JOE AND THE FOREMAN

"Your account's out just one loaf, young fellow," the foreman of the bakery, Mr. Jacques, said to the boy who stood before him.

Joe Marston tried to think of any sale for which he failed to make collection. His business was to deliver bread a day old throughout a district in which poor people lived who preferred the stale loaves because they were a cent apiece cheaper than the fresh ones. Mr Jacques was a gruff man, and apparently without the kindly disposed heart that is sometimes thought to be hidden under a rough exterior. At any rate, he held the drivers of the bread waggons to a very strict account.

"Oh, I know, sir," Joe suddenly exclaimed, as a recollection came to him. "Old Mrs. Machon hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday, and I let her have a loaf until to-morrow.

"Then why didn't you pay for it yourself? We're not running a charity hall. If she pays you back all right; but you'll have to fork over now."

Joe handed out the four cents, looking as if he had committed some crime. When the foreman went away (he was a stockholder in the company) some of the working girls expressed their opinion of him in vigorous terms.

"The mean old thing! I don't believe he's got any heart," said one. "You did right, Joe. I guess the Gem Baking Company can stand four cents! Here, Joe, you're not going to lose it," and Joe was offered the money.

"No, I won't take it, 'cause I ought to pay for the loaf myself. I see it now, but I thought I was doing right. The bread wasn't mine to give away, and I won't do it again unless I'm willing to pay for it."

Although he saw where he had done wrong the sympathy of the girls was very grateful to him and restored his confidence. He was so poor himself that he had a hard time to make ends meet, yet he felt glad he had given the loaf to the destitute old woman; or rather, trusted her with it, for he was to be paid on the following day. But he now saw he had no right to trust other people's property, and that he ought to have paid for it without being told by the foreman.

After his delivery on the next day Joe handed in his report.

"Correct this time. Didn't find any poor old starving body, eh?" the foreman asked, jeeringly.

Joe did not make any reply, but went to his work, while the girls turned up their noses at the back of the foreman.

The place where they were working was on the fourth floor, and a large quantity of flour in sacks had been piled there recently while the basement was undergoing some repairs. Suddenly there was a creaking, groaning sound heard, and the floor began to sink. Those nearest the windows, which were open, ran towards them; but only three reached them before the building collapsed, the walls bent inward, and machinery, flour, men and women went crashing through to the basement.

In a moment screams of agony came up from those below who were crushed in the wreckage. Joe had caught hold of a window sill, and had no difficulty in drawing himself to a seat on the ledge; but the wall itself was tottering and he was in great danger.

The cry came from someone near him, and Joe looked inward. Two girls who had expressed their sympathy with him when he was reprimanded by the foreman, were hanging to the sill. To let go meant to fall to the basement and almost certain death; yet they could not hold on longer then a few minutes. Joe felt his nerves tingle at the thought.

He turned to the outside. The fire-escape was about six feet beneath him and although twisted by the bulging of the wall, it ran up to the window where the girls were hanging. He dropped to it, and then made his way to the upper window as rapidly as possible, bracing his feet against the iron railing and his shoulder against the side of the window he grasped the arm of the girls and pulled with all his might, telling her to help herself at the same time with her other hand. She did so and was soon leaning through the window, from where she made short work of getting out on the fire escape.

Then Joe tried to help the other girl in the same way. But she had been holding on for a few seconds longer than her companion, so that when Joe took her by the arm she let go of the window with the other hand also. This threw her entire weight on him, and he was drawn inward in spite of his utmost endeavor.

It was a terrible moment. With every muscle strained until his eyes seemed to start out of his head, and the sharp corner of the casement cutting his shoulder, he felt himself being overcome. As he thought of the terrible death for both of them if he was drawn over the ledge, or for her if he let go his hold on her arm, he gasped:

"Catch the sill with your other hand, quick!"

She understood and tried to do so, but her effort in reaching up pulled him so far inward that the moment greatly increased their peril, and caused her fingers to fall short of the sill by an inch or two.

"I can't!" she screamed in a frenzy of fear, her fingers scratching the paint in their wild grasping to secure a hold.

Just then both felt an upward and outward motion to their bodies. The girl first rescued heard her companion's wild scream, and at once seized the hand of the arm which Joe held, pulling outwards with all her might. This assistance came not a moment too soon, and with it Joe was enabled to drag the girl safely to the ledge.

They were obliged to rest a moment, and then began to make their way down the escape. No time was to be lost, for coals from the furnace had started a fire, and as gas pipes had been twisted off, the blaze would spread rapidly On reaching the third floor a portion of the walls which had fallen across the escape was encountered, and they could go no further. Already the smoke and heat were in their faces.

"Girls," Joe said, there's nothing to do but jump, so come on, and he started to assist them over the railing of the escape, and in this way to let them down as far as possible before they dropped.

But at this moment the firemen arrived in the alley, and although it Ras chocked with fallen bricks, they planted ladders and started up for Joe and the girls. One at a time the latter were carried below.

"Follow me down," the fireman said to Joe, as he received the second girl over the railing, "and be quick about it. The fire is coming!"

Joe turned to look at the approaching flames, and on bringing his eye back it took in the mass of ruins beneath him.

"Go to the second floor!" he suddenly shouted to the firemen, and he disappeared inward over the broken wall.

What had led him to take such a perilous step? Lying head downward over a beam, he saw Mr. Jacques and determined to rescue him. Sliding along a steel girder which inclined that way, Joe jumped to the place where the foreman lay, with his clothes caught on a spike. He was unconscious but still breathing. Had it not been for that spike, he would have been buried under the ruins at the first crash. But other parts of the wall were occasionally falling in, the fire was advancing, and he must be removed at once or left to his fate.

The beam, fortunately, was leaning outward towards the point where the wall had fallen away from it, and the inner end was hanging on a wire which was attached to it. When Joe leaped to the beam, all he had to do was to shove the shoulders of the unfortunate man on to the timber, in order to make it safe to release his clothing; otherwise he would fall, since he was too heavy for Joe to hold.

To get Mr. Jacques' shoulder on the beam was no easy task, however, for Joe's strength had been nearly used up already; but it was accomplished, after which Joe took out his pocket knife to cut the clothing away from the spike. It is not likely that he could have guided the body down the incline, and all his labor would have been lost but the firemen came to his assistance, having hurried to the second floor to see what had become of him. With their aid Mr. Jacques was taken out safely and sent away in an ambulance, while Joe, too weak to be of any further service, went home.

The fourth day alter the collapse of the Gem Baking Company's building, Joe received a message to visit Mr. Jacques in the hospital. When he was shown to the cot on which the injured foreman lay he found him as gruffly as ever.

"Well, you'll not have a chance to give away any bread to hungry people for a few days, eh?" was the greeting he met with.

Joe was so confused that he could answer only, "N-no, sir."

"Should think not," Mr. Jacques grunted. "Get hurt any?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I did. A broken head and a shoulder out of joint. Those girls up on the fourth floor seem to like you well, eh?"

"I-I don't know," Joe stammered.

"I do. Been here and told me about how you saved their lives. Saved mine, too, didn't you, eh?" and the injured man looked and spoke as if he were ready to give Joe a lecture for doing so.

"I helped to get you out of the buildin', sir."

"Well, we'll be running again in a few weeks and I want you back at your work."

"Thank you, I shall be glad of the chance."

"And you can give away a loaf of bread to anybody you find starving. Understand?"

Joe was beginning to understand, although Mr. Jacques talked as if he were scolding vigorously.

"Now, here's an order on our treasurer," the foreman resumed, "to pay you your wages every week until we get to work. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, and thank you very much."

"Well, I'm doing a little thanking in my own way, too, so that's all right. Now, the doctor says I got such a shaking up that I mustn't talk to anybody very long at a time, so I guess you'd better go."

"Very well, sir, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

When Joe was about ten feet from the cot, Mr. Jacques called him back. For the first time since he knew him, Joe saw a wistful, kind look in the foreman's eyes as he asked:

"Couldn't you come back to see me day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, and glad to," Joe answered, feeling a lump rise in his throat, he could not tell why.

ALBATROSS EVERYWHERE.

Sailors Look Upon it as Bad Luck to Kill One of Them.

Of all the strange creatures seen by travellers not the least interesting is the wandering albatross. This great, feathered wanderer, sometimes measuring 17 feet from tip to tip of his wings, will follow a ship for days at a time. Some travellers and sailors declare that they have seen a particular bird fly for weeks at a time without ever being seen to alight upon the waves.

It not merely follows the ship, but wheels in great circles around it and above it, high in the air, as if to show that it is not tired. Sometimes the bird will be seen to hang in the air with its wings apparently motionless and the sailors say that then it is asleep.

Not only in pleasant weather will the albatross follow a ship for days and weeks, but through the most terrific storms it will continue its untiring flight. In fact, to find an albatross otherwise than on the wing is like finding a weasel asleep.

Once a year the female albetross flies away a few thousand miles to the great, lonely island rock of Tristan d'Acunha, which lifts its desolate head far in the South Atlantic, or to some equally remote place, and there lays one egg in the hollow of a rock.

The albatross has always been a bird of mystery, and in ancient times the people believed that these unwearying sea birds were the companions of the Greek warrior Diomedes, who were said to have been changed into birds at the death of their chief.

When America was discovered and ships began to sail abroad to the Pacific Ocean to double the Cape of Good Hope and to explore the "seven seas" generally, the old belief about the albatross had been forgotten by the sailors and explorers, but in their long and lonesome voyages over waters which were cut by no keel but their own, and upon whose vast expanse they saw no other sail but theirs, the presence of the albatross following the ship day after day became a great source of comfort and companionship. So it came to be a belief that ill-luck would follow any one who killed one of these birds; and that belief is common among seafaring men to this very day. Coleridge's famous "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" is based upon this belief.

Though the superstition about the killing of an albatross bringing bad luck is only a foolish one, it has served a useful purpose for many years in preventing the slaughter of these beautiful and gallant birds—the sailor's friends and the landsmen's wonder.

Up in dreary Kamchatka, that outlying part of Siberia which cuts into the North Pacific, the natives, never having heard of the superstition about the albatross, catch him and eat him. But his flesh makes such poor food that after all the legend may be said to hold good, for he is indeed in bad luck who has to make a meal of it.

WARNED HIM

He stood before her father.

"Well, sir," said the older gentleman, "I suppose you have come to ask me for my daughter?"

"I—I—ye-es, sir, if you please."

"Um! Have you stopped to think what getting married means; what you will have to——"

"Oh," the boy interrupted, having regained his self-assurance, "you needn't give yourself the least uneasiness on that account, Mr. Scaddsleigh. Without wishing to boast, I can assure you that I shall be able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed. I have a fine position in my father's bank, to which I have worked up unaided and alone, and I am to be made a director of the institution just as soon as I have found out the difference between collateral and assets."

"Very well; but that's not what I intended to refer to. Have you looked over Juliet's mother carefully?"

"I don't believe I quite understand you."

"How do you like my wife?"

"I have the highest respect for Mrs. Scaddsleigh."

"You have, eh? Well, sir, when she was twenty-four she was just as sweet and pretty and coy as Juliet is—was just like her, in fact."

"Ah, how charming!"

"Do you still want her?"

"Life without her would be hateful to me."

"All right. I suppose, then, that I must yield. But," he said to himself as the young man was rushing away, "my conscience is clear, thank Heaven!"

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

SOME DRINKING PROBLEMS.

We cannot be too careful about the water supply of our stock. Too often it is allowed to stand and stagnate in tank, trough or pail in summer, while in winter it is supplied ice cold or is frozen over most of the time so that some of the stock may not gain access to it during the entire day. Some of the animals may obtain all they want while others are kept away from the tank by those which are "boss." Dehorning the cattle will prevent this latter trouble to a great extent.

WATER FOR COWS.

The cow requires a liberal supply of water. She can subsist on one drink a day but two or more are highly desirable. Supplying them individually in the stable by means of pails or troughs established conditions which are apt to breed filth and stale water. A clear spring or creek is an ideal watering place in summer, but in winter it may be frozen or require a long journey through the snow to reach it, and with such conditions the cow will often remain thirsty rather than brave the trip to the drinking place.

Experiments have shown that an ordinary cow will drink from 50 to 100 pounds of water per day, or about 4 pounds of water to each pound of dry feed consumed. It has been found that when a grain ration was replaced by roots the water consumption fell off materially; when fed on dry feed, the amount drank was about double what it was when fed on green pasture. The New York Experiment Station concludes that each cow should have access to eight gallons of water daily. The same station found that when cows were dry they drank but 65 per cent. of the amount these same cows drank during lactation.

In a trial in Germany it was found that when cows which had been given water twice daily were changed to stalls having a constant supply, the milk yield increased about one pound daily with no decrease of fat content.

WATER FOR HORSES.

The amount of water required by horses varies more than for any other animal. It is greatly affected by work and feed, being about twice as great when the horse is at hard work, and much greater when fed on dry roughage than when fed on a concentrated ration. In one experiment a horse while walking required 27.5 pounds of water daily, while trotting and performing work he required 50 pounds.

WATER FOR SHEEP.

The necessity of a continual water-supply for sheep is a much controverted point. We are unable to find any definite and decisive data on the question, and think it would make a good topic for our experiment stations. There are many farmers who would like to know whether the pasturing of sheep at any or all seasons of the year in a lot where water is not accessible is a losing practice. We believe that experiments would prove that it is, as we can see no reason why they are so different from other stock as not to repay some attention to their water supply. True a sheep in fairly green pasture will subsist and appear to do well with no water except that supplied by the feed and dew, but the feed so often dries up and the dews become light, and then where is the moisture needed for bodily growth to come from? Miller says that a perfectly fed sheep will require little water but that in general they require from one to six quarts. We all know that sheep will drink a great deal of water if they have access to it and we will not go far wrong in supplying it where possible.

It is, however, true that the water content of the body of the sheep is less than for any other animal being but 35 per cent for very fat sheep. The fat calf has 63 per cent, the fat ox 45 per cent. and the fat pig 41 per cent.

METHODS OF WATER SUPPLY.

Probably the most satisfactory water supply for the farmer is the wind mill and storage tank to supply smaller tanks at the places of consumption, these tanks being kept filled by means of float valves. Where one is sure of the wind or has a gasoline engine, emitting the large storage tank will insure a cooler, fresher supply of water in summer, but these ideal conditions are not often practiced. Again, small drinking tanks may present difficulties in heating during the winter, but they are offset by the constant supply of fresh water which they furnish in summer.

Where but a few animals are kept, water may be pumped by mill or by hand as fast as needed. The spring, creek, river, and pond are desirable in the order named. Standing water in small pools should be avoided.

HEATING DRINKING WATER.

It is a well established fact that ice cold water is desirable for neither man nor beast. The former drinks it in hot weather because he likes it and suffers the consequences; the latter drinks it in cold weather because his owner furnishes no other and again the loss due to reduced yields and profits falls on the human family.

King, of Wisconsin, supplied water of 70 degrees to one lot of cows, and at 32 degrees to a second lot equal in all respects to the first. In the first trial the cows getting the warm water drank from eight to ten pounds more daily, and have 6 per cent. more milk. In the second trial they gave 1 per cent. more. The Indiana station found that when the temperature of the water supplied to cows was reduced from 79 degrees to 38 degrees F. they fell off 8 per cent. in milk yield.

The results seem to show that warm water is highly desirable for stock (milk cows at least) in cold weather. The question is, will the increased gain equal the expense of heating the water? For a few animals it may not, but where many animals are kept we believe it will pay. Not only is warm water desirable for milch cows but it will also decrease the amount of food consumed by the fattening animal.

Tank heaters are generally employed to raise the winter temperature of the drinking water. We can not enter into a discussion of the styles, cost, fuel consumed, or danger of fire, except to say that most of the objections to their use can be overcome. The fuel expense is trifling if the heater is of an approved pattern and rightly managed, and if the tank is some distance from stacks or buildings there is little danger of fire.

In our vicinity most stock tanks are now built of cement. One which we have in mind is covered, the tank itself forming the foundation for the shed above. The doors at each side are opened for drinking two or three times each day. At other times they are closed and in this way the water is warmed with little loss of heat.

MILK AFFECTED BY FEED.

A Scotch dairyman has been carrying on some experiments to test the effect of feed, and time of feeding on the quality of the milk. He reports the following results:

"It was found that changing from a narrow to a wide, nutritive ration increased the yield of milk, but decreased the fat content, the change being more pronounced in the morning's than in the evening's milk; and also that feeding all the grain ration in the morning tended to increase the fat content of the morning's milk. Feeding all the grain in the evening also tended to increase the fat content of the morning's milk, but had apparently little or no effect on the evening's milk. These changes persisted for a number of weeks after the conclusion of the experiment proper.

"While milking at equal intervals is believed to be the best method of preventing the fat content of the morning's milk from falling below the legal standard of 3 per cent. and should be adopted wherever possible, the results, nevertheless show that the fat content of the morning's milk may be increased by feeding stuffs in the morning. During the summer months the average fat content of the morning's milk of the herd under investigation was on most days below 3 per cent. Similar results have been obtained with other herds in different parts of the country."

SILVER FOR SURGERY.

A well-known surgeon has made use, with excellent results, of a sheet of silver-leaf in dressing wounds. The silver sticks closely to the surface of the wounded or diseased tissue, and a small quantity of cotton soaked in collodion is sufficient to keep it in place. When the wound is fresh, it heals quickly, without inflammation or suppuration. The antiseptic properties of silver are not popularly known. Some years ago Dr. Rollin, of Lyons, France, in cultivating microbes in a bouillon which he had placed in a silver cup, found that the microbes perished, and at the end of a few hours completely disappeared. The fact was pletely disappeared. The fact was all the more remarkable, as the same microbes multiplied when placed in another vessel. Pursuing his investigations, Dr. Rollin analysed the bouillon which was contained in the silver vessel, and found therein a small trace of silver, which infinitely small quantity had rendered the bouillon antiseptic.

THESE MODERN TIMES.

It is true that, while civilization develops man in some ways, it also degenerates him in others. For instance, prepared foods weaken the stomach; whereas when men had to eat coarse food, they had only sound digestive organs, but magnificent teeth. These facts have led philosophers to-day to prophesy that the time will come when man can live without a stomach by eating prepared foods. The principle of disuse is well exemplified in the foot. Condensing the foot within an ill-fitting shoe distorts it, makes the toes grow smaller, and is driving the little toe into disuse.

NEARER THE MARK.

Briggs—"Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who lend?"

Gregory—"No, sir; my experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend."