where he lit and pondered."

"Level head," said I. "Not tarrying long at the tanglefoot for his."

"We sat there thinking it over, taking up again the propriety of sticking to lemonade or ice coffee or ginger pop when the bumblebee came buzzing merrily, almost hilariously, back to the table and plumped down near the doctor's sweet. One look at the lively little critter settled it. He was altogether too cocky for there to be any mistake about it. He was bit."

"He didn't wait a second, but shot his order in for another right away. He took it and stepped back, humped himself a little as if he had kind of grabbed his breath and then lifted himself on his feet, the full length of his legs and pranced around like he owned the whole of everything in sight. Oh, he was feeling just elegant."

"It'd be a real good time to call it off right now, old boy," said I. "Better chop it off as it stands now," said I. "But the bumblebee didn't. He danced and pranced and stepped high a while and then sipped another one. Then he went rolling over to where a fly was sitting on the table looking at the bee and maybe thinking about trying some of that sugar itself. The bee tried to get up a little game of tag with the fly, but the fly didn't seem to be a good sport and flew away."

"I noticed when the bee started back to hit it up again after his failure to induce the fly to come out and play with him that he was getting groggy. His legs kind of wobbled and he wobbled myself now for not closing the bar on him right then and there, but my friend said:

"Aw, let him git gay! He's a hard working critter, the bee is, and as long as he has trotted out for a good time why not let him have it and be done with it?"

"So I let it go. The bumblebee thrived in a couple of summers more, and then I guess he thought it was time to go home. But his wings wouldn't flop. He tried it two or three times. Then he gave it up. He railed fenced it over as far as the foot of the siphon and stretched himself out there, dead to the world."

"Then I swept the doped sugar off of the table, and the interruption over me and my friend sat there, guess, half an hour, discussing whether, after all, ice coffee or lemonade or ginger pop wouldn't be better to stick to, and would maybe have come to a vote on it pretty soon when we noticed that the bumblebee was coming back. He raised his head and looked around, while he pressed it with his forelegs and held it between 'em, just exactly as if it hurt him."

"The way of the transgressor, son!" said I, pouring a little pool of water on the table.

"The bumblebee after nursing his head a while made for the water, and I thought he was never going to let go of it. My friend wanted to dope another lump of sugar and give him a brace, but I said no, sir. He'd had his lesson. Now let him get over it right, and he'll be good, I says. After dallying with the water the bee got up a little leery yet and winged his way out of the window."

"Once'll be about enough for him," said I. "No more of it in his, you bet you!"

"Then it had got late and I had to go to the cows and milk 'em, so me and my friend said we'd git together some other time."

"Next day every once in a while some one came and told Job that a slapping big bumblebee was making things unpleasant in his back room, tearing around like mad, as if he was looking for something he couldn't find. The bee of the day before I knew at once, and I supposed, of course, having got well over his jag, he had gone to work all right again, improving each shining hour, and was now after some more of that good honey stuff he had got out of the sugar I had wet for him. Hadn't the least idea in the world the critter was back looking for the old stuff again, he was back on his lesson."

"I went in, and I saw a lump of sugar with water, and by and by in came

Be just a-tearing. He lit on the sugar, sniffed around it and then got up off it madder than snakes. He sniffed and dipped around that room like a hen with her head off. Plain to the eye then as a new and barn. It was the old stuff for his. See it out. I turned the highball bottle loose on the lump of sugar. The bee settled down on it as peaceful as a lamb. And pretty soon he had his load.

"You're on the toboggan for the bad, son!" said I. "I see your finish!"

"But he didn't sleep it off there this time. Got so he could handle it better and thought he'd take it home with him. He went out of the window with it, but not on a bee-line. He was soured to the guards."

"And so it went on. That bee got to be a regular sitter in Job's place and the worst soak you ever saw. Job wanted to put him out of the way more than once, but the boys wouldn't have it. Not even when one day a meek and timid looking bumblebee not more than half his size came and hung around him kind of coaxing, and he by and by got furious and pitched in and licked that little bee unmercifully and drove it out did Job and his business right on the spot, for it never occurred to him until quite a while afterward that the timid little bee was maybe the big one's poor wife come to ask him to go home."

"That disolute bee swelled up to be twice his natural size, and every once in a while lately we noticed that he was getting wild looking and now and then raced around the room like mad, exactly as if something was after him. The other day he had hit up three lumps of doped sugar before he seemed to be able to quiet down. I went in the back room after a while, and not seeing him I looked around. He was in the water pitcher, dead. Drowned. Accident, the boys say. Maybe so, but I say suicide. It doesn't make any difference, though. I'm glad he's gone. Now maybe me and my friend can get together and settle that question of the ice coffee or lemonade or ginger pop being better, after all, to stick to. Wish he were here now, for I see you ain't got no cool breezy back room where bumblebees can slip in and be started on the downward path and interrupt discussions. As to that question, though, I'm ready to say eyes to either side of it without waiting for my friend if anybody wants to git up and put it to a vote."

"Nobody seemed so inclined, and by and by the man put on his goggles and went out with the burden of his unfinished business and his worry of conscience."

AGAINST CRUELTY.

No Docked Horses in Queen Alexandra's Stable.

(Vancouver Sun.)

For those who imagine it is necessary to dock horses' tails and mutilate their manes in order to be fashionable the action of Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, in refusing a gift of horses thus mutilated, is commended for consideration.

A number of Canadian ladies presented the Queen with a pair of beautiful drivers, which when purchased bore natural manes and tails. They were put in charge of a veterinary surgeon for transmission to their august recipient. The veterinary, with the officiousness which characterizes a few of the profession, on his own responsibility docked the tails and cropped the manes of the horses.

When Queen Alexandra found their condition she refused to accept the gift and the horses were returned to Canada. In the end the veterinary was obliged to replace the horses at his own expense.

The suggestion of docking nearly always proceeds from a veterinary. It is a veterinary's business to cut and blister. He likes to encourage the cutting. It means money to him. Docking a horse's tail is a surgical operation. Many people imagine it merely involves the cutting of the tail. But that is not all. Several joints of the tail bone are removed. The tail has to be skinned. It is a horribly cruel and cowardly operation. The horse is strapped and tied so that he cannot move. He is not given any anesthetic. The work of cutting out the bone and sewing up the wound does while the poor animal is in full possession of his senses. His sufferings are exquisite. The operation is just about the same as that of cutting off a man's leg at the ankle joint without anesthetics. After the poor animal has been thus maltreated he must be kept blanketed in all sorts of ways to protect him from flies, otherwise he suffers the torments of Gehenna.

Sometimes the wound is a long time healing. In warm weather it is liable to suppurate. Flies get into it, parasites breed in it, and the only result is to spoil the horse's appearance. A bit with the docked tail is a traveling, living illustration of some man's meanness and cowardice.

Real horse lovers all over the world will more than ever honor and respect Queen Alexandra for her womanly and courageous stand against this inhuman practice. The argument that it must be done because it is fashionable no longer has a leg to stand on. If the first stable in the British Empire says it is not fashionable, who is there to say it is? The practice should be prohibited by law in order that those who will not profit by Her Majesty's kindly example, might be compelled to desist from this cruel and useless mutilation.

Maxims for Business Men.

(The Bookkeeper.)

"Talk is cheap." Therefore don't hand out too much of it. It makes you and your proposition, also, look cheap.

A real salesman is one part talk and nine parts judgment, and he uses the nine parts of judgment to tell when to use the one part of talk.

Getting business is a good deal like courting a girl—you must offer the right kind of goods and keep on calling.

Enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job; it makes heavy work light.

A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung.

When a fellow knows his business, he doesn't have to explain to people that he does.

Stock your brain up so that when the demand comes you will have the goods to offer.

An appeal to reason is oftentimes less effective than an appeal to the pocket.

Hot air can take up a balloon a long ways, but it can't keep it there.

A man who does big things is too busy to talk about them.

Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard thing makes it impossible.

The short-cut to success is hard work.

A pleasant road, too, when you once get acquainted with it.

RAISING SQUABS FOR MARKET.

20,000 PIGEONS ON ONE PENNSYLVANIA FARM.

Their Output From 60,000 to 70,000 Pairs a Year—Careful Housing and Good Feeding Necessary—More Profitable and Less Vexations Than Poultry.

When immense flocks of wild pigeons abounded in the American forests of a century or two ago it was perhaps no unusual thing to see 20,000 of these birds gathered together. But such a sight is rare to-day. Indeed there is probably but one place in the entire United States where so large a flock of pigeons can be found, and that is on a 100-acre farm near the little town of North Wales in southeastern Pennsylvania.

The birds are housed in a series of large, airy buildings and provided with clean and comfortable nests, an abundance of choice food and a sufficient screened outdoor space where-in to exercise their wings. All day long the gentle cooing of the thousands of birds gives musical proof of their contentment. In return for their board and lodgings they are expected to hatch out as many squabs as possible and rear them until they are fit for the market.

From this farm is obtained the greater proportion of the squabs that go to the markets of New York, Philadelphia and the various winter and summer resorts of the East.

Pigeon raising, says E. C. Cummings, the man who founded and developed this farm, is more profitable and less vexatious than poultry raising, provided the man who undertakes it thoroughly understands the habits and the needs of pigeons.

Almost every one knows something about raising chickens, or thinks he does, and four town dwellers out of five like to dream up a time in the future when they are to raise chickens and supply eggs for the city markets. But pigeon raising on a large scale and solely for profit has been undertaken in few instances thus far, notwithstanding the high prices which squabs command.

To begin, no incubators are required in raising pigeons, and thus an important item of expense necessary on the poultry farm is saved. Pigeons are remarkable for their monogamous habits, and when once the cock and the hen are suitably mated they remain firmly attached to each other. Both assume equal shares in the duties of their household, including the incubation of the eggs and the care of the young. However, the matter of mating must be well studied or ill losses, for in a mated pair the proverbial dove of peace is liable to create great havoc, destroying squabs and eggs in fighting for the possession of nests. At the Cummings farm all is harmony, for only well mated birds are introduced into the pens.

As each pair of pigeons rear six or seven pairs of squabs in a year and as the wholesale price of squabs is from \$3 to \$6 a dozen it is apparent that there is opportunity for considerable profit on a farm where 10,000 pairs of pigeons are expected to develop themselves solely to the breeding of squabs.

The squabs are naked and helpless little creatures and require careful attention. Almost invariably there are just two in a nest. Their method of feeding is unique. The squab inserts its bill into that of either of the parent birds and from the lining of the parent's crop the squab obtains a creamy secretion. After a few days the food that the parents have consumed is mingled with this secretion, and thus nourishment is provided for the little ones for about nine days.

When they are twenty to twenty-five days old they are ready for market. To reduce the death rate of squabs to a minimum is the chief concern of the pigeon farmer. On the Cummings farm success has been attained through proper construction of building and strict cleanliness. The roofs are covered in rain and snow, but there is abundant ventilation. Concrete floors keep out rats, a particularly voracious foe of squabs. The floors are covered with a thin layer of sand and air slaked lime, and once a week this is raked. The buildings are divided into pens 8 by 16 feet in dimensions and each pen is provided with a number of compartments for nests are built in rows, giving each pair of birds two nests and at the weekly cleaning air slaked lime is sprinkled into the nests. In every pen is a quantity of tobacco stems, refuse from cigar factories, and with these the birds construct their nests. The tobacco stems keep away vermin, which would abound if hay or straw were utilized in the nests.

Plenty of clean bathing water is supplied. In winter a hot water heating system maintains an even temperature in the buildings, saving many a squab that otherwise would perish from the cold. But at feeding time all the windows are opened, no matter how cold or wet the weather. For a "fly" there is a yard running the length of each building and enclosed with wire netting at the sides and top, fifty cubic feet of space being allowed for each pair of birds.

With such care it is but natural that the pigeons should thrive and rear large and healthy squabs. The few birds that succumb to sickness are removed to a special hospital building for treatment.

Mr. Cummings began to experiment with pigeons seven years ago, starting with 200 pairs of birds on his farm, about a mile south of North Wales, in Montgomery county. Since then he has enlarged his plant from year to year, until at present six commodious buildings are in use. The largest and newest of these, erected at a cost of \$6,700, is 536 feet long, sixteen feet wide and two stories high, and in it 7,000 birds are housed. On the farm of seventy-two acres all the feed required for the birds is grown.

Speaking of the feeding of pigeons, Mr. Cummings says that it is common sense to use it is not nearly so important as it is fed as how and when. The proportions on his farm in winter are about as follows: Corn, 40 per cent.; wheat, 15 per cent.; Kaffir corn, 10 per cent.; screenings, 10 per cent.; hemp, 5 per cent.; rape and millet seed, 5 per cent. In summer less corn is fed, but more peas and wheat, together with hulled oats. Green growing things are not necessary for pigeons, though they eat the blades of grass growing in the yards.

As to the "how and when" of feeding Mr. Cummings says:

"The object of proper feeding is to keep the old birds healthy, not too fat

Start the Day Right and you will be right. Start it by eating Shredded Wheat Biscuit

with hot milk or cream and a little fruit. If you eat more than the stomach needs you are wasting both money and strength. Overtaxing the stomach impairs digestion, weakens brain power and lays the foundation for disease. Cut out heavy meats and soggy white flour pastries for ten days, eat Shredded Wheat and see how much better you will feel—then tell your friends about it. Your grocer sells it.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest selected white wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked and baked. Try it for breakfast to-morrow with milk or cream. The Biscuit is also delicious for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruits.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM



TEACHING THE CHILDREN TO PLAY.

LITTLE FOLKS THAT KNOW NO GAMES OF THEIR OWN.

The Guild of Play Has Charge of the Work and Its Teachers Gather Up the Youngsters and Take Them to the Park—Quick and Eager to Learn.

(New York Sun.)

One morning last week folks passing along a path in Central Park invariably paused to watch and wonder at an unusual looking group. The group consisted of a pretty, bright faced young woman and a swarm of children—seventy-five at least—dirty, ragged, unkempt, little children of the streets, from about 6 to 10 years of age. They were all playing games, the young woman with as great zeal as any. In fact she was one of the most popular and sought-after for the tug in "London Bridge," and she had to serve as "it" more often than any one else in "The Farmer Is Dead and in His Grave."

The spectators gazed in amazement and commended the fact that so many children and of the type often seen squabbling and fighting could play so long and in such peaceful fashion. This was the very point of her work, the young woman explained later. She was one of the teachers sent out by the lately formed Guild of Play, and her duty is to gather up little children of the streets who have no playground and know none of the games that all children have a right to and should know, and to take them to the parks and teach them the old games. On this occasion she had started from 100th street with fourteen or twelve boys and two girls. On the way several more had added themselves, and before they had been playing half an hour the number had swelled to seventy-five.

They are not allowed to be rough or unfair. "That's a skin! That's a skin, teacher!" they shouted when her "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo" had brought the coveted honor of being "it" a second time to the same little tousled head. Insurrection seemed imminent, but the young teacher showed her powers of a diplomat by the way she had them speedily convinced that it was no "skin" and had them beginning to realize the meaning of the word "fairness." Young pugilistic tendencies quickly faded away.

"Now make a circle," she had told them in the beginning. "A circle! What's that?" exclaimed one little one of a grimy face.

"A ring," she explained.

"Ain't got no ring," protested one.

"Aw!" said another in derision, "she means to make a ring. Like this," and he proceeded to toe a diminutive circle with the tip of his ragged shoe.

At length the teacher got them stretched into a big circle, clasping hands, and the fun began. They quickly learn the songs and raise their voices lustily, and altogether enjoy themselves so much that the teacher's chief difficulty sometimes is to get them home again.

"Don't they sing beautiful?" asked an admiring mother who was sitting on a bench in the yard of St. John's Parish Church just off Varick street, watching another group playing under the supervision of this same young teacher.

"They sing just beautiful, and the teacher is so interesting in them!"

These youngsters were better kept than the first group and had had the yard of the church to play in before the teacher came, but the mother said that then it did not seem like the same place. Then they had nothing special to do, and recognizing no leading, each one resented any suggestions from any other. Now all is changed. The children have learned games that they like, have learned to stand for fairness and justice in play, and to look after the younger ones and to let them have a good time too.

It is the intention of the guild to work toward the end of making each group into a temporary organization, with regular time and place of meeting, over which the children may select their own leader from their number for short, regular intervals. The typical folk and national games are taught from the English, American, French and other play lore, and Swedish dancing games, gradually introducing new types and forms.

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BABY'S HOLD ON LIFE.

Baby's Own Tablets cost 25 cents a box.

A box bought now may save baby's life. Summer complaints come suddenly and carry away thousands of little ones every year. If the stomach and bowels are kept in order there is little danger of these troubles coming on.

Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for preventing and curing stomach and bowel troubles. They can be given with perfect safety to the new born babe or to the well-grown child.

An occasional dose of the Tablets will regulate stomach and bowels and prevent summer complaints. The mother who keeps these Tablets beside her has a reasonable assurance that her little ones are safe. If you have not got a box of Tablets, get one without delay. Do not wait until trouble comes; it may then be too late. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

CANNING HELP.

Line the fruit cupboard and wrap the canned fruit in newspaper, and the thermometer may go to zero and the fruit not freeze.

DON'T SKIM JELLIES.

Swim fruit cover—Just fill jelly glasses or glass jars with fruit and scrape off the skin with a silver knife before sealing. It is much easier and quicker than skimming while cooking.

CHERRIES.

When preparing cherries for canning you will find it a much quicker way and cherries will look much nicer in cans if you take a penholder, putting a pen in point down in holder, and use the other end for stoning. You will find results good.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Five medium sized cucumber pickles, sliced thin and round, and four good sized onions. Slice and salt alternate in stone jar. Let stand over night. Then add two ounces of mustard seed, one red pepper, one-half tablespoonful of celery seed, one-quarter pint of olive oil, and three pints of cider vinegar. Be sure and put olive oil in first, as then the vinegar cuts it. I also make these and put in more onions and half cucumbers and half green tomatoes.

SEEDLESS JAM.

Small seeds may be removed from fruit by crushing the fresh berries through a sieve. To do this by hand is tedious. A rotary flour sifter will perform the work quickly, effectively, and without staining the hands. The sifter costs 25 cents.

CANNED CHERRIES.

Cherries canned this way keep perfectly and preserve their delicious flavor to two pounds of the fruit allow a pound of sugar. Put one layer of cherries, then sugar, and so on, have sugar on top layer. Let stand over night and you will be surprised at amount of juice. Put in stove and let come to a boil and can.

ICE CREAM IN THE SOUTH.

Much of it Made of Condensed Milk—Shipped Long Distances.

The consumption of cream in the South is small, owing to the scarcity of fresh cream rather than to a lack of demand. The quality is variable, some being equal only to rich milk. The result is that unsweetened condensed milk is consumed in large quantities in the cities and to some extent on farms.

There is a large consumption of ice cream, but much of the product is made from bulk condensed or whole milk of low grade. The price varies from 70 cents to \$3 a gallon, the average being about \$1.50, says the Southern Workman. The city of Memphis has the distinction of shipping the largest quantity, one of its manufacturers making as much as 3,000 gallons daily during the summer season. Ice cream manufactured in Tennessee and Georgia is shipped as far south as Florida.

TEACHING THE CHILDREN TO PLAY.

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