Of Interest to Farmers

THE FALL PLOW.

The crop possibilities for 1922 are now practically settled. With the exception of harvesting certain crops, nothing more can be done toward this season's returns. If we were asked, however, what is the most important thing we can do looking to the future, our reply would be—Begin at the earliest possible day to prepare good conditions for the crop of 1923.

Fall plowing is the biggest constructive thing that farmers can do at the present time. The dried upland fields were never in better shape for fall plowing. The advantages of beginning at the earliest possible moment may be summarized in a few statements:

1—It saves work next spring when the season will be short and a day or two saved may mean much to the crop.

2—It enables the farmer to put in bigger crops with less spring work.

3—In practically every case tests have proven that fall plowed land gives greater crop returns than spring plowed land.

4—Farmers who fall plow early can harrow their land several times during the dull days, thus preventing a lot of weed growth next year.

5—Fall plowing helps materially in conserving moisture. There is lots of this commodity this year, but nobody knows how it will be next year.

When the plowing is done early in the fall it is best to turn the furrow over flat, and then, if possible to roll and harrow, or at least harrow, with the spike tooth, in order to create the best possible conditions for the sod to rot. This will ensure that the sod land will be in a god friable condition next spring.

When the plowing has to be done late, it is often better to set the furrow up, for little if any rolling can occur after the cold season has set in. With the furrow well on edge it will be easier to make a seed bed next spring, where the sod remains more or less tough.

PREVENTION OF GOITRE IN LIVE STOCK

A circular issued by the Veterinary Director General of the Dominion conveys information of the way to prevent goitre in lambs, calves, and other animals and hairlessness in pigs. Goitre in young animals is caused by a deficiency in iodine. The winter feed of animals contains less iodine than is necessary for healthy growth. It is noticeable that hairless pigs are rarer in summer or fall litters than they are in winter or spring litters. The remedy prescribed is the giving of a tablespoonful (or half a fluid ounce) of a solution made of one ounce of iodine of potassium in two quarts of water once a day mixed in the feed of every six females of the smaller breeds, ewes and sows, and a larger dose to cows, one or two teaspoonfuls going to each animal according to size. Treatment is advisable soon after breeding and continuance until birth of the young.

The margin of profit in the feeding of dairy cattle is now so small, say the dairy experts at the Experimental Station at Geneva, that many cows that produced a profit last year do not now pay for their feed and the labor of caring for them. The detection of these "robber cows" and their elimination from the herd may mean the difference between profit and loss to the dairyman. For several years records have been kept of the production of each cow in the Experiment Station herd. These records show that some cows produce much more milk than others without eating a proportionately increased amount of food. Such animals are highly profitable but their good qualities may be offset by the low production and high cost of feeding other cows in the herd.

THE GROWING PULLETS, THEIR CARE AND MANAGEMENT

Upon the care and management of the growing pullets, from the time that they leave the brooder house until they are put into laying quarters for the winter, will depend very largely their capacity for early winter egg production, and the consequent profit which can be realized from them. Each autumn, altogether too many undeveloped pullets are put into winter quarters, with the result that they never develop thoroughly, and in consequence never make good winter layers.

The three essentials to proper care of the pullets at this stage are good range and shade, a well balanced ration, and comfortable housing.

It is impossible to place too much emphasis upon the necessity of free range for growing pullets, for without this the probability of their maturing before weather conditions make it necessary to put them into winter quarters, is very small. Ideal range is to be found in an orchard, and more especially when it has been seeded down with alfalfa, clover, or buckwheat. Failing this, however, almost any dry, well drained land may be utilized for this purpose, but the more growing green feed and shade that are available, the better. In the event of there being no shade whatever, artificial shade must be provided, either by means of canvas or sacks, or by putting up shelters of branches. In the quantity of growing green feed is limited, cut green feed must be supplied in large quantities, as this is a most economical feed for growing pullets. On farms where corn or sunflowers are grown for ensilage, it is an excellent plan to turn the pullets into it as soon as it is grown sufficiently to provide shelter. The backyard poultryman who raises only a limited number of pullets can profitably plant a small patch of Jerusalem artichokes, or sow either corn or sunflowers in the yard, and by so doing will provide not only shade for this young stock, but also a valuable source of green feed.

Like all growing stock, pullets consume large quantities of food, and in feeding them, nutritive value, palatability, and economy must all be considered. From the age of two months, until they go into winter quarters, dry mash, in self-feeding hoppers, should be kept before them constantly. This mash should consist of equal parts of cornmeal, bran, shorts, ground oats, and beef scrap, by weight. Better results will be obtained if in addition to this dry mash, a semi-wet mash, consisting largely of chopped green feed, be given twice a day, even when plenty of growing green feed is available. The chopped green feed for this mash may consist of mangel tops, alfalfa, clover, cabbage leaves, corn tops, sunflower tops, etc. Two parts by weight of this green feed should be mixed with one part of dry mash (composed of cornmeal, buckwheat meal and barley meal in equal quantities), and the whole well mixed with half a part of milk and fed in troughs. If this dry mash is not available, it may be replaced by the dry mash used in the hoppers.

In addition to the above mentioned feed, a hopper of good mixed grain, and a plentiful supply of milk, if possible, should be kept constantly before the pullets, for too often they suffer from underfeeding, the breeder assuming that they will get all the grain necessary in the fields or on range.

A very common error is that of leaving the growing pullets in the same quarters as the hens. A portable colony house on skids can be made very inexpensively, and this should be placed well away from the poultry house for the summer months. It should be dry, well ventilated free from draughts and provided with roots and should be thoroughly disinfected two or three times each season. It is absolutely imperative that the pullets should not be overcrowded in their summer quarters, for this will seriously affect their development. Details regarding a colony house which can be used either as a brooder house for the young chicks, a colony for growing stock, or a laying house for twenty-five hens, can be obtained from the Poultry Division, experimental Farm, Ottawa.

As stated at the outset, given good parent stock, good shady range, a well balanced ration and comfortable housing will assure well developed pullets, which will lay early in the winter when egg production is most profitable.—W. W. Lee, Poultry Husbandman, Dominion Experimental Farms.

COLIC IN HORSES.

Would you suggest a remedy to have on hand for colic in horses from over-eating at pasture? One to be given with a small syringe on tongue is preferred. State precaution to prevent this trouble.—G.M.B.

Reply.—Drugs containing laudanum or opium cannot be procured by the layman, and for that reason it is best to keep on hand for use in emergency some colic drenches supplied by the local veterinarian, who should be employed in all severe attacks of flatulent ("wind") colic, in which tapping of the distended bowel, high up in the right flank, often is necessary to save life, and should only be attempted by the trained expert. A mixture of medicines that can be given in most attacks of colic is: Spirits of camphor, sulphuric ether and chloroform, of each two drams, tinctures of nux and digitalis, of each one dram. This is one dose, and may be repeated in 20 minutes, if not effective. It is sometimes given with a syringe, but is better given in gelatin capsules or well-diluted water. In nearly all cases of colic it is safe and beneficial to administer one ounce of pure turpentine and one or two teaspoonfuls each of tinctures or essences of peppermint and ginger and a like dose of fluid extract of nux vomica shaken up in a pint of raw linseed oil. Medicine should not be given by way of the mouth if it is seen that the horse is belching or if feed and water surge up and down in the gullet. Those are the symptoms of distension of the stomach with gas, in acute gastritis, and in that state the stomach is readily ruptured by administration of drenches of medicines. Soda, often given by the owner, is particularly liable to rupture the distended stomach by generating additional gas. Passing of a stomach tube is the right treatment, and is done by the veterinarian. A good mixture to kep on hand for use in attacks of cramp colic is composed of 15 parts each of sulphur ether, pure oil of turpentine and tincture of ginger; two parts of oil of peppermint and 32 parts of raw linseed oil. One pint is the dose for an adult horse, and may be repeated in an hour, if seen to be necessary. There would be far fewer cases of colic to treat were one man always to do the feeding, and care should be taken to make no sudden changes in feed and not to feed or water the horse before he has cooled off a bit at noon. New hay and new oats cause many attacks. Save old oats and hay for use in summer. Water horse often when at work. Feed a pound or two of hay at noon, and allow water, and then grain when the horse has cooled.

HORSE'S EFFICIENCY DEPENDS ON RATION.

One of the factors that materially affects the efficiency of the work horses, especially in hot weather, is the feed he receives, and the manner in which he receives it. In order that a horse may do a full day's work regularly throughout the summer months, and yet maintain a presentable condition he must be fed just about to his full capacity. In order to do this and not injure his health, care and judgment must be exercised in the selection of feeds used.

The feeds best suited to form the principal components of the ration are good bright clean timothy or upland prairie hay and bright, clean sound oats. The average horse weighing 1500 pounds will require about 20 pounds of hay and 22 to 24 pounds of oats a day.

There is a wide variation in feed requirements of different horses of the same weight, however. Some do not have the capacity to consume and digest that much feed and must be fed less even though as a result they cannot be expected to work so hard, while others commonly spoken of as easy feeders will keep up and do well on a little less feed than the prescribed amount. The successful teamster or feeder will study the individuality of his horses and feed accordingly.

Horses that are handled quietly and patiently will do much more work and keep in better condition on a given amount of feed than will horses that are abused and continually kept nervous and in fear of the driver.

The ration given above can be improved upon by using one feed per day of good bright, clean alfalfa or clover hay, or by substituting bran for about 15 to 20 per cent. of the oats used. The grain feed should be replaced by a bran mash or feed of boiled barley or boiled oats on Saturday evening. The daily grain allowance should be reduced by about one-fourth on Sunday. Corn can be used in place of oats to constitute one-half of the grain rations, though straight oats is conducive to slightly more satisfactory results over a long period of time.

The heavy feed of hay should of course be given at night, while the heavy feed of grain may be given at noon; little or no hay should be fed at noon. Watering both before and after feeding grain is the most satisfactory method. Work horses should also have an opportunity to eat all the salt they care for.—W. H. Peters, chief of the division of Animal Husbandry, University of Minnesota.

PRUNING YOUNG APPLE TREES

Experiments to determine whether or not the summer pruning of young apple trees would bring the trees into bearing earlier or affect the growth of the trees have been conducted by the Department of Horticulture, O.A.C., Guelph, since 1914. A definite number of trees five or six years of age were selected in orchards located at various points in the chief apple sections of Ontario. According to J. A. Neilson, of the Department, the trees were pruned during the month of August and no further pruning was given. The method of pruning consisted in moderate thinning of the small branches so as to admit air and sunlight. In most cases, other trees of same age and variety were left unpruned as check trees. The varieties under test were Spy and McIntosh.

"This is the first year that the check trees have borne an appreciable quantity of fruit," reports Mr. Neilson, "excepting in the case of the McIntosh, which bore a fair crop in 1920. A study of the results of these experiments shows interesting facts. These may be summarized as follows:

1. Summer pruning does not hasten the production of fruit.

A Mother's Duty To Her Daughter

Health Must be Guarded as She Comes to Womanhood

Every mother who calls to mind, her own girlhood knows how urgently her daughter is likely to need health and strength during the years between early school days and womanhood. It is then that growing girls droop and become bloodless asd nervous. Nature is calling for more nourishment than the blood can supply, and signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, pallid cheeks, weak and aching backs and a dislike for proper food. These signs mean that the blood is weak and watery. The watchful mother takes prompt steps to give her girl the new, rich blood her system calls for by giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine has ever succeeded like them and thousands of mothers have proved their worth. Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, Gananoque, Ont., tells what these pills have done for both herself and her daughter. She says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for many years, especially in times of weakness and general debility, and have found them a most satisfactory medicine. After a severe attack of influenza I found myself in a nervous condition and resorted to my old tonic—Pink Pills—and they did not fail me. I also gave them to my eldest daughter, who was in a serious condition due to ailments of girls of her age. She complained of headaches and backaches, and would often grow hysterical. She began taking the pills and was soon on the road to health again. She never complains now of headaches or backaches and I give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When ever I see any of my children ailing or in need of a blood tonic, I give them these pills and always with the best results."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCHOOL AND HOME

REBUILDING OLD FURNITURE

Out of the vogue for painted furniture has come a new profession for women, that of rebuilding unattractive pieces. Mrs. Berthalin Osgood, of New York City, is a skilful reconstructionist of decrepit beds, bureaux, tables and chairs and excels in transforming them into modish pieces. She has redeemed the junk of many households converting ugly objects into graceful furniture. She has a large accumulation from which to draw.

As a lover of art and decoration, Mrs. Osgood takes keen delight in rehabilitating the forlorn specimens of furniture that her clients bring to her studio. She prunes and scrapes them, takes off excrescences and removes excess ornamentation. Then she rebuilds and redecorates.

Her first commission was a black walnut bedroom set, of an early period, an uncompromisingly ugly relic. Mrs. Osgood removed all the inelegant ornamentation, the ugly handles, the slabs of veneer, the silly little drawers in the top of the bureau, even the mirror, which had the exasperating habit of falling forward when one wanted to use it. The body of the bureau was then done in a pale gray, striped with lavender and decorated with fat little bunches of gay flowers, scattered over the surface at regular intervals. The swaying mirror was transformed into a smart-looking affair, with the frame painted to match the bureau, and was hung by a tasseled silk cord flat against the wall. The old-fashioned, black walnut bed was cut down to a single bed and drapped with pale yellow taffeta. When completed, it was charming and the owner promptly made it the center of attraction for the guest room of her summer cottage.

SCHOOL FAIR PARADE.

Do you hold a school fair?

It should be an annual event to be anticipated by the scholars with eagerness, and enthusiasm.

One of the chief features of interest in such fairs is usually the "School Parade." It is wonderful the crowd that will stand by and watch the children going through their drill. One of the first things looked for in a parade of that kind is originality. Have the program arranged so that it will be finished in the allotted time. It detracts from the good impression which might otherwise have been created if the children are tired before the parade is over.

Good discipline is essential, and can only be had by rigidly enforcing the regulations. The singing should be good or it will be better to have none. Choose songs which will not be difficult for the children to learn and sing and at the same time will be appropriate for the occasion.

It is a good plan to have a few good school "yells." It would not take long for the teacher to select some for the purpose, but training the class to give them out properly is difficult and requires much patience and skill. The yells seem to be just the thing needed to add the required "pep."

Have the scholars trained so that they can go through their drills without a pause.

Last year I saw several parades which were performed like clock-work. On the other hand there were not a few which could have been improved.

It is not necessary that the parade should be expensive in order to be successful, so long as the costumes are suitable and show some sign of originality they will do.

The teacher will find a little difficulty in picking the characters for the different parts. This should be done as early as possible so that the children will have plenty of time to become familiar with the program. Some local historical incident may form the subject. The teacher will be assured of success if the foregoing points are observed.

If arrangements are not already made no time should be lost in completing them.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Today that name is like a melody of a far-off time—a melody we heard in the remotest days of childhood, Florence Nightingale!

It comes o'er the ear like the sweet South,
Stealing and giving odor.

It has perfumed the years with the fragrance of gracious deeds. I have sometimes idly speculated on the strange fortuity of names, on the perfect echo of the name to the deed—Shakespeare. Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson! Why is it that the world's singers come heralded with these significant names? And Oliver Cromwell and John Churchill and Horatio Nelson! Why, there is the roar of guns and the thunder of great deeds in the very accents of their names. And so with the heroines of history, the Grace Darlings and the Florence Nightingales. One almost sees in the latter case events carefully avoiding the commonplace and shaping a lustrous name for the wearer. For her mother was named Smith, the daughter of that William Smith, the famous philanthropist, and member for Norwich, who fought the battle of the Dissenters in Parliament, and was one of the leaders of the anti-slavery movement. And her father was named Shore, and only assumed the name of Nightingale with the estates that made him a wealthy man. "A rose by any other name," no doubt. But the world is grateful for the happy accident that gave it "Florence Nightingale."

It is a name full of a delicate reminiscence, like the smell of lavender in a drawer, calling up memories of those from whose lips we first heard the story of "The Lady With the Lamp."—A. G. Gardiner, in "Prophets, Priests and Kings."

SHARING POETRY

It was the fir grove, on the moon, I think, that made my mood vocal for me, for I remembered "The Song of Conn the Fool" by Fannie Stearn Davis and the words came to my lips inevitably.

"I will go up the mountain after the moon,
She is caught in a dead fir-tree,
Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,
Like a great pale apple is she."

I looked away from the moon a minute and across the glossy top of the river. There, mysterious as if guided by an invisible Charon, a huge flat-bottomed rowboat was coming toward me, propelled by a pair of oars longer than those Jim used in The Dingbatt. When it drew nearer I saw that the Charon in charge was a little girl about ten years old. She was attended by several small brothers and sisters. She pulled alongside and stared at me solemnly for a minute or two. I stared solemnly at her. Then, realizing that her appearance had not spoiled my happy mood, I found that I could speak to these shy little strangers without losing the sense of wonder that had been large in my mind when they appeared. They had become a part of it.

I asked them if they liked poetry and they admitted that they did, vaguely, perhaps with misgivings, but politely nevertheless. The idea seemed to be that they were willing to like it, though not perfectly sure that they had ever heard any. Then, because I was afraid that they would not ask me to say any poetry for them, I offered to do it. With grave courtesy they permitted me to begin.

I repeated "The Song of Conn the Fool." Not a sound broke the music of the lines unless it was the lapping of ripples against the boats. Five small faces looked at me intently, as I pointed to the white moon above the fir-trees. When I had finished the little girl drew a long breath. Her small brother piped.

"Say another!"

They had liked it! There was no stopping me then. I repeated "The Cloud" by Sara Teasdale and many another lyric. My audience remained soberly interested, hardly loquacious of the intervals between poems.

Time passed and Jim returned with food at last—eggs, bread, butter, vegetables. We crossed the river to camp where there was no houses, cooked our dinner, ate it, and slept deeply.

After breakfast back we went, eager to secure supplies to carry with us on our way. At the end of the path leading to the cove we met the little girl who had been in charge of the row.

She asked me if I was the lady of the poems.

I admitted that I was and wondered whether I was to be scolded.

"They didn't go to sleep till midnight for talking about it," she said. "I couldn't make 'em stop."

"I am afraid you don't like me very much if I have kept your children awake," said I, apologetically, with vivid memories of my own mother's feeling when any of her six would not slumber. But this mother reassured me.

"Would you say the poetry for me? she asked wistfully.

What a chance! Of course I would. She sat down on the sloping steps of her porch and gathered her brood around her. I stood in broad sunlight in the path below. My hair was done in a tight, ugly knot. My face and hands were stained with the juice of loganberries. I wore a khaki shirt dingy with smoke from many fires and an old shirt of my husband's with the collar loose at the throat and the sleeves chopped of informally at the elbows. A city audience would have stopped and looked at me, but would not have listened with any degree of respect. My audience by the riverside listened with pleasure. And never have I found greater pleasure in speaking the lines of a poem. I said everything that I could remember.

When my programme came to an end the mother went into the house and brought me a thank offering, a dozen cucumbers, a loaf of fresh bread, a small pat of butter, carrots and lettuce. She would take no money for them. So with peace in our hearts,we thanked one another for such gifts as we had been able to give. Then Jim and I got into The Dingbat once more and pushed slowly out in the current. Five little figures stood at the top of the bank to see us off. We waved to them as long as we could. Then the river bent and we passed away from them, probably forever. I have earned my bread and also my loganberries, in many ways; but never have they tasted sweeter than then, when I earned them by sharing poetry.—Marguerite Wilkinson, in "The Dingbat of Arcady."

COSTUME JEWELRY COMING INTO FAVOR

That there is to be a large season on costume jewelry is the information gained by buyers who are now in the market, as well as specialty shop owners and local buyers. It is said that all of the fashions in wearing apparel strengthen the interest in costume jewelry, that the types in the Persian and Oriental all favor the use of decoration of this kind.

Several of the manufacturers report that there is a continued demand for bright red neckties, earrings and bracelets, and that even though the vogue for this color was so tremendous in the spring, buyers are continuing to order it for the fall season. Novelty necklaces carry this color in combination with other colors in beads as well, and many of the graduated beads are shown in this color. The department stores all report that business on red jewelry is still good, and they continue to feature the sets of necklaces and earrings especially.

Some of the new bracelets which have arrived from Paris show the bright red, but these are featured in sets of several colors; for instance, bright red, green and blue will make a cluster of bracelets that are worn together, sometimes twelve in all. Word comes from Paris that the smart women there are wearing as many as nineteen bracelets on the arm. These are all of the very thin type, however, and when the wider bands are used it is seldom that more than two are worn on the same arm.

Information from the importers is to the effect that semi-precious stones are very much in demand just now, and orders are placed on all types, both light and dark in color, from the deep blue of the lapis and the black of the onyx to the crystal and teh aqua stones. These are used in knotted chains mostly, although the combination with crystal rondelles and crystal beads is one that is very prominent.

SHAWLS ARE FAVORED AGAIN

Fashionable, astonishingly warm, and almost indispensable at the present moment is the embroidered shawl in crepe de chine, writes an English correspondent. It is surprising that for so long the custom of shawl wearing has been in abeyance, perhaps because it is a garment which speaks of the south, of southern elegance and of a certain feminine grace which we do not associate with the work-a-day world. It is only in the last year or so that we have mastered the art of idling again, and with more leisured days has returned the wearing of the shawl. The larger it is, the more fashionable. It is to be had in every varied hue, brightly embroidered in contrasting colors with big designs of vivid flowers, with deep hanging fringes at its edges. Even more fashionable is the shawl all in one color, especially if it be an unusual one. The writer saw one lately in a deep tawny mustard, not quite gold, nor a real russet. This was worn over an orange satin dress of perfectly plain design, with only a slightly lengthened waist-line, and, of course, sleeveless.

Every woman has her own particular method in the folding and wearing of these shawls. If a couple of pleats be taken on each shoulder and held in place with two brooches or buckles, the shawl will remain on without slipping. Old ones are hard to come by, but are the most treasured and the most beautiful, while there are some which come from the East and not from Spain, thickly embroidered with a heavy cream silk on a fine net ground. Old treasures in the shape of high Spanish combs and long hanging earrings may be unearthed and worn to great advantage with the shawl.

But the woman who does not possess one must fall back on a short velvet coat, which may be furlined or not according to the wearer's taste. The fashion of these coats varies a little from those of last year. They are cut with long sleeves to the wrists, and instead of hanging loosely away from the figure are generally held rather closely round the hips with a band of the same material about eight inches wide. An emerald-green coat of chiffon velvet is cut after this fashion and is quite untrimmed except for a piping of its own material on the collar and where the band is joined to the coat proper. This is held in front with three green velvet buttons and lined throughout with green chiffon.

BLACK AS COLOR IS FAVORITE

All the early fall frocks shown in the shops are modeled along lines suggested by the trend of French fashions. Styles do not differ radically from what we have been wearing, but vary usually in some minor characteristic.

The skirts are noticeably longer and many of them are circular or made with circular panels. Pleatings are especially good both in the dress and in its trimmings.

Brown and red shades are especially modish and are expected to be worn in the autumn. Navy is more in demand than it was last year.

It is noticeable, however, in spite of the fact that black is supposed to be going out, many of the most smartly dressed women still prefer it to the new colors.

A Good Medicine For The Baby

Nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets as a medicine for little ones. They are a laxative, mild but thorough in action, and never fail to relieve constipation, colic, colds and simple fevers. Once a mother has used them she will use nothing else. Concerning them Mrs. Saluste Pelletier, St. Damas des Aulaines, Que., writes:—"I always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They are the best medicine I know of for little ones and I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The Broken Wing"

A Jump-spark Romance of Modern Mexico

BY PAUL DICKEY AND CHARLES W. GODDARD

From the Sensationally Successful Play Novelized by Charles W. Goddard

CHAPTER I.

The man in the rear cock-pit reached forward a gauntleted hand and touched his companion's shoulder.

"Thunderstorm," he mouthed to the helmeted and goggle-clad face that turned to him. The words were spoken but sensed rather than heard, for the rear of a "J.N. 4" motor spitting blue lightning from all its twelve exhaust pipes made talking impossible. The answer was a nod. Then both aviators gazed thoughtfully through the invisible radius of the propellor.

Straight ahead a black, ugly mass was heaving itself above the horizon with astonishing speed. Like a monstrous Mexican horned toad the thunderstorm rose and swelled and spread over the sky, spread with its natural velocity plus the 150 miles an hour of the plane rushing crazily to meet it.

For some moments the machine thundered along its course, both its occupants motionless save for certain deft and inperceptible touches of a skilled hand on the forward control stick. Then the man in front reached back a hand and felt the other's clasp. By pressure of the fingers, they conversed in the Morse code:

"Hate to land till I know where we are."

"But it will be dark soon. How much gas?"

"Plenty and the engine is running like a bear. Let's climb over that storm and get our bearings. What do you say, Jerry?"

"Go to it, Phil."

Up tilted the nose of the plane, aiming at the golden, sun-filled space above the thunder-head and immediately the tone of the motor dropped almost an octave and its pistons settled down to the hard climb.

Jerry scowled then pounded with his fist on the dash, beside the altimeter. The finger of that instrument began a laggard upward tremble, registering that they were ascending indeed but with disappointing slowness. The fault lay not with the aeroplane but in the electrical storm which was sucking down upon it from unknown heights above a solid column of air. Against this atmospheric current the engine could little better than hold its own. On the ground beneath an occasional swarthy face stared open-mouthed at the cross-shaped speck, droning its way athwart the sunset.

In Mexico there is everything—every climate from sub arctic to tropic and almost every form of animal and vegetable life known to North Amrica is represented within its borders. It is not surprising that every conceivable type of character is also found among the Mexican people—from the polished and courtly Haciendado to the wretched Peon so steeped in ignorance and superstition that probably no visitor ever really understands his mental processes. Perhaps this is one reason why the Mexican pot never ceases to boil. There are too many ingredients to crystalize into anything stable.

Nobody familiar with our turbulent southern neighbor, is surprised at anything he meets in Mexico, otherwise it might have seemed strange to stumble upon an old American sea captain settled permanently in a wild spot 160 miles south of the border and far from either ocean.

Nothing happens without a reason. Luther Farley, in his younger days had been in command of a passenger steamer on the Pacific Coast until, one foggy night, he wrecked her on the sunken ledges of "El Diablo." There is an inexorable rule of the sea that when a commander loses his ship he is done with the water forever.

It made no difference that Farley was not to blame. His boatswain, pleasantly engaged in trying to fathom a pair of deep blue eyes neglected to sound the deep blue ocean.

Nearly a hundred lives were lost but the boatswain rescued "Blue-eyes," married her and lived unhappily ever after—which has nothing to do with this story. Farley, after the disaster, struck inland and built himself a modest adobe house, half Mexican, half American. Surrounded by an old ship's lantern, his precious sextant and a few other mementoes of the beloved forbidden salt water, he settled down to draw the easy and bountiful returns which tropical nature yields to anyone who tills her soil.

In the natural course of events Farley should have become a hermit, living by himself and for himself, nursing a grudge against the world. But fate permitted nothing of the kind to occur.

One night Farley's sleep was disturbed by distant rifle shots. An hour later came the sharp footfalls of a horse "single-footed" over the mesa and into his flagged patio—then the blows of a pistol butt on his door. It is not good for a "Gringo" to be summoned that way in the dead of night. Yet, to show fear or hesitation may be fatal. Farley responded with alacrity. Swaying in his saddle sat Robledo Villera, a bandit, by birth and chosen occupation.

"Take!" commanded Villera, in a muffled voice and the American took from his arms a shapeless bundle.

"Be good to her—bring her up good—find her good husband. You promise that, eh, Gringo?"

In a daze, Farley promised.

"It is good," continued the bandit, his voice falling almost to a whisper. "But no forget, or, Spiders of Hell, I haunt you. Now I go see what they got for me on the other side. Adios Amigo, Adios."

Farley was just in time to catch the lifeless form as it slid softly from the saddle. The would-be hermit now inspected his new property and cursed fate anew. The baby opened her brown eyes and laughed at him. Later she cried and there was no sleep in the little adobe hermitage that night.

Thus did Farley, through no fault of his own, suddenly become possessed of a daughter. Pest and nuisance though she was, little Inez Villera sweetened and humanized his life. The man realized this and tried to repay the little child of nature by bringing her up according to his own best ideas.

First, he taught her to believe in the Bible; secondly, he instilled a love of soap and water. If her faith in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures went a little further than seemed reasonable to Farley's seasoned mind, what harm could come of it? If her passion for cleanliness went to extremes, why should he, a clean American in a dirty country, be concerned? He wasn't—that is, until the young woman matured sufficiently to catch the susceptible eye of every young Mexican who crossed her path. Then Farley began to worry.

He had on his hands a bit of sexual dynamite, in a land where every young male's eyes shoot dangerous sparks. However, girls in Mexico marry young and easily if they are at all attractive, and the attractions of Inez were a byword for many a mile around. It is more than likely that she could have captured any eligible bachelor within a day's flight of the Mexican eagle had she desired. The trouble was she distinctly did not desire.

It was useless for Farley to shake his kindly gray head and urge.

"They no like soap," she insisted, "they no use tooth brush, they no take bath. You teach me love soap, hate dirt. You say cleanliness next to Godliness. Now for why you want I gotta marry a dirty Greaser?"

Farley sympathized, but his home was besieged by ardent admirers, and patience never was a Mexican virtue. The old man was at his wits' ends when suddenly all these suitors vanished like jackals at the roar of a lion. The "lion" proved to be a certain Innocencio Dos Santos, holding commission of captain in the Mexican army, which meant little more than that he acknowledged a vague allegiance to the central government in Mexico City. What did matter a great deal was the fact that he was local bandit chief, much like Inez's father.

It was old President Diaz, of the iron hand, whose troopers shot Villera, and during the Diaz regime banditry went out of style, only to spring up again at his passing. As captain in the army Dos Santos was an insignificant figure, but as a bandit he was lord of life and death for fifty miles around.

Innocencio Dos Santos means "Innocence of the Saints", a name which may have fitted at a time of his christening, but hardly applied on the day he first flashed a pair of snapping jet black eyes upon Farley's daughter. The captain, dashing, all-powerful, handsome was the hero of more love affairs than he or any one person could remember. None of these romances led anywhere near the altar. He never meant them to.

With Inez the case was entirely different. It was love at first sight, but the real thing. The brigand knew it instantly for what it was. It was with a sure premonition that he resigned himself to the situation and promptly offered honorable marriage. Her refusal was probably one of the greatest shocks of his eventful career.

Putting aside the first impulse to take the girl, willing or unwilling, marriage or no marrriage, the captain settled down to a siege of the maiden's heart, and he did it with most un-Mexican patience thoroughness and efficiency.

With utmost politeness he dismissed all the rival suitors. All but one, a stranger from the capital, departed, without argument. The argumentative stranger also departed, but with a small blue spot in the exact centre of his forehead. Capt. Innocencio was most fastidious in his marksmanship. The next step was to learn why he, the splendid, the handsome, the irresistible Innocencio Dos Santos was not acceptible to the girl of his heart.

"Because you are a Greaser," Inez explained fearlessly.

Just as Farley had described the storm-smitten ocean as turning dark, then white, with driven spray—so the captain's face darkened, then paled, under the insult. A moment later his smile broke into a rainbow.

Now, Captain Innocencio owed his leadership not only to a sudden and accurate pistol hand, but also to skillful diplomacy, and, above all he prided himself on his ability to handle women. Well he knew that positions impregnable to frontal attack will yield to siege and propaganda. So the bandit smiled, and in his courtliest manner requested further particulars. He got them.

Apparently it was all a matter of personal cleanliness. To suit his peculiar maid one must take a bath every day, use a tooth brush with "Gringo" tooth powder three times per day, manicure one's finger nails, wear spotless linen and be generaly immaculate.

Of course such ridiculous frills are not only effeminate, and bad taste in a good, upstanding, fighting Mexican, but likely to bring down upon him the contempt of his fellow-men. Never was the pride of true lover more sorely tried. But the captain was a true lover, in many respects, and he theorized

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