FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

by WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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CHAPTER XXI.

Brand, the Immutable.

That Brand, despite all appearances, had deliberately sold Reynolds out, was not certain. But in Dick's mind there was no doubt about it. He saw, or imagined an ulterior motive that made it a reasonable conclusion, but he dared not reveal his suspicions to Bob. Dick had never believed the millionaire persisted in his excursions to Staten Island merely for financial benefit to either Bob or himself. He accounted for Brand's first appearance on the grounds of self-interest and the subsequent visits he attributed to interest in Mrs. Reynolds. That he could be so penurious as to actually scheme to get back the stipend he had meted out to Bob did not appeal to Dick, either. For, whatever the amount was, the young writer knew it was but a stipend to Brand. He believed that the capitalist wished to crush Reynolds and raise such an insuperable barrier to his success that he would succumb and become alienated from his wife through hopeless realization of his own unworthiness. But chiefly was Mrs. Brand to consider in this line of deduction and the millionaire had never given sufficient evidence of unloyalty to warrant it. At least, not enough to arouse such thoughts in Bob.

But young Meade, usually so far seeing, had drawn a cursory perspective and perhaps a prejudiced one. For Dick's antipathy to Brand was founded on two things. He despised him as the traducer of Bob and he hated him for his association with Jane, the more bitterly, too, because Brand had removed her from the sphere of his own intimacy. In short, Dick was jealous of Brand, though he did not analyze his feeling in just that way.

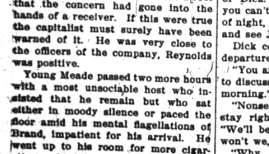
When the cataclysm had come for Bob that afternoon—when the ticker, that instrument of joy, or torture, had told him of his ruin, he had found but one definite conclusion. He would ask Brand to meet the overdraft on his bank and call it quits. He had been prompted to attempt what now stood out clearly as a criminal act, through failure to secure an expected mortgage on his home and through belief that he would win on the stock. The house, fortunately, was still unincumbered, but in the face of failure he shrank from reducing Jane to absolute poverty and had determined to ask this final boon of Brand. He had telegraphed the millionaire asking him to come that evening before the theater party.

Now, Dick's revelation gave an entirely different aspect to the case. Bob had lost and Brand had won and Brand could afford to pay. True, the millionaire had not told him to buy Consolidated Wire that day, but he had not advised him not to, and if Brand knew enough to get in on the right side of the collapse, he must have known the crash was coming many hours before it did. There were rumors in the street that the concern had gone into the hands of a receiver. If this were true the capitalist must surely have been warned of it. He was very close to the officers of the company, Reynolds was positive.

Young Meade passed two more hours with a most unsociable host who insisted that he remain but who sat either in moody silence or paced the floor amid his mental flagellations of Brand, impatient for his arrival. He went up to his room for more cigarettes and while he was gone the millionaire arrived. Dick went to him smiling pleasantly as Frieda admitted him.

"Hello, Mr. Brand," he greeted, with extended hand, "we meet once more, though I've given you quite a rest."

Brand took the hand and dropped it quickly as if the mere act of touching



"Help? Why Does He Need Help?"

it were ample condescension on his part.

"How do you do, Mr. — I forgot your name," he added lightly. He spoke as if it were of little consequence, anyway.

"Meade. Richard Meade," Dick prompted, unabashed.

"Oh, yes; still on the newspaper?"

"No, I'm nearly respectable now," the reporter answered. "Magazines."

Brand looked relieved. He handed his hat and coat to Frieda and advanced to the fireplace.

"Thought you might be here to see your friend on a story of some kind," he ventured. "I believe you haven't seen much of each other for a year or so. Where is Reynolds now?" he finished, it having just occurred to him that he had not inquired for him.

"Upstairs for a minute," Dick told him. "He's expecting you. He'll be right down. Bob is sort of shot to pieces tonight. I thought he would be and that's what brought me around. Thought I might be of some help to him."

The millionaire raised his head quickly and looked searchingly at Meade.

"Help? Why, does he need help?" he asked with some asperity.

"I think he does—a little. Haven't you heard? Hasn't Henning told you?"

"Henning?" snapped Brand irritably. "What has Henning got to do with it? I don't know as I follow you, young man, if there is anything on your mind, speak it out. That's my method and I have no patience for riddles."

"There is just this on my mind, Mr. Brand," he said. "Reynolds went broke today, flat—you understand, flat. He went broke on Henning's tip, and Henning is your broker. Reynolds lost $40,000; every cent he had in the world, and you won two hundred thousand. That's what's on my mind, Mr. Brand."

"Well, what about it?" the millionaire asked sharply. He glowered at Dick and thrust out his jaw menacingly.

"I don't know what about it," replied the reporter still quietly, but with his face in just as threatening proximity as Brand's. "I'm here to find out."

Brand side-stepped the issue.

"You told Reynolds that?" he inquired.

"I told him what you won, yes. About his own losses I guess he was pretty well informed."

The millionaire took out his cigar case and tendered it to Dick in a gingerly matter-of-fact way. The reporter declined, and Brand lighted his cigar with a deliberate movement. He puffed it slowly once or twice with contemplative mien, then stepped quickly up to Meade, facing him with a challenging look.

"Young man," he said sharply, "I am here tonight in answer to a message from Reynolds. My business with Reynolds is with him and me; not for you. If you want to play the good Samaritan, I have no objection. It is very laudable of you, but I'll do my own charity work in my own way. If you take my advice, you'll step out of this affair tonight and let Reynolds and I settle it ourselves."

"All right," Meade agreed. "That's what I intend to do. I just want to let you know, however, that I am here to throw out a life line if one is needed. That's my line of business to some extent, and I've got some pretty good lifesavers back of me—the magazine I mentioned. I can throw out the line and if the rescue job is too big for me, there will be plenty of help behind. Just remember that," he finished, as Reynolds' step was heard at the top of the stairs.

Meade started for his coat and hat. "Hello, Brand," called Reynolds, as he descended, and as he caught sight of Dick. "You're not going? Why, you can't get a train back at this time of night, Dick. Besides, you must stay and see Jane."

Dick continued his preparations for departure.

"You and Brand have some business to discuss, Bob, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Nonsense, nothing of the kind, you stay right here," his friend insisted. "We'll be through our business soon, won't we, Brand?"

"Why, yes," answered the millionaire amiably enough. "He doesn't have to go on my account."

"I should say not," Bob decided. "You go upstairs, Dick, to my den. It's in the front of the house. Lots to smoke and plenty to read. I'll call you when we're through. Jane'll be home by that time, too."

"Very well," Meade assented. He smiled as he glanced at the millionaire. "I'll close the door, so you don't need to worry, Mr. Brand."

Brand's laugh was void of mirth, but he answered with fine sarcasm and self-assurance.

"Any time you make me worry, young man, I'll retire from business."

"Thank you," said Dick, as he ascended the stairs, "that makes me all the more eager to seek the opportunity."

Reynolds walked to the table and poured out some brandy. "Have some?" he asked curtly, holding a glass towards the millionaire.

"No, thanks; it's a little late for me. You're going pretty strong to that stuff, aren't you, Reynolds?"

"Oh, I don't know," Bob answered tartly, "not so strong but that I can take care of myself, I guess. Where are the ladies?"

"They wanted to get a bite to eat. I slipped away. Mrs. Reynolds will be along soon with Mrs. Brand, in the car. We will have finished our business by that time, I presume."

"Sure; how was the show?"

"Oh, the women liked it all right. I didn't pay much attention."

Brand's attitude changed suddenly from toleration to attack.

"Your telegram—the wire you sent me today. I got it a little late at the office this afternoon; not in time to see you before dinner."

"Yes, I thought we had better be alone for this matter."

"Well, let's get down to business," said Brand. "Your letter asked for some more money. You must think I carry $10,000 around in my vest pocket. What do you want it for anyway? I thought you had run your bank roll up considerably. You haven't dropped it, have you?"

The question was put with apparent sincerity. It would have been accepted in that light, but for the revelation that Bob had just received from Meade. In the hour that he had pondered over Dick's information, he had determined to carry the fight to Brand on his own ground. The request that he made in the letter was for $10,000 to discount the overdraft he had drawn on the bank. But he was armed for a bigger battle now and his answer took the millionaire off his feet.

"Ten thousand dollars isn't the figure, Brand," he said truculently. "It was this afternoon, but I have heard something that's boosted the request a little. I want $60,000. You got two hundred thousand by making me a crook, and you gave me forty thousand of it. Now, partners in any shady job like ours are entitled to an even split, and that's my terms. A hundred thousand dollars minus forty thousand is sixty thousand. How's my arithmetic?"

"Perfect. Almost the work of a sane man," answered Brand. "But the demand isn't."

"Why not?" Reynolds persisted. "I did the work—took half the risk, and I am not sure that you didn't intend

"You Haven't Dropped It, Have You?"

that I should take it all. Anyway, I delivered the goods, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, but I discounted your claim. It was I who took the chance and handed $40,000 right out to you. I had no real assurance that you would go through with it. I might go a little further and remind you that it was I who gave you the opportunity. I was useful enough then, wasn't I? But now you're broke and you are just finding out that I wasn't on the square."

"Right, exactly right," Reynolds exclaimed vehemently. "Just finding it out. I went broke on Consolidated Wire and you made $200,000 on it the same day. I bought Consolidated Wire on Henning's advice and you sold it through the same broker. Maybe you believe I'm a baby, but think it over some more."

Reynolds stepped to the table again and reached for the silver cased bottle. Brand leaped to his side and seized his hand.

"Put that down," he cried. "I want to talk to you, and if you have got any brains at all when you're sober, you'll need them now. You're inferring, Reynolds, that I sold you out through Henning. You're a damned liar and a sneak. You're trying to blackmail me and that's the only thing to call it. Why didn't you come out and own up to it. You went into this thing in good faith on the agreement that $40,000 should pay you for the job. You made some more money with my help and then you got the big head, and tried to make some more without it. You ought to be playing penny ante instead of the stock market, and if you think you're going to scare me with any such child's game as you're attempting tonight, you're mighty far away from the truth. Now, you be careful or I'll take you by the nape of the neck and when I get through with you, you'll take a little journey, and at the end of it you'll have a good view of the river. Do you get me?"

Reynolds flushed and his hand shook as he poured out his brandy. He understood quite well that the millionaire meant he would view the Hudson from the gray walls of Sing Sing.

"Just a moment, please, Brand," he said. "I'm going to take this and then I'm going to have something to say to you."

Brand turned away with a shrug and a grunt of disgust.

"No, I think I'll go; it's a waste of time."

Reynolds set his glass down with a bang.

"You'll go when I'm finished, Brand, and not before," he exclaimed. "I know just what I'm talking about, and I know just what I'm going to do, and all the brandy in this bottle, or a whole case of it wouldn't make the facts any different. Your little pleasantries are taken for just what they are worth. I may return a few of them before I'm finished, but in the meantime, just make yourself at home and listen. It doesn't matter what you think I promised to do, or what I ought to do. I have made up my mind that I'm entitled to best the money that you made through my fraudulent report on cement for the Pecos river dam. I was employed by an honest firm and paid an honest man's salary to make a genuine report on the cement that went into that work. I sold myself too cheap. That was to your advantage for the time being. Now, if you'd have been on the level, regardless of how big $40,000 looked to me at that time, you would have made an even split with me of your own volition, but you didn't. Forty thousand dollars did look like an awful lot of money to me then, but since I've been mixed up with you and your kind, I can see where you've had a little bit the best of it. I've got a pretty good house, and you've got a better one. I've got a car and you've got two or three and a chauffeur. My wife doesn't like to ride in our car this time of the year. She likes the Brands' limousine better; it is more comfortable these cool nights; and she doesn't care to go to the theater with me any more. The parquet used to be very fine, but the Brands' box is better now. It's Brand this and Brand that, and I'm getting a little tired of it. I've lost a lot of money today, to be sure. Ten thousand dollars more than I've got. But I want a little stake of my own, any way, and whatever you told Henning or what you didn't tell him doesn't make any difference to me. If you are so clever that you can win $200,000 on a stock that I lose forty thousand on in the same day and through the same brokerage house, why you can afford to spare a little of that winning, whether you think I am entitled to it or not."

Reynolds' words came clear cut and decisive. His ultimatum did not partake of braggadocio, but of determination.

"Don't misunderstand me," Reynolds went on. "I mean what I say just to this extent: It's a toss of the coin with me whether I get this $60,000 or whether I quit it all and go up there for that view of the river that you recommended so highly—anything; anything rather than this. I've lived in this dressed up civilization of yours, this false grab-bag game, this misery, with every natural thing turned upside down, just about as long as I want to. I wouldn't mind a little rest up on the Hudson if I had company, and if I go I'll have it, and I guess you can figure out what company I'll have."

"Yes, I can figure it out all right," Brand answered, "and I'm simply frightened half to death. Can't you see me trembling? This is a nice little stage you set tonight, Reynolds. All you need is the half lights and some low music, and you'd be a regular melodramatic villain. Now, you've made your little speech and I'll make mine. You brought me over here tonight to blackmail me out of $60,000. You want your answer—here it is. You don't get a damned cent! You've made your bluff, now there's the call. Bring your reporter down now and begin to talk. That's probably what you've—"

Reynolds lunged toward the millionaire, who drew back, fists doubled, ready to meet the attack he fully expected. But Bob stopped, as suddenly as he started. Brand was under his roof. It was no place for violence, however acute the cause.

"You quit that talk, quick!" he cried. "Keep Meade out of this. Don't you drag the only friend I've got down to your level and mine. When I talk it won't be to Meade. It will be right to the man who will put John Brand where he belongs, and put him there quick. Now, you don't think I'm going to, do you? Brand, there are only two things that can relieve me from the hole I'm in. One is money. You can give me that. The other is to make a clean breast of it. I can do that for myself. If you think I'm bluffing, you're crazy. I'm sick of the whole damn business, and so help me God, as I stand on this spot, I'll make you sick of it, too."

"You'll take me along with you?"

"Yes, right up to that place on the river."

Brand's suavity had returned.

"All right," he answered, "but let me tell you something. I'll have money and lawyers to protect me and you won't. In the first place that $10,000 overdraft on your bank will discredit any testimony you give, and if it doesn't, I think you know the law pretty well, and that there is such a thing as an accessory before and after the fact, and if you do succeed in putting us both in jail, remember that there is another person who will go

Reynolds Lunged Toward the Millionaire.

right along with us, and that person is your wife. Now, you just think that over for a while."

As the millionaire boasted of the rich man's means for evasion of the law, Reynolds, who had expected this counter, stood with a look of cynical indifference, but as the full significance of Brand's closing threat struck home, he paled and stepped back with hands pressed hard to his temples as if stunned.

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't do that!" he cried.

"You were the one who was threatening, not me," Brand answered.

Bob rushed again toward his tormentor, but was checked by a sudden opening of the door.

"Good night, Mrs. Brand," they heard Jane say, and Reynolds stopped midway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bandit's Heart Was Touched.

A highwayman who held up Samuel Durocher of Philipstown, in Mill Plain, near Brewster, "had a heart." Because he was a cripple the gunman, after taking everything valuable Durocher had in his clothes, split the spoils with him. Durocher had an arm taken off by railroad cars three months ago. As he was walking to Brewster to get a train home the footpad halted him. After he took $21, a watch, and necktie pin from Durocher he relented when Durocher told him he hadn't worked in three months, and said: "Well, we'll go halves." He returned the watch and $11, but kept the pin and $10.—Philipstown (Pa.) Dispatch to New York Herald.

LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

SENATOR FOSTER WANTS BILL PASSED FOR STATE OFFICE BUILDING.

$10,000 NOW PAID FOR RENT

Public Domain Commission Held Meeting and Arrange to Take Over Affairs of State Land Commission.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.]

Lansing—Charles W. Foster of Lansing, the newly-elected state senator from the fourteenth district will father a bill at the next session of the legislature calling for an appropriation for the purpose of constructing a state office building on one of the vacant city blocks owned by the state.

For years the need of a new state building or an addition to the present capitol has been recognized and Senator Foster is determined to make a fight for an appropriation that will relieve conditions. With the creation of new boards and commissions, the capitol building which was big enough to accommodate all the state departments when it was erected in 1872, has been outgrown and at the present time state officers are located in a dozen different office buildings in the city of Lansing.

Senator Foster has gathered statistics showing that the state pays annually the sum of $10,000 for office rent in the city of Lansing. The state tax commission is located in the City National Bank building. The Oakland building provides quarters for the railroad commission and the state game warden's department. The industrial accident board and a part of the insurance department is located in the Tussing building. The board of health and live stock sanitary commission have offices in the Sudden building and several of the justices of the supreme court have offices in the Capitol National Bank building.

The old building at the corner of Washington avenue and Allegan street, in the very heart of the business district, quarters the laboratory of the board of health, the state highway department, geological survey, dairy and food commission, labor commission and state military department.

If the legislature should decide to erect a new state building on one of the vacant lots the property which the state owns at the corner of Washington avenue and Allegan street could be sold for a considerable sum.

Final arrangements for turning the state land department over to the public domain commission were completed at a meeting of the public domain commission Thursday afternoon. After December 31 the state land commission will pass out of existance and hereafter all the work will be done by the public domain commission.

State Land Commissioner A. C. Carton will continue as secretary of the public domain commission. Deputy Land Commissioner Edwin R. Havens will be assistant secretary of the public domain commission and Glen R. Munshaw will continue as supervisor of trespass and deputy immigration commissioner.

Secretary of State Frederick C. Martindale attended his last meeting as a member of the public domain commission. Coleman C. Vaughan succeeds Martindale as secretary of state January 1 and the St. Johns man will occupy Martindale's position as a member of the public domain commission. For many years Mr. Vaughan has been personally interested in the timber business and is considerably interested in the reforestation work of the public domain commission.

Gov. Ferris created somewhat of a surprise here Saturday when he gave out the information that he would reappoint Cassius L. Glasgow of Nashville, a member of the state railroad commission.

That Mr. Glasgow's appointment was assured was known here several days ago, but the governor's action was not expected so soon. The term of Mr. Glasgow's appointment depends largely on whether the legislature this coming session passes a public utilities bill or not.

In the event it does the public utilities commission will undoubtedly be composed of five members and in all likelihood the governor would reappoint the present members of the commission, Chairman Lawton T. Hemans and Commissioners Glasgow and Cunningham.

In the event the public utilities bill does not become a law, Glasgow's appointment is good for six years at an annual salary of $3,000. The proposed public utilities bill will provide, however, for a larger salary.

Mr. Glasgow was first appointed a member of the railroad commission Sept. 28, 1907, and has served ever since. The law provides that not more than two commissioners of the same political party shall serve at any one time and inasmuch as Members Hemans and Cunningham are both democrats, it was up to the governor to name a member from some other party. The work of Mr. Glasgow has been satisfactory to the governor, he stated, and while there were many other applicants he said that for the good of the board there should be no change at present.

Mr. Glasgow did not put in an application for the job, but hundreds of indorsements were sent in to the governor by his friends.

Thomas Lawrence, Negro, convicted of highway robbery in 1907 and sentenced to Marquette from Detroit for life Saturday had his sentence commuted and a parole issued, all at one time by the governor. He will be paroled from the upper peninsula as soon as the papers reach there.

The Lawrence case dragged along through the Osborn and Ferris administration. The question of identity at the trial and the ownership of a cap, coupled with an alleged confession from another colored man, Robert Cole, sent to Marquette for 15 years, raised a question of doubt which the governor has finally thrown Lawrence's way.

He has been interceded for by representatives of the Michigan Federation of Labor and by nearly all who had a hand in his trial. Judge Phelan, before whom he was tried, has always insisted the man got a fair trial and the judge seemed to be convinced of his guilt.

Lawrence's sentence has been commuted to 15 years and a parole issued at once. He was sentenced January 11, 1908.

Deputy State Treasurer Frank German has to sign his name to every state check and each check has to be countersigned by Hoyt Woodman, cashier in the office of the state treasurer.

As a general rule these two men sign their names to approximately 8,000 checks issued by the state which total during the course of a year about $16,000,000. However, they will sign approximately 90,000 state checks this year, as the refunding of the automobile fees as the result of the new law being declared unconstitutional. Nearly 15,000 licenses were issued under the law providing for a tax per horsepower before the statute was declared unconstitutional and all money in excess of $3 had to be returned. As a result Deputy German and Cashier Hoyt had to sign their name 15,000 times more than in the course of an ordinary year's business.

Always a strong peace advocate, Governor Ferris is unalterably opposed to any law which would provide compulsory military training in the public schools of this state and if such a bill should pass at the coming session of the legislature, it will not receive the approval of the chief executive.

"I am opposed to military training, and the military features of the boy scout organizations does not appeal to me," said Governor Ferris today. "When you place a gun in the hands of a boy you arouse his belligerent instincts and instantly he wants to become a fighting man.

"In case the country should be in danger we could raise an army for adequate defense and it could be prepared in a remarkably short time. I am not in favor of abolishing the national guard or the standing army, but there is no reason why all our boys and young men should be taught to tote a gun."

It is extremely doubtful whether the next legislature will approve a new compilation of the state statutes at the coming session. At the session two years ago, two commissioners were appointed, one to revise the laws and the other to annotate and compile.

Should the commission of which Edmund C. Shields is chairman not complete its compilation, it will first be necessary for the next legislature to take action on the revision of the statutes. The latter commission has submitted its report to Governor Ferris and its adoption will necessitate the changing of about 6,000 sections of the present compilation. In all probability the compilation will be complete after the coming session has completed its work and will be presented for ratification at the assembly in 1917.

Members of the state board of health favor an appropriation for the purpose of establishing a branch laboratory in the upper peninsula and the next legislature will be asked to provide an appropriation so that this plan may be carried into effect. It is claimed that many upper peninsula physicians send diphtheria swabs to Madison, Wis., for examination as a report of the analysis can be obtained more quickly from Madison than from Lansing. Secretary Burkart of the board of health is heartily in favor of this plan, but it will require an additional appropriation. At a meeting here Friday afternoon the state board of health declared in favor of a bill licensing chiropodists and it is expected that this measure will cover lady manicurists.

At the request of Secretary of State Martindale, Mrs. James H. Campbell of Grand Rapids has been appointed to take the copy of the constitution of Michigan adopted in 1835 to the congressional library where an attempt will be made to preserve it. It will be treated by some method not known to the library people and will be returned to Michigan and deposited in the fire proof vault.

There has been a great increase in number of automobile licenses sent out by the secretary of states during the past six years. In 1909 when the new automobile law went into effect 11,718 automobile licenses were sold by the secretary of state.

Each year the number of licensed cars has increased and so far this year 76,322 automobile licenses have been sold to Michigan owners. In 1912 the total number of licenses issued was 54,366. In 1910 the records show 1041 licensed motorcycles, while last year 6975 motorcycle licenses were issued.

State Representative-elect Harvey E. Penney, from the Saginaw city district, announced Saturday night he would introduce a bill in the next legislature to allow hunters to kill only one deer each season in Michigan. Members of Tahquamenon club and Congressman Fordney's party who have big lodges in Luce county, favor this plan, but do not favor restricting killing deer for several seasons.

MANITOBA'S AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT IN THAT PROVINCE DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS.

The past year has shown that the Province of Manitoba, the Premier Province of Western Canada, stands out prominently in point of number of her agricultural productions. Manitoba had an excellent yield of wheat in 1914, the oat crop was not so good, and with the high price received, every farmer was placed in a good financial position.

For some years, as is probably the case in all new countries, Manitoba went largely into the growing of grain, and while this paid well for a time, it was found that having to purchase his meat, his milk and a number of other daily requisites, the farm did not pay as it should. Now, there is another side to it. Fodder crops are grown, cattle are being raised, cheese factories and creameries are established, and the result is that the financial position of the farmers of Manitoba is as strong as that of those in any other portion of the continent. Scarcely a farmer can be found but has realized that the growing of grain alone has a precarious side, and that positive security can only be assured by diversified farming, and securing the latest modern and most economic methods. Thenfore timothy, clover, alfalfa, rye grass and fodder corn are universally grown. Most wonderful success meets the efforts of the farmers in the cultivation of these grasses, and the yields compare favorably with those of many older countries, while in many cases they exceed them.

It is worthy of record that the acreage of these crops this season as compared with last, because the figures reflect the remarkable progress that is being made in dairying and in the beef and pork industry. In 1913 brome grass was sown on 24,912 acres, rye grass on 21,917 acres, timothy on 118,712 acres, clover on 5,328 acres, alfalfa on 4,709 acres and fodder corn on 20,223 acres. In 1914 the respective acreage under those crops were 26,444 acres, 27,100 acres, 165,990 acres, 7,312 acres, and 30,250 acres and 30,430 acres. Alfalfa particularly is coming into its own, the acreage having been more than doubled last year.

It is simply the natural process of evolution from the purely grain farming which Manitoba knew as the only method a few years ago to the more diversified forms of agriculture that is responsible for the development along these other lines in this Province. Alberta is coming to it at an earlier stage than did Manitoba. Saskatchewan, too, is following rapidly in the same direction.

Then, as her fodder crop and root crop acreage indicate, there have been increases in the holdings of all kinds of live stock during the past twelve months, according to the correspondent for the Toronto Globe. Beef cattle number 1,000,000 head this year, as against 37,000 last year; milch cows are 160,474 head, as against 157,963 head; pigs number 325,000 as against 248,000; sheep number 75,000, as against 52,000; and there are 325,000 horses, as compared with 300,000 at this time last year. These are the latest Provincial figures, and they show that despite the great efflux of live stock to the United States since the opening of that market to Canada, the capital amount of live animals has increased instead of having decreased through the extra demand.

Dairying the Principal Industry.

Dairying is the industry, however, which is making dollars for the Manitoba farmer. It is developing at a rapid rate in this Province for that particular reason. The output of creamery butter last year was 4,000,000 pounds, at an average price of 27.5 cents per pound, which was an increase over the previous year of a million pounds. The output of dairy butter was recorded last year at 4,288,276 pounds. The Government department says that again this year a substantial increase in the dairy output will be shown from this Province. From this same source of information one finds that through the splendid growth in winter dairying, Winnipeg now, for the first time in years, is able to obtain a sufficient supply of milk and sweet cream from its city dairies to satisfy its demand throughout the year without having to import large quantities of these products from the United States as was done not longer than two years ago.—Advertisement.

Chapter of Syrian Life.

In Syria a chaperon is the law of social intercourse between the young folks. At the wedding ceremony the bride appears in the center of a brilliantly illuminated room. On all sides are attendants carrying large candles richly painted and decorated. As she takes her chair, what money she possesses of gold and silver is placed on her head.

The gift of the bridegroom is 40 dresses, and, as the wedding celebrations last two weeks, the bride has a chance to display her gowns, making numerous changes daily for the delightful edification of her friends.

As a rule, these dresses last a lifetime, and are usually handed down from one generation to another, and, unless destroyed otherwise than by wear, they are everlasting.

Legal Love Letters.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs or visual organs."

Natural Noise.

"Did they raise anything in the yellow dog fund?"

"Certainly; they raised a howl."

Its Character.

"They tell me the girl Bill is engaged to lends him by the nose."

"Oh, that report is miss-leading."