

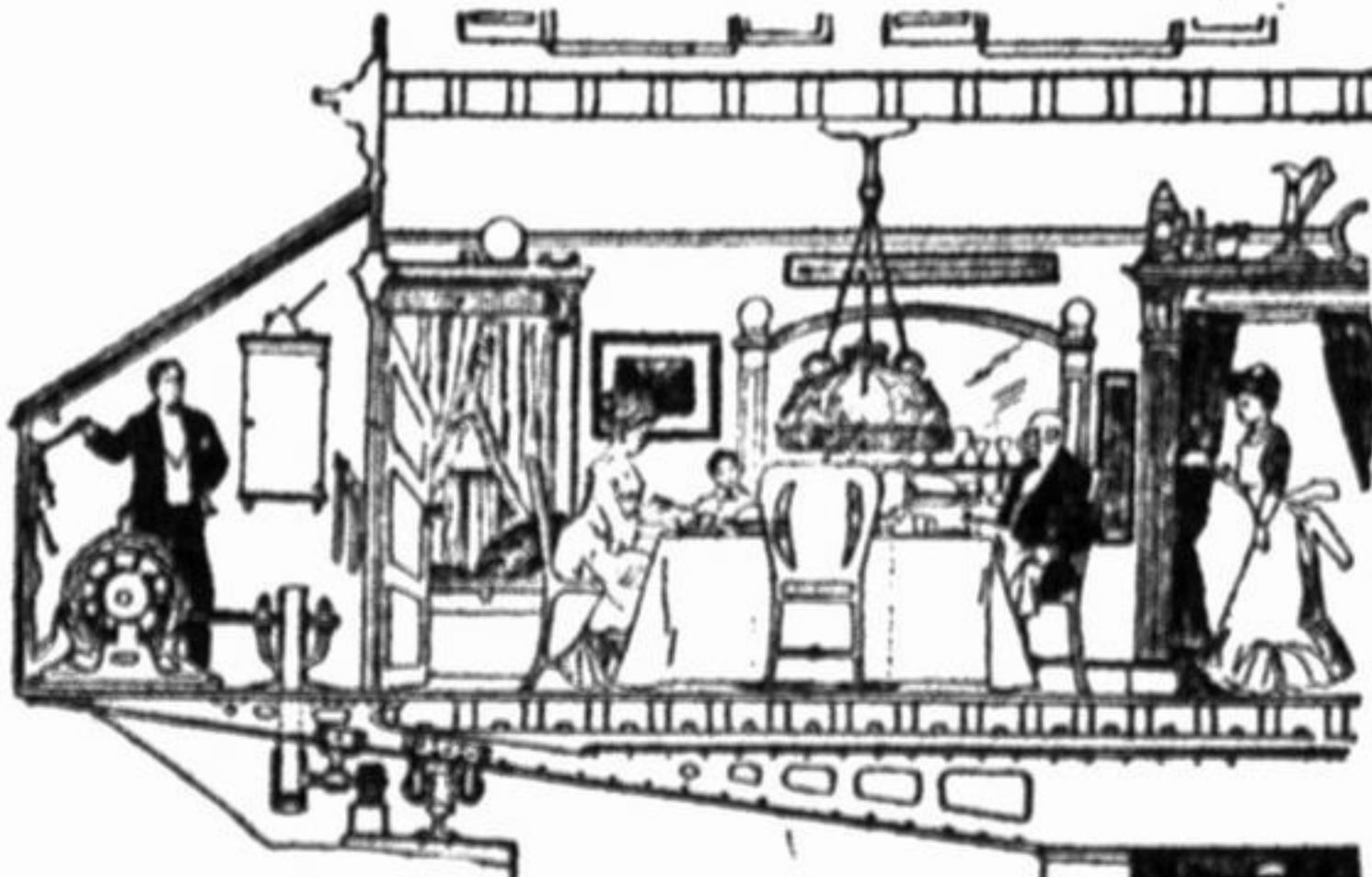
THE GREAT AMERICAN HEN



For men or women who would give to poultry raising the intelligent attention that any business requires to make it go there are undoubtedly golden opportunities. As everybody knows, poultry raising has grown to be one of the most important industries in the United States.

All eggs look alike to the average consumer until they have been broken. But they are not alike in looks to the initiated, or in wholesomeness, or in flavor; and the general public is becoming gradually aware of that fact.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE REVOLVING HOUSE.



"JAMES. TURN THE HOUSE."

William Reiman, New York City, has had plans drawn for a revolving house which he will build at Bayside, N. Y.

Mr. Reiman's Bay-side house will be the result of many years of thought over the matter of providing home comfort, for he has often declared that, with the advantages of modern appliances and electricity, there seemed little reason for the sunny side of a house being in the sun all summer and the shady side being in the shade all winter.

Mr. Reiman would have a home the windows of which may follow the sunshine in winter or avoid it in summer. An architect has studied the problem and has completed plans for such a house, which will be built at a cost of \$6,000, exclusive of the real estate.

As proposed, the house will be constructed on a turntable, which will be operated by electric power. The owner, in his library or bedroom, may press a button, and on the piazzas will sound a tinkling of bells to those who are about to enter or leave the house, warning them that the Reiman home is about to maneuver by either the right or left flank.

The house was designed by Mr. Reiman himself, and the plans as drawn show that his scheme is eminently practical. Mr. Reiman will have neither front nor back yard to his house. The lawn will be so laid out that the front entrance will fit at any point of the compass. The revolution of the house will be practically noiseless, and part of the turntable will be visible.

Mr. Reiman believes that his house will have a lot of hygienic advantages. "I have had this house in my mind for a number of years," he said. "Prior to the actual decision to build I made some experiments to test the feasibility of the plan. I do not look on the matter as a fad, for it is a question of common sense. There is no more reason why

permitted to range over garbage dumps or manure heaps. Her eggs should receive the most careful attention, and if possible should be placed in sanitary cases immediately after they are gathered. It should not be forgotten that contamination is likely to come anywhere, and for that reason constant care should be exercised. And if possible, don't eat an egg that is over thirty days old. It is not fit.

Aside from the professional poultry man, the amateur and the farmer, there is still another class interested in poultry work. They are the thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, who have no desire to go into poultry as a money making matter; who have not the room for extensive breeding pens, and who are probably engaged in other work, and who have not time to devote to any considerable number of fowls. They are the people who will live in the small cities, towns and villages, with ground rightly regarded as going to waste, or at least not earning anything. These people would like to go into the chicken business more for a diversion or hobby than anything else, and supply their own table with eggs and an occasional fowl. There is surely no good reason why they should not. Let a man who has the ground take up the matter just as he would were he going into the business as a means of livelihood. That is, he should use the same precautions in the selection of his stock, and the same judgment in its care.

The numerous poultry associations throughout the country are of great service to their members. At their meetings they discuss intelligently the different matters of interest, and protect each other from those who would impose upon or use an unfairly with them. Of great use and interest are the annual poultry shows in various localities. Not only are these exhibitions of products of interest to the professional and amateur, but to the general public.

one should be roasted or chilled in certain rooms of a house year after year than there is that one should live on the outside of it. I am satisfied with the plans provided me, and I believe that others will build revolving houses, following my plans."

Mr. Reiman will begin building the house this summer and will have it ready in the late fall.

"I will use the colonial style of architecture for the house," he said. "The kitchen will be built away from it. There will be five bedrooms and baths on the second floor and on the first a large reception hall, dining room, den, library and pantry. There is only one other house of this kind that I have heard of, and that one is said to be in Switzerland. The revolution will be practically noiseless. I have considerable trouble in sleeping, and that is the main reason why I am having this house built. If the sun is shining in my eyes in early morning, or if my room does not catch the breeze that may be blowing, I can just press a button at the side of my bed and remedy the matter."

The Hated Garrick. Mrs. Olive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear" she stood behind the scenes to observe him and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "Hang him! I believe he could act a gridiron."—T. P.'s Weekly.

Same Thing. "Miss Bloomer seems to keep her youth still," remarked Miss Goode. "Well," replied Miss Chellis, "she keeps her age quiet."—Philadelphia Press.

So far, all that the building of airships has accomplished is to furnish help for the work of Old Man Death.

LARGEST-FLOWERED VINE

It is a Tropical Plant and Can Be Raised Only in Hot-houses. Probably the largest-flowered and certainly one of the most delicately beautiful vines in the world is cacaenola maxima, which has recently flowered for the first time in the United States, says the Garden Magazine. Its pure white, fluted petals are margined with gold, changing to a darker tinge with age, and have a delicious fragrance when first opening. The individual flowers are sometimes eight inches long, which we believe eclipses even the largest flowered hybrid clematis.

The great drawback to the cultivation of this noble plant is that it will bloom only in hot-houses of considerable size, and hitherto it has been extremely slow in coming into bloom. Plants were first distributed by Kew in 1873, but did not flower in cultivation until 1882, when blooms appeared at Trinidad. However, George W. Oliver, propagator of the United States Department of Agriculture, who first bloomed the cacaenola here, thinks it "very likely that this plant will flower oftener and more profusely in this country than in Europe, particularly in England, because of our higher summer temperature, which enables the plant to grow rapidly and ripen its wood."

The cacaenola is named after the Shakespeare of the Portuguese, the poet Cacaenola, author of "Luslade."

The Boarding-House Novel. The "renumerative guests" who gathered at the breakfast table in Mrs. Seavey's basement dining room were all assembled, with the exception of the medical student. It was a dark morning, and nobody looked particularly cheerful.

"I'd like to know who took 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' out of the parlor last night," said the music teacher, looking round the room with an accusing gaze. "I'd lotted on half an hour with it after I came back from the concert last night, and it was gone. I'm just at the place where Muriel tells Henry that within two days' time she'll restore."

"Oh, please don't tell," cried Mrs. Seavey. "You know I'm trying to read it, and I'm way behind all the rest of you. I so seldom have any spare time." "Here's Mr. Cutting with 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' under his arm," said the stout young man from the corner drug store, as the medical student entered the room. "See here, you can't take that off to the hospital with you; we're all reading it. What are you doing with a novel, anyway?"

"Why, somebody told me about the scene where Henry discovers that his eyes—" began the medical student, laying the book on the table; but before he could say any more the music teacher and the young woman from the library cried out:

"Don't! they brought him. 'Don't! We haven't got to that!'"

"What do you think of Muriel's carrying off that little boy after the accident?" asked the stout young man. "Do you suppose—"

"Oh, does she really carry little Edward off?" asked the philanthropic elderly lady. "I haven't got to that; but I've anticipated something of the sort when I read about the nurse, and that she was really the one—"

"I know it," exclaimed the little stenographer. "But you just wait till you get to the end. Of course she never would have broken off her engagement to Henry except that she knew from the way he acted that there was something between him and her brother, and when—"

"Did she break her engagement?" cried the stout young man, the music teacher, the librarian and the elderly philanthropist in chorus, while the medical student looked interested.

"Oh, yes," said the little stenographer. "Why, I knew from the first she'd never marry Henry; and when Alfred—"

"Who's Alfred?" came in another chorus.

"Oh, haven't you got as far as that?" asked the little stenographer. "In a pitying tone. 'Why, when she took that long ride to the next camp before daylight—'"

"Oh, the next camp!" echoed the chorus.

"I must read on as far as that this morning," said the philanthropic lady; but Mrs. Seavey pressed her hand to her head and rose from the table.

"If the friends will excuse me," she said, in her most conciliatory tone, "my back is paining me this morning, and I'm going to my room for a little rest."

There were polite murmurs of regret as Mrs. Seavey went toward the door, but as she paused for a moment beside the medical student, quick glances passed between her guests, full of intelligence.

"I hope you aren't studying too hard," said Mrs. Seavey, in her most motherly way. She allowed her hand to rest for a moment on the medical student's shoulder; it then slipped to the table; and when she removed it, she also removed "Mrs. Romaine's Brother."

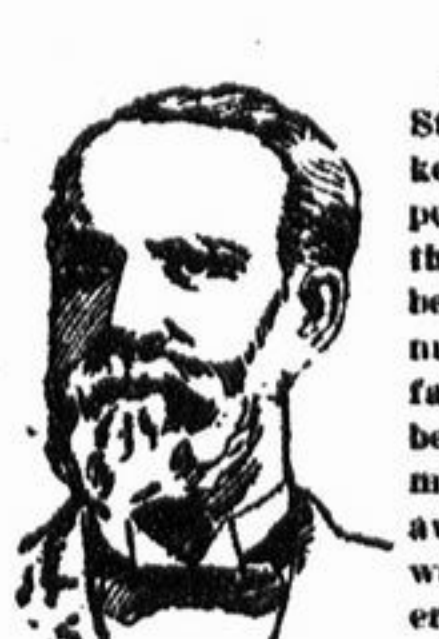
"Dear me!" said the stout young man. "Is it possible we shall all be driven to getting library cards of our own?"—Youth's Companion.

Nature Not Considered. "In Egypt the priesthood was held responsible for the rise of the Nile." "Yes," answered Senator Norham. "We have changed all that. Now, the leaders of the people merely take credit for prosperity on general principles."—Washington Star.

Message of Words. "What are you doing?" "Grafting trees at \$2.50 a day." "That ain't grafting. That's workin'."—Kansas City Journal.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PLENTY OF WORK ON THE FARMS.



The productiveness of the United States along agricultural lines is not keeping pace with the growth of our population. Meats are dear because the slaughtering animals are falling behind the population in relative numbers. Labor is scarce on the farm, and labor is dear on the farm because the factory, the forest, the mine and the railroad are taking away the farmer's workers through wages fixed at rates which the farmer cannot afford to pay.

UNREASONABLE DELAYS OF OUR COURTS.



One reason for unreasonable delay in the lower courts is the disposition of the judges to wait an undue length of time in the writing of their opinions or judgments. I speak with confidence on this point, for I have staid myself. In English courts the ordinary practice is for the judge to deliver his opinion immediately upon the close of the argument, and this is the practice which ought to be enforced as far as possible in our courts of first instance.

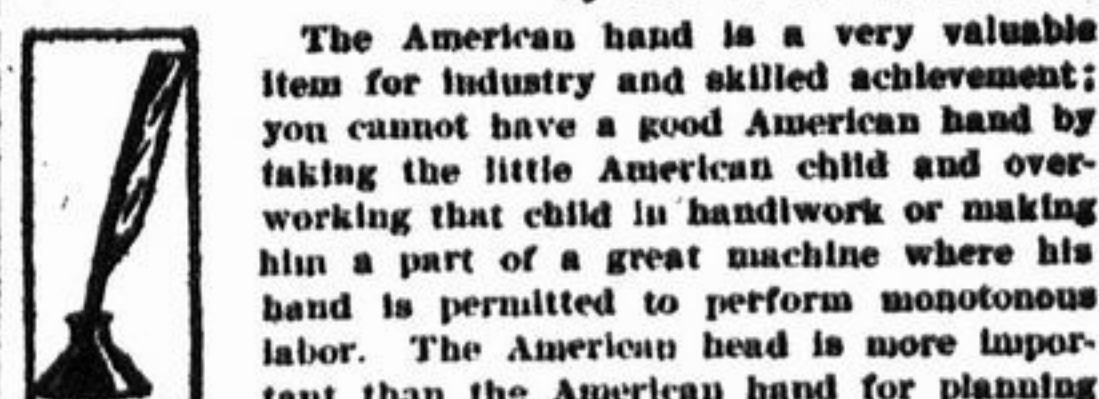
It is a great deal more important that the court of first instance should decide promptly than that it should decide right. Such practice of deciding cases at the close of the hearing makes the judge very much more attentive to the argument during its presentation, and much more likely to decide right when the evidence and the arguments are fresh in his mind.

In the Philippines the system has been adopted of refusing a judge his regular monthly stipend unless he can file certificate with the receipt for the money, in which he certifies on honor that he had disposed of all the business submitted to him within the previous sixty days.

OUTRAGE OF CHILD LABOR.

The American hand is a very valuable item for industry and skilled achievement; you cannot have a good American hand by taking the little American child and overworking that child in handwork or making him a part of a great machine where his hand is permitted to perform monotonous labor. The American hand is more important than the American hand for planning a good American head by taking the child from school and stunting mental growth by making the child a cog in even the finest machinery of what is called civilization. The American child is still more important than the American hand, and no State can ever prosper in the higher things—and the lower things always get their value from the higher things—which persistently permits the incursion of greed over the heart of childhood.

EXCLUDE CHINESE COOLIES ONLY.



I am in favor of the purpose, but not the form, of the Chinese exclusion act. It is an insult to an old, wise and proud race such as the Chinese to exclude their students and great men from our shores. I am in sympathy with the great object of the Chinese exclusion act—to keep the Pacific coast free from the numerical preponderance of an Asiatic population. If there ever was a matter of public policy in which the "undesirable citizen" doctrine should be enforced to the limit, it is the immigration question.

SCHOOLROOM FURNITURE.

Combined Adjustable Desk, Chair and Receptacle for Books, Etc. Few parents realize how uncomfortable are the desks and seats provided for children in the public schools, or they would endeavor to influence the directors to substitute others of up-to-date construction and designed with some idea of assuring ease to the pupils while working. A combined desk, chair and receptacle designed along the proper lines is shown here, patented by an Alabama man. The desk is adjustable, so also are the chair and the receptacle, the latter providing a convenient place at the side of the chair on which to place the books, papers and similar articles.

Both the desk and the chair can be adjusted to accommodate children of varying degrees. All three of the parts are connected by iron bars, so that they cannot be easily separated after once adjusted.

Barberies.

In scarlet circles o'er the gray stone wall The barberies lean in this autumnal air; Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare, And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall, They come to make the eye a festival! Along the road, for miles, their terebes bare, Ah, if your deep-sown oval were not rare (The Danish rose might envy it) what! What birds had sang your praises long ago, Called you fine names in honey-voiced books— The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane, September's blues. 'Cere's lips glow, Little Red Ridinghoods, for your sweet looks! But your plebeian beauty is in vain. —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Gratitude of a Squaw

"There, Bobby! There, Kitty! Pa-pa has played long enough. Run away now, or we won't have any wood to burn next winter." And, clapping his hat on his head and seizing his axe, Mr. Joiner started for the forest, on the edge of which stood his little home, far down in the southern part of Alabama.

Bobby ran after him shouting: "Pa-pa, pa-pa, let me go with you. I'll be a good boy."

"Come along then," answered his father, "but hurry now. I'm very late." And off they went, Bobby carrying his toy hatchet over his shoulder as his father carried his axe.

Bobby played about happily for a long time, now trying to cut down little trees with his hatchet, now hunting for wild grapes, and now peering into holes after rabbits; but at last, growing tired—for he was only four years old—he said:

"Pa-pa, I reckon I'll go home now to see mamma and get something to eat. I'll carry her some fat lightwood to kindle her fire with." And filling his arms with small sticks of pitch pine, Bobby started off.

His father watched him a moment; but, seeing that he was in the right path to the house, he went on with his work until the boy called him home to dinner. Kitty ran to meet him, but Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

A few questions and answers told the father that he had not been home, and, without waiting for his dinner, he turned back into the forest. He soon reached the spot where he had last seen the child as he trudged toward home, and he began a search among the trees on either side. After a time he discovered the tiny armor of lightwood which Bobby was carrying home to his mother hung on the ground, evidently by an older hand and longer arm than Bobby's; but no other track or trace could be found. The ground all about was covered thickly with soft pine needles, which would not only deaden the sound of footsteps, but would make no impression of them. He kept up the search, however, until darkness came upon him, when he returned home, hastily snatched a little food, and started for the home of his nearest neighbor to obtain help in his search.

Days and weeks passed. Neighbors and friends for miles around had hunted for the lost boy, but could find not even a clue to his whereabouts, and hope of ever seeing him again was well-nigh abandoned. Cold weather was close at hand, and Mr. Joiner had gone to his wood-chopping.

Mr. Joiner was busy in the kitchen one forenoon when a shadow darkened the window, and she glanced up to see an Indian squaw looking in upon her. She held a papoose in her arm instead of carrying it in the customary way upon her back, and her eyes wore such a troubled look that Mrs. Joiner went at once to the door and beckoned her in, first making sure that the door into the bedroom where Kitty and the baby were sleeping was closed. "Me got sick papoose," said the squaw, stopping in the doorway. "You make her well?"

"I'll try," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Let me see the baby. What is the matter with him?" and she pulled aside the blanket covering the papoose.

"Him very sick. Him choke. Him no breath," said the mother, anxiously. Mrs. Joiner took the baby in her arms and listened to his labored breathing. "It's not cramp," she said at last, "though it soon would have been if you had not brought him to me. May I put him into a warm bath?" For the poor little wretch was dirty to the last degree.

Gaining the mother's consent, she stripped the baby, put him into a hot bath, and, when his breathing seemed easier, she wrapped him in warm, clean flannels belonging to her own children, rubbed his chest with goose grease, and administered medicine and food.

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A MAN IN THE

The story of Skaggs is told by a writer in the Associated Magazine—in very simple and straight to that point in the story is always waiting to record the brave and sweet things of life. It was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he got the job. It was finally arranged "Skag." When he first came to the office he staid like a mouse's tail, but well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were so tattered beyond endurance that they were except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker. Skag and early he went to the office and dusted the desks—that he used the duster—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, ready for the high-water mark about his neck. But by degree Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied wastebaskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were getting more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the "boss" had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes smiled a little. But Skag's work was sporadic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden indiarly variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

"Skag, come here!" It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a subject.

"Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday, I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all."

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tugged at the seam on his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work clothes, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's feet were growing thinner and his attitude more drooping.

Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed angry. "Jones, go up to the kid's room and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he can't come at all."

When Jones returned he went into the manager's private office and stood at the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

"What brought it on?" asked the stenographer.

"Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday."

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggs now. They call him by his right name.

Proceeding by Sea. When Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo one of his friends was a lazy young lawyer who was forever pestering him with questions about legal points that he could just as well have looked up for himself. Once Cleveland's patience had an end. One day as his friend entered he remarked:

"There are my books. Help yourself to them. You can look up your own case."

The lazy lawyer stared at him in amazement.

"See here, Grover Cleveland," he said indignantly. "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder. You know very well that I don't read law. I practice law directly by ear."—Everybody's Magazine.

Right to Pop's Idea. Bill—Thought you were in love with the Budd girl?

Jill—So I am. She is the only girl who ever kindled the fire of love in my heart.

"What happened?" "Why, her father happened. He got out the gun. You know how it always looking out for business."

"What do you mean?" "Why, her father is in the shoe-catcher business."—Youkers.

The Right Kind of a Girl. Wednesday—Can the girl you are engaged to swim?

Thursday—I don't know. But you do you ask?

Wednesday—Surely! If she can't swim, it will be happy. A girl who can't swim can keep her mouth shut.—Chicago News.

A Fatigue. They said he felt his work was too heavy.

It was a prophetic statement. He bought himself a fatigues cap. And when he took it over his ears, he said: "Well, that's not so heavy."

A Man is Never so Free as when he is supposed upon an island.

When a man walks along the street between two women, he has every appearance of being under arrest.