

ACROSS THE HEDGE

By CARL JENKINS

Miss June Freeman had been disappointed in going to Europe for the summer. She had been disappointed in going to the country for the season. She had asked a girl chum to visit her for a month, but had been disappointed in that.

On that hot morning Miss June sat on the front veranda of her father's house in a suburban village and shed tears of disappointment. She blamed her father, her mother—business—everybody! The parrot in his cage at the end of the veranda squawked at her, and she shook her fist at him. A big bumble bee came humming around, and she gave him a slap with a magazine she had brought out. The man of all work came dragging fifty feet of garden hose around from the back yard to water the flowers in front.

"John, you needn't do a thing to the old flower-beds! Just let them dry up and blow away. Everything has gone to the dogs anyhow."

John started to drag the hose back, when Miss June got a sudden inspiration and called out:

"You can leave it here. Attach it to the pipe. I may feel like using it myself by and by."

John walked off, and five minutes later the hose was shooting a stream here and there. Along the front fence was a high hedge, and only the hats of male pedestrians could be seen as they passed on the walk. Presently Miss June heard steps approaching and saw a straw hat passing. She elevated the nozzle to play on that hat, and some one jumped and called out:

"Bless my stars, but I'll knock that gardener's head off!"

Miss June was getting even for her various disappointments. The drenched man passed on, and five minutes later he was replaced by another. The second man was more astonished than the first. He was thinking of Niagara Falls as he walked and all of a sudden they hit him. When he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment he called out:

"By gum, you dunderhead in there, if you are not more careful with that hose somebody will break your neck! What are you up to, anyway?"

No answer. Miss June was feeling better in her mind. She let the next two or three men pass, and then caught sight of a silk hat topping the hedge. She could have directed the stream to hit that hat and knock it clear across the street, but she didn't. She directed the shower into the limbs of a shade tree overhanging the walk, and was rewarded by hearing the owner of the hat gasp out:

"The devil, but what does this mean!"

The stream ceased, but the shower-bath had been very fair.

"Say, you boy in there!" called the drenched one.

There was no boy and no reply.

"Boy or man, you had better be careful. If I had you out here your neck might be in danger!"

Miss June shut off the water and took a seat on the veranda and became complacent. At noon when the father came up to lunch he said to John:

"Look here, man, if you can't use that hose in the front yard without drenching pedestrians you'd better let it alone."

"Yes, sir," replied the loyal John, who knew what had happened, but wasn't going to give anybody away.

"You drenched the butcher from head to heel."

"Yes, sir."

"And you drenched a Mr. Folkstone, a young lawyer who is going to set up in his profession here. Mr. Thomas was passing on the outer side of the street and saw it all."

"Yes, sir."

"I can't say but what the lawyer may sue me for damages. They are a risky lot to play games on."

"Yes, sir."

After lunch Miss June slipped John half a dollar and a grateful look and sat down and mused:

"So there's a new lawyer in town, eh? And he's a young man and is swelling around under a plug hat to make folks think he's some pumpkins? I drenched him, and I'm glad of it, and I'll do it again. If I can't swell around Europe no one else shall swell around the United States. He must be a nice specimen of a young man to play the cry-baby just because a few drops of water hit his hat! Sue father for damages will he? Well let him try it on! I know every girl in this town, and if Mr. Folkstone goes to acting too frisky his cake will turn out to be sour dough."

Next morning John was ordered to bring the hose around again. He looked at Miss June doubtfully.

"Oh, you won't lose your job," she replied. "If there is any complaint I'll stand for it."

"You might wet down the butcher's boy, the carpenter and the cooper, but when you come to wet down a party as wears a plug hat it's different. And maybe you heard your father say he was a lawyer and might sue for damages?"

"John, if that young swell passes here this morning he'll run into an other summer shower!" said the girl in a determined way.

"Then you are agin him, Miss?"

"I am. He ought to have taken it as an accident or a joke. If you got a little wet would you play the baby act?"

"No, mum, but you see, the suddenness of it must have astonished him."

"And the suddenness of it will astonish him again! I don't know Mr. Folkstone from a bean-pole, but I'm down on him. He's evidently come to town to swell around and be a top-bud on a tree. When he came along yesterday he was mincing like a school-girl, and I hate a sissy man. Get the hose ready and then find something to do at the barn. That plug hat is in for another ducking!"

Perhaps Mr. Folkstone had two silk hats—perhaps he had got the drenched one ironed. At any rate, within half an hour after Miss June was on watch she saw it bobbing along above the hedge again, and once more a stream of water shot into the branches of a tree to come down like April drops.

No threats from Mr. Folkstone this time. He simply opened the gate and walked in, carrying his soaking hat in his hand. He was smiling as he bowed to the astonished girl.

"You—you—" she began, but could not finish. Mr. Folkstone was no swell. He was no cry-baby—no sissy. He was a fine-looking, athletic young man, and his face and voice showed character.

"Excuse me, please," he said with a half-laugh and another bow, "but do I speak to Miss June Freeman?"

"Y—es, sir."

"I have letters of introduction to you from several of your girl friends in Boston, and others to your father from business men. They are a bit damp, and you must excuse it. I had the misfortune to be caught in the late shower!"

Miss June Freeman was called an odd girl. She had done one odd thing in drenching a stranger and believing she disliked him, and now she did another by holding out one hand for the letters and another for a shake and saying:

"I ought to be awfully ashamed of myself, and I am, but I am going to face the music. I beg a thousand pardons for my silly conduct, and if you will call this afternoon I will make further apologies."

He called and perhaps that was the very best way the acquaintance could have come about.

WORTHY OF HIS REPUTATION

Farmer Willing to Allow Cider to Be Tested, But Only in Way He Approved.

In all glorious New Jersey it is generally admitted there is no cider to equal that of Farmer Marshall. But he is notable for other things besides. It is said that he would very much rather receive than give—in short, that he is a stingy old rascal.

Young Peterson had heard this, but he was a young man who had considerable faith in his own powers of passing on the gentle hint, and to some sportive companions he had boasted that he would get a drink of cider out of the old man without asking for it. As such a thing had never been known to happen in living memory there were plenty of takers and the next day Peterson drove over.

"Morning, farmer!" said he. "Fine orchard you have here."

"Ay," said the farmer.

"They tell me, too, that you have a fine press."

"Ay; 'tis the best in all Jersey."

"Pretty good cider you get, I suppose—eh? But I dare say I've tasted better."

"Not in your born days. Tom"—this to his son—"get an' draw a mug of cider."

The luscious beverage was brought and with a smile of triumph young Peterson held forth his hand to take it.

But the farmer's hand got there first. He drained the mug and then handed it to the visitor.

"There!" he remarked. "If you think you've ever met the like of that cider, just smell the mug!"

Licking the Wound.

Charles H. Duncan, New York, advances the view that in cases of sepsis, vaccination can be accomplished by administering by mouth to the patient a small amount of the discharge from his own wound. The author cites as an example of nature working by this method the fact that animals lick their wounds and that they never have septic wounds except on the head, where they cannot lick them. Autogenous vaccination by the mouth tends to be curative in all stages of sepsis, but is especially prompt in the earliest stages, when the germs have not become virulent, and in the later stages when the infected area has been well walled off. The author has used this method for two and a half years with good results. He believes it is the simplest, oldest and most natural method of curing wounds.—Medical Record.

Taken Literally.

The sign in front of a Harlem restaurant attracted the eye of a farmer, and he went in. He had a raw, a fry, a stew, a pan roast, a broil, and a steam on toast. When he got through he laid a quarter on the cashier's desk, only to be told that he was shy a dollar and a quarter. "No, by jing," said the farmer. "A quarter's right. Doesn't your sign say, 'Oysters in every style for 25 cents?'"

FILIPINO WARDS NOW INTELLIGENT SOLDIERS



GROUP OF FILIPINO SOLDIERS

HOW efficiently police the Philippine Islands was the most perplexing problem which the United States had to face when it assumed guardianship of the little brown men that so thickly inhabit the group. If expense had been the only consideration the solution would have been comparatively easy. But sanitary conditions and a certain amount of diplomacy and tact made the solution doubly complicated. To station American troops permanently throughout the islands would at that time have been a source from which an inherited hatred of foreigners by the natives would have grown, and to expose those same troops, unacclimated and unhardened to the dampness of the rice marshes, would have meant the loss of perhaps thousands.

Little knowing the American soldiers at first, the natives transferred their hatred from the departed Spaniards to their new rulers, and those who did not hate preserved a stolidism impossible to break. It made the authorities query. How could we expect the natives to develop under such circumstances?

It was just about the time that the bandits of the islands had everything coming their way that the native soldiery of Porto Rico became fully established and was pronounced a marked success. The idea at once appealed to Gov. Taft. It seemed the only solution of the problem in spite of the many obstacles which appeared as the result of the investigations. How the American officers overcame these obstacles, however, proved not only a revelation, but an easy task. The had overlooked the fact that the Philippine Islanders like strength, their ideal in humanity. The American discipline was firm and the American soldiers sent to organize the corps were husky men, and the Filipinos took to their ways with the greatest eagerness.

The duties of the American colonial military police are much the same as those of the mounted police throughout the states, except that the men must be not only skilled riders but good soldiers, tactful, energetic and fearless. The Philippine constabulary assume all these duties because they must preserve order in the smaller towns of the interior as well as patrol the rural districts.

Outside of breaking up the bandits of the interior districts and protecting the plantations, the constabulary force is also confronted each year during the dry season with the task of pacifying some of the younger element of the provinces bent on adventure which takes them to the wilds.

In barracks the routine duties of the constabulary are much the same as those of the army. Early morning reveille is followed by coffee, and after that comes the stable duties through which the trim little horses receive the daily polish which makes their coats look so slick. Then comes 20 minutes of the famous army setting-up exercises, which makes the most supple and perfect figures out of loose-jointed, round-shouldered men.

Guard mounting occurs immediately after breakfast. This is the time when the various patrols issue forth to follow their beaten tracks, but when it comes to capturing an offender, they often leave those tracks. It may be said to the credit and efficiency of the corps that the lawlessness which the Americans first found there has almost disappeared.

Drill either mounted or on foot, takes up the greater part of the morning, and all except those who are on guard or have just come off patrol duty take part. After that nothing occurs except at meal times, unless it is the day for weekly dress parade or some special occasion. Once a week, also, there is an inspection of the men's clothing and property and quarters.

One of the proudest assets of the Philippine constabulary is its band of 55 men which has made itself famous not only on the islands, but in America and Europe. The Islanders are natural musicians, and in the effort to recruit this band little difficulty was encountered. The band is a full concert organization, but it is also thoroughly military when it takes part in guard mounts, dress parades and reviews.

At present the organization of the constabulary is of the cavalry class. In

the Bongot Igorot division there are over 800 men, and the Moros number about 750. These organizations are divided into battalions and companies, and are officered by Americans, and on drill or parade they have that easy, confident air of the seasoned veteran.

The Bongot Igorots were the first to organize, in 1900. Originally they were head hunters and fatalists. The advances of the American emissaries made them suspicious at first, but when it was seen that the first company organized was quartered in the old Spanish barracks and given good food and clothing the distrust faded. Many friends came to see them which spread such news quickly, and the balance of the companies were easily recruited.

It was just about a year after the Bongot Igorots were organized that Gen. Leonard Wood, then governor of the Moro provinces, tackled the even more difficult work of organizing a constabulary from the Moros. The Moros were so named by the Spaniards just after their expedition against Morocco, because they so resembled the dark men of the desert. In traits, too, they were very similar.

Gen. Wood sent five selected American officers to the five different Moro districts. What those officers found were obstacles almost insurmountable. In one district alone one officer found 18 entirely distinct dialects and absolutely foreign to each other, and in the provinces nine out of every ten natives were mongrel Mohammedans, tied to the Moslem customs.

The quickness with which the Moros took up the work was even more surprising than in the case of the Bongot Igorots. The Americans found that their greatest fault was unbridled impulses. A firm leader was all they needed, and the American army drill sergeant supplied that want. From a line of ill-shaped, awkward recruits they soon began to show the marks of the military man.

But the carbine was the greatest puzzle to them when they first handled these weapons, and they handled it gingerly because they thought it was a work of the devil, and feared the intricate mechanism and the recoil of the shots. A month passed before they were finally persuaded to pick up the guns with that ease necessary to master the manual of arms.

Among the Moro organizations Mohammedans and Alis are as common as the Smiths and Joneses in the American army. And the fact that it is next to impossible to separate the Mohammedan from his customs put the brains of the Americans to the most severe test in scheming in selecting the proper clothing, food and the organization of the companies.

When bacon and pork was first served with the army ration the sons of Mohammed stood aghast. Mohammed had decreed what kinds of meat his followers shall eat, and how it shall be prepared, and each company, therefore, has two cooks, two sets of cooking utensils, and two kinds of rations issued for the Christian and Mohammedan members.

Both the Bongots and Moros were quick to appreciate the change which soldier life made in their condition. In four months the Moro contingent was transformed from a dirty, indolent, semi-savage set of men to trim, ambitious American soldiers. At first they objected to the two-year enlistment, but good clothes, regular meals and money in their pockets at the end of each month opened their eyes. They were conditions which they had never experienced, and as they are inveterate gamblers, the money proposition especially pleased them.

The Malays are a race which has the greatest respect for firmness and strength of character, and they admired the ways of the American soldier because the strict discipline indicated those traits. Nobility, also, has existed among the race for generations, and it has created a desire to excel in blood and rank equal to the zeal of some of the great European houses of royalty.

Some of these men are in every company, and in their race for chevrons of non-commissioned rank they have created a spirit of competition that has wonderfully increased the efficiency. Being therefore well trained as a soldier of a great government, they are looked up to as a class by the natives.

ALFRED C. PICKELLS.

The American Home

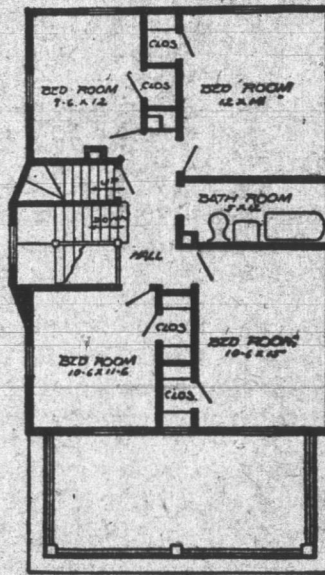
WILLIAM A. RADFORD
Editor

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In the winter months, when the ground is covered with snow and the fire burns in the stove, is the season when the family dreams of the new house. Nor is there any more laudable ambition than to own a home. The curse of modern life is the necessity that compels millions to live in rented apartments or houses. And every normal man who pays rent hopes some time to own a home of his own. His children, he feels, have a right to live under a roof of their own, and it is his ambition to give them what is their right.

Once there was a man who decided to build himself a home. This man had a few notions about what he wanted in his house when it was finished, he also knew how much he wanted to expend in the construction of it. He had gone into all the details and had figured out all about the interior trim and the kind of glass he wanted in the house. Every detail he had figured out and he had made up his mind about everything before he consulted his architect.

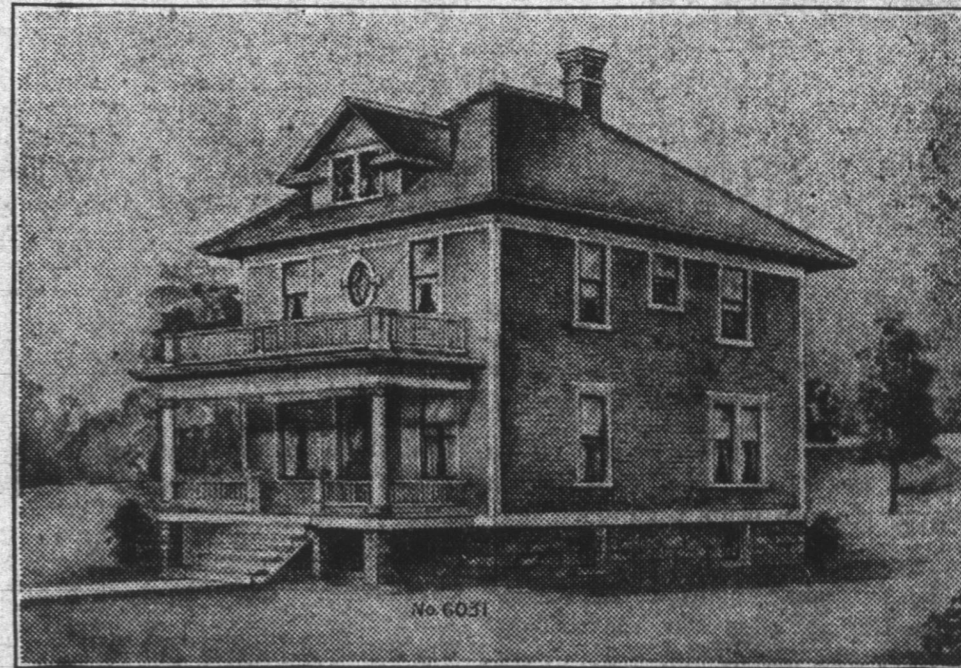
Then in the natural order of events he went to see his architect and laid before him his ideas. Everything was clear and the architect proceeded to draw up his plans after the directions given. Then the next step was the asking of bids from contractors. There were six bids, and all were within a hundred dollars of one another. The architect felt sure that the figures were right in each case and advised his client to make his selection. But the client came to the conclusion that the work could be done for less money and he asked for bids from other contractors. The results was the offer of one, an unknown contractor, to do the work for a ridiculously low figure. The client wanted the contract let to this man, but the architect, who had experience, advised him to give the



Second Floor Plan.

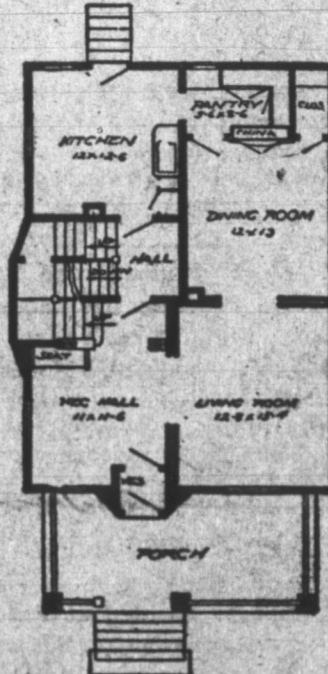
materials. The house here shown is of the colonial type so popular the country over just now. It is the style of house that is peculiarly American, and which answers the requirements of modern life.

There is a wide porch surmounted by a rail, that makes the roof available for use on summer nights. Entrance to the house is had through a large reception hall. The width of this house, by the way, is 25 feet, 6 inches, and the length is 36 feet, 6 inches, exclusive of the porch. Off the main reception hall and entered



No. 6051

work to one of the first bidders because they were men who had reputations for good work. The client was insistent and the job was let to the man of his choice. The house was built, but what a difference from what had been planned. Inferior and cheap grades of materials were used in every possible form and in every item of the construction. There was careless work everywhere, and things were changed in the details to such an extent that when the house was finished



First Floor Plan.

It was not satisfactory from any point of view. It was then that the owner woke up to the fact that he had made a mistake. All to late he realized the fact that he had sacrificed the quality and appearance of his home to save a few dollars. The unknown contractor had built the house at the price he had agreed on, but the house was far from being the one the owner had expected.

Now, the experience of this man is typical of that of all home builders

He Felt It.

"Football," cried the old gentleman in the Red Lion smokeroom, "is a sin and a disgrace. Football," he continued, thumping the table with his fist, "is an abomination and a blot on civilization. The very name of football," he shouted, sweeping two glasses and a pint pot off the board in his excitement—"the very name of football is enough to make a decent, respectable man go and 'ang himself out of pure disgust!'"

"The gentleman seems to feel rather deeply on the subject," said a commercial traveler, who had been listening to his remarks.

"He do," assented one of the natives.

"Has he lost something at a match?" inquired the commercial.

"He 'ave so. 'Ad a relative killed at one," replied the other, oracularly. "What relative was it?" asked the querist.

"Is wife's first husband!" was the response.—London Tit-Bits.

Reflected Importance.

"Bliggins is constantly talking about his distinguished ancestors."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "most of them are dead and can't resent the familiarity."