

The Fat Man

WHEN you meet a bow-legged man in the street, do you stop him and ask how it feels to walk that way? On being introduced to a man with a face like an inverted comic supplement, do you condole with him on being so homely? Do you recommend to the sallow man sitting next you in a car a tonic for his liver? At luncheon do you hint to the puffy-eyed, red-nosed stranger opposite you that he ought to get on the water wagon? Of course you don't! You would not be so impolite. You might hurt their feelings.

But when you meet a fat man, it's different. Everyone recognizes him as legitimate prey. He is a butt for jokes, a subject for condolence, an object for advice. Even the man so thin that he does not know whether it is his back or his stomach that hurts him, takes it for granted that he is the fat man's ideal, and insists on giving him advice on how to reduce. Everyone imagines that the fat man must be unhappy because he weighs more than the average person.

It is to be admitted that there are some disadvantages in being fat. They don't make neckties long enough for eighteen and a half necks. A fat man that sees a lot of pretty waists in a shop window never can find one big enough to fit him. When you get over two hundred it is a little trouble to stoop down to lace your shoes in the morning. It is embarrassing when your wife thoughtlessly addresses you as "darling" in public to have some small imp of a newsboy make a trumpet of his hands and shriek joyfully:

"Hey, fellers, come an' see 'Darling'!" If fat men had not gentle dispositions, the impertinence of people each day might lead to murder. Take any fat man any hot day. His wife begins it:

"Now, dearest, don't work too hard today. It is going to be very hot, and you know you cannot stand it as you used to before you got stout."

He has heard the same remark a thousand times; but he chortles cheerfully, "Don't you worry about me working too hard," and descends to breakfast. Before he can give his order—and ordering breakfast is always a pleasure to a man of girth—the waiter is upon him.

"Ah don't suppose you want no oatmeal this mornin'. It's powerful heating to fat people dis hot weather."

He does want oatmeal! No hot water and a boiled egg for him! He eats his oatmeal with lots of sugar on it, along with some fruit, a couple of eggs, some chops, two or three well-buttered muffins, and two cups of coffee. He washes it down with copious drafts of ice water in calm contempt of those thin people who assert that it is unhealthy to drink water until two or three hours after eating. Gifted ever with a splendid appetite, he lingers so long over breakfast that he has to hurry to make his train. As he clambers aboard, the grinning brakeman observes:

"Brings the sweat out on you fat fellows to have to run for it on a morning like this."

With scornful silence bred of long familiarity with such impertinent things he enters the car and plants himself comfortably in the unoccupied half of a seat designed for "two average persons." His seat mate edges over with a frown, which quickly changes to a smile as he beholds a corpulent victim for his hot weather wit. "Kind of a day that catches fellows of your weight," he grins complacently. "Are you doing anything for it?"

With stoisicism the fat man assures his inquisitive neighbor that he is fat because he likes to be that way, and, unmindful of the plying glance in which doubt and derision mingle, settles down at peace with all the world to read his paper.

Coming up from the ferry, he falls in with Jones. Right in the midst of an interesting discussion on the presidential outlook, Jones stops short.

"Maybe I'm walking too fast for you, old chap. I forgot all about your being so fat. You ought to try golf. It's great! I took off ten pounds that way last month."

Privately he is of the opinion that Jones would look much better if twenty or thirty pounds heavier; but he is too polite to say so. Patiently he asserts for the eight hundred and seventy-second time this summer that golf does not interest him.

With Jones' parting words, "Be careful of yourself today," still sounding in his ears, he enters the building where his office is.

"I don't see how you stand it," is the elevator starter's greeting, with an unpleasant accent on the "you." "Mr. Smith, up on eight, was overcome by the heat yesterday, and he ain't near as fat."

He knows Smith by sight, and has long been of the opinion that he does not look nearly so fat as Smith; but still he is not discomfited. As he seats himself at his desk the office boy approaches, explaining:

"I turned that fan around so it would blow on you more than on the others. I guess you need it most."

As he mutters his unwilling thanks, the Young Boss in passing stops long enough to say, "I rather imagine you must suffer from the heat a great deal, don't you?" Politely assuring him that such is not the case, he goes to the Old Boss' office to hear and, after the manner of wise employees, to smile at the Old Boss' pet remark:

"A little fat is only natural at my age; but if I was as young as you I should be worried about getting so fat."

The fellows in the office, the old apple woman, chance callers, everyone, all day long take a shot at him, and when he starts out to lunch on the stenographer observes:

"Your collar is a sight; but I suppose you can't help that, being so fat."

Half a dozen friends he meets make a point of inquiring how he stands this weather, and a dozen strangers are equally solicitous. Going out on the four forty-five, Wilkinson pityingly remarks:

"I should think a day like this would just about play you out. My! but I should hate to be as fat as you are, especially in summer!"

He would hate to have the reputation Wilkinson has for not paying his bills; but he does not say so. He merely observes that he is feeling like a fighting cock.

Generally he stands it all placidly, until the last straw comes at the dinner table, where his wife, cool in her white waist and skirt, and rested by her siesta, eyes him inquiringly with:

"I don't see what makes you so irritable every evening when you come home. I guess it must be the heat. Since I began getting stout (she weighs one hundred and thirty) I know how I have felt it, and you are so fat you must suffer awfully. You had better stay home while this hot weather lasts, and let me telephone the office that you are ill."

But he does nothing of the kind. He has a double portion of everything there is for dinner; lots more ice water; goes over to the Wilkinsons to play bridge; eats a lot of sandwiches and ice cream at midnight; and comes home to sleep in dreamless bliss the night through.

Think of the effect of a day like that on a thin dyspeptic! He would succumb before the week was gone; but fat men only thrive under such treatment. With corpulence always comes a sense of humor. What would annoy other people only makes them smile. From their obese pinnales they look with joyful contempt on the rest of the scrawny universe. Every fat man is fat because he wants to be. He knows how to put off weight if he wants to. Didn't Taft lose fifty pounds? All you've got to do is to exercise a lot, and be careful what you eat. You mustn't eat bread, or potatoes, or beans, or parsnips, or pie, or meat, or ham, or sugar; or butter or anything you are fond of. These thin fellows couldn't get fat if they tried. No matter what they eat they stay at the same weight. Yes, sir, a fat man is fat because he wants to be!

Just think of the advantages he has! Did you ever in all your life know an unhappy fat man? Did you ever hear of a fat man having dyspepsia or getting tuberculosis? Did you ever know of a fat man going crazy? The fiction that corpulence is undesirable is only an envious libel of those morbid skeletons not yet thin enough to get circus jobs. It is the fat men that get all the good things in life. In a restaurant you will notice that it is a fat man that has the best table. In a theatre you will observe that all the fat men in some way have managed to get aisle seats. Where a thin man gets into a fight with a car conductor, the fat man passes it off as a joke. Somehow, too, fat men seem to get enough of the world's circulating coinage so they can live comfortably. You never see a fat beggar or panhandler; and who ever heard of a fat man starving.

When a fat man goes into anyone's parlor,

doesn't he always get the most comfortable chair? When his hat blows off on a windy day, doesn't some one always run after it for him? No one expects him to get up and give his car seat to a woman, because he would block the aisle if he did. Even his wife doesn't expect him to stoop to pick up things when she drops them. Everybody tells him their best stories, because they like to hear him laugh. Despite the plaintive wail of the comedian that "Nobody loves a fat man," did you ever see a fat man that did not have a good looking wife. Possibly it is because she has a fat, good natured husband that she keeps her looks. Persistent insurance agents never pester fat men. All the fat man has to do is to point to his aldermanic paunch and say, "Too fat. Your company wouldn't take me," and that settles it.

And don't you believe for a minute that their corpulence deprives fat men of their share in the world's fun and sport! Did you not read about Taft dancing at the Kuroki ball? Isn't Grover Cleveland noted as a hunter and fisherman? And there's President Roosevelt, over the two hundred mark, and still playing tennis, and boxing, and riding, and everything else. There are lots of fat men who are excellent bowlers and billiard players. Every pinocle champion is a man of weight. Thin people do not get half the fun out of eating, either, or of living, for that matter; that fat men do.

Fat men, too, make good citizens. Did you ever hear of a fat burglar or wife beater? Only one man in every forty-one weighs over two hundred pounds; yet look back over the world's history in whatever age you will, and you will find that fat men have been doing their share of the world's work, and winning perhaps more than their share of the world's laurels. Caesar was fat. Napoleon was fat. Johnson, Swift, Addison, Steele—all were fat. Of the twenty odd presidents we have had in the United States, two of them have been in the "over two hundred" class, and you can find lots of people who say that Cleveland and Roosevelt are two of the best presidents we ever had.

But, the thin man protests, think how much more work these men could accomplish if they were not hampered by their corpulence!

Just stop a minute! Could the magnificent engineering work that has added acres to Governor's Island in New York harbor have been carried out more expeditiously than it has been? Yet Colonel William L. Marshall, U. S. A., chief of the river and harbor work in New York, is a three hundred pounder. Could William Allen White have told any better than he did what was the matter with Kansas, if he had weighed a hundred pounds less than two hundred and fifty? Where is the thin man that could have made the marvelous round-the-world trips that William H. Taft has made, and have accomplished so much in so short a time? Could President Roosevelt be any more strenuous if he weighed less?

You know it is all true, every word of it. All the jests you make about fat men are inspired by jealousy. When you want to borrow money, when you want to ask a favor, you go to your fattest friend; of course you do!

"But if you keep on getting fat, you'll die of apoplexy."

You can't worry us with that. Nothing ever worries a fat man. He has learned that the trouble of today are the jokes of tomorrow, and does his laughing now. Apoplexy! What of it? Waking up dead beats the long, lingering illness that kills off the thin folk. Anyhow, when the apoplexy hits him, the fat man will have had twice as much fun, with half the worry that the average man has.

Blessed is the fat man!—Two Hundred and Sixty-Five," in New York Tribune Magazine.

A Sea Tale

TALES of castaways at sea as thrilling as ever told by Poe or Stevenson, and stories of hardships comparable to the mishaps of Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson, are still to be met with in this age of the world, when iron bottoms and steam have seemingly robbed the ocean of its terrors, and when uninhabited islands are considered more mythical than actual. As truth is stranger than fiction, these stories gather interest from the fact that their happenings are veracious, and the sufferings they describe are real. One of the most striking of these tales of the sea relates to the adventures of a Scotch sailor, Morrison by name, picked up on a lone island of the Pacific, and brought back to his native city of Dundee.

It was in July, 1906, that Morrison left Dundee as second officer on a vessel built at that port for an Argentine firm. The vessel having been handed over to the owners at Buenos Ayres, he shipped on the Norwegian barque Alexandra, bound for Newcastle, New South Wales, for orders. At the Australian port the Alexandra loaded coal for Panama, and sailed for her destination at the end of November of last year.

Over 500 miles from her port of call the barque was becalmed and for nearly six months lay helpless. Provisions and water ran out, and the crew suffered so severely from thirst and hunger that in May they abandoned their vessel, and set out in two boats in an endeavor to make land. Morrison was in the captain's boat, together with a mixed company of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans, and an American named Jeffs.

By and by the boats parted company, and never again had sight of each other. One of the craft struck an inhabited island, but that in which Morrison was drifted on and on, and latterly, as no word of the occupants reached civilization, it was presumed they had perished.

"On and on we rowed," said Morrison. "Our provisions consisted only of biscuits and tinned meat, and a small supply of fresh water. Of clothing we had practically none, and shoes we knew nothing of. During the night the plug of the fresh-water tank gave way, and to make our case even worse our provisions ran out until we were reduced to living on the biscuit dust in the canvas bag, and only a lick of dust at that. In our cramped positions we could get no sleep, and we suffered intensely from thirst. Our legs began to swell, and our whole bodies were getting so cramped that we prayed for land, if only as much as we could set foot on."

"After eleven days we struck an island, which we afterwards learned was Indefatigable island, but we could scarcely drag ourselves from the boats, and we just lay down on the beach. But water we had to procure, and we dragged our weary bodies as best we could, searching for the precious liquid. Not a living soul was seen to guide us in our search. So parched were our throats that we made use of the only vegetation on the island, a short stunted shrub something like a cactus, to slake our thirst, and though the substance that exuded was of a gummy nature, it was welcome indeed. Great joy was left when on the fourth day we discovered a supply of fresh water in a cave, and here we resolved to encamp."

"Now began a search for food. The only

fruit was a kind of growth something like an apple, but it burned our throats, and we left it alone, fearing it was poisonous. Then as a gift from the gods, along the beach came a turtle. Mr. Turtle was promptly turned over, and with a small supply of matches we had saved a fire was lighted, the flesh of the turtle roasted, and no feast was ever more heartily enjoyed by man than that—our first meal of flesh for months.

"We gradually became accustomed to our dreary surroundings, and afterwards we started in parties to explore the island, but one man was always left at the camp to keep the fire burning, for our stock of matches was small."

"Between searching the island and catching turtle we managed to keep ourselves alive, and we became quite expert at the turtle capturing process. But it was a sore and painful process moving about the rocks on our bare feet, and after a time we had scarcely any clothing at all."

"We looked like savages, and when the captain appeared one day with headgear consisting of the rim of a hat with a piece of shirt fastened on for a cover we forgot our hardships and managed to raise a laugh. But our position was becoming desperate. Some gave up hope altogether of ever being rescued, and to raise their spirits four of us set out on a lengthy tour of exploration, and discovered, 20 miles distant, evidences of an old camp."

"It was decided to remove to this newly discovered encampment, and all set out on the journey except the American, Jeffs, who declared he had suffered enough already, and would stick by the old camp lest even greater hardships had to be faced. Poor fellow, I am afraid he does not experience hardships now!"

"It was a slow and wearisome journey from the one camp to the other. Our legs could scarcely carry us, and the captain was so weak that he had to crawl on his hands and knees. Our stock of water became exhausted, and we drank the blood of the turtles. We paid visits to our old camp now and then, and one day a German left never to return. We found a skull and bones on the shore when we next visited the spot, and we surmised the German had been drowned and his flesh devoured by birds of the vulture type, which followed us about everywhere, and were the only living creatures we saw."

Every hour, every minute, we were scanning the horizon in the hope of catching sight of a passing vessel, but we were out of the track of shipping, and were securely immured on the island, as our boat had been smashed on the rocks. Hunting turtles and boiling and roasting them was our lot week after week and month after month, until we had been nearly half a year on the island, when the cry went up, 'A sail! A sail!'

"I could scarcely believe my ears, and I was afraid to look across the waste of waters lest I should find that it was but the mad cry of a poor comrade whose reason had given out under the strain of watching. But a sail it was. Away across the waters could be made out a small sloop, and now, sure of my senses, I shouted to my comrades. Away we scampered down to the beach, our trials and troubles forgotten for the moment in the thrill of expectant joy. The fire was stoked as fast and as furiously as we could, and a blanket run up on an improvised flagpole."

"Would they see us? Eagerly we watched the vessel, and as we saw her making a course for our island we knew our signals had been seen. Never have I seen such pathetic incidents as those that happened as the vessel dropped anchor of the island and a boat came towards us. Some cried, some prayed, some roared and shouted, mad with delight, delirious with joy. We were taken on board and landed at Guayaquil."

It seems that on the rescue of the second party of the shipwrecked crew belonging to Ecuador went in search of the missing barque, and finding her a complete wreck on a rocky island and no signs of the crew, reported the men as lost. A German, Capt. Bonhoff, in Guayaquil had the hope that the men might have struck an island, and chartering a sloop went in search of them, with such a happy sequel. When Capt. Bonhoff took off the men they informed him that Jeffs, the American, was on another part of the island, but as the food on the vessel was running out it was thought the best course was to make for Guayaquil and return for the American.

What is claimed to be the biggest bear killed on the Greenhorn range of the Rockies since Old Mose fell nearly two years ago was brought back to Denver by J. D. Veach and S. S. Prentiss, of Rushville, Ill., who have just returned from a ten-day hunt.

An effort had been made to find a big bear in order that Mr. Prentiss might shoot it, and the trail was taken up on Jack Hall mountain. The dogs were ahead and the other members of the party followed on horseback, finally being obliged to go forward on foot.

When the dogs finally caught up with the bear there was a running fight that lasted for 300 yards, the hunters being within fifty feet of the animal all the time. It was finally treed on a steep hillside. The dogs were good fighters, and the bear was forced to take refuge in a tree less than one foot in diameter, notwithstanding the great size of the animal. This was not accomplished until the bear had bitten a tusk out of one of the four dogs engaged in the fight. Once safely treed, Mr. Prentiss took a long shot and brought the bear down.

Late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman



VERY interesting account of the career of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is given by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in a little book, with the above title, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

No assembly of human beings in the world is so grateful for a little amusement as the House of Commons, and such an answer as that, says Mr. O'Connor, makes a whole House of Commons kin.

Sir Henry and his wife will be much missed at Marienbad, at which delightful health resort they were regular visitors for twenty years.

It was under the blue sky, and in the easy and unconstrained atmosphere of Marienbad, that Campbell-Bannerman was seen at his best. His good humor, his equableness, his freedom from all prejudice, his quaint and cynical wit—all these things made him a favorite companion of everybody. He rarely took the cure, but he walked every morning with the other guests, and with the characteristic and universal glass of the Marienbad invalid. But the glass in his case contained, however, whey, or some other non-medical draught, and none of the severe waters which the other cure guests were taking.

The arrival of Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman was one of the chief events of the place at Marienbad, and was always regarded as marking an epoch of the season. "C.B." as is well known, felt the death of his wife very keenly, and he never recovered from the blow. When spoken to once by Mr. O'Connor, he put his feelings in this pathetic phrase: "It used to be always 'we'; now it is 'I'—which is very different." Another pathetic example of how "C.B." was haunted by his loss is told on the authority of Mr. Thomas Shaw:

"Mr. Shaw, with Mr. Morley and a few other friends, had come to Belmont, the resi-

give up a family directorship or a directorship of a philanthropic institution. "Is the sale of tea a philanthropic business?" asked the persistent Unionist questioner. "That," replied Campbell-Bannerman promptly, "depends on the tea."

No assembly of human beings in the world is so grateful for a little amusement as the House of Commons, and such an answer as that, says Mr. O'Connor, makes a whole House of Commons kin.

Sir Henry and his wife will be much missed at Marienbad, at which delightful health resort they were regular visitors for twenty years.

It was under the blue sky, and in the easy and unconstrained atmosphere of Marienbad, that Campbell-Bannerman was seen at his best. His good humor, his equableness, his freedom from all prejudice, his quaint and cynical wit—all these things made him a favorite companion of everybody. He rarely took the cure, but he walked every morning with the other guests, and with the characteristic and universal glass of the Marienbad invalid. But the glass in his case contained, however, whey, or some other non-medical draught, and none of the severe waters which the other cure guests were taking.

The arrival of Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman was one of the chief events of the place at Marienbad, and was always regarded as marking an epoch of the season. "C.B." as is well known, felt the death of his wife very keenly, and he never recovered from the blow. When spoken to once by Mr. O'Connor, he put his feelings in this pathetic phrase: "It used to be always 'we'; now it is 'I'—which is very different." Another pathetic example of how "C.B." was haunted by his loss is told on the authority of Mr. Thomas Shaw:

"Mr. Shaw, with Mr. Morley and a few other friends, had come to Belmont, the resi-

dence of "C.B." to be present at the funeral of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, and to sustain him in his dread hour of bereavement. Mr. Shaw was preparing to return to his own home in Edinburgh when "C.B." said to him: "Thomas, is this a night to leave me alone?" And Mr. Shaw stayed."

But coming a few weeks later, when the spring had been allowed to relax a bit, Mr. Shaw found how the wound still bled. "C.B." said that when he had anything special to tell or interest his wife, in reference to the news in the morning papers, he used to rush off to her room, and even still when he awoke in the morning he fond himself starting out in the same way to speak to her.

Mr. O'Connor tells that after it was known that "C.B." was stricken to death he made a long and brave struggle, and for most of the time retained his wonderful brightness of spirit.

"He spent a part of the time in reading, choosing light books, and especially novels. And Mr. Vaughan ash, his private secretary, applied to me at his request for a list of the books I would recommend. The only hints I got as to the books the dying man would like to have were that they should be distinctively non-educative and that they should not be too sad."

When Mr. Asquith was called to the bedside of the prime minister it was mentioned that the Archbishop had said that it must be a great satisfaction to "C.B." that his name was associated with such a measure as the Licensing Bill. "But," said "C.B.," "it is your bill, Asquith, after all; not mine." And then came a flash of the old wit. "All the same," said the incorrigible "C.B.," "one must take what credit one can for these things." And then he gave one of his well known smiles. But it was, says Mr. O'Connor, one of the smiles that provoke tears.—Westminster Gazette.



WITH THE

THE H



ever, will ne

the comparative

hen. It will be

cow or the hen,

two are a profit

which is good fo

The ration whic

eggs. If when a

portion is set a

wife can balance

and prepare a fo

feathers. If the

corn, wheat and

which would be

ground or fed in

tening the young

with buttermilk

chicks in two w

form two meals

litter. If the co

a feed of the coa

a change of grai

case a feed of c

should be given

give cracked wi

at a feeding, and

feeding an early

cracked wheat

evening, and how

wheat, cracked

drink; chicken

a day, usually I

have coarse sand

but what is gro

want of that, an

they eat. Too d

dered. The ma

for stock held

expected, but th

for growing 'sto

feeding place fo

older birds and

There are alway

saved from beco

est in peace after

ished their meal

chickens; a pou

money than a p

feed."

On a farm w

for market pens

less yarded, but

for young chick

would otherwise

fair with the he

feed and care a

will hold her ow

POULTRY

Farm poultry proved breeds, at the table or not adopted.

The Scottish come to be regarded as poultry-keeping. I kept with profit in fact, generally able to keep them means that from laying flock kept posed of every an of each year enou take the places of no longer fit for se raised without co method known to ing whether an e female chick, and tion, "How shall cockerels?" Whe away from the pu and a half to thr cordance with the visible to fatten thus increase the a pond. They d the runs, becau exercise, and the and bone, but a confinement put tion for killing."

UNDERS

If a farmer weight of the breed all his birds and would be an exce averaged within t weight required b mers complain of try and are tryin means. They usu by purchasing larg helps the matter s the desired re fidence over the si while the sire's g Standard weight by standard weigh and female.

When a person do, without know